

SAVITRI DEVI



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INTRODUCTION

“Discovered Alive in India: Hitler’s Guru!”

The young German sat on the threadbare sofa listening to the words of the old woman before him. Through windows opening onto a balcony, shafts of dust-flecked sunlight shone into the darkened space of her humble, spartanly furnished room. Outside the strange, heady tumult of India resounded in the full glare of the midday heat. All around he could hear the street sounds and raucous, bustling squalor of this back alley in Delhi. Occasionally, her narrative was interrupted by the songs of the exotic birds she kept in her room and the young man was distracted by the sudden darting movement of the many cats, her inseparable companions, that lay at her feet or dozed out on the balcony in the warm air.

His attention fixed on the worn and crinkled face of the old woman as she carefully chose her words to tell the story of her life. She was dressed in the fashion of Indian women, wearing a loose white sari and a thin cotton shift over her shoulders. Soft gray hair framed her high forehead and was gathered behind her ears. While her brow was barely lined, her cheeks, chin, and neck blurred in a mass of furrows and wrinkles. Her lips were thin, and her mouth looked twisted, pointing downward at the right side. But it was her eyes that held him. Her eyes burned with a strange luminous quality, the light of inner vision and missionary zeal. But he also noticed that the left eye stared with a pained expression, while the right appeared tired and liquid, and he remembered with a start that she was now almost blind with cataracts.

The old woman’s name was Savitri Devi and the young man had traveled all the way from Frankfurt to find her in this small bare room in old India and to hear in her own words the story of her sacred

mission for Hitler and Nazism. This elderly and infirm prophetess of Aryan revival, a philosopher of Hitler's cosmic purpose and Nazi pilgrim in the ruins of the German Reich at the end of the Second World War, had lived for years in poverty and obscurity in Calcutta and Delhi. Now in November 1978, at the end of a long life devoted to the Aryan cause, she had found a new publisher.

In late 1982 Ernst Zündel, the founder-proprietor of the neo-Nazi Samisdat Publishers in Toronto, publicized the availability of a set of five two-hour cassettes of live interviews with Savitri Devi and a brand-new edition of her out-of-print classic *The Lightning and the Sun* (1958). The notice was mailed worldwide on card flyers and it is worth quoting in its breathless entirety:

THE HITLER CULT REVEALED. Discovered alive in India: Hitler's guru! For serious students of the occult: You can now purchase the complete set of tape cassette recorded, live interviews with Hitler guru Savitri Devi at her home in India. Hear in her own words the narration of a prophetic pilgrimage along the edge of the cosmic abyss. Watch the clouds of evil scatter under the lightning of Cosmic Justice and the sun of Cosmic Truth.

Read her shocking and most recently published manuscript, "The Lightning and the Sun," which exposes the tangled roots of Nazism for all to see. Discover through her the secret Nazi pyramid connection with Pharaoh Akhnaton and the ancient cult of the sun. Learn the real significance of Genghis Khan's evil role in history, his incredible significance in the present. Discover the hidden springs of Hitler's manic will to power, his mystical bond with the dark forces of time and destiny. Pursue the outlines of evil in its awesome cosmic context.

Decipher now the encoded workings of the Nazi mind. Perceive how Hitler saw the workings of the universe through: Human sacrifice. Vegetarianism. Aryanism. The cyclic view of history. The children of violence. The will to survive and to conquer. The seat of truth. Gods on earth. Kalki, the avenger.

Were ancient sanskrit laws of the universe compiled in the Bhagavad Gita the secret source of Nazi strength? The amazing answers to these riddles are now at hand. Read them in "The Lightning and the Sun," Hitler guru Savitri Devi's huge, illustrated 448 page illumination of occult Nazi wisdom and prophecy.¹

The Samisdat publicity was a resounding finale to a long and eventful life, begun early in the century in the beautiful, old walled city of Lyons.

* * *

When I first read these lines on the card flyer, I knew very little of Savitri Devi. But Samisdat Publishers was known to me as a far-right press owned by Ernst Zündel, notorious for the publication in 1974 of the first English-language translation of *The Auschwitz Lie*, a short book that denied the very fact of the Holocaust. However, the Samisdat catalogue mingled efforts to glorify the Third Reich, minimize war crimes, and deny the extermination of the Jews with odd books about UFOs, incredible German secret weapons, and postwar Nazi bases in Antarctica. Ernst Zündel clearly offered these topics as a potent myth of apocalyptic Nazi revival backed by astonishing resources. This myth might appeal to an older generation of unrepentant Nazis seeking imaginative relief from the division of Germany since 1945. At the same time it introduced a young generation of Germans to the idea of the Third Reich's achievement and technological superiority against a backdrop of neo-Nazi science fiction.

Samisdat's presentation of Savitri Devi was evidently part of this strategy designed to entice new audiences with the neo-Nazi message. Ancient mythology and pyramid secrets, Eastern religion, vegetarianism, and Green ideas—the very currency of the burgeoning New Age with its interest in exotic religion, spiritual truths, and a worship of nature—could be exploited as bait for the young, unwary, or simply curious. By the late 1970s the historical experience of the Third Reich was quickly receding into the past. As popular literature and films ably demonstrated, Nazism was becoming something mythical, even fantastic and also plastic, that could be molded and combined with novel associations and thereby given new meanings. By republishing the work of Savitri Devi, Zündel aimed to create a new cultic interest in Hitler, linking him to ancient mysteries, the world of nature, and powerful religious symbols drawn from the Orient.

Her ideas have since built unlikely bridges between neo-Nazism and the New Age. Savitri Devi viewed nature in the Hindu fashion, as a violent pageant of creation and destruction in which man held no special rights. A cloyingly sentimental love of animals stood in marked contrast to her misanthropic contempt for non-Aryan humans, the weak, and infirm. Himmler and Rosenberg, among other leading Nazis, also combined a concern for animals with their monstrous blueprints to eliminate all “unworthy” human life. *The Impeachment of Man*

(1959), her book devoted to a thoroughgoing rejection of the “man-centered creeds” of Judaism and Christianity, was republished by the far-right Noontide Press in America in 1991. Here the brutality of Social Darwinism meets both the Green cult of nature and the antisocial excesses of “animal rights” activists. Again, the amoral worship of beauty and force implicit in Nazi thinking finds new alliances with Hinduism, the cult of Shiva, and Deep Ecology, that radical current of ecological thought that condemns modern man as the scourge of nature.

Savitri Devi was a Frenchwoman of Greek-English birth who had become an admirer of German National Socialism in the late 1920s and was obsessed by the Aryan myth. Deeply impressed by its racial heritage and caste system, she had emigrated to India in the early 1930s to acquaint herself at firsthand with what she regarded as the cradle of the Aryan race. There she spent the years of the Third Reich and the Second World War in expectation of a global Axis victory, after which she and her Brahmin husband expected to help in the establishment of a racial New Order in the subcontinent.

During these years Savitri Devi elaborated an extraordinary synthesis of Hindu religion and Nordic racial ideology involving the polar origin of the Aryans, the cycle of the ages, and the incarnation of the last avatar of Vishnu in Adolf Hitler. She regarded the Third Reich as “the holy Land of the West, the Stronghold of regenerate Aryandom.” Her ideas were actually representative of a certain section of high-caste Brahmin Indian society that hated the Raj and was impressed by Hitler’s dramatic challenge of British imperial power. Such Indians were fascinated by the Nazi swastika—a holy Indian symbol—and fondly recalled the German tradition of Sanskrit scholarship since the early nineteenth century. However, it seemed unlikely that these ideas, so foreign to the actuality of National Socialism, could ever find supporters in the West.

The situation changed with the total defeat and collapse of the Third Reich in 1945. In its wake Savitri Devi pursued a long and busy career as a neo-Nazi apologist and ideologue in Europe. She was arrested by the British occupational forces in Germany for Nazi propaganda activities and imprisoned. Her extravagant Hitler cult, her Hindu-Nordicist doctrine of the Aryan race, and unswerving loyalty to the Nazi cause found numerous devotees among her fellow prisoners and demoralized Germans. After her release she befriended leading personalities of the Nazi regime such as the air ace Hans-Ulrich Rudel and the commando

leader Otto Skorzeny, who both played an active role in maintaining a global Nazi support network. She met with Nazi émigrés and fugitives in Spain, Egypt, and the Middle East. She wrote books hymning the Third Reich and National Socialism, accounts of her propaganda campaign and detention, and a highly charged emotional memoir of her "pilgrimage" to Hitler shrines and other places of Nazi association in Austria and Germany during the 1950s.

Savitri Devi, a foreigner who had not even directly experienced life under National Socialism, supplied a new religious cult for the vanished Führer and an international rationale for Nazi-Aryan ideology that effectively transcended the narrow realities of German nationalism and anti-Semitism in the Third Reich. Defeated and humiliated Germans who could neither grasp the disgrace of their country nor accept the vilification of an idolized leader found comfort in Savitri Devi's rapturous approval. Hardened practitioners of Nazi terror and persecution were flattered by her doctrine of universal Aryan mission. The prosaic and gruesome aspects of Nazi practice during the years of tyranny yielded before a mythological tableau in which Hitler was deified and his regime invested with new religious significance.

Nor was her appeal confined to die-hard German Nazis and survivors of the Third Reich. The existence of small but persistent neofascist and neo-Nazi movements after 1945 in Europe, the United States, and South America is a well-documented fact. While these tiny groups and parties continue to peddle racism, anti-Semitism, and appeals for an authoritarian state, the universal postwar condemnation of Hitler and National Socialism is a major obstacle to their ever gaining popular acceptance. The extermination of European Jewry has become the horrific hallmark of the Third Reich, forever tainting any attempts to rehabilitate National Socialist ideology. By her outright inversion of this accepted moral scheme, Savitri Devi became a heroine of the neo-Nazi scene. In emotionally laden prose she transformed the negative attributes of Nazism into a religious cult of cosmic significance. The Third Reich was presented as a rehearsal for the Aryan paradise, and Adolf Hitler was celebrated as an avatar, a supernatural figure whose intervention in the cycle of the ages was essential to the restoration of the Golden Age.

Powerful ideas of anti-Semitism as a form of world-rejecting gnosis, Aryan paganism as a global religion of white supremacism, and Hitler as a divine being within a cosmic order together compose an unholy

theology of the Aryan myth. Seen in this light, neo-Nazism has all the characteristics of an international sect with a religious cult. There are devotional practices, initiates and martyrs, prophecies and millennial expectations, and even relics. By entering the strange world of Savitri Devi, we catch a glimpse of the fatal attraction of neo-Nazism and Hitler cults for their followers. Above all, we may understand their perennial capacity to transmute religious energies and hopes for cultural revival into anger and violence.

Through her divinization of Hitler and National Socialism, Savitri Devi became a leading light of the international neo-Nazi underground from the early 1960s onward. She was a confidante of Colin Jordan, the flamboyant leader of the National Socialist Movement in Britain, and his henchman John Tyndall, who heads the British National Party today. She knew Lincoln Rockwell, the founder of the American Nazi Party, and in August 1962 she attended the notorious Cotswold Camp in Gloucestershire that acted as the founding meeting of the World Union of National Socialists (WUNS). In the late 1960s her books were reprinted in *National Socialist World*, the organ of the WUNS published by Lincoln Rockwell and William Pierce. In the pages of the magazine she was credited with a "mysterious and unfailing wisdom according to which Nature lives and creates: the impersonal wisdom of the primeval forest and of the ocean depths and of the spheres in the dark fields of space . . . [which Adolf Hitler made] the basis of a practical regeneration policy of worldwide scope."²

By the 1980s Savitri Devi had assumed the status of a cult figure herself on the neo-Nazi scene. Her eclectic ideas deriving from Hinduism, the myth of the Aryan race, Germanophilia, and adoration (the word is not too strong) for Adolf Hitler supplied a new mystique for that sinister minority of Nazi apologists in various countries around the world. Following her death in 1982, her ashes were placed in a Nazi shrine at Lincoln Rockwell's headquarters in Arlington, Virginia. Ernst Zündel, the German-Canadian publisher of Holocaust revisionism, sold her books and taped interviews in mass editions to young German neo-Nazis. Miguel Serrano, the former Chilean ambassador and pioneer of "Esoteric Hitlerism," paid fulsome tribute to her inspiration in his own books about the Hitler avatar. Nazi satanist groups and skinheads in Europe, America, and New Zealand cultivate her memory and ideas today. In Savitri Devi and her entourage one finds an articulate statement of the Hitler cult that defines the unholy theology of neo-Nazism.

1

HELLAS AND JUDAH

Savitri Devi was born Maximiani Portas on 30 September 1905 in Lyons. Her mother, Julia née Nash, came from Cornwall, one of two surviving daughters of one William Nash, an Englishman, who had married his first cousin. Her father was of mixed Mediterranean stock with an Italian mother from London and a Greek father who had acquired French citizenship on account of his residence in France.¹ Although Maximiani was a French national by birth, her early sympathies lay with Greece. Her father was a respected member of the sizeable Greek community in Lyons, and she enjoyed their company. Her given name Maximiani, the female form of Maximian, a name borne by several Roman emperors including Marcus Aurelius, also reinforced her own sense of Greek identity.

Her mixed ancestry and residence in an adoptive country was quite possibly a strong factor in her long quest for a true fatherland. In her youth Maximiani sought her roots in Greece, but later she embraced the idea of a supranational Aryan race, first in India and then in Germany, the country of her idol and exemplar, Adolf Hitler. Although her physical appearance was Mediterranean, she later comforted herself that she was of predominantly Nordic stock. Her maternal grandfather was the descendant of tenth-century Vikings from Jutland, while her father's Italian forebears came from Lombardy, a part of north Italy settled by the Germanic Langobard tribe during the migrations of the Dark Ages.²

Maximiani Portas was a willful and often insolent child with strong opinions. Her mother's English friends bored her with their endless conversation of relatives and illnesses, and this helped her form a neg-

ative image of England. France fared no better in her estimation. She was contemptuous of the French Revolution and the republican pride of the French. She regarded the ideals of equality, liberty, and fraternity as specious and was once punished at school for making an obscene gesture at the plaque displaying the Declaration of the Rights of Man. Above all, she had a great love of animals. From the age of five she voiced concern about man's cruelty to animals, animal experiments, circuses, and the fur trade. While still a schoolgirl, she abjured meat-eating and insisted that her mother prepare vegetarian food for her. The peasant torture of cats in France, a folk practice based on medieval superstition, disgusted her and turned her further against mankind.³ This special affection for animals and her feelings of misanthropy led her to mistrust and eventually reject the man-centered nature of Western beliefs and values. This attitude became the hallmark of her Weltanschauung.

During her adolescence she discovered the French poet Charles Leconte de Lisle (1818–1894), who had been elected to the Academy in 1886 in succession to Victor Hugo. Leconte de Lisle's own tragic view of the universe, his romantic colors always tinged with somber pessimism, strongly appealed to Maximiani. He regarded all religious symbols as fragments of a divine truth, but the profusion of faiths over time convinced him of the relative value and ultimate vanity of every doctrine. Beset by a sense of cosmic futility, Leconte de Lisle rejected Christianity and evoked the stoical heroism of barbarian and exotic peoples in his famous cycle *Poèmes barbares* (1862). He was also powerfully attracted to Hinduism, following the translation of its sacred texts in the 1840s.⁴ Maximiani felt a profound sympathy with Leconte de Lisle's view of life's fragility, the vanity of existence, and the illusion of the world. His romantic poems about the ancient Egyptians, the Scandinavians, Celts, and Hindus, their proud paganism, and heroic action yet final resignation in the face of death and oblivion confirmed her own aversion to Christianity and helped form her own fatalistic worldview. She continued to quote the verse of Leconte de Lisle throughout her life.

After the outbreak of World War I, Maximiani Portas soon found political reasons for rejecting England and France, while passionately defending their rivals and enemies. She detested the Allies for their treatment of Greece during the war. In August 1914 England and France had made valuable propaganda about the barbarian conduct of

imperial Germany, which had invaded Belgium and thereby violated its neutrality. Young Maximiani regarded their protests as pure hypocrisy in light of their subsequent disregard for Greek sovereignty when the Entente (Britain, France, and Russia) landed troops in Greece and attempted to force its alliance. The constitutional crisis surrounding Greece's entry into the war and its ill-fated postwar occupation of Anatolia had a major bearing on Maximiani's profound sympathy for Greece and her burgeoning hatred of Britain and France during the 1920s.

During the war years a so-called National Schism prevailed in Greece between the pro-German King Constantine, who favored a policy of neutrality between the Entente and the Central Powers (Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Ottoman Turkey), and Prime Minister Eleftherios Venizelos, who was an enthusiastic champion of Greece's traditional British connection. The king forced Venizelos's resignation on two occasions in 1915 over this dispute in policy, and in August 1916 a group of pro-Venizelos officers staged a coup against the royalist government. Meanwhile, French troops had first landed at Salonika in October 1915, and the Entente then intervened with a landing of British and French troops in Athens in November and December 1916 to back up its demands for weapons and for Entente access to the Macedonian front to aid Serbia against Austria-Hungary. After formally recognizing the Venizelos government, Britain and France mounted a ten-month blockade of those provinces of the kingdom that remained loyal to the king until Constantine gave up his throne and the Venizelos government was firmly installed in Athens in June 1917.⁵

The events in Greece were watched with mounting concern by the émigré community in Lyons, and opinion was often bitterly divided between loyalty to the king and support for the Entente. The Allied intervention in the domestic affairs of Greece, involving the deposition of the king, was understandably condemned by many Greeks as an intolerable interference with the sovereignty and neutrality of their country. As a young girl Maximiani harbored strong anti-Entente feelings and demonstrated them by chalking the slogan "*A bas des Alliés. Vive l'Allemagne*" on the wall of Lyons railway station in late 1916. She also vividly remembered reports of demonstrations in Constitution Square in Athens, when the royalist crowds protested against the Allied blockade and support of Venizelos against the king. Young Maximiani reviled the Allies for their treatment of Greece during the war, but her

contempt increased after their betrayal of their former ally Venizelos and his imperial adventure in Anatolia in the period from 1919 to 1923.⁶

This Anatolian campaign had its roots in the *Megali Idea*, or Great Idea, the irredentist aspiration to absorb all the Greek communities of the declining Ottoman Empire into a single Greek state. These ambitions owed their inspiration to the former glories of the medieval Byzantine Empire, which had been the great power of Eastern Europe until its final conquest by the Ottoman Turks after the fall of Constantinople in 1453. After the Greek War of Independence in the 1820s, the idea of a neo-Byzantine Greater Greece held a magical appeal for many Greek nationalists. In 1844 the Greek statesman John Kolletis outlined this vision of a Greater Greece: "The Kingdom of Greece is not Greece. Greece constitutes only one part, the smallest and poorest. A Greek is not only a man who lives within this kingdom but also one who lives in Jannina, in Salonica, in Serres, in Adrianople, in Constantinople, in Smyrna, in Trebizond, in Crete, in Samos and in any land associated with Greek history or the Greek race. . . . There are two main centres of Hellenism: Athens, the capital of the Greek kingdom, and 'The City' [Constantinople], the dream and hope of all Greeks."⁷ These sentiments were often strongest among émigré Greeks due to their more acute sense of nationality. The *Megali Idea* was widely current among the Greeks of Lyons at the end of the Great War, and Maximiani rejoiced in its chauvinism and extravagant claims, not least the traditional last toast at dinners: "Let us go to Constantinople!"

Following the armistice of November 1918 and the proclamation of Allied victory, Venizelos was eager to reap rewards for his long-standing support of the Entente. He acted as Greece's chief negotiator at the Versailles peace conference, where his prime concern was the status of the Greek population of Asia Minor, hitherto part of Ottoman Turkey, which amounted to more than a million and a half persons. Venizelos's goal at Versailles was the incorporation of Smyrna (İzmir) and its hinterland within an independent Greek national state. By giving political expression to the *Megali Idea*, he hoped to increase his domestic popularity. Before the war there had been a Turkish majority in the Aydin province of Ottoman Turkey, which included the Smyrna region (950,000 Turks and 620,000 Greeks), but Venizelos speculated that a Greek province of Smyrna would attract a large influx of Greeks

resident elsewhere in Asia Minor, which combined with the high birth rate of the Anatolian Greeks would soon give a substantial Greek majority in the region.⁸

The Greek annexation of Smyrna and its hinterland was accepted at Versailles, and the Greek occupation forces began to disembark at Smyrna under the protection of Allied warships in May 1919. However, the occupation was no easy matter; rival bands of Greek and Turkish guerrillas were soon fighting, and by the end of the summer there was already a strong revival of Turkish national feeling in Anatolia, which ultimately made the acclaimed Greek-Turkish Treaty of Sèvres in August 1920 a hollow truce. The Western powers also reacted with displeasure to the restoration of King Constantine in December 1920 and began to undermine the Greek advantage. In February 1921 the French and Italian governments weakened the Greek position in Asia Minor by their agreements with Mustafa Kemal, the leader of the Turkish nationalists. But Greece still expected British support for a further Greek offensive in Asia Minor, which was launched in March 1921. However, in April came the proclamation of an Allied policy of strict neutrality; Britain accordingly forbade any arms sales to the Greeks, while the French turned a blind eye to private sales to the Turkish nationalists. Because Greece had embarked on the occupation of Smyrna with Allied approval at Versailles, these developments appeared to the Greeks as the height of hypocrisy and double-dealing on the part of Britain and France.

Throughout 1921 and 1922 there was a growing realization in Greece that the Greek occupation in Asia Minor was no longer politically or militarily tenable. When Mustafa Kemal launched his major offensive in August 1922, the Turkish attack swiftly developed into a Greek rout, with the Greek forces retreating in chaos to Smyrna and the coast. On 8 September the Greek army evacuated the city and the Turkish army entered it the next day. Killing and looting soon began, followed by a full-scale massacre of the Christian population. As many as 30,000 Christians lost their lives and the Armenian, Greek, and Frankish quarters were destroyed by a great fire that raged unchecked through the city. A quarter of a million people fled to the waterfront, but the Allied ships in the harbor maintained a studied position of neutrality and neither help nor quarter was given to the hapless Greeks and Armenians. The scale of the debacle was inconceivable: within a few days

the Greek army had withdrawn to the Greek islands and mainland and the 2,500-year Greek presence on the coast of Asia Minor had suddenly ended.

More than a million Greek refugees, many of them destitute, often with no possessions other than their holy icons, and a great number speaking no other language than Turkish, flooded into Athens, Thessalonica, and other cities on the Greek mainland. This enormous influx, of both rural peasants and middle-class merchants and traders, placed great strain on the social fabric and economy of a war-weary Greece that had already experienced six years of international hostilities. The population of Athens itself almost doubled between 1920 and 1928, with refugees living in wretched shantytowns all around the city that survived for many decades. The painful period of political and economic adjustment was difficult for all Greeks and lasted well into the late 1920s. This debacle signaled the absolute defeat of Greek territorial ambitions in Asia Minor and the final betrayal of the *Megali Idea* that had shone for a century on the Greek nationalist horizon.

By her own account, Maximiani had lived for the *Megali Idea* as a child and young girl. With its ignominious defeat, Greece seemed to her a martyr of all that was highest and most ideal in humanity. Greece had once been the fount of classical civilization with its emphasis on idealistic philosophy, aesthetic perfection, the attainment of physical and intellectual prowess. Now Greece was exhausted, its cities and meager farmland overwhelmed by the wave of Anatolian refugees, and its fond imperial hopes dashed by resurgent Turkish nationalism. In Maximiani's view, Allied treachery had led to the destruction of a Greek culture that had endured and flourished in Asia Minor throughout classical antiquity and the early Christian era. She was convinced that the French and British were the enemies of Greece. For the rest of her life she regarded the Allies' trumpeting of democracy and liberalism as so much cant and a mere pretext for the extension of their own political and commercial interests.

After the defeat of Germany, Maximiani's resentment of the Allies increasingly involved the demonstration of pro-German sympathies. In 1919 she and her family visited a POW camp near Lyons, where she proudly expressed her solidarity with a young German prisoner. When the Versailles Treaty was signed, she was repelled by the sight of French crowds in Lyons screaming their approval of the tough settlement and immense German reparations. Now that hostilities had

ceased, these demands seemed intended only to humiliate a former enemy. She was also appalled by the French government's use of black Senegalese troops to occupy the Ruhr and to help enforce reparations under the terms of the treaty. Occasional reports in the French press of German resistance and its forceful suppression only served to increase her anger with the French. After the catastrophe in Anatolia, she saw no reason that she should support a settlement that favored the Allies after they had undermined the Treaty of Sèvres, which had been welcomed by the Greeks. She rejected the Versailles Treaty as an undue burden on Germany and noted the rise of revanchist movements including the National Socialists with approval. The Allies' conduct toward Greece remained all the while an important factor in her feelings of solidarity with defeated Germany.

After completing her secondary schooling, Maximiani Portas made her first visit to Greece in the second half of 1923. She was not yet eighteen years old and her head was full of wonderful ideas and the gilded memories of old Greek émigrés in Lyons. She sailed on a Greek steamer of the Piræus-Marseilles line and landed at the port in early August. She was soon made painfully aware of the recent disaster in Asia Minor by the severe hardships of the Anatolian refugees who were crowded into the poorer districts of the capital, Plaka, Kerameikos, and the shabby suburbs to the west of the Larissa railway station. She stayed at the "International Home," a hostel at 54 Leophoros Amalias, the thoroughfare that runs from the Arch of Hadrian past the Anglican Church of St. Paul to Syntagma (Constitution Square) along the eastern perimeter of the old-city quarter of Plaka, distinguished by its narrow streets, alleys, little squares, and long flights of steps spread around the footslopes of the great limestone crag of the Acropolis hill. Opposite the hostel across the Leophoros Amalias stood a large expanse of trees, shrubs, and colorful flower beds, extending as far north as the Old Parliament building. This was the National Garden, originally laid out by Queen Amalia, wife of the Bavarian King Otto of Greece (1832–1862), which offered the hostel residents a welcome relief from the hot and dusty confines of nearby Plaka.

Here in Greece after World War I, Maximiani began her lifelong odyssey toward the Aryan racial philosophy, which would lead her ultimately to India and the ruins of the Third Reich. As yet, however, she spoke only of "Hellenism," which she understood to be "a civilisation of iron, rooted in truth; a civilisation with all the virtues of the

Ancient World, none of its weaknesses, and all the technical achievements of the modern age without modern hypocrisy, pettiness and moral squalor.”⁹

During the mild autumn days the young girl would wander among the dramatic ruins of ancient Athens. She often climbed the Acropolis, marveling at the massive fluted Doric columns and sculptured friezes of the Parthenon, its bleached white stone bathed in warm sunshine; the delicate roofed temple of the Erechteion with the Porch of the Caryatids, its entablature borne by six figures of maidens in place of columns; and the great marble surfaces of the Propylaea gateways, surmounted by residences, bastions, and defensive walls. The gleaming fragments of scattered masonry, capitals, friezes, and broken columns lay all around her, an eloquent testimony to the art, beauty, and vigor of the “Hellenism” she so admired.

Facing north, she could survey the expanse of the city, its crowded districts of traditional and modern buildings dotted with green hills, parkland, and squares. At her left the grassy slopes of the Arios Pagos, the famous Tribunal, ran down toward the Greek Agora and the disorderly ruins of the Stoa overlooked by the well-preserved Temple of Hephaistos on a scrubby knoll. Further still lay the tangled undergrowth of the Kerameikos cemetery with its great Dipylon gate, ruined walls, and scattered tombs in the midst of a rundown quarter. To her right, at the foot of the Acropolis rock, stood the Arch of Hadrian near her hostel, beside it the lofty columns of the Temple of Olympian Zeus on the gentle slopes of the Olympieion hill. Further east she saw the steep white marble terraces of the Stadion built for the first Olympic Games of modern times in 1896. Far away in the northeast she glimpsed the tiny whitewashed chapel of St. George perched high atop the dominant Lykabettos hill rising to more than 900 feet above the suburb of Kolonaki.

Maximiani was exalted by her view of Athens. The unparalleled ruins resplendent in the bright autumn sunshine, the ethereal landscape, and the deep-blue skies inspired her to forget her bitterness at the misery of postwar Greece and anger with the Western Allies. The beauty of Athens conjured a vision of its ancient society before her mind’s eye: the physical perfection of the slim and athletic Grecian youths, the order and simplicity of daily life, and the martial bearing and courage of the soldiers. She saw the merchants and townspeople in loose-fitting white garments going about their business on the con-

courses of the Agora, where philosophers sat conversing on its low stone walls. Everywhere she perceived beauty, order, and light, an image of classical man in harmony with nature, creating admirable buildings and great public spaces. In her opinion, this noble culture of "Hellenism," "an out and out beautiful world of warriors and artists," could be the product only of a pure race. In due course, she would claim that Greece was the oldest Aryan nation in Europe, with its origins in the Nordic Mycenaean invasions of circa 1400 B.C.¹⁰

It is noteworthy that Savitri Devi's enthusiasm for Greece also reflected a vital and long-standing German tradition of philohellenism. Once the Bavarian Prince Otto had ascended the Greek throne, a busy traffic in culture and ideas flourished between Bavaria and Greece. Leopold von Klenze (1784–1864), the Bavarian court architect to King Ludwig I, had designed Munich's Ludwigstraße and Siegestor (triumphal arch) on neoclassical lines. He also planned the layout of the restored Greek capital and many other German and Danish architects supplied public buildings for the new Athens after centuries of Ottoman neglect and ruin.¹¹ This German-Greek cultural axis continued a German intellectual tradition dating from the late eighteenth century when Johann Joachim Winckelmann (1717–1768) revived an appreciation of Greek art in German letters.¹² Savitri Devi's nascent Germanophilia was awakened in her ancestral country by German idealism made manifest in the very stones of Athens. When she finally visited Munich and saw Klenze's neoclassical Glyptothek and Propylaea (1846–1862) on the Königsplatz, she interpreted the nineteenth century exchange between Greece and Germany as proof of their common Aryan ancestry.

Years later, she would recall that she spent such a sunlit afternoon upon the Acropolis on 9 November 1923, the fateful day of Hitler's putsch, when he and his followers had attempted a coup against the Bavarian government and staged a march to the Feldherrnhalle in the center of Munich. The police successfully broke up the march, and sixteen martyrs of the early Nazi movement fell beneath a hail of bullets. When details of the incident were published in the world press the following day, there was some discussion over lunch at the "International Home" hostel. Maximiani admits that she did not yet connect Hitler with her own dream of a new racial order based on her view of classical Greek antiquity. However, she strongly sympathized with him as an enemy of the Allies on account of his contempt for the Versailles

Treaty and saw a parallel between his nationalist idea of one state for all Germans and the *Megali Idea* among the Greeks. She engaged in a heated argument in defense of Hitler with the French manageress of the hostel.¹³

In early December she returned to France to commence her undergraduate studies in philosophy at Lyons in January 1924. Her academic courses embraced a wide range of humanities, and she was fortunate in being able to study under several renowned scholars. In June 1924 she passed her first university examination in psychology. After studying logic under Professor Edmond Goblot, she took papers in this subject in February 1925. She passed her third examination in ethics and sociology and submitted an extended essay on the subject of progress in June 1925. In 1926 she passed her finals for the M.A. degree (license-ès-lettres). Her outstanding results throughout her undergraduate studies encouraged her and her parents to consider a scholarly career at a French university. In this case it was necessary to take a higher doctoral degree, for which the candidate was required to submit two theses. The continuation of her studies also combined with a desire to deepen her knowledge of Greece, and she decided to work on a Greek subject for her shorter complementary thesis.

The memories of her first visit to Athens had remained undimmed throughout Maximiani Portas's undergraduate years, and her Greek nationalism continued to burgeon in the mid-1920s. She wrote herself that she "chose" Greece on the attainment of her majority in September 1926. Portas finally renounced French citizenship and formally acquired Greek nationality from the Greek consulate in Lyons in early 1928.¹⁴ After some preliminary studies in modern Greek history, she chose as the subject of her first thesis the life and thought of the pious educator, reformer, and philosopher Theophilos Kaïres (1784–1853).¹⁵ This research project happily necessitated her residence in Athens, and she traveled once again to Greece in the early months of 1928. As a postgraduate student, she chiefly frequented the University, the Academy, and the National Library, a fine trio of neoclassical buildings designed by the Hansen brothers of Copenhagen between 1839 and 1891 on Panepistimíou Street between Omonia and Syntagma. Among the rich holdings of the National Library she found an abundance of sources on her subject. She now settled into her new scholarly life at Athens and remained there for almost two years before returning to France in November 1929.

Hailed by his admirers as Greece's new Socrates, Theophilos Kaïres was a gifted scholar and teacher whose dedication and tireless efforts on behalf of his countrymen were widely acclaimed but ultimately repaid with controversy, persecution, and excommunication from the Greek Orthodox Church. Born on 19 October 1788 on the island of Andros, he showed early promise in schools on Patmos and Chios and was ordained a deacon at the age of eighteen. He continued his studies at the University of Pisa and in Paris between 1802 and 1810, returning to teach at the Cydonian Academy in Asia Minor. The reputation of this college was greatly enhanced by his activities there from 1812 until 1820. When the Greek War of Independence broke out in 1821, Kaïres fought under Prince Alexander Ypsilantis, receiving serious wounds in the expedition to Olympus. Following his recovery, he became the political representative of Andros and the Cycladic Islands in the National Assembly of the newly liberated country. However, in 1826 he conceived a project to assist the numerous orphans of the war, which became his life's work. After a successful fund-raising campaign among his circle of international acquaintance in Europe, Russia, and Asia Minor, he established an orphan asylum and educational institute on Andros. Kaïres's new foundation swiftly developed into one of the foremost schools of Hellenic education in the embryonic state beset by chaos and factional strife during its first years of independence.

In 1831 Count John Capodistrias, the first president of Greece, who had helped Kaïres with suggestions and funding, was assassinated, and the country lapsed once again into near anarchy. To stabilize the situation, the Allied Powers (Russia, Great Britain, and France) offered the crown of Greece to Prince Otto von Wittelsbach, the son of King Ludwig of Bavaria. In the late 1830s King Otto conferred honors and a senior appointment at the University of Athens upon Kaïres, but he courteously declined both. Immersed in his own educational project on Andros and enjoying widespread national popularity, Kaïres failed to see that such conduct could easily be interpreted by unsympathetic observers as political hostility to the new regime. His charismatic status as a teacher and the success of his school had aroused envy, and his enemies lost no time in exploiting the king's uncertainty regarding his person.

When it was learned that Kaïres was giving courses on the history of mankind and comparative religion and, moreover, his own variety of theology called Theoseveia, charges of unorthodox teaching were

soon brought against him by the renowned theologian Constantinos Economous. These charges were groundless because Kaïres had not set himself up as religious teacher but lectured mainly on philosophy and history. However, the political faction opposed to him was quick to incite the clergy against him, and he was arrested in October 1839 and brought before the Holy Synod in Athens. Neither charged nor convicted, he was exiled for a period of reflection to a monastery on the island of Skiathos, where he endured neglect and ill-treatment at the hands of the ignorant monks. He was later detained on the island of Thera and formally excommunicated from the Greek Orthodox Church in November 1841. Finally released in 1842, Kaïres went into exile by way of Constantinople, Malta, Paris, and London, where he was able to meet many old friends and received great encouragement for his advocacy of educational freedom.

When the new constitution of 1844 granted freedom of conscience, Kaïres decided to return to Greece and resume teaching at his orphan asylum in July 1844. He was not to be granted a lengthy respite from persecution. Once his schoolfriend and patron, Minister John Kolletis, had died in 1847, his old enemy Economous unleashed a new wave of religious accusation against him. In December 1852 Kaïres was charged with having instituted a religion contrary to that recognized by the kingdom and with being a proselytizer of unorthodox teachings. His trial took place on the remote island of Syros, where he faced a hostile audience of prejudiced clerics and political opponents who quickly found him guilty and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, seven years' probation, and a heavy fine. He was immediately confined in a filthy and damp cell. Weakened by a bout of pneumonia earlier in the year, Kaïres soon suffered a nervous collapse, exhaustion, and other complications. He died in prison on 10 January 1853.

During the two years (1928–1929) spent working on her thesis at Athens, Maximiani Portas had ample opportunity to immerse herself in the history and culture of her fatherland, both in the classical age and in the era of independence and nation building that formed the background of her subject. The theological content of her thesis also deepened Maximiani's contact with the Greek Orthodox Church, which she attended regularly in the capital. Despite her mother's Anglicanism, Maximiani had always preferred to worship in the small Greek church at Lyons with her father and other members of the Greek community. She felt a great attraction for the Greek Orthodox Church and Byz-

antine culture, as expressed in the chanting and hymns of the Greek rite. Above all, she revered the Orthodox Church for its preservation of Greek national identity during the long centuries of Turkish domination. Indeed, much of her feeling for the church owed more to Greek nationalism and her enthusiasm for the neo-Byzantine aspirations of the *Megali Idea* than to Christian piety. Even as a child she had felt ambiguous about Christianity itself; as a student she increasingly questioned the apparent man-centeredness and relegation of nature implicit in Christian teachings. In this skeptical frame of mind she joined a Greek pilgrimage to the Holy Land during Lent 1929. She wanted to see for herself the people and places most intimately associated with the roots of Christianity.

Thanks to a thorough grounding in Scripture knowledge at her Catholic schools in Lyons, Portas knew her Bible well. She was well familiar with the history of Israel with its unfolding sense of election through the Exodus under Moses, the Sinaitic covenant, and the return under Joshua into Canaan. She knew the story of the early monarchy under Saul, David, and Solomon, followed by the division of the kingdom into Israel and Judah, their turbulent histories marked by rebellion, internecine strife, and recurrent relapses from the worship of Yahweh into pagan idolatry until the destruction of Jerusalem and the first Temple by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B.C. The exile of Israel in Babylon, the return of the Jews to Judaea, and their subsequent history under the Persian, Greek, and Roman world empires were an integral part of her educational background. Her mother's sister was also an avid Bible reader and had encouraged her niece in its study. However, this knowledge had not taught Maximiani to revere the Jews as "the chosen people." On the contrary, her Bible knowledge had instilled in her a repugnance for the Jews, in whose ethical monotheism she identified the original and ultimate enemy of her own pagan, pantheistic tendencies. She utterly rejected the Jewish emphasis on the one and only God, transcendent and wholly apart from nature. Above all, she resented in Judaism a national presumptiveness coupled with universal aspiration: the fact that Yahweh was the God of Israel yet entrusted them with a universal mission for mankind.

Her anti-Semitic prejudice was further strengthened by the political circumstances of modern Palestine. The Zionist movement to create a Jewish state had been gathering force since the latter decades of the nineteenth century, when East European Jews began settling in the

country that had been under Turkish rule since the early sixteenth century. In November 1917 as the British army invaded Palestine, the famous Balfour Declaration was issued, promising that the British would facilitate the establishment there of a national home for the Jewish people. In July 1922 the League of Nations had given Britain a mandate to rule Palestine and charged it with a responsibility to secure that objective. However, the British were anxious to retain the goodwill of the Arab majority, which viewed these developments with misgiving and was greatly concerned at the increased level of Jewish immigration during the 1920s. Armed Arab attacks on Jewish settlements had become frequent by the end of the decade. However, the Jews were determined to redeem the earlier promises made and pursued a policy of continuing immigration and property acquisition, combined with shrill demands for more self-determination. Given the messianic background of Zionism, Maximiani Portas was antagonistic toward these trends, which in turn darkened her perception of the Holy Land as a national Jewish prize.

The pilgrimage party sailed from Piræus to Haifa in mid-March and proceeded, in the course of the next forty days leading up to Easter, to visit many of the places associated with the Bible and the life of Jesus. After passing through Bethlehem and Nazareth, the pilgrims made their way to Jerusalem, where they were able to see at first hand the stones that bore witness to more than two thousand years of Jewish history as well as the dramatic events involved in the birth of Christianity. As her fellow pilgrims reverently viewed the City of David and paced the stations of the Cross on the Via Dolorosa leading to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the reputed site of the Crucifixion, Portas felt repelled by what she regarded as their servile conduct before these alien shrines, seeing in such behavior a telling symbol of the Jewish-Christian overlordship of Europe. She dismissed the numerous sites of Christian association as a mere accumulation of legend and wryly recalled the story of the original pilgrimage of Helena, the mother of Emperor Constantine, who in A.D. 326 visited Jerusalem, where she found the True Cross and the Holy Sepulchre. Portas contemptuously rejected the subsequent proliferation of "Holy Places" as an invention of the credulous Christians who had been coming to Jerusalem ever since.

This Lenten pilgrimage to Palestine in 1929 cannot be underestimated for its influence on Portas's religious outlook. Her hostile con-

frontation with the Judaeo-Christian tradition at its fount and origin marks a crucial point in the development of her anti-Judaism, anti-Christianity, and general predisposition away from man-centered monotheism toward a nature-centered pantheism. At the same time, her encounter with large numbers of Jews in their national community transformed her political anti-Semitism into a lifelong article of faith. As Portas wandered in the Jewish quarter of the Old City, she felt overwhelmed and repelled by the exotic nature of the Jews, their attire, their customs, observances, and festivals. The strange dark men in broad-brimmed hats and long black coats hastening to prayers at the Wailing Wall; the apparent paradox of a national or tribal God claiming universal significance; and the ubiquitous references to the immemorial history of Israel and the fulfilment of Scripture all filled her with utter disbelief that the Jews were indeed "the chosen people," as her English aunt had so often insisted during her childhood. Against the background of her fierce Hellenistic nationalism and budding paganism, Portas heartily resented the central importance of this Jewish history in European thought and belief.

By her later account, she recalled the extraordinary paradox that she should have been reminded of Adolf Hitler's vehement nationalism and anti-Semitism at the heart of Jewry in Palestine. Suddenly, she related, it occurred to her that Hitler's campaign against Jewish influence in Germany was not just a German affair but an issue of international significance. She reflected that all the formerly pagan nations of Europe must throw off their superimposed Judaeo-Christian heritage and make renewed contact with their old ethnic religions. For the first time she realized that she was a National Socialist herself, indeed that she had always been a National Socialist. Henceforth her admiration for Hitler was complete. Although she now entertained thoughts of settling in Germany and joining the Nazi movement, she reflected that her French birth and recent adoption of Greek nationality might arouse suspicion there. She resolved instead to realize her newfound political philosophy closer to home by reviving Greek nationalism and paganism.

Returning to Athens after Easter, she attempted to develop a coherent alternative belief based on the gods of ancient Greece. Her background studies in antiquity and ancient history had furnished her with much material for a pagan-national conception of religion that would focus on a race other than the Jews. At this stage, she still identified this race as the Hellenes, the people of Alexander the Great. On the

basis of its racial and military superiority such a people should enjoy a wide sphere of influence and regional hegemony. Many of her ideas were still obviously bound up with the irredentism of the *Megali Idea*. However, she soon discovered that her pagan ideas evoked little response among the Greeks, who remained intensely loyal to their Christianity and its Byzantine associations. She therefore spent the latter half of 1929 completing her thesis, which was appropriately prefaced with a memorial to Ión Dragoumis, the thinker and Hellenic patriot in Macedonia who had been assassinated in Athens in 1920. During the late summer she traveled all around the Peloponnese alone on foot and on horseback. The ancient sites of Arcadia, the ruins of Sparta, and the rugged beauty of the peninsula deepened her love of the country and its proud past. The thesis on Kaires was completed as a draft in the autumn and she returned to Lyons in November 1929.¹⁶

Portas now began work on her main doctoral thesis on a purely philosophical topic. The subject was the nature of simplicity in mathematics and natural science and had been suggested by her teacher in logic, Edmond Goblot. However, in order to write upon the philosophy of science, she realized that she would have to study science and accordingly began courses in the science faculty at Lyons University. This polymathic endeavor is all the more remarkable for its swift and successful conclusion. She took the university examinations in physical chemistry and mineralogy in July 1930, followed by papers in general chemistry in November 1930 and in biological chemistry in July 1931. She received her M.Sc. (license-ès-science) in 1931, whereupon she sat down to write her doctoral thesis. Professor Goblot had died in the meantime, and her new supervisor was Professor Étienne Souriau at the Sorbonne, who advised her to confine her subject to mathematical simplicity after all. She completed her five-hundred-page thesis *La simplicité mathématique*, including a discussion of the contemporary Sorbonne philosopher Léon Brunschvicq, by the end of 1931. These studies in mathematics and philosophy drew upon the work of George Boole, Gottlob Frege, and Bertrand Russell in symbolic logic, Henri Poincaré in topology and geometry, and Alfred North Whitehead in the philosophy of science. While remote from her interests in religion and history, this thesis has some bearing on her philosophical development toward a deistic cosmology of energy in nature. Meanwhile she had visited Athens once again in the early autumn of 1931 to revise her Kaires thesis.

Her aversion to the Jews and the Judaic origins of Christianity still remained a strong motive in her search for a pagan religion. Following her visit to Palestine in 1929, she had taken increasing note of the rise of the National Socialist movement in neighboring Germany. Occasional reports of Hitler's speeches had appeared in the French press since the mid-1920s, and she could not but be impressed by the central importance of anti-Semitism in his political view of the world. Having earlier regarded Hitler first and foremost as a German nationalist politician committed to revising the restrictive conditions of the Versailles Treaty, her view of him altered after reading a German edition of *Mein Kampf*. Here Hitler summarized his views on the race and the nation in terms of a Manichaean dualism between the Aryans and the Jews. Behind Hitler's commonplace eulogy of the Aryans lay more than a century of racial speculation in Europe. Portas decided to find out all she could about the Aryans and their pagan polytheistic religions. But who were the Aryans and where were they to be found in the modern world?

Given her prolonged periods of study in Athens, it would be surprising if Portas had not been influenced by the memory of the famous German archaeologist Heinrich Schliemann (1822-1890), the discoverer of Troy and Mycenaean culture. In the course of his pioneering excavations at Hissarlik in 1871-1875, he had uncovered the greatest treasure trove of gold, silver, and bronze objects ever found. His discoveries confirming the site of Troy, the Trojan War, and the events of Homeric poetry made a deep and lasting impression on the European mind. After his success Schliemann and his young beautiful Greek wife Sophia settled at Athens in a palatial mansion called the Iliou Mélatron (Palace of Ilion) built by Ernst Ziller in 1878-1879 at 12 Panepstimíou Street. Here they became the center of Athenian society, hosting lavish banquets at which Sophia presided wearing Mycenaean gold and the diadem that had once belonged to Helen of Troy. In due course much of Schliemann's Mycenaean treasure found a home in the National Archaeological Museum in Athens, and he donated much of the Trojan hoard to the German National Museum in Berlin.

At the Hissarlik site of Troy, Schliemann had also found hundreds of objects ranging from pottery fragments and terra-cotta whorls to ornaments bearing the sign of the swastika. He immediately recognized this symbol from similar signs on pots found near Königswalde on the River Oder in Germany and speculated that the swastika was a "sig-

nificant religious symbol of our remote ancestors," which linked the ancient Teutons, the Homeric Greeks, and Vedic India.¹⁷ The extraordinary publicity surrounding Schliemann's finds at Troy guaranteed a wide European audience for his speculations about an ancient Aryan symbol bridging the mythological and religious traditions of East and West. His book *Troja* (1884) contained a dissertation identifying the Trojans as Thracians, who were in turn regarded as Teutons. Thanks to Schliemann's extensive scholarly contacts in Germany, England, and France the swastika was swiftly launched as the Aryan symbol in the European mind. Michael Zmigrodzki, a Polish librarian, addressed major international congresses of anthropologists and archaeologists on the subject of the Aryan swastika in 1889, attended by Schliemann, his anti-Semitic collaborator Emile Burnouf, and Professor Ludvig Müller of Copenhagen, who claimed that the swastika was the emblem of the supreme Aryan god.¹⁸ So great was Schliemann's fascination with this symbol that he adorned the external walls of his great house in Athens with a continuous border of decorative swastikas.

Almost every day during her student years in Athens Portas had walked past these swastikas on Heinrich Schliemann's Palace of Iliion (since 1927 the Supreme Court of the Appeal) in Panepistimíou Street, the thoroughfare that ran across the frontage of the University, the Academy, and the National Library. Given her profound interest in Greek antiquities, she was most likely familiar with Schliemann's reputation and work, as well as his speculations on the links between the Homeric myths and the Vedas of India in a common Aryan tradition. It is indeed tempting to speculate that Schliemann's Aryan swastikas were an important motivating factor, specifically present in Athens, that led her to think about the Aryan tradition in India. What is certain, in any case, is that Portas's pursuit of the Aryan myth in late 1931 led her beyond Greece and Europe to the cradle of the Indo-European race in Vedic India.

Following the recent death of her father in February 1932, Portas inherited a legacy that enabled her to visit India. She was now convinced that she could rediscover a living Aryan world only in contemporary India. In 1926 the renowned European Indologist Sir Charles Eliot had written: "Hinduism has not been made, but has grown. It is a jungle, not a building. It is a living example of a great national paganism such as might have existed in Europe if Christianity had not become the state religion of the Roman Empire, if there had remained

an incongruous jumble of old local superstitions, Greek philosophy, and oriental cults such as the worship of Sarapis or Mithras."¹⁹ Her journey to the East was inspired by an interest in the Hindu caste system and a desire to learn more about eugenics. Above all, she hoped to find in the religious rites, customs, and beliefs of India something of a living equivalent to the old Aryan cults of Europe—both of ancient Greece and of the Teutonic North—which she believed Christianity had abolished and obscured as a result of the state edict of Emperor Constantine.²⁰ Her subsequent experience of Brahminical India during the 1930s laid the basis of her Aryan racial philosophy.

2

ARYAVARTA

Leaving aside Schliemann's Aryan swastikas, Maximiani Portas had long been attracted to the Orient by the poet Leconte de Lisle. Even in her early teens she had been thrilled by his evocation of the deified Aryan hero of India and the pride of the privileged godlike race:

"Rama, son of Dasharatha, whom the Brahmins honour,
Thou whose blood is pure, thou whose body is white,"
Said Lakshmana, "hail, O resplendent subduer
Of all the profane races!"¹

Years later she would write that the music of these verses was destined, one day, after the failure of her great dreams in Greece, to drive her to the caste-ridden land as to the immemorial stronghold of natural order and hierarchy. While her delight in the icy idylls and scornful perfectionism of Leconte de Lisle go some way toward explaining her interest in Vedic India, the complex of factors that led her to search for the Aryan heritage in South Asia is deeply rooted in European myths of racial origin deriving from the Romantic period.

As if taking her cue from Sir Charles Eliot's image of India as an undisturbed pre-Christian pagan culture in the remote tropics, she claimed that she went to India "to seek gods and rites akin to those of ancient Greece, of ancient Rome, of ancient Britain and ancient Germany, that people of our race carried there, with the cult of the Sun, six thousand years ago, and to which living millions of all races still cling; and to witness, in the brahmanical élite of to-day, a striking instance of the miracle that racial segregation can work, and the tri-

umph of an Aryan minority throughout the ages."² But her vision of Aryavarta, the traditional name of Aryan territory in India, was also strongly colored by her newfound enthusiasm for Hitler and German National Socialism. She went to India, she added, to see at first hand a civilization founded upon the idea of natural racial hierarchy. She imagined that Indian society could show how the world would appear around A.D. 8000 once the New Order of Nazism had prevailed for six thousand years.³

Now, in the early spring of 1932, Portas had her boat ticket for the land of her racial dreams. She was twenty-seven years old, had completed two degrees in the humanities and natural science, and written two substantial theses for her doctorate. She had traveled from France to Greece already several times, but now she was on the threshold of a new experience—the exotic world of Asia. In Lyons she bade her mother and college friends farewell and took a train down to Marseilles. The passenger liner was already waiting at the docks, and she embarked among a noisy throng of colonial administrators and their families, merchants, and missionaries bound for India and Southeast Asia. The long sea voyage took her across the Mediterranean and through the Suez Canal, down the Red Sea and across the Arabian Gulf, and she disembarked at Colombo in Ceylon. From the port she proceeded to Kandy, where she made offerings to Buddha in a temple and felt the distinctive allure of Oriental religion amid the incessant beat of drums. After a fortnight in Ceylon (Sri Lanka), she crossed the water from Talaimannar to Rameswaram over the sandbank shoals of Rama's Bridge between Ceylon and southern India.

Her arrival on the sacred island of Rameswaram in May 1932 coincided with the great spring festival celebrating the exploits of Rama described in the famous Hindu epic *Ramayana*, already familiar to her from the poetry of Leconte de Lisle. The main theme of the epic was the story of Prince Rama, the son of King Dasaratha of Ayodhya by Queen Kausalya. The second queen, Kaikeyi, wanted to secure the throne for her son Bharata, and Rama was driven into exile. Rama, his beloved wife Sita, and his half-brother Lakshmana share many adventures abroad, in the course of which Sita is abducted by Ravana, the demon king of Lanka (Ceylon). Rama and Lakshmana then mount a campaign against Ravana with the assistance of Hanuman, the king of the monkeys. After crossing the shallows of Rama's Bridge to Ceylon, the trio defeat Ravana's forces in battle and rescue Sita. The story ends

happily with Rama and Bharata sharing the kingdom. The epic is generally held to be based on the kingdom of Kosala and its capital Ayodhya in the seventh century B.C. The campaign against Ravana reflects the contemporary penetration of the Aryan tribes into the Dravidian stronghold of South India and their victory over the darker races. The heroic legend was edited by Brahmins into a book of devotion that is so well known among Hindus that its hundreds of incidents form a repertoire of favorite folktales.

The rich and colorful spectacle of the Rameswaram spring festival offered Maximiani Portas her first encounter with the living world of Hindu myth and Aryan legend. In the tropical evening darkness she watched the pageant unfold before her eyes. Seven elephants with purple draperies hanging down from their backs were ridden by beautiful, dark young men who resembled bronze statues by the light of flaming torches. The elephants then began to follow the chariot of Rama and Sita as the procession circled the sacred tank. The spectators threw jasmine and other flowers into the passing chariot as a token of love and respect for Rama and his faithful consort. Surrounded on all sides by the rapt and enthusiastic crowds, chiefly Dravidians and Tamils of South India, Portas reflected on the devotion that these dark-skinned Indian races still showed toward the northern Aryan invaders of old, symbolized by the fair-skinned couple in their chariot. It gave her great encouragement to see dark people honoring the white people, even worshipping them as gods, thousands of years after the conquest. The Rameswaram ceremony appeared to Portas an allegory of Nazi dreams of Aryan world dominion.

Through her passage to India in search of the Aryan heritage Portas retraced the intellectual journey of many European philosophers and philologists who had begun to seek the origins of mankind in India from the mid-eighteenth century onward. During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, European scholars had generally accepted the biblical account in the Book of Genesis that traced the descent of all the races initially from Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and then from Noah and his sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Their descendants were typically identified as the Semites (Jews and Arabs), the Hamites (Egyptians and other inhabitants of North Africa), and the remaining human

race including the Europeans was reckoned to be Japhetites. However, the discovery of the Americas and many previously unknown aboriginal peoples placed an increasing strain upon this biblical explanation. During the Enlightenment the *philosophes* expressed the anticlerical and antibiblical mood of a rational age by dissenting from the old Hebraic account of human origins in favor of a more exotic yet universal source. The location of this source in India provided a background to this quest for a new Adam. The subsequent development of this post-biblical anthropogeny gave rise in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to the Aryan myth, which exercised a powerful and fatal influence on Nazi racial doctrine.

Both Voltaire and Kant, to take two leading figures of the Enlightenment, declared India the source of all arts and civilization. In a letter of 1775 Voltaire stated that he regarded the "dynasty of the Brahmins" as the nation that had taught the rest of the world: "I am convinced that everything has come down to us from the banks of the Ganges." Such ideas appealed to Kant, who suggested that mankind together with all science must have originated on the roof of the world in Tibet. The culture of the Indians, he asserted, came from Tibet, just as all European arts came from India. However, it was Johann Gottfried Herder (1744–1803), the court preacher at Goethe's Weimar and the pioneer of Romantic nationalism, who was most influential in introducing this Indophilia into the German-speaking world. Loyal to his Lutheran calling, he regarded the Bible as the most accurate copy of some "natural revelation" associated with the Indian birthplace of mankind. Full of admiration for India, he praised the Brahmin priests for educating their people to a degree of virtue and learning far beyond European standards.

In his major work *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit* (Outlines of a philosophy of the history of mankind) (1784–1791), Herder strongly opposed the Noachian or Jewish genealogy:

The pains that have been taken, to make of all the people of the Earth, according to this genealogy, descendants of the hebrews, and half-brothers of the jews, are contradictory not only to chronology and universal history. . . . [N]ations, languages and kingdoms were formed after the deluge, without waiting for envoys from a chaldean family. . . . Suffice

it, that the firm central point of the largest quarter of the Globe, the primitive mountains of Asia, prepared the first abode of the human race.

...

Herder exhorted his European readers to dismiss the Middle East—“these corners of Arabia and Judaea, these basins of the Nile and the Euphrates, these coasts of Phoenicia and Damascus”—as the cradle of mankind and instead to scale the summits of Asia.

These thinkers of the Enlightenment thus broke with the biblical tradition and located the birthplace of the entire human race east of Eden between the Indus and the Ganges. In retrospect, it appears that the idea of an Indian source of mankind played the role of an intermediary traditional mythology between the biblical genealogy of creation and the modern evolutionary genealogy of Darwin. In the late eighteenth century, philosophers were ready to reject Adam as a common father and the conventional Noachian genealogy in their search for new ancestors but still clung to the idea of their origin in the mysterious Orient. It now remained for the new science of linguistics to take these ideas a stage further by suggesting that it was not the whole human race but one particular race—a white ancestral European race—that had descended from the mountains of Asia to colonize and populate the West. Although English writers were the first to make these philological discoveries, it was German Romantic scholars who matched linguistic with racial groups and eventually gave a name to these ancestors by opposing the Aryans to the Hamites, the Mongols, and the Jews.⁴

Although the close relationships between some European languages had been noted by the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Irish scholar James Parsons was the first to conduct a survey of basic words in a larger number of languages. In his study *The Remains of Japhet, being historical enquiries into the affinity and origins of the European languages* (1767), he first demonstrated the similarity between Irish and Welsh with an extensive (thousand-word) comparison of their vocabularies. He then expanded his inquiry to the other languages of Eurasia by comparing the words for the numerals in Celtic (Irish, Welsh), Greek, Italic (Latin, Italian, Spanish, French), Germanic (German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Old English, English), Slavic (Polish, Russian), Indic (Bengali), and Iranian (Persian). The clear relationship between the corresponding words was further underscored by the ev-

ident lack of any link with the words for the same numbers in Turkish, Hebrew, Malay, and Chinese. By showing that the languages of Europe, Iran, and India had all derived from a common ancestor, Parsons may be credited with the discovery of the Indo-European family of languages. However, his work was idiosyncratic in several important respects (for instance, he believed that Irish was the first language), so that this honor is usually reserved for Sir William Jones (1746–1794).⁵

The status of Hebrew as the original language of mankind had already been challenged by German philologists at Göttingen before English scholars suggested that the Hindu language of Sanskrit might be ancestor of the classical European languages. The study of Sanskrit had proceeded apace once the Brahmins of Bengal had been ordered, around 1780, to translate the ancient laws and sacred writings of India into English. After being appointed a justice of the High Court of Bengal in 1783, William Jones set about the study of Sanskrit and swiftly recognized its affinities with Greek and Latin. As founder of the Royal Asiatic Society, he was accorded widespread academic attention. In his third anniversary discourse to the Society on Indian culture in 1786, Jones made his famous pronouncement about the common origin of the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, and Celtic languages. He also noted close analogies between Graeco-Latin and Indian mythology, including the names of their pagan deities. His discovery was soon disseminated into cultivated society at the beginning of the nineteenth century, thanks in large part to Friedrich Schlegel (1772–1829), the brilliant author and critic.⁶

Friedrich Schlegel and his brother August Wilhelm had already distinguished themselves as the founders of German Romanticism by the critical and poetic works they published at Jena between 1796 and 1801. Friedrich Schlegel was recognized as an accomplished scholar of classical literature before he was drawn toward a study of the Orient. After studying Sanskrit at Paris in 1802–1803, he gave a series of lectures on universal history at the University of Cologne from 1805 onward. He was convinced that all culture and religion possessed an Indian origin and even declared that Egyptian civilization was the work of Indian missionaries. The Egyptians had in their turn founded a colony in Judaea, and he noted that Moses had intentionally not passed on ideas about metempsychosis and the immortality of the soul to the Israelites because of the gross superstitions that had become attached to them.

August Wilhelm Schlegel (1767–1845) also continued the Romantic tradition of Indian scholarship by learning Sanskrit and later publishing editions of the *Bhagavad Gita* (in Latin) and the *Ramayana*.

In his highly influential essay *Über die Sprache und Weisheit der Inder* (On the language and wisdom of the Indians) (1808), Friedrich Schlegel paid fulsome tribute as a philologist to the beauty, antiquity, and philosophical clarity of Sanskrit. But in the final part of the book he aired his anthropological ideas about a new masterful race that had formed in northern India before marching down from the roof of the world to found empires and civilize the West. In his view all the famous nations of high cultural achievement sprang from one stock, and their colonies were all one people ultimately deriving from an Indian origin. Although he wondered why the inhabitants of fertile areas in Asia should have later migrated to the harsh northern climes of Scandinavia, he found an answer in Indian legends relating to the tradition of the miraculous and holy mountain of Meru in the Far North. Thus the Indian tribes had been driven northward not out of necessity but by “some supernatural idea of the high dignity and splendour of the North.” The language and traditions of the Indians and the Nordics proved that they formed a single race.⁷

The new anthropogeny of the gifted white European races was complete by 1819, when Friedrich Schlegel applied the term *Aryan* to this as yet anonymous Indic-Nordic master race. The word had been derived from Herodotus’s *Arioi* (an early name for the Medes and Persians) and recently used by French and German authors to designate these ancient peoples. However, Schlegel’s new usage caught on as he linked the root *Ari* with *Ehre*, the German word for honor. Again, he was philologically quite correct because one also finds the same root with a similar meaning in the Slav and Celtic languages. However, the anthropological implications of the new word for the ancestral European race were much more exciting and flattering: as Aryans, the Germans and their ancient Indian ancestors were the people of honor, the aristocracy of the various races of mankind. It should be noted that Friedrich Schlegel was neither an extreme German nationalist nor an anti-Semite. He campaigned for the emancipation of the Jews in Germany and married the daughter of the distinguished Jewish philosopher Moses Mendelssohn. Nevertheless, his ideas in due course stimulated the boldest ideas about Aryan supremacy among German, French, and English scholars.

Throughout the first half of the nineteenth century famous and obscure German philosophers and philologists alike worked tirelessly to develop and refine the Aryan myth. Many more speculations were supplied by Julius von Klaproth (who coined the term *Indo-Germanic*), Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, Jacob Grimm, and Franz Bopp. In 1820 the geographer Karl Ritter described the Indian armies breaking through to the West across the Caucasus. As the originator of the famous dictionary, Grimm exercised a lasting influence on literary and historical textbooks. He described the arrival of the Greeks, Romans, Celts, and Germans in Europe in successive waves of immigration from Asia. However, the Aryans were not yet set against the Jews in these accounts. The outlines of the Aryan-Semitic dualism first became apparent in 1845, when Christian Lassen (1800–1876), the pupil and protégé of the Schlegel brothers, contrasted the Semites unfavorably with the Indo-Germans as unharmonious, egotistical, and exclusive. His emphasis on biology, the triumph of the strongest, the youthful and creative nature of the most recent species, and the superiority of the whites provided the basic ingredients of all subsequent thinking about the master race. Such notions were soon combined with a virulent anti-Semitism by the famous composer and author Richard Wagner (1813–1883), who enjoyed a fervent following in Germany and Austria.⁸

Through the lectures and books of the great philologist Max Müller (1823–1900) in Oxford and Ernest Renan (1823–1892) in France, the Aryan myth had become established dogma throughout European learned society by about 1860. From this time on most educated Europeans came to know that the European nations were of the Aryan race, which had come from the high plateaus of Asia. The common ancestors of the Indians, Persians, Greeks, Italians, Slavs, Germans, and Celts had dwelt in this region before migrating across Asia and Europe to found their respective ethnic groups, which in due course became the nations known to ancient and medieval history. The idea that the Europeans had an origin distinct from the Jews was also implicit and indeed survived any ensuing revisions of the Aryans' geographical origins. Linguistics, anthropology, and biology had combined with the cultural and political achievements of the European powers to underwrite their sense of confidence as world leaders. They were all Aryans and the Aryans were the superior race, the highest form of humanity.

From the mid-1870s onward the discoveries of archaeology and modern occultism each supplied further impetus to the development of the

Aryan myth through the identification of the swastika as a racial symbol. Already in 1872 Emile Burnouf, the anti-Semitic director of the French archaeological school in Athens, had assimilated the swastika into the Aryan myth. He claimed that the old Aryan symbol depicted the laying of sacred fires in Vedic India and was later adapted into the cross by Christianity. Burnouf collaborated closely with Heinrich Schliemann during the latter's excavation of Troy at Hissarlik in 1871–1875 and offered extensive commentary on the swastika found on hundreds of artifacts and terra-cotta whorls unearthed at the site. By noting that the swastika had always been rejected by the Jews, Burnouf also recruited the Aryan symbol for anti-Semitism. Schliemann also regarded the swastika as a footprint of his remote racial forebears, linking the Trojans, Thracians, ancient Germans, and Vedic Indians in a common Aryan ancestry. The glamour of gold, silver, and Homeric legends had enabled Schliemann to popularize the notion that the swastika was a uniquely Aryan religious symbol whose spatial distribution mapped the racial continuities of the ancient West and the mysterious East. The swastika was henceforth launched as the Aryan symbol in the European mind.

Schliemann's later books *Ilios* (1880) and *Troja* (1884) further documented the swastika and other links between the Homeric myths and Vedic India, and the theme was soon taken up by others. In 1877 Ludvig Müller had already described the swastika as the emblem of the supreme Aryan god, and in 1886 Michael Zmigrodzki, a Polish anti-Semite, published a curious racist tract about the swastika entitled *Die Mutter bei den Völkern des arischen Stammes*. He also mounted an exhibition of more than three hundred drawings showing the swastika on artifacts at the Paris Exposition of 1889. In the same year Zmigrodzki addressed two international congresses on the subject of the swastika, one of which was attended by Schliemann, Burnouf, Müller, and other Aryanists and swastikaphiles from around the world. By the end of that decade the swastika was thus well established as an Aryan racial symbol.⁹ Ernst Ludwig Krause (1839–1903), a popular German writer on science, myth, and archaeology, first introduced the Aryan swastika into the current of German *völkisch* nationalism with his seminal book *Tuisco-Land, der arischen Stämme und Götter Urheimat* (1891), which carried commentaries on the Vedas, the Edda, the Iliad, and the Odyssey.

The Aryans and their sacred symbol the swastika were further pop-

ularized by modern occultism, in particular by the Theosophy of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831–1891). The Russian adventuress and medium founded her Theosophical Society in New York in 1875, subsequently moving her operations to India in 1879. Initially inspired by spiritualism, hermeticism, gnosticism, the Jewish cabbala, and freemasonry, Blavatsky hankered after an Eastern source of wisdom. Once in India, she duly found this in the traditions of Hinduism and Buddhism. While Western esoteric traditions are prominent in her first book, *Isis Unveiled* (1877), the East dominates the mature Theosophy of *The Secret Doctrine* (1888). Here she wrote of human evolution through seven root races, the fifth and current one being the Aryan race. Familiar with the ideas of Burnouf and Schliemann, she attributed great mystical significance to the swastika as “Thor’s hammer,” and incorporated the symbol in the seal of the Theosophical Society from 1881.¹⁰ Theosophy appeared to transcend both science and organized religion and found many adherents in Europe once branches of the society were established in England, France, and Germany in the 1880s. Despite the universalism of Theosophy, its Aryans and swastika had a potent influence on mystical racism in Germany and Austria from the late 1890s onward.¹¹

But it was the location of the original Aryan homeland that continued to preoccupy scholars. Flushed with victory in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–1871, the Germans had evolved a highly chauvinistic version of Aryan origins that favored the idea of a northern European homeland. These nationalistic claims were strengthened by contemporary advances in racial anthropology. During the 1870s the blond, blue-eyed Nordic racial type, previously considered the mark of a dreamy, sentimental temperament, was identified with virility and conquest.¹² A number of German writers turned the whole theory of Aryan migration backward with the suggestion that the Aryans originated in Europe and migrated only later to Asia, a notion apparently supported by the observation that the Brahmins of India were lighter than the lower castes. Karl Penka claimed a Scandinavian origin for the Aryans in his books *Origines Ariacae* (1883) and *Die Herkunft der Arier* (1886). Already mentioned in the context of the swastika, Ernst Krause proposed a northern Aryan homeland in his book *Tuisko-Land* (1891), which launched the idea among the nationalists and *völkisch* racists of Germany. Popular anthropologists like Ludwig Wilser and Ludwig Woltmann, the racial mystics Guido von List and Jörg Lanz von Lie-

benfels, and the archaeologist Gustav Kossinna continued to discuss the Nordic Aryans after the turn of the century, and this idea became a basic tenet of Nazi racial doctrine as summarized by the party philosopher Alfred Rosenberg in *Der Mythos des 20. Jahrhunderts* (The myth of the twentieth century) (1930).

Given the existence of entries for “Aryans” and “Indo-Europeans” in standard encyclopedias and textbooks in France, England, and Germany from the late 1860s onward, there is nothing remarkable about Maximiani Portas’s adoption of the racial Manichaeism based on an Aryan-Semitic dualism. However, her ideas about the original Aryan homeland owed more to European romanticism and native Indian scholarship than to the theories of German racist and nationalist authors. In this respect she was somewhat out of step with her Nazi models; instead of seeking out the heirs of the pristine race in northern Europe, she had traveled to India, “that easternmost and southernmost home of the Aryan race.” Her thinking was faultless, inasmuch as she based her speculations on traditional theories concerning the Aryans and their migrations. For example, Max Müller had believed that the purity with which the Hindus had preserved the Aryan language and religion showed that those Aryans who had migrated to India had been the last to leave their highlands in Central Asia. Portas’s enthusiasm for the Aryan Indians was thus firmly grounded in the Aryan myth as it had developed in Europe since the German Romantics.

Her ideas concerning the origins of the Aryans were drawn from the books of Bâl Gangadhar (Lokmanya) Tilak (1856–1920), widely acclaimed as “the father of Indian unrest.”¹³ Tilak was born into an orthodox Chitpavan Brahmin family at Ratnagiri in Maharashtra. His father was a schoolmaster and a good Sanskrit scholar, but in spite of its aristocratic heritage the family belonged to the lower-middle class at the time of Tilak’s birth. After completing his education at Poona University, Tilak spurned a career in government service and devoted himself to the cause of national awakening. From the first, his ideas of political emancipation were based on mass education and mobilization, and he was revered as a leading spirit in the fight for Indian independence. He joined forces with other nationalists in starting the New English School, the Deccan Education Society, and Fergusson College in 1885. After disagreements and his disassociation from the Deccan Ed-

ucation Society, Tilak acquired control over the *Kesari* and the *Maharatta* newspapers of the society, through which he fostered a spirit of popular resistance to foreign rule.¹⁴

While Tilak's anti-British views were strongly nationalist and revolutionary, his social and religious views were conservative and pro-Brahmin. Besides his radical political activities Tilak was an accomplished scholar of ancient Hindu sacred literature. As an Indian nationalist, he was particularly interested in the Vedas as the earliest document of the Aryan Indians and the oldest writings in the history of mankind. By these means Tilak sought to articulate an Aryan myth that would not only reawaken Indian pride in the glorious past but also confer legitimacy on the traditional institutions of Brahminism and caste society. In his first book, *Orion, or Researches into the Antiquity of the Vedas* (1893), Tilak related the positions of the heavens mentioned in the Vedas to the precession of the equinoxes. These astronomical calculations thus enabled him to date the oldest Vedas to around 4500 B.C. During a brief term of imprisonment for sedition in 1897–1898, Tilak immersed himself in further Vedic study and duly published his major statement concerning the age and original location of Vedic civilization, *The Arctic Home in the Vedas* (1903).

On the basis of astronomical statements in the Vedas, Tilak's later chronology went even further back than the dates advanced in *Orion*. He concluded that the Aryan ancestors of the Vedic writers had lived in an Arctic home in interglacial times between 10,000 and 8000 B.C., enjoying a degree of civilization superior to that of both the Stone and Bronze Ages. Owing to the destruction of their homeland by the onset of the last Ice Age, the Aryans had migrated southward and roamed over northern Europe and Asia in search of lands suitable for new settlement in the period 8000–5000 B.C. Tilak believed that many Vedic hymns could be traced to the early part of the Orion period between 5000 and 3000 B.C., when the Aryan bards had not yet forgotten the traditions of their former Arctic home. During the period 3000–1400 B.C., when later Vedic texts including the *Brahmanas* were composed, the Arctic traditions were gradually misunderstood and lost. Regarding Aryan prowess, Tilak concluded that "the vitality and superiority of the Aryan races, as disclosed by their conquest, by extermination or assimilation, of the non-Aryan races with whom they came in contact . . . is intelligible only on the assumption of a high degree of civilisation in their original Arctic home."¹⁵

Tilak's ideas of Aryan Arctic origins, together with the conventional Aryan myth, deeply influenced Portas's view of India, its culture, and its peoples. She imagined the Aryan invasions of India as having occurred over a longer period during the fourth and third millennia B.C. However, in common with European scholars, she preferred to view the Aryans as gifted barbarians whose military skills in horsemanship and use of wheeled chariots enabled them to dominate the Dravidians and other dark-skinned races they encountered in the more advanced Indus civilization in northwest India. From the Vedas it was possible to reconstruct a great deal about these light-skinned proto-Nordic invaders. After entering northern India through the passes in the Hindu Kush mountains, the Aryans had settled the Punjab and then gradually penetrated along the river courses throughout the Gangetic plain of northern India. They lived initially as seminomadic pastoralists on the produce of cattle. The cow was thus a very precious commodity and often an object of veneration. The Vedic hymns describe the Aryans as a vigorous warrior aristocracy more interested in fighting than in agriculture. Great prestige and pleasure was attached to battle, chariot racing, drinking the intoxicating *soma*, music-making, and gambling with dice.¹⁶

The Vedic hymns also show how important a role religion played in the life of the Aryans. The forces of nature were typically invested with divine powers and personified as male or female gods. As Sir William Jones had noted, several of their names betray common Indo-European linguistic origins. Indra was a weather and storm god, also the power of virility and generation. Later he became a mighty war god, a heroic ideal, and the protector of the Aryan race. There were several solar deities, including Mitra (identical to the ancient Iranian god Mithra), Surya (Sun), and Savitri (a female deity to whom Hindu prayers at sunrise are still offered). Varuna (compare the Roman god Uranus) was a patriarchal god presiding over the heavens. Dyaus (compare the Greek god Zeus) was a father god of declining importance; Soma the god of the divine drink *soma*; and Yama the god of death. The foremost god was perhaps the fire god Agni (whose name recalls *igneus*, the Latin word for fire) on account of the central importance of fire in domestic life and in sacrifices, a major feature of ancient Aryan life. So great was the reverence for Agni that the fire on the home hearth was never allowed to go out.

Portas was above all interested in the caste system of Hinduism,

which she regarded as the Aryan archetype of racial laws intended to govern the segregation of different races and to maintain the pure blood of the light-skinned and fair-complexioned Aryans. When the Aryans first invaded India, they were already divided into three social classes: the warriors, or aristocracy; the priests; and the common people. The Aryans spoke contemptuously of the dark-skinned, flat-nosed folk of Dravidian and aboriginal stock whom they had conquered, calling them Daysus (meaning "squat creatures," "slaves," or even "apes"). A more exclusive development of the caste system followed this encounter; it involved both fear of the Daysus and anxiety that assimilation with them would lead to a loss of Aryan identity. The Sanskrit word for caste is *varna*, which actually means color, and this provided the basis of the original four-caste system comprising the *kshatriyas* (warriors and aristocracy), the *brahmans* (priests), and the *vaishyas* (cultivators); and the *sudras*, the Daysus and those of mixed Aryo-Daysu origin. Portas venerated the Aryan race for its racial purity as the zenith of physical perfection and for its outstanding qualities of beauty, intelligence, willpower, and thoroughness. She regarded the survival of the light-skinned minority of Brahmins among an enormous population of many different Indian races after sixty centuries as a living tribute to the value of the Aryan caste system.

Maximiani Portas's subsequent exploration of India and Hinduism was inspired by her quest for the Aryan heritage. From Rameswaram she journeyed northward. After ascending the famous Rock of Trichinopoly several hundred feet above the town, she was spellbound by the sight of the famous Golden Temple amid the jungle on a nearby hill. In the other direction she noticed the ugly modern building of the Jesuit Hospital. Then and there she resolved to do all in her power to maintain the Hindu traditions against Christianity and all other philosophies of equality. Maximiani henceforth regarded India as her home. With the exception of a brief period in the spring of 1934, when she returned to Lyons to pass her oral examination for her doctorate, she lived and worked in India. After extensive travels throughout India in the period from 1932 until the middle of 1935, she lived from July to December 1935 at Rabindrath Tagore's ashram in Shantiniketan at Bolpur in Bengal, renowned for its cosmopolitan membership. The negligible cost of living at the ashram outweighed her aversion to its liberal spirit and the presence of émigré German Jews. Here she learned Hindi and perfected her command of Bengali. She then taught English history and

Indian history at Jerandan College not far from Delhi and worked in a similar capacity at Mathura, the holy city of Krishna during 1936. Ever more involved in the life and customs of Hinduism, she adopted a Hindu name, Savitri Devi, in honor of the female solar deity, by which we will henceforth refer to her in this account.

Savitri Devi came to know India well and loved it. She was indeed an unusual visitor in the 1930s. Unlike the British and French officials, the busy merchants, the zealous missionaries, and a mere handful of sight-seeing tourists, she had come as a pilgrim to admire and learn about India's proud past and its living religion. She richly evokes the colorful diversity of India in *L'Etang aux lotus* (The lotus pond) (1940), a book recording her early impressions of the country in the years 1934 to 1936. In the course of long train journeys to Benares, Lahore, and Peshawar, she was often rewarded by new Indian friends, interesting conversations, and invitations to their hometowns. She was invariably touched by their kindness, their dignity, intelligence, and harmonious spirit. She piously approached the sacred town of Brindaban, where legend describes how the god Krishna spent his pastoral youth surrounded by music, poetry, and amorous adventures with the milkmaids. She described the festival atmosphere of Mathura, Krishna's birthplace, as the crowds of pilgrims thronged its temples in memory of the divine avatar. She visited the great temples in Udaipur, Puri, and Benares on the holy river Ganges. Everywhere she went, she admired the timeless beauty of India and the spiritual poise of its many peoples.

By the end of 1936 she had settled in Calcutta, the capital of Bengal. In the great teeming metropolis she was particularly struck by the extraordinary contrasts of European colonial life and sophisticated Bengali culture. She described the English memsahibs smartly dressed for tennis walking on Chowringhee Road, the busy major thoroughfare of European Calcutta with its smart hotels, restaurants, cinemas, and hairdressers. But images of old, timeless India always strayed into the picture, often in the form of a wandering cow gazing into the shop windows or resting on the tramlines and stopping the traffic. Just around the corner stood the famous "Bengal Stores" that catered exclusively to Indian tastes. Its customers were elegant Bengali women, in groups of two and three accompanied by their husbands, from the wealthy native suburbs of Tollygunge with its cool lakes, Alipur and Ballygunge. These well-educated women in colorful saris made their purchases from among the fabrics and perfumes, before taking tea to

the sound of Indian music. Savitri Devi marveled at their style and simplicity. In India she felt she had discovered a country that could be modern without being ugly.¹⁷

On Park Street and in other native quarters Savitri Devi encountered the other face of Calcutta, its grinding poverty amid the baking heat, dust, and squalor. The limbless dying on the filthy pavements, naked children, a blind man asking for alms at the windows of a halted bus. Beggars, bony cows, and thin dogs thronged the far northern districts of Shambazar and Baghbazar, the rundown congested areas around the Sealdah railway terminus, Bowbazar Street, College Street, Harrison Road, and beyond the bus station. But even here the population was unbroken in spirit, avid for beautiful things, and friendly. Savitri Devi described how she wandered through a maze of narrow alleys past old low houses, painted yellow or pink, to visit a Bengali family in Shambazar. Although their dwelling was poor and decrepit, the bookshelves held a yellowing Sanskrit edition of the *Ramayana* and classics of Indian literature and history. Returning around midnight, she passed by a fruit and cake vendor who, by the light of a flame, was reading aloud to two or three men the great *Mahabharata* epic. The Bengali love of learning and story, still spread by this traditional means among the illiterate, deeply impressed her. India might be poor, but, in her view, its ancient Aryan spirit was indomitable.¹⁸

From her base in Calcutta she imagined the prehistoric Aryan tribes' slow progress with their wooden-wheeled wagons down through the Punjab, the "land of the seven rivers," then along the courses of the Ganges and Jumna until the whole area between the Himalayas and the Vindhya from sea to sea was settled and recognized as Aryavarta or Aryan territory. But this was not just an ancient idyll. She was often asked by Europeans what she thought of British rule in India, to which she often wanted to counter what they thought of Roman rule in Europe. From her point of view, the legacy of Christianity in the West had proven much more enduring than that of colonial rule might ever be in India.¹⁹ For Savitri Devi, Hinduism was the custodian of the Aryan and Vedic heritage down through the centuries, the very essence of India. In her opinion, Hinduism was the sole surviving example of that Indo-European paganism once common to all the Aryan nations: "If those of Indo-European race regard the conquest of pagan Europe by Christianity as a decadence, then the whole of Hindu India can be likened to a last fortress of very ancient ideals, of very old and beautiful

religious and metaphysical conceptions, which have already passed away in Europe. Hinduism is thus the last flourishing and fecund branch on an immense tree which has been cut down and mutilated for two thousand years."²⁰

Savitri Devi had left Europe to find the last living Aryan culture and found it in Hindu India. Whenever she recalled the spectacle of honors paid to the fair-skinned Aryan gods of old on the island of Rameswaram, a festival she revisited in May 1935, she thought that India of all places should be receptive to the new paganism of Nazism.²¹ At Shantiniketan she had met Margaret Spiegel (Amala Bhen), an émigré Berlin Jew working as Tagore's secretary. Spiegel was appalled by Savitri Devi and considered her a far worse Nazi than the provincial racists she had known in the Third Reich. Savitri Devi's global pan-Aryan doctrine and her recognition of Hinduism as an Aryan legacy certainly placed her apart from the narrow nationalism of most German Nazis.²² Years before in Palestine she had resolved to honor the pagan gods and fight the Judaeo-Christian legacy of the West. Her first concern now was the defense of Hinduism as the bastion of Aryandom against all encroachments by Christianity and Islam. In late 1937 she fulfilled her desire for practical engagement in this struggle by joining the Hindu Mission in Calcutta as a traveling lecturer in the states of Bengal, Bihar, and Assam. In the words of Camillo Giuriati, the Italian consul of Calcutta, she had become "the missionary of Aryan Heathendom."²³

3

HINDU NATIONALISM

Savitri Devi regarded Hinduism as the only living Aryan heritage in the modern world. In her eyes, Hinduism was a powerful ally in her campaign to confront and oppose the Judaeo-Christian heritage and its casteless, egalitarian challenge to the Aryan tradition. But her Aryan-Nazi championship of Hinduism also interacted with domestic political movements in India between the wars. These movements were concerned with varieties of Hindu nationalism, conceived as an upper-caste strategy to unify and strengthen Indian society against the threat of other cultures (Islam and Christianity), while seeking to emulate the confidence and authority of the British. These movements were strongest in northern India, where the Muslim threat was more acutely perceived, and originated in Maharashtra, where Brahmin prestige had been challenged by backward caste movements from the 1870s onward. When Savitri Devi became politically active in the late 1930s, such Hindu nationalist movements as the Hindu Mahasabha and the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (RSS—National Volunteer Union) were growing rapidly in an urgent response to Muslim ascendancy.

Both these movements had begun in the early 1920s against a background of massive communalization of Indian political life. The collapse of the Congress-Khilafat (Muslim) alliance after Gandhi's unilateral withdrawal of the Non-Cooperation movement in 1922 was followed by a great wave of riots, polarizing the Hindu and Muslim communities into conflicting camps. The same period saw the first organization of the Dalits (Untouchables or Scheduled Castes) as an anti-Brahmin movement in Maharashtra under Dr. B. R. Ambedkar. The Arya Samaj, a Hindu reforming sect of the mid-nineteenth century, championed the

Aryans of the Vedic era, and the Hindu Sabha had already begun to channel these ideas into proto-Hindu nationalism in the Punjab by 1910. However, only with the launch in 1923 of the "Hindutva" idea by V. D. Savarkar, also from Maharashtra, did this ideology crystallize into an ethnic nationalism coupled with Brahminical authority. His idea inspired Dr. K. B. Hedgewar, a fellow Maharashtrian, to found the RSS, a youth organization intended to reinvigorate the nation through an awareness of India's glorious past, Hindu piety, paramilitary training, and sports.¹

At this time Hinduism in India was also directly affected by the political institutions of British rule. The principle of communal representation became general in the award of 1932, which made provision for Muslim representation in state legislatures by quotas based on the numbers of each religious group in the population. The new Hindu political organizations sought to address this problem of declining Hindu influence by seeking conversions among non-Hindus and the return to the fold of former apostates through Hindu Missions. After her arrival in 1932, Savitri Devi had sought such a Hindu agency in South India, notably without success due to the greater integration of Islam in this region. The situation was altogether different in Bengal, where the political balance was more acute. In early 1937 she presented herself to Srimat Swami Satyananda, the president of the Hindu Mission in Calcutta, and asked if she might offer her services to the Mission.

When Satyananda asked about her own religious beliefs, Savitri Devi declared she was an Aryan pagan and regretted the conversion of Europe to Christianity. She wanted to prevent the sole remaining country honoring Aryan gods from falling under the spiritual influence of the Jews. She also added that she was a devotee of Adolf Hitler, who was leading the only movement in this Aryan pagan spirit against the Judaeo-Christian civilization of the West. Satyananda was impressed by the young Greek woman with intense eyes and an outspoken manner. The Hindu Mission could certainly use such an ardent and educated fighter fluent in both Bengali and Hindi. In fact, Satyananda shared many Hindus' admiration for Hitler on account of his Aryan mythology and use of the swastika, the traditional sign of fortune and health. He told her that he considered Hitler an incarnation of Vishnu, an expression of the force preserving cosmic order. In his eyes the disciples of Hitler were the Hindus' spiritual brothers. With this meeting of

minds, Satyananda engaged Savitri Devi as a Hindu Mission lecturer. Her duties involved speaking at the Mission headquarters in Calcutta and also traveling to give lectures throughout Bengal and the neighboring states of Bihar and Assam.²

By the late 1930s Savitri Devi was living in the "Ganesh Mansion" at 220 Lower Circular Road, a major thoroughfare running along the southern and eastern perimeters of the inner city. From here she had only half an hour's walk to the headquarters of the Hindu Mission in Kalighat. Her route passed by St. Paul's Cathedral with its soaring tower, the white marble walls and dome of the Victoria Memorial, the racecourse and polo ground, and beyond this the wide green expanse of the Maidan park and the bastions of Fort William. The smart Bengali residential suburb of Kalighat farther south made a proud native contrast to these splendid monuments of British India in their spacious settings. Across Tolly's Nala, a minor waterway running through Kalighat to the River Hooghly, lay the Italian Renaissance Belvedere residence of the British lieutenant governor in Bengal, and the Horticultural Gardens, various government offices, law courts, and the jails. The Hindu Mission occupied two houses at 31/2-3 and 32/B Haris Chatterji Street on the right bank of Tolly's Nala. Farther south stood the famous Kali Temple, dedicated to the angry incarnation of Shakti, the goddess of power. This sanctuary attracted a large number of pilgrims daily. Whenever Savitri Devi visited the temple, she received as a *prasad* (blessing) a blood-red vermillion paste, the symbol of Kali, to wear on her forehead.

By mid-1937 she was deeply involved with the Hindu Mission, which ran an active program of lectures and meetings from its headquarters at Kalighat throughout Bengal, Bihar, and Assam. Her work gave her an unparalleled opportunity to learn more about Hinduism, to observe its customs and beliefs across a large region, and to make the personal acquaintance of interesting and influential figures in Indian political life. Through the Hindu Mission she came into contact with other Hindu nationalist groups, including the youth movement of Dr. Balakrishna Shivaram Moonje, Dr. Hedgewar's Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (RSS), and the Hindu Mahasabha, whose president was the veteran Indian patriot V. D. Savarkar. His career of anti-British revolutionary extremism and his writings on Indian history, Hindu identity, and destiny exercised an important influence on Savitri Devi and the evolution of her Hindu-Aryan ideology.

Vinayak Damodar Savarkar (1883–1966) was born into a middle-class Chitpavan Brahmin family at the village of Bhagur near Nasik in the Maratha province of Maharashtra in western India. He was an early convert to the cause of Indian independence. Savarkar admired the Chaphekar brothers who had murdered a British administrator at Poona in 1897 and gone to their execution singing verses from the *Bhagavad Gita*; deeply impressed, he took an oath before his family goddess to fight for India's freedom. By 1899 he had begun his career of anti-British conspiracy with the founding of secret societies and went on to make patriotic speeches and organize demonstrations over the partition of Bengal in 1905. A high academic achiever, he won a scholarship in 1906 that enabled him to study in London, where he became a leading figure at the India House. Here he continued his revolutionary activities, raising political consciousness among other expatriate Indian students and learning how to make bombs. Savarkar published his first book, *The War of Indian Independence* (1908), to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Indian Mutiny but it was promptly suppressed by the British Government.

Meanwhile, a member of Savarkar's group was convicted of assassinating Sir Curzon Wylie in London, after his own brother Ganesh was sentenced to transportation in 1909 for terrorist activities. In 1910 the collector of Nasik was shot in revenge for the brother's sentence, and Savarkar was arrested in London for complicity in the murder. Extradited to India, he was convicted of treason and of being an accessory to murder and sentenced to two consecutive life-transportations. He served ten years in jail on the Andaman Islands, from 1911 to 1921, and three further years in prisons at Yervada, Nasik, and Ratnagiri. Savarkar used the period of his confinement for writing and became a prolific author, publishing thirty-eight books in the course of his lifetime. These included poetry, essays, and an autobiography in Marathi; the treatise on the Indian Mutiny and an account of his transportation and prison sketches in the Andamans were published in English.³

In Ratnagiri prison Savarkar wrote his famous short work *Hindutva* (1923), which set out his view of Indian history from a Hindu point of view and his conception of Hinduness. A preface posed the question "Who is a Hindu?" and stated, "A Hindu means a person, who regards this Land of Bharat Varsha, from the Indus to the Seas as his Fatherland as well as his Holy-Land." The work was inspired by a mythical spirit, bold generalization, and heroic quotation, which commended it

to Savitri Devi and other Aryan enthusiasts. Tracing the origins of the Hindu nation, Savarkar eloquently recalled the prehistoric colonization of the Aryans:

The intrepid Aryans made [India] their home and lighted their first sacrificial fire on the banks of the Sindhu, the Indus. . . . [L]ong before the ancient Egyptians, and Babylonians had built their magnificent civilization, the holy waters of the Indus were daily witnessing the lucid and curling columns of the scented sacrificial smokes and the valleys resounding the chants of Vedic hymns—the spiritual fervor that animated their souls. The adventurous valour that propelled their intrepid enterprises, the sublime heights to which their thoughts rose—all these had marked them out as a people destined to lay the foundation of a great and enduring civilization.⁴

Savarkar's broad canvas of Indian history found a particular focus in the zenith and decline of the Mughal Empire between 1560 and 1760. The rise of Maratha power, first in Maharashtra, later throughout India, challenged and finally destroyed the Mughal Empire, ending the long period of Muslim rule in India. Savarkar regarded this Maratha ascendancy as the most important movement of Hindu liberation in Indian history: it laid the basis of a self-conscious Hindu and national identity in the entire country. His flattering view of the importance of the Marathas as the pioneers of Hindudom in modern India doubtless owed much to his own Maratha ancestry and upbringing in Maharashtra. The Maratha challenge to the impressive and long-standing edifice of Mughal authority also struck him as an inspiring precedent and prelude to his own campaign to drive out his British enemies, the founders of another secure and magnificent Indian empire. At the same time, the recent Muslim tensions and challenges to Brahmin authority in the province were an obvious factor in his ideology.

The sudden rise of the Marathas is one of the mysteries of Indian history. This race of small, sturdy individuals renowned for their hardness, perseverance, and industry lacked the grace and style of the Rajputs and other Indian tribes. The majority were Sudras or members of the cultivator class, and their leader (*peshwa*) was usually drawn from the small minority of an extremely intelligent and exclusive Brahmin class. The Marathas first entered history through their leader Sivaji (1627–1680), who began his career as a robber chief in the Bijapur and soon controlled a sizeable territory in defiance of the Mughal emperor Aurangzeb. Sivaji killed the Muslim army chief Afzal Khan at a parley,

and the Marathas destroyed his forces in 1659. The rich Mughal port of Surat was sacked by Sivaji in 1664. Now forced to take this local rebel seriously, Aurangzeb appointed his son, Prince Muazzam, to command the army in the Deccan plain against the Marathas. Associated with the prince in this campaign was the rajah Jai Singh of Jaipur, who made common cause with Sivaji and encouraged him to accept a treaty and surrender to imperial authority as an expedient in 1666.⁵ With deep approval, Savarkar quoted Sivaji's words of Hindu championship and martial resolve: "We are Hindus. The Mahamedans have subjugated the entire Deccan. They have defiled our sacred places! In fact they have desecrated our religion. We will therefore protect our religion and for that we would even lose our lives. We will acquire new kingdoms by our prowess and that bread we will eat."⁶

Periods of peace alternated with active hostilities, Maratha power increasing all the while. Continued successes involving the extortion of tribute from nominal Mughal provinces led Sivaji to assume the dignity of an independent king in a coronation at Raigarh in 1674. By the time of his death he had consolidated a small independent kingdom in western India. Although Sivaji's achievement certainly rested on military prowess, his intense devotion to Hinduism was a vital factor in arousing the defiant nationalism of the Marathas against the Mughal power. He thus welded his people, both caste-conscious Brahmins and independent farmers, into a new nation proud of its identity and Hindu religion.⁷ Savarkar overlooked Sivaji's robber state and asserted that Maratha ascendancy was no parochial movement, "The Hindu Empire . . . was the great ideal which had fired the imagination and goaded the actions of Shivaji while he was but within his teens" and commented that "the rise of Hindu power under Shivaji had electrified the Hindu mind all over India. The oppressed looked upon him as an Avatar and a Savior."⁸

Savarkar traced the subsequent expansion of Maratha power across India in the generations of Baji Rao and Nanasahab. During the rule of the second *peshwa* Baji Rao (1720–1740), the Marathas succeeded in making themselves masters of Gujurat, Malwa, and Bundelkhand and briefly invaded the outskirts of Delhi in 1737. The powerless and corrupt state of the Mughal Empire invited foreign intervention, first from the Persians in 1739, then from the Afghans. By 1758 the Marathas had occupied the Punjab and it seemed that they were destined to become the rulers of all India. Their frontier extended in the North to the River Indus and the Himalayas and in the South almost as far

as the tip of the peninsula. Sadashiv Bhao, the cousin of the third *peshwa* Balaji Rao, was an outstanding military leader and the real power in the Maratha government. In 1760 he renewed the invasion of Upper India and occupied Delhi, where the triumphant Marathas celebrated the eclipse of Mughal rule by hammering the imperial throne to pieces.⁹

However, in January 1761 Maratha power was broken at the mighty third battle of Panipat outside Delhi against the Afghans, in which more than 200,000 Hindus and most Maratha leaders were slaughtered. But the Afghan advantage was quickly lost through mutiny and the Mughal Empire was now defunct.¹⁰ Savarkar therefore exalted the Marathas as the founders of a Hindu national state. In his view, this battle marked the definitive close of the Mughal period and left the Marathas, though seriously weakened, as the dominant regional power in India until the advent of the British Empire in 1818: "The day of Panipat rose, the Hindus lost the battle—and won the war. . . . [T]he triumphant Hindu banner that our Marathas had carried . . . was taken up by our Sikhs. . . . In this prolonged furious conflict our people became intensely conscious of ourselves as Hindus and were welded into a nation to an extent un-known in our history."¹¹

Following this review of the Maratha period as the era of pan-Hindu liberation, *Hindutva* was devoted to a description and celebration of Hinduness. Savarkar defined a Hindu as an Indian national, with references to the geographical unity of the subcontinent, the bonds of blood, and the maintenance of its purity by the caste system. "The Hindus are not merely the citizens of the Indian state," he asserted, "they are united not only by the bonds of love they bear to common motherland but also by the bonds of a common blood. . . . All Hindus claim to have in their veins the blood of the mighty race incorporated with and descended from the Vedic fathers" and "[N]o word can give a full expression to this racial unity of our people as the epithet Hindu does. . . . [W]e are all Hindus and own a common blood."¹² However, besides their shared ancestry, Savarkar claimed that Hindus were culturally united by Hindu civilization through a common history, a common literature, a common art and architecture, a common law and jurisprudence, common fairs and festivals, rites and rituals, ceremonies and sacraments. India was not only a Hindu's fatherland but also his Holy Land, for it was the land of the Vedas, Hindu mythology, god-men, ideas, and heroes.¹³

Savarkar's "Hindutva" idea thus assimilates territorial-cultural determinants into a concept of nationalism that stresses the ethnic and racial substance of the Hindu nation. It is most probable that he emphasized this racial criterion in order to minimize the importance of internal divisions in Hindu society, which he as a Brahmin wanted to preserve. He evidently rejected a liberal concept of the nation-state based on a social contract between individuals within a state's administrative borders. Here his thought was in keeping with German political theory gleaned from reading the Swiss jurist Johann Kaspar Bluntschli (1808–1881) during his years of imprisonment. Significantly, Bluntschli's concept of German ethnic nationalism influenced both Savarkar and the second leader of the RSS, M. S. Golwalkar, in their exposition of Hindu nationalism.¹⁴

Between 1924 and 1937 Savarkar was not permitted to leave the Ratnagiri district. Once this restriction was lifted, he resumed political activity, translating his philosophy of "Hindutva" into extreme Hindu nationalism. He was immediately elected president of the All India Hindu Mahasabha at its nineteenth session held at Ahmedabad in 1937 and presided over its next five annual sessions. Although the Hindu Mahasabha had been founded as a social organization in 1915, it now became a vigorous lobby group for Hindu interests under Savarkar's leadership. In his presidential speech of 1937, Savarkar described the Mahasabha as a pan-Hindu organization with the task of "the maintenance, protection and promotion of the Hindu race, culture and civilization for the advance and glory of Hindu Rashtra . . . a national body representing the Hindu Nation as a whole" and cast a watchful eye at the antinational designs of the Muslims in India.¹⁵

At the twentieth session of the Hindu Mahasabha held at Nagpur in 1938, Savarkar attacked the Indian National Congress. In his view, its secular Indian patriotism had denied the Hinduness of the Indian majority but still failed to embrace the Muslims, who jealously defended their religious community. The Congress was but a hostage of Muslim intransigence, constantly seeking to appease the Muslims to the disadvantage of the Hindu majority. Savarkar railed at the British for denying the Hindus political representation in proportion to their population through the Communal Award of 1932—in his view an unjust system of weightages and preferences—and for breaking up the Hindu electorate into such constituencies as to prevent the growth of Hindu political solidarity. He protested against the operation of quotas favor-

ing Muslims in the government services (as high as 60 percent in Bengal, for example), and the curtailment of Hindu recruitment to the army and police with the result that the Muslim minority was predominant in these forces. Besides these political grievances, Savarkar drew a grim picture of Hindus subject to religious and racial persecution in the Muslim states of Hyderabad and Bhopal, and as the hapless victims of riots and tribal frontier raids.¹⁶ These grievances and the fear of permanent political subserviency had indeed haunted the thinking and emotions of many caste Hindus throughout the 1930s.

Savarkar concluded that the Indian National Congress had failed the Hindus; its Indian patriotism was a secular sham, and only the Hindu Mahasabha could properly represent the Indian Hindu nation. Savarkar exhorted his followers to abandon the false ideas that had prevailed since the birth of the Congress in the 1880s. Hindu nationalism was the only effective form of Indian nationalism. After a brief review of the Maratha era of Hindu nationalism and the foundation of a Hindu empire, Savarkar demanded that the self-conscious Hindu nation must again be revived and resurrected.¹⁷ At this 1938 session of the Mahasabha it was clear that Savarkar was advocating Hindu radicalism as the only effective response to Muslim provocation and ascendancy in national affairs. His extreme Hindu nationalism now tended toward a Hindu communalism that paralleled Muslim defensiveness and thus accentuated the polarization of Hindu-Muslim enmity.

Savitri Devi's involvement with the Hindu Mission in Calcutta drew her into the vortex of this Hindu nationalist movement in the late 1930s. In her writings she shared V. D. Savarkar's political concerns about Hindu disadvantage and Muslim ascendancy. She endorsed his demand for a revival of Hindu national consciousness as the only real form of Indian patriotism. She agreed with the thesis of *Hindutva* that Hindu nationalism must derive its strength from a sense of shared history, culture, and an awareness of India as one's Holy Land. And in return she was recognized as a valuable supporter by the nationalists themselves. Ganesh Savarkar praised her in a cordial foreword he wrote for her first book on Hinduism: "She has one advantage over the usual worker from within the Hindu fold. She was Greek by nationality. It is owing partly to her appreciation of Hindu art, thought and 'dharma,' and partly to deeper reasons that she was drawn to our society and that she adopted what we call 'Hindutva' for the rest of her life. But, naturally, being a European, she could, though from within, study the

condition of the Hindus in a detached manner."¹⁸ Such recognition placed her in that tiny minority of elective Hindus, who have gained acceptance as compatriots.

Her new book, *A Warning to the Hindus* (1939), was published under the auspices of the Hindu Mission after she had worked there for some eighteen months. The book was evidently highly regarded by the mission, for it was also published in six Indian languages, including Bengali, Hindi, and Marathi. The first chapter, "Indian Nationalism and Hindu Consciousness" echoes V. D. Savarkar's rallying cry of "Hindutva" with her main thesis that Hinduism is the national religion of India and that there is no real India besides Hindu India. She was similarly contemptuous of Congress's secular patriotism and asserted that "there is no such thing as an Indian civilization which is neither Hindu nor Musulman. . . . [T]he only civilization for all India is Hindu civilization. The only culture for all India is Hindu culture. Indian national consciousness is nothing else but Hindu national consciousness," and again "[A]s nothing is more necessary to India, to-day, than a strong national consciousness and national pride . . . nothing is more necessary, to-day, than to revive, to exalt, to cultivate intelligent Hinduism through the length and breadth of India."¹⁹

Her work at the Hindu Mission had familiarized her with the grievances of Hindus and their sense of embattlement in the increasingly Muslim culture of some provinces. In a chapter entitled "The Defence of Hindudom: A Danger Signal," she produced statistics on the relative numerical strengths of Hindus and Muslims in various Indian states. She conceded that the Muslim minority was still negligible in the Far South (3 percent), Orissa (2 percent) and Bihar (10 percent), the United Provinces (13 percent), the Central Provinces (5 percent) and West Bengal (6 percent). However, on turning her attention to the Punjab, "the cradle of Aryan culture in India," and Bengal, her own adopted province, she saw cause for grave concern. Estimating the Hindu population of Bengal at 22 million and the Muslim population at 28 million, with a further 2 million in the border district of Assam, she found that the Muslim population of Bengal was practically half the entire Muslim population of British India. She commented that this Muslim population of Bengal alone was already more than double that of Turkey and that the Muslim population of just one of the Bengal districts (Mymensingh) was more than half that of all Arabia.²⁰

Already, she complained, one could walk through miles of Bengali

countryside and not meet a single Hindu who was consciously cultivating the religion of his forefathers with worship, devotions at a family shrine, observances and the celebration of festival days. She dwelt fondly on the now all too rare encounters with learned Brahmins in Bengali villages, marveling at their refinement and culture, their pleasure in philosophical debate, and their ready Sanskrit quotations from Holy Scriptures. "They have the sweet temper and amiable manners of people who have been aristocrats since the beginning of the world" and "by coming into contact with them, one feels like discovering an untouched spot of ancient India."²¹ But they now seemed a tiny threatened minority, while Muslims became ever more numerous in rural areas.

She was relieved to observe that the proportion of Hindus was greater in towns than in villages and took solace in the company of educated Hindus, who were numerous and kept Hindu tradition and Hindu culture alive in their homes. "While sitting with them, you feel you are in India; in fact, you *are* in India still," she reflected, while noting that the masses were getting day by day more Mohammedanized. Indeed, the threat of Muslim submergence and cultural alienation was becoming ever more apparent: "There are quarters in Dacca and Chittagong, where the number of bearded men that you cross in the streets, wearing a red 'tupi' upon their head, makes you feel as if you were in Cairo or in Bagdad, not in India."²²

She considered that the usual upper-caste Hindu response to this sense of decline was complacent, namely, that it was "quality" rather than "quantity" that mattered, that the existence of a small minority of educated Hindus was worth more than a mass of ignorant Hindus. She argued that it was not the tenets of Hinduism that were in danger; they would always hold true irrespective of the numbers of Hindus. It was the Hindus, as a nation, who were in danger of extinction, at least in some parts of India. She defended Hindudom, not Hinduism. She recalled that the truth in Plato's writings was still true, but that it did not keep ancient Greek society and civilization from passing away. Similarly, "[T]he value of Hinduism will not save Hindudom, if Hindudom is not strong, numerically and politically."²³

But why was the numerical strength of Hindudom and the whole notion of "Hindutva" so important to her? The relative numbers of Hindu and Muslim populations in the various Indian states, the need for a strong national consciousness and national pride in India, what

significance could these issues possess for her, a Greek national who had first arrived in India only half a decade earlier? The answer to these questions is the elaboration of her Aryan cult, which is also to be found in the pages of *A Warning to the Hindus*. The chapter entitled "Indian Paganism: The Last Living Expression of Aryan Beauty" provided a philosophical interlude between those more prosaic sections of the book devoted to Indian nationalism, population censuses, the threat of Mohammedanization, and the need for a radical Hindu revival in the style of V. D. Savarkar. This cult of Aryanism alone represents those deeper reasons, mentioned by Ganesh Savarkar, that drew her to Hindu society and led to her lifelong adoption of "Hindutva."

Savitri Devi had come to India in 1932 to find a living equivalent of the old Aryan cults of Europe. Once she had stepped outside the bounds of Christian and secular civilization, she beheld "a cult, one of the immemorial Pagan cults, surviving in the midst of the modern world." She loved the Hindus as one of the few modern civilized people who were openly pagan and revered their country since "[India] remains the last great country of Aryan civilization, and, to a great extent, of Aryan tongue and race, where a living and beautiful Paganism is the religion both of the masses and of the intelligentzia." Her quest for the lost Aryan world, once wistfully admired in the dead culture of classical Greece, had at last found an object in a living culture. A golden age had become the present for her in exotic India and she could exclaim with delight: "We like this word 'Paganism' applied to the Hindu cults. It is sweet to the ears of more than one of the fallen Aryans of Europe, accustomed to refer to 'Pagan Greece,' and to 'Pagan Beauty,' as the most perfect expression of their own genius in the past."²⁴

Savitri Devi celebrated Hinduism for its open cult of visible beauty. This beauty, this ritual, this ceremony, she believed, had once been current in the Aryan cults of Europe, but now this cult could be found only "in its last sunny home: Hindu India." Her own experience of this cult of beauty shines through her radiant description of Indian festivals, rich with vivid colors, sumptuous magnificence, and exotic splendor:

Just go to Madura or to Rameswaram, nowadays, and see a real Hindu procession there, with elephants bearing immemorial signs of sandal and vermilion upon their foreheads, and draperies of silk and gold flowing over their backs, down to the ground; with flutes and drums, and torches reflecting their light upon the half-naked bronze bodies, as beautiful as

living Greek statues; with chariots of flowers, slowly going around the sacred tank. Just see the pious crowd (hundreds and thousands of pilgrims, gathered from all parts of India), throwing flowers, as the chariots pass. And above all this, above the calm waters, the beautiful crowd, the mighty pillars, the huge pyramidal towers, shining in the moon-light . . . above all this, behold the one, simple, phosphorescent sky.

Just watch an ordinary scene of Hindu life: a line of young women walking into a temple, on a festival day. Draped in bright coloured sarees, sparkling with jewels, one by one they come, the graceful daughters of India, with flowers in their hair, with flowers and offerings in their hands. In the background: thatched huts, among the high coconut trees and green rice-fields all around,—the beauty of the Indian countryside. One by one they come, . . . like the Athenian maidens of old, whose image we see upon the frieze of the Parthenon.²⁵

The religion of beauty was not confined to the forms and colors of the popular Hindu cults. Savitri Devi deeply admired Hinduism's conception of God, in both his creative and destructive aspects, as the expression of a broad artistic outlook on life and on the universe. She dismissed Christianity and other creedal religions for their exclusive concentration on man: "[T]heir centre of interest is man, the background, man's short history, man's misery, man's craving for happiness; the scope, man's salvation." In Hinduism this anthropocentric view had no place. The center of interest was the eternal universe of existence, in which man was only a detail. The dancing succession of birth and death and rebirth in all things, over and over again, was a form of play, which in its millions of manifestations was simply beautiful. She approved of the Hindu idea that the fate of all species and individuals is to grow more conscious of the beauty of that play and eventually to experience their own identity with the force (the Godhead) playing with them. This force is adored and worshiped solely because it offers a beautiful if amoral view of existence.²⁶ For Savitri Devi, this philosophy represented the esoteric heart of the Aryan cult.

The Aryan cult she had admired in Greece had died centuries ago. Here in Hindu India she had rediscovered that lost Aryan world. However, her work at the Hindu Mission and exposure to the ideas of V. D. Savarkar and the Hindu Mahasabha suggested that this last living example of Aryan culture in the world was itself under threat. Hence her alliance with the radical Hindu nationalists, her anxious scrutiny of population censuses, and her appeal for a devotional nationalism of

home and hearth to revive the memory of Sivaji and other heroes of Indian history.

Savitri Devi saw ominous parallels between the fate of pagan classical Greece and the endangered Aryan cult of India. She compared the experience of beleaguered Hindus in Muslim-dominated provinces to that of Greek pagans in their own country during the early Middle Ages. She recalled the oppression of the last pagans by the Christians: works of art destroyed, festivities stopped, schools of philosophy shut down, wise men exiled. She characterized the period from Emperor Constantine I until the accession of Emperor Julian (A.D. circa 331–363) in terms of “the growing tyranny exercised by the Christians . . . upon the declining minority of Pagans, in the towns and villages of Greece, Asia-Minor, Egypt, Italy.”²⁷

This alarmist comparison between late ancient Greece and present-day India was extended to indicate the dreadful possibility that Hindu India might itself become a dead civilization. In the context of a threatened Hindu world, her memories of the sun-bleached ruins of Athens and the Attic peninsula were no longer just relics of a golden age but omens for India: “Greece is covered with gorgeous ruins. Upon steep promontories, there are still rows of white columns, looking over the blue sea, full of isles. There are blocks of sculptured marble, and old statues to be found even in the market place. But living life all around, runs on different lines. The national Gods have become objects of admiration in museums. . . . But nobody worships them. There are no Panathenian processions, in pomp and glory, going up the Acropolis today.”²⁸

She warned that Hindu complacency and inaction were a clear sign of weakness, that Hindudom was yielding every day to hostile forces, losing its numerical advantage, its political rights in the country, and its place as a nation. The fate of pagan Greece could easily overtake the Hindus and become the fate of pagan India tomorrow. She painted a desolate picture of India without Hindus: “A swarm of mosques will be built here and there, in the place of minor shrines. Mohammedan life and European life combined, will make unrecognisable India look much like modern Egypt. Cultured Indians will look upon their national Gods, as Christian Europeans look upon Greek ‘mythology.’ And the Ganges will still be flowing. But there will be no ritual bathing in its waters, no pilgrims, going up and down its ‘ghats,’ no garlands of flow-

ers thrown into it as an offering. India . . . will no longer be 'our' India."²⁹

Savitri Devi followed the Hindu nationalists in her recommendation of measures for a revival of Hindudom. In her chapter devoted to social reforms, she identified the major causes of numerical losses in Hindudom as the denial of elementary social rights to the minority of Hindus; the strictness of social rules within the Hindu fold, leading to the easy outcasting of transgressors; and the refusal of the Hindu fold to accept those who wished to return, let alone those who wanted to convert to Hinduism. Again she drew a parallel with the ancient world. The triumph of Christianity was largely attributable to the rigidity of the Graeco-Roman social order. Although ancient Greek and Roman society was not as complicated and caste-ridden as Hindudom, there was a wide gulf between the freeman and the slave. The universal appeal of Christianity to all men exploded such division and hierarchy. Echoing the fierce antichristian invective of Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900), she regarded the victory of Christianity as a widespread revolt of the slaves and barbarians against the existing social order of the Roman Empire. Mindful of this historical Aryan failure in Europe, Savitri Devi advised the relaxation of the caste system with its rights and privileges, in order to develop a Hindu populism. Here she was reflecting the ideas of V. D. Savarkar, who regarded the caste system as a brake on the development of Hindu solidarity and nationalism.³⁰

She foresaw naturally that the upper-caste Hindus would fiercely defend their rights and their exclusiveness but asked what good such reactionary attitudes would achieve if all was swept away with the extinction of Hinduism. She pointed out that the noble families of ancient Greece and Rome had been lost, and no single modern Greek or Roman could now be sure that there were neither slaves nor barbarians among his ancestors. Their defense of family privilege had not addressed the universal challenge of Christianity and, in consequence, the vigor and endurance of the old Aryan cult in Europe was lost. Unless the Hindus now made a desperate effort to overcome the disadvantages of Hindu society, there would be no future for all Hindus, let alone for the precious privileges of the Hindu elite.³¹

Her recommendations were both social and national, rehearsing key aspects of the "Hindutva" agenda. Hindudom should unite into one firm, invincible bloc, trained in the art of self-defense; it was vital to

keep all Hindus, without distinction of caste or creed, within that bloc; and it was important to bring within that bloc as many converts from Islam and Christianity as possible by attracting them to Hinduism as their own national cult. Caste privilege and prejudices should be given up in order to ensure a united Hindu consciousness. Moreover, all Hindus should consider the Hindu heritage of art, literature, and scripture their own as a matter of national pride and self-assertion. Women should play an important part in fostering a family education in devotional nationalism with domestic shrines for Sivaji and other national heroes. Her emphasis on unity over caste echoed Savarkar's strategy of protecting Brahminism in an inclusive form of ethnic nationalism. But her wish for a patriotic bloc trained in the art of self-defense was inspired by a certain divergence between the Mahasabha and the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (RSS—National Volunteer Union) in the late 1930s.

As early as 1925 Dr. Hedgewar had founded the RSS to foster "Hindutva" activism among the Maharashtrian youth. Born into an orthodox Deshastha Brahmin family in Nagpur, Keshavrao Baliram Hedgewar (1889–1940) qualified as a medical doctor but devoted his whole life to the struggle for Indian political freedom. By 1910 he had been initiated into the national struggle by Balakrishna Shivaram Moonje (1872–1948), a former aide of B. G. Tilak and leader of the Hindu Sabha in Nagpur. Hedgewar learned terrorist techniques from the Bengali secret societies, after joining the inner circle of Anushilan Samiti (Society of Practice) during his college years. Back at Nagpur in 1916–1919, he organized anti-British activities through the Kranti Dal (Party of the Revolution) and participated in Tilak's Home Rule Campaign of February 1918. He brought to all his political activities a deep religious sense. After reading Savarkar's *Hindutva* and meeting the author in March 1925, he founded the RSS, a Hindu nationalist sect that has proved a vital factor in Hindu politics right up to the Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) of the 1990s.³²

How could a vast country like India be so easily ruled by a small group of colonial administrators? Recognizing that Indian subjection was due to lack of unity, vitality, and physical strength, Hedgewar promoted Hindu self-consciousness, high morale, and athletic prowess through the RSS, founded at Nagpur on 27 September 1925. The date of its inauguration was chosen because it was the date of the festival commemorating Rama's defeat of Ravana in the epic. Hindu religious

ceremonial played a large part in this youth movement with its own ritual calendar and obeisance to the saffron flag of Rama, which was said to have served as Sivaji's battle standard. *Swayamsevaks* (volunteers) wore a uniform of black forage cap, khaki (later white) shirt, and khaki shorts. The shirt and shorts were adopted in conscious emulation of the British police. The paramilitary style extended to sports and weapons training with the *lathi* (bamboo staff), sword, javelin, and dagger. The combination of native Hindu observance with a tough image of British authority was intended to build character and an awareness of India's glorious past. Initially, the movement restricted itself to young boys aged twelve to fifteen years in Maharashtra. Its public tasks involved protecting Hindu pilgrims at festivals and confronting Muslim prohibitions on music before a mosque.³³

B. S. Moonje was a cofounder of the RSS, and Ganesh Savarkar, Savitri Devi's patron, helped the organization expand in western Maharashtra by merging his own Tarun Hindu Sabha (Hindu Youth) and Mukteshwar Dal (Liberation Organization) into the RSS.³⁴ In 1927 Hedgewar instituted the Officers' Training Camp (OTC) in order to build a corps of *pracharaks* (preachers), who formed the leadership of the RSS. Celibate and leading an austere life of devotion to the cause (even today), members of this elite acted as military-group leaders and gurus to the young Hindu men. Lacking trained cadres of its own, the Hindu Mahasabha regarded the RSS as a valuable asset for youth politics. At its 1932 Delhi session the Mahasabha commended its activities and emphasized the need to spread its network all over the country. The RSS *shakha* (local branch) network expanded from 18 in the Nagpur area in 1928 to about 125 (with 12,000 volunteers) throughout Maharashtra in 1933. By the late 1930s, with sharpening Hindu-Muslim conflict in North India, the RSS had covered many provinces with some 40,000 volunteers in 400 *shakhas* in 1938, rising to 60,000 in 500 branches by 1939.³⁵

Nehru and other commentators have seen the RSS as an Indian version of fascism. By the late 1930s the Hindu nationalists were taking note of European fascism. Savarkar approved the German occupation of the Sudetenland on the grounds of common blood, and the Nazi Party paper, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, carried a feature on him.³⁶ When Madhav Sadashiv Golwalkar, shortly to succeed Hedgewar as RSS leader, published his book *We, or Our Nationhood Defined* (1939), the RSS message of ethnic nationalism was unequivocal. Golwalkar

rejected Congress's liberal concept of nationhood and quoted Bluntschli at length. The *Anschluß* of Austria and annexation of the Sudetenland were "logical," conforming with "the true Nation concept."³⁷ Race was the most important ingredient of nationality for Golwalkar, who was deeply impressed by Hitler's ideology:

German national pride has now become the topic of the day. To keep up the purity of the Race and its culture, Germany shocked the world by her purging the country of the semitic races—the Jews. Race pride at its highest has been manifested here. Germany has also shown how well nigh impossible it is for Races and cultures, having differences going to the root, to be assimilated into one united whole, a good lesson for us in Hindusthan to learn and profit by.³⁸

In contrast to his mentor Hedgewar, Golwalkar advocated a strongly racial concept of the Hindu nation and urged Hindus to regard themselves at war with both the Muslims and the British.

The RSS was the crucible of Hindu national identity by the time Savitri Devi was penning her book. But Hedgewar was primarily concerned to build up Hindu solidarity and saw a Hindu state only as a long-term goal. He was reluctant to deploy the RSS in political action as the troops of the Mahasabha.³⁹ This explains why Golwalkar and Savitri Devi urged its further militarization along fascist lines. During 1938 and 1939 violent anti-Hindu riots became more frequent in Muslim-dominated provinces, and many Hindus were apprehensive about security. V. D. Savarkar dwelt on these riots in his presidential addresses to the Hindu Mahasabha in both years. Savitri Devi also referred to the riots and expressed anxiety about the future maintenance of order in an independent India without the British presence. Satyananda, her mission boss in Calcutta, had already called for young Hindu men to organize in pledge-bound military cadres.⁴⁰

Savitri Devi applauded Satyananda's idea, seeing military organization as an ideal means of educating the Hindus in a new mentality of unity, brotherhood, and cooperation. She agreed that the Hindus should be rid of their long-suffering image and reputation for unlimited forbearance. For her, the national cult of India was rather a cult of strength and youth, the cult of the fair Aryan warriors, worshipers of Dawn, who settled in India ages ago. All members of the new military cadres should take an oath that they would place the welfare of Hindudom above any considerations of personal welfare; that they would

treat any Hindu as they would treat a man of their own caste; that they were responsible for the defense of the wider Hindu community throughout India; that they would unconditionally obey their leader. Savitri Devi was certain that such militant Hinduism could most effectively forge the new Hindu nationalism, since "military life creates a new society, with a new type of relationship, a new brotherhood: the brotherhood of those who share the same hardships and the same dangers, who obey the same orders, and fight on the same side."⁴¹

Just as the decline of Hindudom threatened the extinction of this last surviving Aryan cult, so the promise of its military and nationalist revival conjured the vision of a global Aryan renaissance. Savitri Devi invoked the memory of Emperor Julian "the Apostate" (reigned A.D. 361–363), who renounced Christianity and attempted a revival of paganism and the Olympian gods in the Roman Empire. She dreamed of a martial and powerful India turning the clock back some fifteen hundred years and even reintroducing the old Aryan cult of paganism anew in Europe:

Hinduism, once, used to extend over what is now Afghanistan, over Java, over Cambodia. . . . Powerful Hindu India could reconquer these lands and give them back the pride of their Indian civilisation. She could make Greater India once more a cultural reality, and a political one too. . . . She could teach the fallen Aryans of the West the meaning of their forgotten Paganism; she could rebuild the cults of Nature, the cults of Youth and Strength, wherever they have been destroyed; she could achieve on a world-scale what Emperor Julian tried to do. . . . And the victorious Hindus could erect a statue to Julian, somewhere in conquered Europe, on the border of the sea; a statue with an inscription, both in Sanskrit and in Greek: What thou hast dreamt, We have achieved.⁴²

Her apocalypse of a global Aryan revival by means of Indian imperialism envisaged the total eclipse of Christianity and secular humanism. A new Aryan-Hindu-classical pagan order would arise in the West. Her Aryan ideal formed the link between her admiration of ancient Greece and her hopes of Hindu India. She would later write she had done her best for the Aryan cause in "the two old hallowed centres of Aryan culture: Greece and India."⁴³ *A Warning to the Hindus* had drawn frequent parallels between the decline of pagan Greece and the vulnerability of Hinduism in modern India. At the same time, hopes of a resurrected Hindu Indian empire presaged an Aryan Europe. It was therefore only fitting that the book should link Julian and India in a

dedication of hopeful prophecy: "Dedicated to the Divine Julian, Emperor of the Greeks and Romans. May future India make his impossible dream a living reality, from one Ocean to the Other."⁴⁴

The year 1939 had seen massive demonstrations of Hindu nationalists in the Muslim Nizam state of Hyderabad. This Nizam Civil Resistance movement led by the Arya Samaj and the Hindu Mahasabha fielded more than fifteen thousand supporters. Punjabis, Madrasis, Sindhis, Bengalis, Beharis, Marathas, Sikhs, Jains, Brahmins, and Bhangis, rich and poor, the Hindus joined in marches and protests for a six-month period under a common Hindu banner. The orange pan-Hindu Mahasabha flag with its immemorial Vedic symbols of green swastika, lotus stem, and curved sword beneath the holy word *AUM* flew triumphantly over the massed ranks of demonstrators throughout the Nizam state. V. D. Savarkar saw the movement as a Hindu crusade and paid a fulsome tribute to all participants in his presidential address to the Mahasabha later that year.⁴⁵

Perhaps such scenes of huge demonstrations marching under the swastika of the pan-Hindu flag encouraged Savitri Devi to see the modern Hindus as the victorious soldiers of a future Aryan world empire, which would fulfill Emperor Julian's dream of a pagan revival in the West. And yet, India was still part of the British Empire in 1939; even she must at times have doubted the truth of this vision. Already she was searching for another, more forceful agent of Aryan revival. The Hellenes of Greece, the Hindus of India, both were fighters in the Aryan cause. But neither nation had the power to challenge the Western democracies and their colonial world order. The rhetoric of *A Warning to the Hindus* might serve to foment Hindu nationalism, but her hopes for a global racial renaissance were now increasingly linked to the Third Reich in Germany.

Savitri Devi's alliance with the Hindu movements was chiefly due to Hindutva nationalism's intimate involvement with Brahminical culture. Its concept of ethnicity was rooted in upper-caste racism, and this helps explain why both the Mahasabha and the RSS were unable to tap more mass support before the war. The subsequent success of Hindu nationalism after the Second World War does not form part of Savitri Devi's story. But it has remained a powerful and enduring factor in Indian politics right up to the present day. Following Indian independence in 1947, the RSS with about 600,000 volunteers nationwide entered national politics. Briefly banned after Gandhi's murder, Gol-

walkar's RSS network successfully forged a coalition with the new Jana Sangh in 1951, which became the Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) in 1980. In the early 1990s, with Muslim confrontation and the bid to restore upper-caste authority, the BJP reenacted the urgency of the situation in the 1930s. New plans for a magnificent Rama temple in the holy city of Ayodhya were mooted. The demolition of the great Babri Masjid mosque on the proposed site by RSS extremists on 6 December 1992, an image flashed worldwide by news agencies, was but another climax in the long history of Hindutva politics.⁴⁶

4

THE NAZI BRAHMIN

Since the mid-1930s observers of the international scene could note that Italy, Japan, and Germany had each embarked on campaigns to extend their spheres of influence and to revise the balance of power in their favor. Italy attacked Abyssinia in October 1935, in order to create an East African empire including the Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somalia. In March 1936 Germany had occupied the Rhineland in a flagrant challenge of the Versailles Treaty; France and Britain stood by; the League of Nations merely expressed condemnation. Germany's prominent military support for Franco in the Spanish Civil War, the creation of the Axis with Italy in autumn 1936, followed by the Anti-Comintern Pact with Japan in November all served to confirm the impression that the Third Reich was a new power to be reckoned with.

Between 1935 and 1938 there was considerable escalation in the use of military force in the world and a corresponding decline in the authority of the League of Nations. A war was already being fought in the Far East, following the Japanese attack on China in 1937 and the subsequent occupation of Peking and the eastern provinces. In Europe Germany was putting great pressure on its neighbors with German-speaking populations, leading to the *Anschluss* of Austria in March 1938 and the resultant encirclement of the Sudetenland provinces of Czechoslovakia. The Munich Conference of September 1938, attended by the German and Italian dictators, and the British and French prime ministers, ratified the cession of the Sudetenland to Germany, stripping Czechoslovakia of its mountainous border defenses and preparing the way for an invasion of Prague and the establishment of the German protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia in March 1939. Hitler had effec-

tively forced Britain and France to agree to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, the state they themselves had created in late 1918 and sanctioned at the Versailles Peace Conference. Nazi Germany had clearly emerged from the Munich Conference as the most powerful state in Europe.

As a rival and potential opponent of Britain, the Third Reich was of interest to extreme Indian nationalists in their quest for independence. However, it was a major drawback to them that the Nazi view of India was generally disparaging. In *Mein Kampf* (1925) Hitler made no secret of his contempt for anticolonial movements. He characterized Indian freedom fighters as "Asiatic jugglers" and denied any parallel between Germany's desire to shake off the postwar Versailles system and anticolonial rebellion in India or Arab nationalist movements. For him, the oppressed nations were simply racially inferior.¹ Moreover, his racialist ideas were subject to considerations of foreign and colonial policy. As long as he hoped for an arrangement with Britain regarding Germany's continental expansion, Hitler thought that it was best that India should remain under existing British control. Even later, when his policy toward Britain became hostile, Hitler did not modify this view. He believed that India must stay under white man's dominion; considered British rule to be exemplary; and feared only its possible replacement by Soviet Russia. In his many later wartime references to India, he frequently cited British rule in India as the model for Germany's future domination of eastern *Lebensraum* in Russia.² Alfred Rosenberg, the chief Nazi ideologue, shared these racial and political views on India. He was also contemptuous of the Indians as racially unconscious "poor bastards" and refused to regard them as proto-Aryans. Any Nordic blood in the tropics, he believed, had long since been dissipated among the huge numbers of the dark-skinned races. Like Hitler, he thought British rule in India must be supported.³

Much Indian public opinion was hostile toward Nazism owing to this negative racial view. There had been widespread indignation at racialist attacks against Asians in the Nazi media and at physical assaults against the small Indian community in Germany. Although a cell for Nazi members had been founded in India in July 1932, growing into a territorial group (*Landesgruppe*) by 1937, there was also the active Anti-Nazi League that successfully encouraged the boycott of German goods by publicizing the racist statements of Nazi leaders. In December 1938 there was official condemnation of Nazi Germany with an anti-German

declaration by the Congress, mainly in response to the nationwide attacks on Jewish shops and property in early November known as *Kristallnacht*. Both diplomatic and commercial pressures were brought to bear upon the Reich government to tone down its disparaging views on India, but no flexibility was forthcoming since the Nazi leadership considered the preservation of good relations with Britain to be paramount. When the Indian nationalist leader Subhas Chandra Bose spent several months in Germany between July 1933 and the spring of 1936 and again in the autumn of 1937, his efforts to achieve a better Indo-German understanding were fruitless at a governmental level; both Hitler and Ribbentrop declined to meet him before the war.⁴

But Bose and many extreme nationalists still had hopes of Nazi Germany. In their profound hostility toward British rule, they were eager to explore any prospect of finding anti-British allies among the dictatorships in Europe. In their zeal they either completely overlooked the evidence of anti-Indian Nazi racism or thought it a mere cover for diplomatic policies still working toward a misguided arrangement with Britain, which would surely be rejected in due course. After the German invasion of Prague in March 1939, Indian opinion on Germany polarized sharply into two camps: those who would be loyal to Britain in the event of a war between Britain and Germany and those who would not. The Hindu Mahasabha adopted a particularly strong pro-German position, assuming a close congruence between the Aryan cult of Nazism and Hindu nationalism. As one Mahasabha spokesman declared:

Germany's solemn idea of the revival of Aryan culture, the glorification of the Swastika, her patronage of Vedic learning and the ardent championship of the tradition of Indo-Germanic civilization are welcomed by the religious and sensible Hindus of India with a jubilant hope. . . . Germany's crusade against the enemies of Aryan culture will bring all the Aryan nations of the world to their senses and awaken the Indian Hindus for the restoration of their lost glory.⁵

These pro-Nazi views of the Mahasabha would have impressed Savitri Devi in early 1939 when she was close to the Mahasabha and in the final stages of writing *A Warning to the Hindus*. However, she had already made earlier pro-Nazi contacts in Calcutta. She had already met Subhas Chandra Bose, probably at some stage in 1937, when the latter had returned to Indian political life after some five years' absence

due to travel in Germany, Austria, and Italy and intermittent detention by the British authorities. She admired Bose's uncompromising Indian nationalism but swiftly understood that he was more an Indian politician than a dedicated Nazi. His interest in the Third Reich was largely tactical, based on the old maxim that my enemy's enemy is my friend: that closer links between India and Hitler's Germany could help nationalists in some future bid for independence from British rule. In common with most educated Indian nationalists he was impressed by India's Vedic past, but these interests were principally a means of bolstering Indian self-esteem and fostering patriotic pride in a great pre-colonial civilization. In these respects his views would have appeared politically helpful to Savitri Devi, even if she could not recognize in Bose a Nazi ideological comrade.

She was to meet just such an admirer of Aryan racism and Adolf Hitler in early January 1938, when a Greek acquaintance in Calcutta gave her an introduction to Asit Krishna Mukherji, a Hindu publisher with strong pro-German sympathies. He was the editor and proprietor of *The New Mercury*, a fortnightly National Socialist magazine published with the support of the German consulate in Calcutta from 1935 until 1937, when it was suppressed by the British government. She had already noticed this publication, which was the only Nazi paper in India, during her earlier travels around Bengal and read its contents with great interest. Mukherji's editorial line was unabashedly pro-German and pro-Nazi, yet he also stood for a pan-Aryan racism with a strong Indian element. The articles in the magazine were written by Mukherji, his coeditor Vinaya Datta, and others. Their subjects ranged from Hitler's views on the nation and architecture, and translated excerpts of *Mein Kampf* to studies on the original Aryans, the origin of the swastika, and the Arctic homeland of the Aryans.

A. K. Mukherji assiduously cultivated cordial relations with the German consulate at 3 Lansdowne Road in Calcutta and was on excellent terms with the consul, Baron Edwart von Selzam (1897-1980); the consul-general, Baron Wernher von Ow-Wachendorf; and his successor Count von Podewils-Durnitz. In return Mukherji received for his publication a stream of news and other features highly favorable to Hitler and the Third Reich. On the eve of his departure for a new assignment in 1938, Baron von Selzam wrote in a secret communiqué to all German legations in the Far East that no one had rendered services to the Third Reich in Asia comparable to those of Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji's.⁶

At their first meeting on 9 January, Savitri Devi and A. K. Mukherji made a strong impression on each other. Mukherji came from an old Brahmin family, whose ancestors had come from North India to Bengal in the twelfth century at the invitation of King Balamicen, who had converted the country from Buddhism back to Hinduism and wished to reintroduce the caste system. Under Buddhism the Bengali population was a mixture of aborigines and Dravidians, and it had therefore been necessary to import a new ruling caste of priests from the northern Hindu states. As a scion of such ancient Aryan stock, Mukherji was noticeably fair and light-skinned. His family comprised six brothers and two sisters, and following the early death of his father, his elder brother Asoka took responsibility for their affairs. Asoka decided that Asit Krishna should complete his education in Europe in view of his scholarly distinction at school. Mukherji attended London University, subsequently taking a doctorate in history with a thesis on the "Third Rome," the millenarian conception of Moscow and the Russian Empire as the successor of Byzantium. These interests in Russia and wider questions of religious and cultural influence provided the starting point of Mukherji's odyssey through the ideologies of the modern world.⁷

Like many other Indian nationalists, he was initially attracted to Russia as a potential ally against Britain. Following his graduation from London University, he spent two years studying and traveling in the Soviet Union. The Soviet authorities were eager to recruit Indian supporters and feted Mukherji with privileges and special visits to show-piece achievements in order to gain a promising communist sympathizer and agent for political work in India. But Mukherji was unimpressed by the proletarian paradise and its materialist ideology. On returning to India, he turned down numerous offers of work from communist newspaper editors. Once this became known, he was approached by liberal and anticommunist publishers, eager to secure the services of an educated Indian who had seen the Soviet Union at first hand and rejected its system. But Mukherji was having none of it. Unknown to all, he was profoundly convinced that economic interpretations of society were flawed. In his opinion, it mattered little whether capitalism was organized for the benefit of the individual, as in the Western democracies, or for the state, as in the Soviet Union. His view of history and politics was colored by a racial perspective: states rose and fell in accordance with the vigor of their racial stocks. He thus

surprised everybody when he commenced publishing *The New Mercury* with its self-proclaimed support of Nazi Germany and Aryan racism.

Mukherji admired the growing might and influence of the Third Reich. He was deeply impressed by the Aryan ideology of Nazi Germany, with its cult of Nordic racial superiority, anti-Semitism, and race laws. He approved of the German emphasis on the Hellenic ideal of physical strength and beauty, so well displayed in the Olympic Games held in Berlin in the summer of 1936. He recognized the Nazi flag—a black swastika upon a white circle on a red background—as a close relative of the pan-Hindu flag with its ancient Aryan symbols of swastika, lotus, and sword. Likewise, he saw the parallels between the martial spirit of the Third Reich and the old Hindu warrior tradition of the Marathas and other Indian races, between K. B. Hedgewar's Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (RSS) boys in their khaki shorts and the uniformed Hitler Youth. When M. S. Golwalkar succeeded Hedgewar as leader of the RSS in 1940, Mukherji was surely pleased to note the latter's open admiration of Nazi Germany. Just as the Hindu nationalists were protesting against colonial rule, Germany was also on the march in defense of Aryandom and had already challenged Britain and France, its sworn enemies, for an end to the ignominious Versailles settlement and more, for the leading position in Europe.

Savitri Devi's encounter with Mukherji was a pivotal event in her life. She had at long last found someone with pan-Aryan convictions who shared her belief in the Aryan revival of India. She was astonished at his knowledge of European and particularly Byzantine history (a topic dear to her own heart) but recognized him as a master and teacher in matters relating to Nazism and the Third Reich. At their very first meeting Mukherji asked what she thought of Dietrich Eckart, the bohemian poet, famous playwright, and racist publisher who had acted as Hitler's mentor and introduced him to influential and moneyed circles in Munich after the First World War. Dietrich Eckart (1868–1923) had also frequented the Thule Society, a clandestine German nationalist group founded in early 1918 by the mysterious Rudolf von Sebottendorff to propagate Aryan racism in the Bavarian capital. Mukherji saw the Thule Society with its pan-Aryan ideas as the secret initiatory society behind the open political movement of National Socialism.⁸ Savitri Devi knew nothing about Eckart or the Thule Society and was dazzled by this educated Brahmin's knowledge concerning the esoteric inspi-

ration of the Hitler movement. The two became firm friends and comrades-in-arms for the Nazi cause in India.

The meeting with Mukherji also provided a strong impetus for Savitri Devi's return to Europe. As she had declared in 1937 to the president of the Hindu Mission, she was a devotee of Hitler. During the early September days of each year she spent in India during the 1930s, she had fervently listened to the crackling radio broadcasts from the Nazi Party rallies in Nuremberg. Thus she had shared the overwhelming enthusiasm of the German crowds for their adored Führer amid the waving flags and vast tribunes. Mukherji knew and understood her passion but was convinced that she could achieve more for Nazism in Germany than in her Hindu Mission work. He urged her to work for Hitler and Aryan rebirth at the German center: "What have you been doing in India, all these years, with your ideas and your potentialities? Wasting your time and energy. Go back to Europe, where duty calls you!—go and help the rebirth of Aryan Heathendom where there are still Aryans strong and wide-awake; go to him who is truly life and resurrection: the Leader of the Third Reich. *Go at once; next year will be too late.*"⁹

But Savitri Devi considered her work in India to be more pioneering; there seemed no need for haste in view of waxing German power and its territorial expansion. However, with the outbreak of war between Britain and Germany in September 1939, the situation quickly changed. All pro-German activities in British India were proscribed, and she could no longer risk lacing her Hindu Mission lectures with praise of Hitler and Nazism. Mukherji's early advice now seemed highly appropriate, and she considered various ways whereby she could join the German war effort by making Nazi broadcasts in French, Greek, and Bengali back in Europe. A direct journey from India to a belligerent state was out of the question. However, because Italy had not yet entered the war, a voyage to Naples seemed to offer prospects of entering Germany. She had planned to sail from Bombay on an Italian vessel in late June 1940, but the unexpected Italian declaration of war against the Allies on 10 June left the ship stranded at Bombay.¹⁰ Now she was trapped and powerless in India. In later years, after the defeat of Nazi Germany, she would often bitterly reproach herself for having failed to take Mukherji's advice.¹¹

After September 1939 Savitri Devi's position in Calcutta had become

problematic. The holder of a Greek passport, she was known to the British authorities as a Hindu Mission lecturer with Nazi sympathies. As a suspected alien, she ran a clear risk of deportation or detention. But as a British passport holder, she would still be able to travel without restrictions. In early 1940 Mukherji therefore proposed that they marry, in order that she become the wife of a British subject and so return to Europe.¹² It was, she claims, not a romantic match but one based on their cordial friendship and shared ideals. The date set for the wedding coincided with news of the British evacuation from Dunkirk and the imminent fall of France. Resplendent in her best gold-and-scarlet sari, Savitri Devi was married to Asit Krishna Mukherji in a Hindu ceremony on 9 June 1940 in Calcutta. Her hopes of a later passage to Italy and broadcasting for the Reich were rudely dashed the following day when Italy entered the war, eager for the spoils of France. She was now to remain in India for the duration of the war.

Their marital home was an apartment at 1 Wellesley Street, an inner city road running parallel to Chowringhee Road, while Mukherji's office was located in the center of smart white Calcutta at 8 Esplanade East. The Esplanade itself was the thoroughfare running from west to east in front of Government House, the residence of the governor of Bengal between the wars. This imposing Georgian mansion had been commissioned at exorbitant cost by Lord Wellesley (1760–1842), the elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, on the model of Lord Curzon's ancestral home, Kedleston Hall in Derbyshire, and was completed in 1805. Until 1911, when Delhi superseded Calcutta as the administrative capital of India, this had been the residence of the governor-general (later the viceroy) during the Raj, and thus the focus of sumptuous festivities and splendid military displays. Just across the Esplanade stretched the cool green expanse of the Maidan park crossed by graceful avenues of mature trees, with views of the Ochterlony Monument, the Eden Gardens, and Fort William in the distance. Other grand representative buildings in the Esplanade area included the Old Town Hall in Grecian style and the Imperial Library. Across from Mukherji's office lay the Curzon Gardens, while further to the southeast ran Chowringhee Road, the most fashionable precinct of Calcutta, where shops, hotels, and restaurants occupied the old palaces and mansions dating from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. A brief memoir provides a portrait of Savitri Devi in early wartime Calcutta: "Walking down

Chowringhee Avenue [*sic*] under my bright-coloured parasol, feeling happy; boasting of Germany's lightning victories and talking of the coming world New Order in Indian tea-parties."¹³

With the notable exception of extremist pro-German nationalists, India remained loyal to Britain in its war against Germany. However, because the war was represented as a war of democratic and freedom-loving peoples against Nazi tyranny and the German appetite for conquest, Indian politicians were quick to demand assurances from the British government regarding the future of their country. It was expected that Allied war aims would also provide for Indian independence and self-government once the war was over. International hostilities thus tended to rally the Indian Congress in support of its goal of self-determination and this had the effect of defusing communal strife between Hindus and Muslims. The Hindu Mission took a softer line after the outbreak of war, and in the summer of 1940 Savitri Devi penned another Mission publication intended to join the two great religious groups in a spirit of nationalist reconciliation. During a visit to South India in July 1940 she was inspired by the words inscribed upon the tomb of Sultan Tippu (1753–1799), the Muslim ruler of Mysore, near Seringapatam. Its prayer for perfect peace reminded her how India's religious conflicts had long prevented its political unity. In her book *The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity* (1940) she wrote that India must forget social prejudice and communal hatred in order to achieve national independence.

Both Asit Krishna Mukherji and Savitri Devi undertook clandestine war work on behalf of the Axis powers in Calcutta. When Savitri Devi met Mukherji in early 1938, *The New Mercury* had already been closed down by the British government. Although the magazine appeared under the auspices of the German consulate, Mukherji was the editor and as a British subject he could claim no diplomatic immunity. With a fine sense for diplomatic and political allegiances, Mukherji began publishing a new magazine called *The Eastern Economist* in collaboration with the Japanese legation in Calcutta at 5–6 Esplanade Mansions, not far from his office. Mukherji was also on calling terms with K. Yonezawa and T. Yoshida, successive Japanese consul-generals between 1937 and 1940. Although this pro-Japanese editorial activity offered less scope for his pan-Aryan articles and Teutonic enthusiasm, he was at least working with a close ally of Germany in the Anti-Comintern Pact and its future military partner. Savitri Devi claimed that Mukherji knew

Subhas Chandra Bose, the firebrand Bengali Congress nationalist leader, who escaped from India in early 1941 and reached Germany where he set up the "Free India Center" in Berlin and recruited for an Indian Legion from among captured Indian POWs in the Third Reich. She also stated that Mukherji used his position with the Japanese legation to put Bose in contact with the Japanese authorities, with whom he collaborated between 1943 and 1945 in organizing the Indian National Army (INA) in Burma.¹⁴ Bose's long and notorious career in Indian nationalist politics, his vehement opposition to the British, and his readiness to seek allies among Britain's enemies in order to achieve independence for India are the subject of the next chapter.

During the first two years of the war, domestic life continued at the Mukherji household in Wellesley Street much as before. Savitri Devi and Mukherji typically spent their evenings reading and discussing Vedic traditions, racial ideology, and Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Alongside her work with the Hindu Mission, she spent some time at a club learning about Indian cuisine and practicing yoga, which she had originally been taught in 1936 by a Brahmin at Lahore. Although the Indian Congress was loudly demanding assurances from the British government concerning self-rule in the context of a war fought by the democracies against the dictatorships, the streets of Calcutta were unchanged from peacetime. The Bengalis were not among the "martial races" recognized by the British and thus not usually subject to recruitment for the Indian Army. However, once Britain moved to secure its position in the Middle East by sending troops to Persia and Iraq in 1941, large numbers of the Indian Army were deployed and recruitment was stepped up. However, it was not until the entry of Japan into the war in December 1941 that Calcutta was put on a proper wartime footing. Once the Japanese forces had overrun Thailand, the city was within range of Japanese bombers and there were sporadic airraid alerts.

From late 1941 onward considerable numbers of British and American servicemen were stationed in Calcutta. Their presence and this closer involvement of the city in hostilities enabled the Mukherjis to play their small part in military espionage activities. Every Wednesday Savitri Devi invited Allied officers from the East and West Club in Chowringhee Terrace to come and meet her husband at their home.¹⁵ Bottles of whisky provided by a relative lightened the mood and loosened the tongues of their Allied guests. The Americans in particular were delighted by Mukherji. No doubt flattered by an invitation to a

Brahmin's home, they were interested to learn something about Hindu lore and astrology from this knowledgeable and engaging Indian. As Mukherji ingeniously laced his discussions of the war with derogatory references to Hermann Goering and other Nazi leaders, they never once suspected his pro-German sympathies and Nazi convictions. One American Jew, Savitri Devi recalled with relish, was a particularly good source of indiscretions concerning strategic information and military plans. Whatever useful information Mukherji gleaned from his American guests was then passed to four Indians who regularly crossed the Burmese frontier every fortnight to reach Japanese intelligence officers. As a result of this information several top-secret Allied aerodromes in Burma were blown up and some Allied units were encircled and captured. Burma fell to the Japanese in the spring of 1942.

From May 1942 onward Savitri Devi spent most of her time working on a book about the religion of the coming New Order based on her studies of the solar cult of the Egyptian pharaoh Akhnaton.¹⁶ The outbreak of the "Quit India" movement in summer 1942 had sparked anti-British riots and again raised the hopes of the pro-German nationalist factions. Up until the end of 1942, when the Axis military expansion had reached its greatest extent, Asit Krishna Mukherji and Savitri Devi exulted in the heady expectation of British India's defeat. In this respect, their vision of the Axis conquest and partition of the world reflected the division of Eurasia agreed between Germany, Italy, and Japan in the Secret Military Convention at Berlin on 18 January 1942. She had already formed a vivid mental picture of the mechanized Wehrmacht divisions, armored corps and infantry, noisily rattling through the resounding rock walls of the Khyber Pass following the Nazi conquest of the Soviet Union, Iran, and Afghanistan. The victorious German army would thus follow in the historic footsteps of the first Aryan invasions of southern Asia and the later incursion of the Greeks under Alexander the Great. Both she and her husband imagined the German and Japanese forces meeting in Delhi and the tumultuous victory celebrations that would be held in Hitler's honor at the Red Fort in the former heart of British rule.

The retreat of German forces in the Soviet Union during 1943 suggested that the Indian invasion might be postponed for some time. However, Savitri Devi's confidence in an ultimate Axis victory over the Allies, while unshaken by major German defeats at Stalingrad and in the North African desert in late 1942, received an enormous boost from

the renewed assault by Japanese and Bose's INA forces across the Indo-Burmese frontier in March 1944. As soon as the news of the Japanese breakthrough into the Imphal plain reached them in Calcutta, the Mukherjis were again convinced that an Axis invasion was now close at hand. Once the INA had entered India, they hoped there would be a general rising against the British. Between March and June 1944 the Japanese and INA launched attacks on Imphal and Kohima in eastern Assam and the INA tricolor flag was even raised on some briefly held Indian territory. However, the Japanese supply lines across the difficult country of hills and rivers were inadequate, and the invading forces were compelled to retreat by the summer months. The rest of 1944 saw the steady advance of British forces across Burma. The Mukherjis' hopes of a renewed Japanese offensive withered.

This was the beginning of the end for Savitri Devi's bold hopes of an Aryan revival in India on the back of Nazi triumph. By the beginning of autumn 1944 the German position in Europe had greatly deteriorated. Following the successful Anglo-American landings in Normandy in June 1944, Germany found itself once again fighting on both east and west, as in the First World War. The Red Army continued to press the German armies back across Eastern and Central Europe, taking Romania in August and Bulgaria in September 1944. At the same time the Poles rose against their German occupiers, and by the end of October 1944 Soviet forces had broken into the German Reich in East Prussia. Unable to bear hearing further news of German retreats and defeats, Savitri Devi decided to leave Calcutta. In October 1944 she took her Akhnaton manuscript and traveled down into South India, hoping somehow to evade the announcement of Germany's final defeat in anonymity and unfamiliar surroundings. One day she happened to see a man on a train reading a newspaper with the headline "Berlin is an inferno." She recoiled as if receiving a physical blow. Now she avoided newspapers, kept to small towns and frequented only temples and native Hindu company on her lonely trail across India in a desperate attempt to avoid learning of the inevitable collapse of the Third Reich.

But of course she could not escape. At the end of May 1945 she found herself in Sringeri, a small town on the Western Ghats overlooking the Malabar Coast. The town is celebrated as the birthplace of Shankara, who in the eighth century drove Buddhism from India, developed the Vedanta philosophy, and revived the Hindu caste system.

It seemed to her a cruel irony that it was here she should overhear two Muslims talking in a café about the German surrender three weeks earlier. Despondent, she made her way back to Calcutta at the end of July. During her absence Mukherji had been working on a book of his own, *A History of Japan*, which was published in August 1945. Back home in the flat on Wellesley Street she heard from her husband that Germany was to be divided into four zones of Allied occupation. However, Mukherji tried to comfort her by saying that the Hindu cycle of the ages must continue and that the present dark age would end in due course. As a Hindu Brahmin, Mukherji took a long philosophical view, but she was devastated by the fall of her idol and the betrayal of the Nazi Aryan revival.

In October 1945 Savitri Devi joined in the annual festival of Kali, the dark blue goddess representing the consort and strength behind Shiva, the Hindu god of destruction. At the great Kalighat temple, not far from the Hindu Mission where she had earlier worked for a Hindu-Aryan revival, she beheld the familiar figure of the goddess, holding in two of her arms a sword and a severed head, while her other two arms were raised in a blessing. According to Hindu belief, Kali is the author of earthquakes, volcanoes, and all that is destructive. Savitri Devi threw herself into the festival in a mood of frantic desperation, imploring the goddess to avenge the defeated Reich and the defendants in the Nuremberg trials that had just begun. She decided that she could now no longer remain in India so far away from these momentous events in the wake of Nazi defeat. She wanted to take part in whatever resistance might exist against the Allied victors in occupied Germany. She gave her twenty or so beloved cats into the care of a friend and prepared for her departure into an uncertain future. Asit Krihna Mukherji had meanwhile begun to practice as a Hindu astrologer in the absence of journalistic prospects owing to his pro-Nazi reputation. It was a sad parting from her husband at Calcutta in November 1945. More than thirteen years had elapsed since she had witnessed the Rameswaram festival on her arrival in India and her hopes of a global Aryan renaissance had been in the ascendant. Now her career as an underground die-hard neo-Nazi was beginning.

5

THE DUCE OF BENGAL

Mysterious Indian agents and their involvement in Western affairs have always offered rich material for European adventure stories. Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone* (1868) described stealthy Hindus in Victorian London; Somerset Maugham included in *Ashenden* (1928) the tale of an Indian spy working for the Germans in Switzerland during the First World War. The extraordinary career of Subhas Chandra Bose, the Indian nationalist leader with whom the Mukherji couple had political contact, shows how life can often surpass literature in terms of idealistic ambition, dramatic incident, and tragedy. The Mukherjis' espionage for the Japanese in Burma was but one cell in the extensive network of Bose's clandestine efforts to supplant British rule in India, if necessary by treason with Britain's enemies Germany and Japan during the Second World War. The story of this remarkable man's struggle for Indian independence throws valuable light on the Mukherjis and their world in wartime Calcutta.

Subhas Chandra Bose was born in 1897 in Cuttack, the sixth son of a respected Bengali lawyer who acted as government pleader and was later appointed to the Bengali Legislative Council in Calcutta.¹ The Boses were a large family and several of the sons attended college in Calcutta, where a home was established in Elgin Road in 1909. Subhas attended a secondary school in Cuttack, where he was strongly influenced by his headmaster, who taught Indian religion and literature, laying emphasis on an Indian cultural revival. During his teens Bose was also deeply impressed by the modern Hindu teachings of Ramakrishna (1836–1886) and his disciple, Vivekananda (1863–1902), who said that the West was spiritually backward and needed India's religious

guidance, while India had lagged in material achievements and needed the West's energy, technical skill, and organization. At this time Bose became very conscious of his Indian heritage; he changed to Bengali dress and was less attracted to English ways than was his father.²

In 1913 Bose entered Presidency College in Calcutta University to study philosophy. The period of his studies saw a further ripening of his Indian consciousness against a background of widespread undergraduate admiration for Aurobindo Ghose (1872–1950) and the Swadeshi movement in Bengal between 1905 and 1910. Aurobindo had been associated with Bâl Gangadhar Tilak, the nationalist leader and author of learned books about Aryan origins, in the minority Extremist group within the Congress, which, in contrast to the majority Moderates of the Congress, openly called for a rapid end to British rule. When the government under Lord Curzon decided on the partition of Bengal in 1905, the Swadeshi movement erupted with a boycott of British goods, protests, and demonstrations. Aurobindo returned to Calcutta and led the Extremist Party within the Congress for the next five years. He developed the idea of passive resistance, called for immediate independence, and saw Indian liberation in religious terms, believing that India had a special spiritual mission to fulfill. In 1910 he retired from active politics and set up an ashram in Pondicherry, where he remained for the rest of his life. Although the Extremist group had left the political scene by 1913, Aurobindo was a popular hero among the students, the more so because the Congress was dominated by the Moderates loyal to the Raj through the years of the First World War.³

Bose was particularly attracted by Aurobindo's combination of the sacred and the secular, which formed a bridge between his earlier interest in Vivekananda and the cultural and political revival of his motherland. In the long summer vacation of 1914 Bose and a close friend traveled in northern India seeking spiritual truth and contact with gurus. To this same friend Bose wrote later about Aryan power and creativity while contemplating the revival of the Hindu race. A sharpening of his political awareness occurred during his third year at Calcutta University, when he was suspended in February 1916 for the physical assault of an Anglo-Indian professor renowned for chauvinist and disparaging remarks about the Indians. He was allowed to resume his studies at another college in the university from July 1917 and graduated with a First in the summer of 1919. Bose was also a zealous

recruit in the University Volunteer Corps, which he joined in 1917, gaining a valued sense of physical prowess and military competence.⁴

Bose's father now offered him the opportunity of going to England to continue his studies and to sit for the India Civil Service (ICS) examination, which promised admission to the exalted administrative elite of the Raj. Bose faced a dilemma. He dearly wanted to study in England, again proving his equality with the British, but was uncertain that he wanted to serve the Raj as a career. He sailed for England in September 1919, began studying for the Tripos at Cambridge and also passed the ICS exam in August 1920, but then took the unprecedented step of resigning from the ICS while still at Cambridge in April 1921. Bose had finally decided that his future career lay in the service of his country, not as a privileged civil servant loyal to the old British order but as a politician in the nationalist Congress movement in Bengal under the leadership of Chitta Ranjan Das. Once he had completed his course at Cambridge, Bose returned home in June 1921.⁵

During the 1920s and 1930s Bose achieved high prominence and senior office in the Congress movement, both in Bengal and later on the national stage. In common with other nationalist leaders, he was also subject to repeated terms of imprisonment under repressive government regulations. In the early 1920s there was often a strong note of socialism and a concern for the working classes in his newspaper articles, which contrasted with the bourgeois nationalism of Congress moderates. In April 1924 he was appointed chief executive officer of the Calcutta Corporation, where he pursued a policy of communal rapprochement between Hindus and Muslims in line with C. R. Das's Bengal Pact. Bose always subscribed to the territorial patriotism of the Indian National Congress and knew that communal sectarianism was a political handicap in the mixed province of Bengal. Following a long term of imprisonment, Bose took a seat on the Bengal Legislative Council and was elected president of the Bengal Provincial Congress Committee in 1927. He also served as president of many youth and student conferences, headed a number of trades unions, and was president of the All-India Trades Union Congress in 1930–1931. In August 1930 Bose was elected mayor of Calcutta. In his inaugural speech, he spoke of a "synthesis of socialism and fascism," whereby he wished to combine the justice, equality, and love of socialism with the efficiency and order of fascism in an Indian context.⁶

In January 1932 all Congress organizations were declared unlawful. Together with many other Congress members, Bose was arrested. He was sentenced to a further term of imprisonment and not released until February 1933 on the condition that he leave India. In the eyes of the government, he was a radical revolutionary nationalist and considered much less dangerous outside the country. In this enforced exile from India, Bose now embarked on a long period in Europe, which he used to meet many European politicians, discussing the problems and issues of municipal and national government. He was also a busy ambassador, presenting the case for Indian independence in speeches and articles, establishing Indian cultural and student exchange organizations in several countries, and writing his first book, *The Indian Struggle 1920–1934*.

In March 1933 he arrived in Vienna, which became a preferred base for his subsequent stay in Europe. From there he visited Czechoslovakia, where he met the foreign minister, Dr. Eduard Beneš, and then Poland. In July 1933 he reached Berlin and met several senior officials in the Foreign Ministry and the director of the German Academy at Munich. In December 1933 he went to Rome, where he had a couple of cordial meetings with Mussolini and received encouragement in his struggle for Indian independence. A second tour of Europe took Bose back to Germany in March 1934, where he again met officials to protest negative German views of India and racial insults in the Nazi press and speeches. He argued that German-Indian relations would swiftly improve if these hostile statements and the racial legislation were dropped. Bose's desire for friendly relations with Germany as a potential ally evidently outweighed his disgust at Nazi racism. Following some further travels in Italy, Hungary, the Balkans, and Turkey, Bose returned in June 1934 to Vienna, where he worked on his book until the late autumn.⁷

The Indian Struggle recorded Bose's view of the recent political history of India. While praising Gandhi for many positive attributes, Bose highlighted the divisions of Congress during the 1920s as a clash between an older, reformist group of nationalists, backed by capitalists and owing loyalty to Gandhi on the one hand, and those radical, militant nationalists with whom he identified himself on the other. In this analysis, Bose seemed to view Gandhi, the Gandhian reformers and moderates, and the government of India collectively as oppressive forces and a brake on the genuine protagonists of nationalism and in-

dependence, who included himself, his political allies, and the Indian masses. Bose could only shake his head at the reverence in which the masses actually did hold Gandhi and accused many members of the Congress of a blind loyalty toward their leader. Bose declared that India needed a strong, energetic, and military kind of leader in its bitter struggle against British domination, and he gave Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin as examples. As in his mayoral speech of 1930, Bose proposed a combination of communism and fascism as an effective ideology for the new India.⁸

After a short stay in India for his father's funeral, Bose had to resume his European exile and returned in January 1935 to Italy, where he saw Mussolini and presented him with a copy of his new book. Having suffered from illness persisting since his first imprisonment, he underwent surgery to remove his gallbladder in Vienna and spent the rest of the year convalescing. He continued to write articles dealing with the situation in Europe. In these pieces he condemned the Italian invasion of Abyssinia and speculated on the possibility of internecine conflicts between the older imperialist powers and the new dictatorships of Germany and Italy, and on the opportunities such a war could bring to India. In early 1936 Bose again visited Beneš in Prague and went on to Berlin, where he protested Nazi racism and anti-Indian propaganda in an address to the Indian students' organization. He called for a boycott of German goods in India in order that German business interests might lobby the Nazi regime to soften its line on India. Again, he failed to meet any senior German leaders and left to tour Belgium and France and to meet leaders in Ireland; he felt a particularly strong affinity with the Irish due to their long struggle against British rule. In France he attended an anti-imperialist conference and made a forceful speech, linking India's fight for independence with the struggle against Western and Japanese imperialism. In late March he sailed from Italy for India, having spent nearly three years in Europe.⁹

Detained on arrival in Bombay, Bose was not released until March 1937. For more than five years he had been effectively removed from the Indian political scene by imprisonment, exile, and detention. After being feted by a huge crowd on All-Bengal Subhas Day convened in April to welcome him back to public life, Bose spent several months recuperating in the hills at Dalhousie. In October he briefly attended Congress committee meetings in Calcutta and took his seat as an alderman on the Calcutta Corporation, but a relapse sent him back to

Europe for more convalescence. He now worked in the spa resort Badgastein on his autobiography, *An Indian Pilgrim*, in November and December, when it became known that he would succeed Jawaharlal Nehru as the next president of Congress. With his new office in prospect, Bose next visited Britain for the first time since his Cambridge days in 1921 and met leaders of the national government, the Labour Party, intellectuals, and the Indian community. In his speeches and conversations Bose stressed his socialist views and disowned fascism, earlier admired as an aggressive form of nationalism, as another expression of imperialism.¹⁰

Returning to India, Subhas Chandra Bose now reached the peak of his career in Congress politics. As president of Congress at its session at Haripura in February 1938, Bose made his most important speech, in which he linked capitalism and imperialism, quoted from Lenin, and praised the British Communist Party. Addressing himself to the future of an independent India, he called for socialist reconstruction involving planning, land reform, and the state ownership of industry. These policies clearly identified him with the left wing of Congress. However, Bose found himself isolated in the new Working Committee, which was dominated by moderate right-wing Gandhians, while the Gandhian framework was preserved with the former secretariat remaining based at Allhabad. The Gandhians were opposed to Bose over several vital issues: they were bourgeois nationalists close to wealthy Indian capitalists and the middle classes; they favored a reformist route to independence rather than Bose's preference for confrontation with the Raj; and they were suspicious of his dealings with the dictatorships, which they regarded as greater evils than British imperialism.¹¹

During 1938 Bose continued to reach out to foreign powers in his drive to advance Indian independence. Through Asit Krishna Mukherji he met Mr. Ohisa, a senior Japanese Foreign Ministry official in Calcutta, and two years later in 1940, he sent an emissary to Japan to meet the émigré Indian revolutionary Rash Beshari Bose (no relation) and Japanese officials. In December 1938, in Bombay, Subhas Chandra Bose met Nazi officials, including Dr. Oswald Urchs, the leader of the NSDAP (German Nazi Party) organization in India. Bose stood again for the presidency of the Congress against the wishes of the Gandhians and was reelected with broad left-wing support in January 1939. Once more he was denied support by the Gandhians in the Working Committee and he resigned in April 1939. Bose then founded his own "For-

ward Bloc" party within the Congress, and organized protests at Congress resolutions, which resulted in his being disqualified as president of the Bengal Provincial Congress Committee. It was quite clear that the Gandhian clique in Congress also wanted to destroy his own power base in Bengal. With the outbreak of war in September 1939, their differences in foreign policy became more apparent, as Gandhi, Nehru, and their followers stood with the Allies against the Axis powers, while Bose and the radicals were prepared to exploit the war situation for India's advantage.¹²

By the end of 1940 Bose had recognized that he had failed to convert Gandhi and the mainstream Congress members to his point of view. He began making plans to leave India and to seek help abroad. Between 1938 and 1940 he had already sent out feelers to Germany, Japan, and the Soviet Union. However, in early 1941 only Germany was at war with Britain. Although he had received a much warmer reception in Italy during the 1930s, Bose knew that Germany was by far the superior in military might. Nazi Germany had to be his destination. Who else in India other than his family knew of his plans? Some have claimed that V. D. Savarkar, leader of the Hindu Mahasabha, who had plotted abroad before the First World War, encouraged him to take this course of action. Despite his long-standing aversion to communalist movements, Bose had indeed briefly sought an alliance with the Mahasabha in 1940 as his own leftist support crumbled.¹³ Asit Krishna Mukherji, a passionate admirer of the Third Reich, would have known of Bose's earlier interest in fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, and it is possible that he urged Bose to go over to the Germans.

Although under house arrest during January 1941 at his home in Elgin Road, Bose managed to elude the police in the night of 16/17 January and traveled secretly from Calcutta to Kabul, where he received assistance from the Italian and German legations. Journeying on by car and rail to Moscow, he reached Berlin by early April. From the outset Bose sought to elicit from the Axis powers a declaration of Indian independence as one of their war aims. He initially proposed to the Germans that a Free Indian Government should be established in Berlin, financed by a loan to be repaid at the end of the war. The chief activities of this government would be propaganda through radio broadcasts to India and the organization of strikes, sabotage, and revolts in India in conjunction with the arrival of a military force of some fifty thousand soldiers to destroy the British Raj. At a meeting with Joachim von

Ribbentrop, the German foreign minister, in late April in Vienna, Bose reiterated his wish for a German declaration for a free India and also suggested that Indian POWs in German or Italian captivity could be used as the invading liberation forces.¹⁴

Bose's proposals interacted with German strategic thinking in several ways. In the first place, Hitler had no sympathy with the notion of non-European provisional governments in Berlin.¹⁵ But the idea of a nationalist rising in India seemed interesting in the context of the pro-Axis coup in Iraq in late March. There was support in the German Navy and Foreign Office for an Axis thrust from the eastern Mediterranean through Vichy Syria and Iraq to Iran, in order to seize oil reserves, to put further pressure on Britain at the gate of India, and to beckon to Japan.¹⁶ Throughout May 1941 Bose was exultant at the German readiness to issue a declaration for a free India. However, the failure of Germany to support Iraq and Syria adequately against Allied invasion postponed any realization of an Axis strategy for the Middle East. The declaration on India was shelved, in any event, for as long as Bose remained in Germany. Military planners now devoted themselves first and foremost to Hitler's overriding obsession with his anti-Bolshevik crusade. Operation Barbarossa for the invasion of the Soviet Union was launched in June 1941.¹⁷

The invasion struck a major blow at Bose's plans in Europe. The Soviet Union was widely admired in India as an anti-imperialist power and thus an ally of India against Britain. The German attack now placed Nazi Germany in the camp of imperialist aggressors. But Bose was persistent and in early July he emphasized to the Foreign Office that a declaration on India was even more pressing to clarify German intentions to Indians now apprehensive about the prospect of approaching German armies. But the Germans thought such a declaration would be premature with no prospect of Axis military action in the Middle East until the subjugation of the Soviet Union was complete.¹⁸ Bose was demoralized by the complications created by the invasion and may already at this time have thought he would be better off in Asia.¹⁹

However, the Germans did accept Bose's proposals for radio propaganda and the raising of an Indian military force. The German Foreign Office was keen to foster Indian nationalist propaganda as a means of discouraging Indian youth from fighting in the Indian Army for British interests, especially in North Africa and the Middle East.²⁰ During the summer of 1941 Bose recruited a number of Indians in Axis-controlled

Europe for the purposes of journalism and broadcasting. In November 1941 the Free India Center (*Zentralstelle Freies Indien*) was formally instituted on the Lichtensteinallee in the Tiergarten district of Berlin. The center made broadcasts to India in more than half a dozen Indian languages and also prepared magazines and books on nationalist topics. These nationalist broadcasts, produced entirely by Indians with no German censorship, were a great success and became much more popular than the more sober BBC programs among Indian audiences.²¹

By early 1942 the Wehrmacht had begun training Indian POWs at two camps in Germany. These trainees for an Indian Legion were drawn from POWs originally captured by the Italians in North Africa and eventually numbered some three thousand. Bose's recruiting speech included the words "Hitler is your friend, a friend of the Aryans, and you will march to India as your motherland's liberators." An oath of loyalty to Adolf Hitler with reference to Subhas Chandra Bose was established and the title "Netaji" (Leader) was adopted for Bose. The Indian Legionnaires wore German uniforms with eagle-and-swastika badges, in which they recognized their own religious symbol. The German High Command anticipated that the Indian Legion would be used for commando-type operations in the Middle East, and eventually in Afghanistan and in the North-West Frontier Province of India.²²

The international situation was dramatically changed by Japan's entry into the war with its attack on Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941 followed by swift moves against the Philippines, Hong Kong, Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies in Southeast Asia. Within a matter of days the British were at war with Japan, and the United States was at war with Germany and Italy as well as Japan. India now assumed some importance in Japanese strategy. Since October 1941 the Japanese had been putting out feelers toward the Indian community in Thailand. Major Fujiwara Iwaichi, a gifted intelligence officer, developed contacts with Pritam and Amar Singh, leading Sikhs of the Indian Independence League (IIL) in Bangkok. When the Japanese invasion of Malaya began, Fujiwara and members of the IIL mounted a propaganda offensive among captured Indian troops, which numbered more than sixty thousand at the fall of Singapore in February 1942. Already in mid-December Fujiwara had met a captured Indian Army officer, Captain Mohan Singh, who offered to raise a liberation army from Indian POWs. The Japanese government gave cautious encouragement to

these developments through Rash Behari Bose, the elderly émigré Indian revolutionary living in Tokyo, who convened several conferences of the Indian nationalists in March at Singapore and Tokyo and again in June 1942 at Bangkok, where it was decided to raise the Indian National Army (INA).²³

Throughout 1941 Subhas Chandra Bose had repeatedly tried without success to obtain a declaration for a free India from Germany and Italy. With the entry of Japan into the worldwide conflict, he now began to look eastward for new opportunities of action on behalf of Indian nationalism. On 17 December he had met the Japanese ambassador Oshima in Berlin and asked for his transfer to Southeast Asia, where he would organize the Indian independence movement under Japanese protection.²⁴ Captain Mohan Singh had long spoken of Bose to Fujiwara as an essential leader, and in January 1942 the Indian nationalists in Bangkok requested that Bose be brought in from Europe as their leader. Ribbentrop hastily approved of Bose's transfer to East Asia, but without first obtaining Japanese approval.²⁵ Although there were further delays and misunderstandings between Germany and Japan regarding their policy on a free-India declaration and Bose's transfer, the latter was agreed in principle in April 1942.

Subhas Chandra Bose had now spent almost a year in Germany, posing as an Italian under the cover identity of "Mazzotta." He had refused to go public in the Axis media or make any broadcasts himself through the Free India Center until the Axis powers issued a declaration on India. However, the fall of Singapore on 15 February 1942 represented such an enormous blow to British prestige in Asia that Bose decided to speak out. In his first broadcast on 27 February Bose declared that it heralded "the collapse of the British Empire . . . and the dawn of a new era in Indian history." The German Foreign Office also believed that the fall of Singapore signaled an opportune moment for an Axis declaration on India. But this momentum was soon lost due to a lack of information on Japanese intentions at this critical juncture. Most important, Hitler himself was consistently reluctant to give any encouragement to a declaration on free India. Not only did he admire British rule in India and see it as a model for the German domination of Russia but he always felt ambiguous about fighting the English—a fraternal Germanic people—and still held out hopes of a settlement with Britain and its empire.²⁶

The Axis powers had attempted to achieve some measure of strategic

cooperation following Japan's entry into the war. The Secret Military Convention of 18 January 1942 between Germany, Italy, and Japan proposed that the demarcation line of the German and Japanese operational zones should lie along the 70° east longitude, thus passing across western Siberia, through Afghanistan and down the River Indus to the Indian Ocean, leaving most of India in the Japanese sphere. Both the German and Japanese navies were eager to cooperate in a joint strategy to achieve mastery of the Middle East and the Indian Ocean. However, this truly global approach foundered owing to Hitler's view that the conquest of the Soviet Union was the sole precondition for regaining the strategic initiative. The campaign there was also now taking much longer than expected. The Japanese, for their part, were divided over their future plans. Some Japanese planners considered an attack on the Soviet Union and an advance into Siberia as far as Omsk, but Japanese naval successes in Southeast Asia tended to sideline the army's ambitions in the Soviet Far East. Ultimately, neither Germany nor Japan was able or willing to exploit the political opportunities in the Arab and Indian world.²⁷

Bose was granted his one and only meeting with Hitler on 27 May 1942. Bose addressed the Führer as "an old revolutionary," which recalled both Hitler's days of struggle in the Weimar Republic and his own against the British Raj. Hitler soon launched into a long monologue, declaring his preference for military might over mere propaganda. The German armies were still fighting north of the Caucasus and therefore not yet in a position to support Arab rebellions, let alone an Indian uprising. The time for a declaration would come only once it could be endorsed by immediate military support. Moreover, the Japanese would be in a position to offer this help far sooner than Germany. Hitler finally shifted the responsibility for Bose and the Indian declaration onto the Japanese by offering him submarine transport to East Asia.²⁸

Bose was profoundly disillusioned by this final rejection. Having first sought German support for a free India on his arrival at Berlin in April 1941, the intervening fourteen months had brought him only limited success in the establishment of the Free India Center and the Indian Legion. No formal guarantee of Indian independence had been forthcoming from Germany. Bose undoubtedly felt that he had wasted his time by going to Germany in the first place. However, because only Germany and Italy had been at war with Britain in April 1941, he had

made his choice. With Japan on the Axis side since December 1941, Bose felt that he was losing further time remaining in Europe during 1942. Moreover, while the strategic options for Axis cooperation over India were at their most favorable, Germany and Japan seemed neither to trust each other nor to understand each other's objectives.

Bose's desire to reach Asia mounted following the outbreak of the "Quit India" movement with widespread rebellion and disturbances in India in August 1942. Initially, he hoped to travel by air with the help of the Italians, who had in July completed the first nonstop flight between Europe and the Far East. Bose made his farewells in Berlin and went to Rome in October, but the flight was delayed, rescheduled, and later canceled. Eventually, an agreement between Tokyo and Berlin was reached that Bose would travel by submarine. On 8 February 1943 Bose and a companion from the Free India Center boarded the German submarine *U-180* at Kiel. Their voyage took them around the British Isles and southward down the Atlantic. On 24 April contact was made with the Japanese submarine *I-29* in the Indian Ocean at a point 25° south latitude 60° east longitude east of Madagascar. The two Indians were transferred by dinghy in rough seas from one submarine to the other. The exchange was an apposite symbol of the fragile link between the two Axis powers in a global context. On 6 May Bose arrived at the Japanese naval base of Sabang off the northern coast of Sumatra and flew on to Tokyo, where he arrived in mid-May.²⁹

Bose had waited long for this opportunity to fight for Indian independence in East Asia. Ever since his days as a student volunteer in 1917 and leading the Bengal Volunteers as the military guard of the Calcutta Congress in 1928, he had dreamed of commanding a national army of liberation against the British. He made a powerful impression on members of the Japanese ruling military group and received firm backing from Prime Minister Tojo for a free India. A new lease of life for the Indian National Army (INA) began with Bose's arrival at Singapore in June 1943. The "first" INA had fallen into disarray by the end of 1942 owing to fundamental disagreements between Captain Mohan Singh and the overbearing Japanese authorities. The pro-Japanese Rash Behari Bose was able to retain only eight thousand men. The leadership of the IIL and command of the INA now passed cordially from the old émigré revolutionary to his younger namesake, who was received with acclaim by the Indians of Southeast Asia. Subhas Chandra Bose's "second" INA soon reached a strength of more than forty thou-

sand men and three divisions, including a women's regiment. In October 1943 Bose also announced the Free India Provisional Government, based at Singapore, which was recognized by Germany, Japan, and their allies.³⁰

Bose wanted a full combat role for the INA in the major Japanese assault across the Indo-Burmese border in March 1944. He believed that once the INA had entered India, there would be a general rising against the British. Between March and June 1944 the INA fought extremely bravely in the Japanese attacks on Imphal and Kohima in eastern Assam, and succeeded in planting the Indian tricolor on some briefly held Indian territory. But overextended supply lines across the dense and hilly jungle and superior British forces under General Slim forced the Japanese and the INA to retreat. Throughout the rest of 1944 and the first part of 1945, the British continued to push the Japanese back through Burma. Bose and the INA remained loyal to the Japanese until the bitter end, taking part in the defense of Malaya. As the Japanese began considering their terms of surrender following the atomic bomb attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki on 6 and 9 August, Bose decided to reach out to the Soviet Union as a power not too friendly with the British. He planned to take members of his cabinet to Manchuria and there to make contact with the advancing Soviet army. On 17 August he boarded a bomber at Saigon bound for Dairen, which crashed the next day on taking off from Taipei in Formosa. Subhas Chandra Bose, the samurai of Indian independence, died of his injuries on 18 August 1945 in an army hospital.³¹

How likely is Savitri Devi's claim that her husband knew Bose and introduced him to the Japanese authorities? Since Bose did not set foot in India in the period between his escape via Kabul to Berlin in January 1941 and his arrival at Tokyo in May 1943, any *personal* introduction can only have been made by A. K. Mukherji in the interval from January 1938 when Bose returned from Europe to assume the presidency of Congress to July 1940 when he was arrested. We have already noted Bose's overtures to German and Japanese officials during 1938 in India, and it is therefore possible that A. K. Mukherji effected an introduction in the latter case. Moreover, while Bose was in the political wilderness following his resignation from the presidency of the Congress in April 1939, he did explore an alliance with both Jinnah of the Muslim League

and V. D. Savarkar of the Hindu Mahasabha. Contact with Savarkar, who may himself have advised Bose to go to Germany, could imply an association with Mukherji. But because Japan was not at war with Britain until December 1941, it seems unlikely that anyone in India could have introduced him to the Japanese authorities for the purposes of raising the INA. For this he had his own contacts in Berlin.

Although both Bose and Mukherji were radical nationalists, they would have disagreed about ideology. Bose was always consumed with the struggle for Indian independence and interested in Germany and later Japan only as strategic allies in his campaign against British rule. In the early 1920s his political views were inspired by a left-wing, anti-imperialist ideology in opposition to the reformist bourgeois Gandhians in the Congress. Although he extolled a "synthesis of fascism and socialism" in 1930, he had distanced himself from the imperialist aggression of Germany and Italy by the end of the 1930s. His admiration for fascism essentially concerned its cult of nationalism, which he wished to emulate in India. Last, Bose always held true to the secular, territorial nationalism of Congress and was opposed to any communalism dividing Muslims and Hindus in Bengal and India.

Bose's heroic reputation in India remains a legend. His figure was touched by the popular Hindu belief that all great leaders, but especially national heroes who challenge enemies, are manifestations of the avatar. This divine immanence is scarcely reconciled with mortal status. Thus it was hardly known, still less believed, that Bose had secretly married an Austrian woman, Emilie Schenkl, his companion in Europe until 1943. Many Indians today do not believe that Bose perished in the plane crash at Taipei. Stories of his reappearance in India, or the likelihood of his being in the Soviet Union or China have always circulated as an oral tradition and in the press. One persistent myth in 1959-1964 identified him as the sadhu at an ashram in North Bengal. As late as 1970 the Indian government set up a second inquiry into his "disappearance." It is still widely rumored that he escaped, was hidden in the Soviet Union, or secretly lives in some redoubt within the Himalayas. An avatar is immortal and thus Bose cannot age. He is simply awaiting the moment when he will reappear at the head of his troops to liberate his Indian people from hardship or international crisis.³²

A. K. Mukherji and Savitri Devi looked elsewhere for redemption. They harked back to the Aryan origins of the Hindus and wanted a Hindu India, in which Muslims would be second-class citizens. Their

enthusiasm for Adolf Hitler and German National Socialism revolved around the Aryan mystique of Nazism and was absolute and unconditional. Bose had witnessed Nazi contempt for Indians in Germany and also knew that Hitler and Alfred Rosenberg disqualified the Indians as proto-Aryans in their writings. Mukherji and Savitri Devi ignored these points; their conception of the Third Reich was fundamentally utopian. Last, Bose had actually met Hitler and been disappointed in his efforts to secure a German guarantee of Indian independence. He even challenged Hitler about the derogatory passages about Indians in *Mein Kampf*. Savitri Devi's attitude toward Hitler was fundamentally one of religious adoration: for her Hitler was the avatar.

6

AKHNATON AND ANIMAL RIGHTS

“You cannot ‘de-nazify’ Nature!” protested Savitri Devi, when confronted by Allied policy toward the defeated Germans.¹ Her superhuman ideal of the proud, hard Aryan type was essentially rooted in a view of nature that was pantheistic, romantic, and rhapsodic. Some years before she wrote her outspoken Nazi books, she authored eulogies of nature that address the contemporary interests of Greens, anarchists, and the New Age. Her potential appeal to these modern dissidents lies in a cult of nature that rejects the centrality of man and man’s material convenience. Her book on the solar cult of the Egyptian pharaoh Akhnaton involved a utopian rejection of all politics that promote man’s interests at a cost to the beauty and abundance of nature. Her spirited defense of animal rights was rooted in a total rejection of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, which she believed raised man to false theological status and cut him off from the rest of creation.

Her Akhnaton book, *A Son of God* (1946), was written in wartime India between May 1942 and January 1945, while her eulogy of animal rights, *Impeachment of Man* (1959), was written in the immediate aftermath of the German surrender, begun in Calcutta in July 1945 and completed after her return to Lyons in March 1946. Mindful as she was of the general opprobrium attaching to the Third Reich in the postwar years, these books make only coded references to her idol Hitler and National Socialism. Free of any obvious Nazi taint, both books have been recently republished for new audiences interested in mysticism and the occult, Green issues, vegetarianism, and the New Age. However, because her Nazi ideas are rooted in a misanthropic cult of nature and animal worship, her rediscovery by mystical, left-wing, and

Green readers poses a clear danger of Nazi entryism within new ideological alliances. Both these books are examined here; the current revival of interest in her ideas is reserved for the final chapter.

In the spring of 1942 Savitri Devi had every confidence in a forthcoming Axis victory and the partition of Eurasia between Germany and Japan. In this exultant mood she directed her thoughts toward the kind of religion that might accompany the new Nazi world order.² In common with German theorists of "blood and soil," she conceived of this religion as allied to life and nature in bold, vitalist terms eschewing any notions of a transcendent God derived from the Judaeo-Christian tradition. However, given her earlier inspiration from the Aryan myth, Hellenism, and radical Hindu nationalism, one must wonder what lay behind her newfound enthusiasm for the sun cult of Akhnaton, king of Egypt in the fourteenth century B.C. Who was Akhnaton and what was his significance for a Nazi religion of nature?

The Egyptian pharaoh Akhnaton (circa 1395–1366 B.C.) is best known for his radical religious reforms, his beautiful consort Queen Nefertiti, and the founding of a new capital city called Akhetaton, which was intended to serve as the center of a new solar world order. He was born at Thebes, the son of the pharaoh Amenhotep III and Queen Tiy, and succeeded his father in 1383 B.C. as Amenhotep IV, the tenth pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty, which had opened the magnificent New Kingdom in ancient Egypt. By this time Thebes had become the southern capital of the New Kingdom; its huge temples and palaces, towers and pylons, paved courts, and long ceremonial avenues reflected the wealth and power of the ruling Ahmoside dynasty after its victory over the alien Hyksos rulers in the sixteenth century B.C. Thebes was also the holy city of the sun god Amon, who traversed the sky in the solar bark from dawn to sunset. The social and economic life of Egypt revolved around the worship of Amon, who was served by a rich and powerful priesthood. The reign of Amenhotep III recorded the zenith of Thebes's power and prestige as the center of the civilized world.

All this was to change as a result of Akhnaton's reforming zeal. Early in his reign Amenhotep IV was inspired to worship solar energy as the ultimate power and parent of all earthly things. He introduced the reformed sun cult of Aton (the Disk), from which he rigorously excluded Amon and all other gods as mere idols. Although he began by building a temple to Aton in Thebes, the ubiquity of Amon's name

and image in the capital soon drove the king to extreme measures. Once he had changed his name from Amenhotep (meaning "Amon is at rest or pleased") to Akhnaton (meaning "Joy of the Sun"), he sailed down the Nile in 1375 B.C. to found his new capital Akhetaton ("City of the Horizon of the Disk") as the center of his new sun cult. For the next decade Egypt underwent a religious revolution and political upheaval. Akhnaton proscribed any reference to the plural "gods." He caused all inscriptions and images of Amon in the kingdom to be defaced or destroyed, and dispossessed the powerful Amon priesthood of its great wealth and estates. The former revenues of the priesthood now passed directly to the pharaonate, thus greatly strengthening royal power against the professional priesthoods. Furthermore, Akhnaton emphasized the absolute divinity of his royal person by identifying himself with the solar energy of the Disk.

The new city was hastily built on the east bank of the river within a semicircle of enclosing cliffs, and its boundaries were marked with stelae bearing carved reliefs. Here Akhnaton and Nefertiti removed their court, together with a population of some eighty thousand persons. Henceforth the burning sun was worshiped with offerings of flowers, fruit, and animals at altars under an open sky in colonnaded courtyards, which distinguished the new monotheistic cult of Aton. Numerous reliefs showed Akhnaton and his queen Nefertiti with their children, attended by their followers, adoring the rayed Disk of the sun and its life-giving beams. This art was also remarkable for its naturalness and vitality; the informality and joyful zest of its subjects bore witness to a new era. The royal figures were often sculpted in a style reminiscent of the Fourth and Fifth Dynasty in the Old Kingdom (2705–2230 B.C.), which suggests that Akhnaton might have invoked the ancient sun cult of Ra practiced at On (Heliopolis) to support his reforms.

Akhnaton's new solar world order was a theocracy in which the king was identical with one God—the Aton—and ruled as its divine representative on earth. But the celebration of an immanent deity on earth incurred a high material cost. The construction of the new capital Akhetaton, together with new temples to Aton in Memphis and Heliopolis and elsewhere in the Egyptian Empire, drained the land of its labor and resources and ruined the economy. Because tax collection was no longer in the hands of local priesthoods, the king relied on the army, a novel practice that led to corruption and mismanagement. There were also

uprisings against Egyptian rule in Syria and Palestine, which the king neither could nor would suppress. Last, plague was raging through the land and claimed members of the royal family and possibly Akhnaton himself, who died in 1366 B.C. The Amon priesthoods were swift to lead a religious restoration: the neglect of Amon was blamed for all Egypt's woes; Akhetaton was swiftly abandoned; the images of the royal family and Akhnaton were defaced, their tombs desecrated; their memory was expunged from the chronicles. The reign of Tutankhamen saw the return of the traditional ways and drew a veil of oblivion over Akhnaton and his brief era.

So complete was this anathema that Akhnaton was forgotten for nearly three thousand years. The site of Akhetaton lay some 190 miles south of modern Cairo at Tell-el-Amarna on the east bank of the Nile and was first rediscovered by European travelers and amateur archaeologists in the 1820s. These early visitors were intrigued by the unique nature of the reliefs on the tombs at Tell-el-Amarna. These large compositions were devoted to the activities of a royal family, consisting of a king and queen and several of their infant daughters. Almost every scene showed above the royal family an image of the sun as a disk shooting forth a dozen or more rays, each ending in a ministering hand. This rayed disk was clearly a symbol of veneration and had a close connection with the royal couple. Its hands brought the *ankh*, or sign of life, to their nostrils, or appeared to offer support to their limbs and bodies.

Until the royal couple had been identified as Akhnaton and Nefertiti, the people in the reliefs were known by scholars as "Disk worshipers." Since the figures of the king and queen, together with their names and that of the disk god, had been evidently defaced by iconoclasts in practically all the accessible reliefs, it was supposed that the "Disk worshipers" were regarded by their successors as heretics. Their names were not only excised on these tombs but also omitted from all lists of pharaohs known at the time. The riddle of the Tell-el-Amarna tombs attracted systematic exploration by Sir Flinders Petrie in the last two decades of the nineteenth century. Further work was undertaken by the Egypt Exploration Society under the direction of successive field directors, including Leonard Woolley and John Pendlebury, from 1920 into the mid-1930s.³

The mystery of Akhnaton's disappearance from history and the poignancy of his fate guaranteed him an active afterlife in the modern

imagination. Interpretations of Akhnaton and his sun cult began with Sir Flinders Petrie's *Tell el-Amarna* (1894) and then *A History of Egypt* (1899), in which he paid a magnificent tribute to Akhnaton as a great religious reformer who anticipated modern scientific knowledge; James Breasted identified him as the world's first idealist and individual in his *History of Egypt* (1906); and Arthur Weigall admired the young king, seeing him as a precursor of Christianity in the pagan world.⁴ The interest in Akhnaton received fresh impetus from the excavations following the First World War. Arthur Weigall's popular prewar book, *The Life and Times of Akhnaton*, was published in a third and revised edition in 1922; James Baikie updated his earlier classic, *The Story of the Pharaohs*, and published *The Amarna Age* (1926) as a "study of the crisis of the ancient world"; Ethel Bristowe wrote an accessible book about the Amarna discoveries and a best-seller about Akhnaton entitled *Naphuria* (1936). Sigmund Freud went so far as to suggest that Jewish monotheism was derived from Akhnaton's sun worship in his widely read work *Moses and Monotheism* (1939).

Within a few decades, the figure of Akhnaton had risen from complete obscurity to familiarity, even fame. The story of an Egyptian pharaoh, a progressive and a heretic, whose memory had been erased for several thousand years, held a certain appeal in the interwar period marked by the quest for new ideals and authority. Although Savitri Devi had visited Egypt during a brief visit to the Middle East from India in 1937, she could just as easily have encountered the widespread reputation of Akhnaton in Europe or India.⁵ She was in quest of a universal religion that could link East and West in the celebration of this world and nature rather than a transcendent deity; above all, a religion that was fit for the new Aryan order. She accordingly constructed her own highly positive interpretation of Akhnaton and his sun cult on the basis of the wide range of specialist and general books that had been published on the heretical pharaoh from Petrie up until the Second World War. The fruits of this research were a short booklet *Akhnaton's Eternal Message* (1940) and *Joy of the Sun* (1942), an account of Akhnaton's life for children, which were both published in Calcutta; her major study of Akhnaton's life and philosophy appeared after the war in London as *A Son of God* (1946).

Savitri Devi's description of ancient Egypt was richly evocative. She swiftly drew her readers into a resplendent world of powerful pharaohs, cultural brilliance, and sumptuous luxury. Her glowing prose bore el-

loquent witness to the beauty, wealth, and prestige of Thebes, the birthplace of Akhnaton:

On the western bank of the Nile, upon a site which to this day retains its loveliness, was built the Charuk palace, the residence of the Pharaoh Amenhotep the Third. . . . From the terraces of the palace one beheld to the east, beyond the Nile and its palm-groves, white walls contrasted with dark shadows, flat roofs of different levels, flights of steps, broad avenues and gardens and monumental gates: all that glory that was Thebes. In the foreground, the towering pylons of the great temple of Amon emerged above the outer walls of the sacred enclosure that stretched over miles. And the gilded tops of innumerable obelisks glittered in the dazzling light or glowed like red-hot embers in the purple of sunset. One could distinguish many other temples dedicated to all the gods of Upper and Lower Egypt, temples with doors of bronze and gates of granite. . . . To the west, the eye wandered over the vastness of the desert. It is in that palace that Akhnaton was born.⁶

The bathos of this last sentence set the tone of *A Son of God*: this work was the gospel of a new religion, complete with a pious account of the life of its founder.

Her account of Akhnaton began with an imaginative reconstruction of the young prince's birth and upbringing. Savitri Devi regarded Queen Tiy, Akhnaton's mother, as the greatest and most lasting influence on the royal prince. She claimed that the queen worshiped Aton—the Disk—the oldest sun-god of Egypt, whose seat was at On (Heliopolis) in Lower Egypt. Although the priesthood at On was trying to revive the cult of Aton, Aton was still only a secondary god among many at this time. Queen Tiy was no monotheist but she must have taught her child to render homage to the sun at sunrise and sunset and so prepared him to love the sun as a living and loving god who brought light, warmth, and vitality to all things on earth. Savitri Devi pictured the young prince's wonder at the reflection of the sun on his mother's face, the joyous singing of the birds at first light, the opening of waterflowers in the sunshine, and the delight of birds, beasts, and butterflies that feel the sun's caress. These early impressions of childhood laid the emotional and psychological basis of Akhnaton's receptivity to the idea of the sun's divinity.⁷

Savitri Devi also speculated about the influence of Aryan ideas on Akhnaton's religious development. These were attributable to the Mitnians, a Hurrian people ruled by an Aryan aristocracy who worshiped

Mithra, Indra, Varuna, and other well-known Vedic gods. The Mittanians inhabited the land of Nahrina, the watershed of the River Euphrates, which placed them on the northeastern flank of the Egyptian world at this time. Alliances with foreign princesses were not uncommon in the Eighteenth Dynasty, and Thutmose IV, Akhnaton's grandfather, had taken Mutemuya, the daughter of Artama, king of Mitanni, as his chief wife. Amenhotep III, Akhnaton's father, had married, besides his chief queen Tiy, at least two Mitannian princesses, with whom Akhnaton was familiar. While allowing that the young prince may have gleaned from these ladies some notion of the Aryan sun god Surya that anticipated his worship of Aton, Savitri Devi thought the similarity of these deities was due to the fact that Akhnaton was himself partly Aryan (as the grandson of Mutemuya).⁸

A list of the king's titles on the earliest known inscription of his reign combined traditional titles with new appellations relating to his new religious ideas. This text described him as "the High-priest of Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons rejoicing in his horizon in his name 'Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk.'"⁹ Savitri Devi suggested that, while Akhnaton had earlier associated the divine attributes of the sun with the material Disk, he had by this time conceived a more subtle idea of godhead by considering the "Heat" or "Heat-and-Light" (*Shu*) inherent in the Disk. Savitri Devi approvingly quoted Sir Flinders Petrie's conclusion that the young pharaoh had discovered the principle of equivalence of heat, light and other forms of energy, which is the basis of modern physics. She suggested further that Akhnaton, by identifying the energy of the sun with the material Disk, had anticipated the equation of energy and matter in the modern theory of relativity.¹⁰ The radiant energy he and his followers adored in the sun also animated the flying birds, the running beasts, and all human achievement.

This religion of the Disk was no cold abstraction, Savitri Devi claimed, but a religion of love. This was not a personal love, such as that of a parent for his or her offspring, nor that of a tribal deity for his chosen people. The love of a God that has brought forth millions and millions of lives from himself is a love that expresses itself in two modes: the active, productive principle and the passive, receptive principle. This love is a bond of physical and logical unity between energies in nature. This love is also a relation of intention, not a personal love of a god made in the human image, but as a sign of God's beneficence toward all living things; as a tendency toward well-being that nature

encourages and assists; as an inexhaustible and indiscriminate goodness underlying the whole of creation.¹¹

The energy of the sun bestowed its benefits upon all things. This universality was particularly important to Savitri Devi, who decried the existence of gods made in the human image. She compared this universality favorably with the "childish" partiality of man-made gods toward their authors. Savitri Devi did not accept a demarcation line between man and the rest of the living world. She criticized monotheistic creeds from Judaism onward for positing a god who gave special rights to man to use all other creatures for his own benefit. In her opinion, the concern of Jehovah with his chosen people, the Jews, typified the limitations of a tribal or local deity. Christianity, she maintained, was no more than a globalized tribal religion; the Christians had raised Jesus Christ to the deity of an extended tribe, namely, mankind, which was no more than one species among many others in the endless variety of nature. She detested Christianity and other creedal religions for making man, and not life, the center of their creation myths and the basis of their scale of values. Savitri Devi celebrated an impartial immanent deity in all nature.¹²

If nature offered such an abundance of wonders, man had no need of myths and supernatural explanations of existence. Savitri Devi saw Akhnaton's cult as "pagan" in the same sense as she admired ancient Greek and Hindu notions of beauty and reality. In her view, all three philosophies expressed joy in the visible created world; they each regarded healthy sentient life as "the actual masterpiece of universal Energy and the supreme beauty." According to her "pantheistic monism," the single cosmos of nature composed of divine matter-energy was itself an immanent deity. There was no other supernatural or transcendent reality beyond the natural world. Denying any dualism or transcendence, she celebrated this pagan religion of nature as the authentic Aryan worldview, age-old, still surviving in India, and destined to become the philosophy of a new Nazi order.

In the final chapter of *A Son of God*, Savitri Devi considered the history of the Western world since Akhnaton's reign. From her standpoint in the present, the young pharaoh's gospel shone like a beacon across the intervening centuries of gloom. "With Tutankhamen [Akhnaton's successor] began for the Western World an era of spiritual regression which is lasting still."¹³ With this apparent paradox she set out to expose Christianity and its secular legacies as the bane of the

West. In particular, she sought to demonstrate that the history of Western thought witnessed an ever-widening gap between its recognized religions and rational thought, as well as an increasing divorce between such religions and life, especially public life. She regarded this gap, essentially one between religion and science, between the church and secular society, as the cause of intellectual conflict and moral unrest throughout the history of Western culture.

The earliest evidence of this mental unease occurred in ancient Greece. After the false dawn of scientific imagination in Akhnaton's reign, rational thought was reintroduced to the West by the *physiologoi* of Ionia in the sixth century B.C. This time such ideas took root. Generations of Greek philosophers from Pythagoras to Plato developed the deduction of ideas and the rational explanation of facts, combined with logic, mystical insight, and mathematics. These thinkers thereby rose above the narrow religious outlook of their age. However, the Greek world still remained loyal to its rich mythology and traditional gods, which resisted the challenge of reason. Indeed, there was widespread conflict; Socrates was put to death "for not believing in the gods in whom the city believed." Savitri Devi also drew attention to the incongruity of the rumbustious antics of the all-too-human Greek gods with the high intellectual achievement of classical Greek philosophy.¹⁴

She saw Christianity as "the next great wave in the history of Western consciousness" but had few words to say in its favor. There was scarcely "a greater contrast between the clear Hellenic genius and the spirit of the creed destined to overrun Hellas, Europe, and finally America and Australia. As preached by St. Paul, it was an irrational and unaesthetic creed, fed on miracles, bent on asceticism, strongly stressing the power of evil, ashamed of the body and afraid of life." But she did concede that its God was a universal God and a God of love. Nevertheless, in her view this Christian God still retained some characteristics of Jehovah, the tribal deity of the Jews. It was a God who gave man, alone among all living creatures, an immortal soul, which was infinitely precious in His eyes, for He loved man in the same partial way that old Jehovah loved the Jewish nation. For Savitri Devi it was a democratic God who hated the rich, the high-born, and those who put their trust in human reason rather than accepting the authority of His Gospel.¹⁵

The universalism of Christianity was a major advance over the older popular and national religions. But Savitri Devi caviled at the love and

mercy at the heart of Christian teaching as but a wan reflection of the universal love implicit in the Buddhism and Jainism of India. She held that Christianity appealed to the intellectually uncritical, the emotionally unbalanced, and the socially oppressed or neglected. Parroting Nietzsche's maxims, she claimed that Christianity offered redemption to the barbarians, women, and slaves—"the majority of mankind"—and this ensured its triumph in the Roman Empire. In the medieval and modern period Christianity continued as a religion of plebeian salvation, first throughout Europe and later to the subject peoples of its colonial empires.

Savitri Devi maintained that the Aryan world could not indefinitely forget its classical heritage, centuries of rational thought, nor "that avowed ideal of visible beauty, of strength, of cleanliness—of healthy earthly life . . . of the ancients." The Renaissance witnessed the rediscovery of Greek metaphysics and polytheism in European philosophy, literature, and the arts. The celebration of man as a creative individual, even the coequal of God, the enjoyment of song and pleasure, the deification of the human body in painting, sculpture, and life all indicated the dissolution of the Christian medieval order and the emergence of a new independent spirit. The scientific revolution and the Enlightenment in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries continued the historical process of Western man's emancipation from the authority of Christian dogma. Ever true to her own Greek origins, Savitri Devi regarded this intellectual development as "the tardy reaction of the bold critical spirit of classical Hellas against judeo-scholastic authority . . . the triumph of Euclid over Moses."¹⁶

Rationalism and the scientific worldview now coexisted with Christianity in the modern West. Intellectual discourse and scientific investigation were no longer subject to theological authority. Morality was more a matter of legality and social sanction than the expression of a divine imperative such as the Ten Commandments. While Savitri Devi welcomed this decline of Christian religious authority, she detected a profound ambiguity in modern Western values and beliefs. Although reason and science were triumphant in the intellectual domain, man still adhered to the charitable and democratic ideals of Christianity. Shorn of their transcendent meaning in a secular society, these ideals now simply expressed a man-centered conception of the world and moral behavior. Man no longer believed in his own immortal soul but spoke of the sanctity of human life. Man no longer believed that God

had created the world for man, but he exploited and even destroyed the natural world as if it were his own.

The Western world was in a state of spiritual and moral crisis. Despite the triumph of a rational worldview, man still hankered after a simple faith. He regretted the absence of scientific evidence for Christian beliefs. As for the moral teachings of Christianity, these had value as social regulations but did not necessitate a belief in God. But if man had lost his faith in God, he had not found one in science. Science did indeed offer intellectual certainty about the physical world, but the laws of thermodynamics and the periodic table of elements were hardly objects of worship and veneration. During the Enlightenment man had actually tried to create new religions. However, the cult of the Goddess Reason in the French Revolution and Auguste Comte's cult of Humanity had failed to inspire men. Savitri Devi concluded that "science, without the advantages of religion, is no more able to satisfy us than religion without a basis of scientific certitude."¹⁷

In her view, the religion of man, that is, secular humanism, was an unstable hybrid of rationalism and Christian ethics devoid of a belief in God. In a coded reference, she paid tribute to the Nazi religion of race and nation, now defeated and reviled:

And the bold ideologists who, in recent years, in Europe, have endeavoured to wipe out altogether the spirit if not the name of Christianity and to raise the Nation—based on the precise physiological idea of race—as the object of man's ultimate devotion, those ideologists, we say, may seem wiser and more honest than their humanitarian antagonists.¹⁸

If Christianity and secular humanism failed to serve the interests of life, she declared that it would be better to brush aside two thousand years of errors and return to the pagan gods. However, she did recognize that the secular religions of racism and nationalism represented a narrower moral ideal than the universal ideals of Christianity and humanism and that it was perhaps retrograde to return to the worship of local and national gods. Nevertheless, she banished these doubts from her mind by asserting that the religion of race was the true expression of the religion of life in the minds of its best exponents.¹⁹

These intimations of her latent admiration for Hitler and Nazism remained a mere undertone in *A Son of God*. At this time it seems that her principal targets were Christianity and secular humanism; nationalism and racism were chiefly invoked to prove hypocrisy or bad

faith in the dominant Western religious tradition. Savitri Devi claimed that the Western world was yearning for a religion based on rationality, for a love extended to all living things, and a conception of international relations that renounced war and aggression. The twentieth century was witnessing a growing desire for some "all-embracing truth, intellectual *and* spiritual, in the light of which the revelations of experience and faith, the dictates of reason and of intuition—of science *and* religion—would find their place as partial aspects of a harmoniously organic whole."²⁰ In her opinion, this romantic ideal was realized by Akhnaton's religion of the Disk. Its revival could provide the basis of a new spiritual order grounded in the philosophical traditions of India and Greece and thus unite East and West.

In the second half of 1944 Savitri Devi corresponded with Aldous Huxley in California about the religion of the Disk. Huxley thought this a rather naive affair and declared his own admiration for Eastern religions, particularly Zen, which gave man experience of the divine through a sense of timelessness. Savitri Devi agreed that men could grow to timelessness along various religious paths. However, having experienced it herself for the past six years, she was sure that some could reach the "peace which is beyond all understanding" and which is connected with the consciousness of timelessness through direct, vital communication with the young Prophet of the Sun. So she wrote in the preface to her book, describing herself as "one who, despite obvious unworthiness, dares to call herself, after three thousand three hundred years, his loving disciple."²¹

By any standards, *A Son of God* is an extraordinary work of idealism informed by a selective command of secondary sources, incisive reasoning, and an original mind. But it is also flawed by a prejudiced hatred of Christianity and a contempt for the mass of humanity. Besides these antihuman sentiments, a major weakness of the religion of the Disk lies in its nebulous and romantic idealism: a general affirmation of life and energy, devoid of priorities, is no guide for human conduct whatsoever in a complex world. Savitri Devi once described her philosophy as "true to the earth" with a nod toward Friedrich Nietzsche. However, if she applauded the latter's superhuman morality beyond good and evil and shared his contempt of Christianity for seeking the protection and advantage of the weak and humble, she did not want a superman above nature. Nature and life were the center of her scheme. The injunction to live in accordance with nature was the single

commandment of the religion of the Disk. Man should understand nature as a rational, beautiful, and loving order and not seek to superimpose upon it his own needs or ideas of right. Any philosophical or moral notions reflecting this "supernatural" worldview led to error.

The religion of the Disk is quite simply a romantic religion of nature, presented in the up-to-date scientific notions of matter-energy and traditional cosmology. Here Savitri Devi saw some correspondence with the amoral nature worship and biological monism of Nazi ideology. Her object of reverence was the cosmic dance of nature, wherein man occupied a marginal and unimportant role. From the towering perspective of cosmic impersonality, the lack of human imperatives and prescriptions might not seem to matter much, nor even man's survival as a species. The religion of the Disk actually transcended man, treating him as but one species among the millions on our biodiverse planet. In her opinion, Nazism was also a religion of integral truth, transcending man and based on a universal love of all nature, destined to supplant Christianity and humanism. She simply regarded the sun cult of Akhnaton as a cult of life and thought that her wartime writings on the subject would help to prepare the religious background of the dawning National Socialist world order, "of which the prototype is none else but the eternal Order of Nature."²²

Begun in July 1945 after her return to Calcutta in the bitter knowledge of Germany's defeat, *Impeachment of Man* initially pursues her relentless criticism of man-centered creeds to the detriment of "life" and nature in general. Once again she inveighs against the partiality and moral limitations of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam for celebrating only man's immortal soul and redemption, while considering animals and the rest of nature as mere spoil. The East again finds her favor. Thanks to the immemorial Indian belief in reincarnation, the life-centered creeds of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism presuppose an unbroken continuity throughout the whole scheme of existence and an organic unity among all species. No one can know whether the mangy dog or the lame horse does not house the soul of a former friend or relative. However, since these religions ultimately aspire to a release from the cycle of rebirths, all individual existence is regarded as a sorrow. She regrets that this oriental pessimism does not actively foster the good treatment of animals.²³

Animals are her chief concern here. Much of this essay is devoted to sentimental images of neglected and ill-treated domestic animals,

interspersed with outrage at slaughterhouses and vivisection laboratories. The raising and killing of livestock for meat and their breeding to ensure a constant supply of fresh milk and tender young flesh are condemned wholesale. The trapping and killing of animals for their furs, feathers, and tusks, merely for the gratification of female vanity in fashion, are held up to scorn. Any kind of hunting for sport and use of animals for spectator sports she roundly rejects. She even welcomes the advancing mechanization of the world inasmuch as this will reduce the use of beasts of burden. With interim care these can be sustained until they are self-sufficient for a life in the wild. Even the keeping of pets, which live well in countries like England and Germany, where "Aryans" have a more developed appreciation of animals, is ultimately found to be a purely selfish indulgence on the part of humans. All too often, she bemoans, pets are regarded as a nuisance once they are old, inconvenient, or produce young.

Her aim in this book is much more radical than a mere attack on Christianity and an exaltation of nature. She effectively demands an end to man's exploitation of animals and living nature in any form whatsoever. Meat eating, the wearing of furs and feathers, hunting, bullfighting and circus performances, the use of animals in medical and scientific tests, even as beasts of burden are all categorically rejected as unworthy. Man is a superior animal, she concedes, by virtue of his reason and language, but so why should he, a noncarnivore by nature, prey on the rest of the animal kingdom in a manner no better than a ferocious brute? Again she adduces the moral limitation of the man-centered creeds of the West as the root cause of this lack of compassion for animals and their welfare. She complains that science and secularism, even after dismissing all metaphysics, still cling to the superstition of man-centered values: the "dignity of all men." Their goal remains the domination of the world in the hands of man, for man's benefit alone.²⁴

"The history of animal life has been . . . the history of one long and increasingly hopeless struggle against the pretension of man to have the whole earth to himself."²⁵ With this charge, Savitri Devi unconsciously unveils her basic motive behind the sentimental vision of a world of animals living for their own benefit. Her real target is mankind, or at least the universal humanity that disposes so freely over the natural realm as a result of his self-serving religions and morality. The liberal, international ideology of human solidarity against the par-

tial doctrines of racism, nationalism, and fascism is the anvil upon which she wields this hammer of animal rights. In her preface she writes that she was inspired to write this work by the hatred she felt for the hypocrisy and cowardice of the West's outrage at Germany's "crimes against humanity" while still tolerating all this ill-treatment and exploitation of animals. This "false ideal" of human brotherhood against a naturally hierarchized mankind and "healthy race-consciousness" (her coded references to Nazi ideology) is her real enemy.²⁶

Indications of her misanthropic contempt for humanity in contrast to nature abound in this small volume. With an eloquence that matches the pessimism of Deep Ecology today, she documents the vicious, erosive encroachment of mankind upon the natural realm. She recalls that there were lions in ancient Greece and even wolves in seventeenth-century England, but man has taken their place and built his cities, spreading "the network of his ever-grabbling organised life."²⁷

As mankind expanded, forest-areas decreased in surface or vanished away altogether. . . . The forests of France and of the British Isles where stately priests and virgins worshipped the Principle of Eternal Life in the sacred Oak, gradually fell under the merciless axe. . . . The United States of America were a land of forests as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. . . . And there, in the place of the murdered trees . . . roads and railways, towns with endless suburbs, villages rapidly growing into towns, and vast expanses of cultivated land; more and more cultivated land to feed more and more people who might as well never have been born.²⁸

People as a plague. People merely conceived in terms of quantity and their expansion at the expense of all other creation. She contends that far too much is made of human life as a bare physical fact: the fight against disease, to prolong life, to save as many human beings from death.²⁹ She is in revolt against the whole utilitarian ethos of the West, which seeks the greatest good of the greatest number. In her view, people are simply not equal. She is convinced that this emphasis upon universal welfare at the expense of nature will ultimately degrade the planet into a crowded polluted slum. She seeks a qualitative improvement of the world, by which she understands the creation of a hardy, physical breed of superior Aryans inhabiting an aesthetic world of natural beauty. For her, racism is an ecological imperative to conserve the good in nature.

The full violence of her misanthropy is most apparent whenever the Third Reich's crimes are condemned by a liberal West that sees nothing objectionable in its own exploitation of animals. Such a "civilisation," she declares, does not deserve to live. She waxes lyrical in her hopes of the West's destruction so that a new elite of nature-loving supermen might again rise and rule upon its ruins for ever. Indeed, she would rather see all mankind destroyed if there was no hope for nature. She expresses fears that a pacified mankind might colonize the whole earth without limiting its own numbers. Aghast at this prospect, she imagines deliverance in international rivalries and war, which, aided with atomic weapons of mass destruction, might annihilate man together with nature for all time.³⁰ The depth of Savitri Devi's hatred for conventional humanity was matched only by the cloying sweetness of her love of animals, especially dogs, cats, and domestic mammals.

The dramatic sight of the great volcano Hekla in full eruption captured all that Savitri Devi felt about the violence of nature and its power to sweep away the paltry works and beliefs of man. While in Iceland she witnessed this major event on 5 April 1947. Entranced, she watched the seven craters of the erupting volcano as they flamed and smoked, while shooting out great white-hot rocks in flashes of pink light against the bright nocturnal sky. Gaping mouths of fire flickered in the dark crust of the molten lava stream that poured downhill. The unceasing tremor of the earth and roaring beat of the burning mountain seemed to repeat the sacred primeval vocal "Aum." "Ravished in religious rapture," she walked up to the lava stream singing a hymn to Shiva, the lord of the cosmic dance of creation and destruction. In her exultant rhapsody of nature's chaotic power the deep tones of "Aum! Aum!" fused with the great roar of "Sieg Heil!" from Germany's millions in the Third Reich. Later in prison and at her trial in postwar Germany, she would recall Hekla's eruption as a vision of future revenge: the crash of Christian civilization, the resounding Horst Wessel Song, the triumphant swastika flag above the flames and smoke.³¹

She continued writing *Impeachment of Man* throughout her return voyage to Europe and subsequent visits to London and Lyons in the winter of 1945–1946. Daily confronted by the victorious Allied world, she privately indulged her Nazi loyalties alongside fantasies of a violent overthrow of the liberal democratic West. This small book, whose text never once mentions the words "Hitler" or "National Socialism," may

be regarded as her renewed declaration of war against the West, cloaked in the ideology of nature worship and a "life-centred creed." Any ecologically minded person casually reading the book today would note with approval her eloquent defense of the rain forests, her fears of soil erosion, overpopulation, and planetary degradation. It all seems quite in tune with current Green thinking, except perhaps for the viciousness with which she attacks mankind. Only a hint of Nazism, easily overlooked, remains. The work is introduced by a quotation from Josef Goebbels on the Führer's views on vegetarianism, and another from Alfred Rosenberg at the time of his Nuremberg trial: "Thou shalt love God in all living things, animal and plants."³² An avowal of pantheistic divinity combined with the practical rejection of Christian universalism: this remains the essence of Nazism's mixture of power worship and violence with sentimentality. It is the theology of Savitri Devi.

7

THE HITLER AVATAR

The organic growth of religious custom and belief throughout the Indian subcontinent from its origins in the Vedas of the Aryan invaders over a period of four thousand years held great appeal for Savitri Devi. Hinduism appeared to her as a great rambling and unreformed paganism true to its ancient sources and untouched by the imposed monotheism and priesthoods of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. It has already been shown how greatly she revered the Aryans as the most youthful, strong, and beautiful race, the highest expression of nature in the historical world. Given the Vedic origins of Hinduism, it is unsurprising that she should have felt an instinctive affinity for the pagan cults of India. But where did Savitri Devi find her particular inspiration in the immense variety of Hinduism and its long historical development, and more especially, how did Adolf Hitler fit into her Hindu-Aryan philosophy?

The Vedic deities and caste system of the Aryans, the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* epics, the *Bhagavad Gita*, the concept of the avatar, and Vaishnavite Hinduism as practiced in contemporary India formed the essential corpus of Hindu doctrine and scripture familiar to Savitri Devi by the end of the 1930s. From 1937 until the early 1940s, her work on behalf of the Hindu Mission involved her lecturing widely on popular Hinduism in Bengali and Hindi throughout the states of Bengal, Bihar, and Assam. This formal involvement with the traditions and texts of Hinduism, coupled with plentiful opportunity to observe and learn firsthand about Hindu customs and beliefs, leaves no doubt as to her knowledge of Indian religion. However, even at this time she was already developing her own Aryo-Nazi religion, sprinkling her lectures

with references to *Mein Kampf*, and seeking correspondences between Hitlerism and Hinduism as supposed joint heirs of ancient Aryan wisdom.

She received encouragement in this project from a number of highly educated Hindus. During the 1930s, when India was chafing under British rule, the restrictions imposed on Indian nationalists led many to regard Soviet communism and the Third Reich with its Aryan racial doctrine and holy swastika sign as potent alternatives. Those who were religiously inclined even saw Stalin and Hitler as possible redeemer figures and made them the objects of *bhakti* devotion by displaying their photographs on the family shrine alongside the images of their personal deity, be this Vishnu, Shiva, or another god. It was with amazement and joy that Savitri Devi first observed pictures of the Führer on the household altar of Indian families. When she asked Srimat Swami Satyananda, the president of the Hindu Mission in Calcutta, if she might make reference to Hitler and *Mein Kampf* in her official lectures, he replied that Hitler was for them an incarnation of Vishnu, the god who keeps things from rushing to destruction, who keeps things back and goes against time. She was welcome to say what she liked in her lectures, provided that she said it from a Hindu point of view. Satyananda repeated this view of Hitler in 1942, adding that they needed National Socialism in India. She encountered similar pro-Hitler attitudes among many other educated Brahmins besides Asit Krishna Mukherji, and even among illiterate Sudras.¹

Satyananda's references to Hitler as an "incarnation of God" and the "Saviour of the world" were in fact commonplace among high-caste Hindus. Writing of his impressions of university life in India during the 1950s, Aghananda Bharati declared that the active Hindu loves all dictators due to incurable hero worship. This he attributed to the avatar idea—that in every powerful man there is some cosmic power that manifested itself in the god-kings and heroes of the epics and mythology. But Hitler was especially popular, particularly with the aggressive nationalists, for he trounced the British in the early years of the war. Also, Hitler proclaimed the superiority of the Aryan, which is how the Hindu sees himself. Last, the memory of Max Müller's Aryan researches was still fresh: Hitler was the leader of the Sanskrit-knowing Germans.² Bharati was exceptionally well placed to observe this sympathy. Born Leopold Fischer in 1923, he spent his youth in Vienna and embarked early on the scholarly study of India. During the war he

was a member of Bose's Indian Legion, serving mainly in France and Germany. Embracing Hinduism, he became a monk in the Dashanami Order, originally founded by Shankara in 800, and pursued an academic career at Benares Hindu University after the war. He has also written on Golwalkar's Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (RSS) and Hindu fascism.³

Back in Europe during the early postwar years, Savitri Devi began to write the first major statement of her Aryo-Nazi philosophy, which drew together her own long-held convictions, her enthusiasm for National Socialism, and those elements of Hinduism that she regarded as the legacy of immemorial Aryan tradition. This work, entitled *The Lightning and the Sun*, was eventually published in Calcutta in 1958 after her return to India following thirteen years in Europe. She began writing the book in April 1948 in Edinburgh while employed as the wardrobe manager of a traveling dance company, continuing work on it during her propaganda missions and in prison at Werl in the summer of 1949. She returned to the manuscript while living at Lyons in 1951 and 1952, and then, after her pilgrimage to Germany, she completed it between 1954 and spring 1956 while staying as Katja U.'s guest at Emsdetten in Westphalia.

The most important inspiration from Hinduism in her Aryo-Nazi doctrine is the cyclic view of history, according to which the whole of creation commences at a point of perfection, but then declines through successive stages into final decay, until everything once more regains its pristine state and the cycle begins anew. Hindu thinkers had evolved a cyclic theory of time in the *Mahabharata* epic and similar ideas about the cycles also appear in the *Vishnu Purana*, a book of legends dating from the first few centuries A.D. These ancient Indian notions of cosmology and chronology offered a perspective upon the nature of time and its influence on the created universe. The latter work describes the Puranic divisions of time in the cycle of the ages in terms of the four Yugas, or ages. The Sanskrit names for the four ages refer to their relative duration: Krita or Satya (four units), Treta (three), Dvapara (two), and Kali (one). Thus, the Krita Yuga lasts some 1,728,000 years, the Treta Yuga 1,296,000 years, the Dvapara Yuga 864,000 years, and the Kali Yuga 432,000 years. Accordingly, their sum of ten units makes up a Mahayuga equivalent to 4,320,000 years.

The Hindu chronology of the *Vishnu Purana* made provision for even longer periods and cycles, including a thousand Mahayugas or a

Day of Brahman, also known as a Kalpa, equivalent to 4,320,000,000 years. A Year of Brahman was composed of 360 such Days and Nights (i.e., two Kalpas), and the life of Brahman was deemed to last for a hundred such years, yielding the astronomic total of 311,040,000,000,000 years. Such a figure was deemed to define the period of the universe through a complete cycle of creation, development, and collapse. But even this figure was itself just one cycle within a limitless and unending sequence of cycles. However, such large cycles all repeated the basic tenfold pattern of the four Yugas, corresponding to the Golden, Silver, Bronze, and Iron Ages, which determined the nature of life and society from prosperity to decay.⁴

In the *Mahabharata* these ages are described in some detail. The Krita Yuga is characterized as an age in which righteousness is eternal. In this most excellent of Yugas everything had been done and nothing remained to be done. Duties did not languish, nor did the people decline. There was no buying and selling, no efforts needed to be made by men, the fruits of the earth were abundant. No disease or decline of the organs of sense arose through age, there was no malice, weeping, pride, or deceit, no contention, lassitude, hatred, cruelty, fear, affliction, jealousy, or envy. All creatures were devoted to their duties, all the castes were alike in their functions, they were devoted to one deity and used one rule and one rite. During the Treta Yuga righteousness decreased by a fourth. Men now acted with an object in view, seeking rewards for their rites and gifts, while still being devoted to their duties and their ceremonies. The decline became more marked in the Dvapara Yuga, when righteousness was diminished by two quarters. The Veda became fourfold, and with this proliferation of rules, rites, and ceremonies people no longer knew unity. Once men had fallen away from goodness, many diseases, desires, and calamities assailed them and these in turn drove men to practice austerities.⁵

The Kali Yuga, or Iron Age, represented the cosmological and moral nadir in the Hindu cycle of ages. Only a quarter as much righteousness prevailed in comparison with the Krita Yuga. Sacred practices were neglected. Calamities, diseases, fatigue, and faults such as anger, distress, anxiety, hunger, and fear became commonplace. Political and social order collapsed, cities became violent, civilization receded. Evil was everywhere evident and triumphant. The *Vishnu Purana* describes many aspects of this moral and social decay in the Kali Yuga. The observance of caste and order is neglected with promiscuous intermar-

riage among all classes and peoples; women are unfaithful and consort with worthless men; the family and other blood ties lose their meaning; the acquisition of wealth, commerce, and money govern all men's actions and aspirations; liberalism and moral relativism prevail so that any idol or authority is revered on the basis of popularity and individual choice. The rulers oppress and plunder the masses, who then desert the intolerable cities and settle in remote places. There they live in scarcity and want, suffering exposure, and subject to decreasing vigor and longevity. In due course, the entire race is destroyed.⁶

Savitri Devi believed in the former existence of the Golden Age, the most recent Satya, or Krita, Yuga, which had passed away more than two million years ago. In terms reminiscent of the account in the *Mahabharata*, she described the social and political order on earth in that "Age of Truth" as a perfect replica of the eternal order of life:

There was, then, nothing to be changed; nothing for which to shed one's own or other people's blood; nothing to do but to enjoy in peace the beauty and riches of the sunlit earth, and to praise the wise Gods—the "devas" or "shining Ones" as the ancient Aryans called them—Kings of the earth in the truest sense of the word. Every man and woman, every race, every species was, then, *in its place*, and the whole divine hierarchy of Creation was a work of art to which and from which there was nothing to add or to take away.

The end of the Golden Age began with the self-exaltation of a man-centered spirit at the expense of living nature and its naturally superior individuals and races. From then on, violence became unavoidable, "the very law of Life in a fallen world."⁷

The Hindu cycle of ages supplied an implacably deterministic philosophy of history, according to which each Golden Age was followed by successively less righteous ages until evil prevailed and no good could come of anything. Savitri Devi was profoundly impressed by these ancient cosmological notions, for they confirmed some of her earliest convictions. Even as a child in France, she had been contemptuous of the bold progressive idealism of the French Revolution. The ideas of 1789, those man-centered beliefs in liberty, equality, and fraternity, had early struck her at best as a wan secular reflection of Christianity, at worst as an expression of the superficial intellectual optimism of the modern age, which had lost all sense of tradition and man's rootedness in nature. Inspired by her vision of the former glories of

the beautiful, strong, and warlike Aryan race at the dawn of the present cycle, she could not but regard recorded history as a slow process of Aryan corruption and decline. As a cultural pessimist and devotee of Leconte de Lisle, she had no doubts that the world had long been passing through the gloomy Kali Yuga.

In her view early postwar Europe with its grim austerities, ruin, and exhaustion, and, above all, the defeat of Nazi Germany, the focus of her hopes for regeneration and the start of a new Satya Yuga, only served to confirm that the world had yet further to go through the era of gloom. Writing in April 1948 in Scotland, she described the decadence and banality of the modern age as characteristics of the Kali Yuga, which included selfishness, conceit, hypocrisy, and false ideas of human equality and liberty. The Western belief in progress was her especial target and she roundly dismissed its advocates' celebration of literacy, individual freedom, equal opportunities, religious toleration, and humaneness. According to her view, universal education and literacy only rendered the masses more suggestible to the mass conditioning and control of the media and vested interests; the individual could revel in the exercise of trivial choices concerning consumer goods and services while remaining enslaved by the whole commercial system of exploitation and profit and ignorant of any traditional wisdom. Equal opportunities she regarded as no more than a mendacious myth that flew in the face of natural hierarchies, while tolerance and humaneness were for her mere liberal humbug.⁸

As she restlessly traveled around postwar Europe, confronted by Nazi atrocity exhibitions in London, daily reminded of the trial of her heroes at Nuremberg, or seeking escape from the overwhelming evidence of Nazi defeat in remote Iceland, she saw a world that was still rushing onward through the downsweep of the Kali Yuga:

There is no hope of "putting things right," in such an age. It is, essentially, the age . . . described in the . . . Book of books—the *Bhagavad Gita*—as that in which "out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes; out of the confusion of castes, the loss of memory; out of loss of memory the lack of understanding; and out of this, all evils"; the age in which falsehood is termed "truth" and truth persecuted as falsehood or mocked as insanity; in which the exponents of truth, the divinely inspired leaders, the real friends of their race and of all the living,—the god-like men—are defeated, and their followers humbled

and their memory slandered, while the masters of lies are hailed as "saviours"; the age in which every man and woman is in the wrong place, and the world dominated by inferior individuals, bastardised races and vicious doctrines, all part and parcel of an order of inherent ugliness far worse than complete anarchy.⁹

Armed with the Hindu cyclic theory of time, Savitri Devi believed that "human history, far from being a steady ascension towards the better, is an increasingly hopeless process of bastardisation, emasculation and demoralisation of mankind; an inexorable 'fall.'" ¹⁰ Against the dismal cosmological background of the Kali Yuga, she developed her own doctrine of Men in Time, Men above Time, and Men against Time. These three types of historical actors represented three quite distinct responses to the bondage of time as understood in the cycle of the ages. Of the three types, Men in Time are the essential and most active agents of the Kali Yuga. Their conduct and aims typify the dark age and all its vicissitudes. Men above Time are properly at home in the perfection of the Satya Yuga, or Golden Age, and Men against Time act with ruthless violence in an attempt to restore the conditions of the Satya Yuga at the end of the Kali Yuga. By violent means, these martial heroes work to redeem the world from the thrall of the dark age and to initiate a new time cycle.

Men in Time, according to Savitri Devi, are those few strong individuals who wholeheartedly accept the iron law of history and act entirely in their own narrow self-interest. Whether in lust for personal enjoyment, in greed for gold, or in the search for honors, position, and power, this selfish drive is shameless and undisguised by such "noble" ends as the ideas of 1789 or the solidarity of the international proletariat. In seeking only their own personal ends with the utmost intelligence, unscrupulousness, and energy, these Men in Time are "the most thorough, the most mercilessly effective agents of the Death-forces on earth . . . working without hesitation and without remorse in the sense of the downward process of history and, for its logical conclusion: the annihilation of man and all life."¹¹

Men in Time represent the most naked and powerful expression of egoism in the benighted era of the Kali Yuga, an age that is given over to the play of atomistic individual wills striving for their materialistic gratification with no understanding of the wisdom or higher collective goals of happier ages. By seeking their own individual advantage in a

constant war of wills, Men in Time drive history along that oppositional path that is the hallmark of the dark age and its decline. Their gains, profits, or victories are entirely personal; even if they bring wider fortune and prosperity, this is quite incidental to their motive of self-gratification. And all the while they are fighting and struggling and winning, the world around them is violated, thereby growing older, wearier, and less abundant until it is exhausted and reaches the end of the time cycle.

Savitri Devi regarded Genghis Khan (1157–1227) as an outstanding example of a Man in Time. The Mongol leader who rose from a fatherless outcast to the uncontested master of a vast Eurasian empire stretching from the Danube to the Yellow Sea acted only to extend his power. He followed no ideology, no other ends save survival and more power. Although an agent of the dreary Kali Yuga, he also hastened its consummation and end; Genghis Khan was thus a personification of the divine destroyer Mahakala, or Shiva, possessing the awful splendor of the great devastating forces of nature. Due to his powerful and destructive participation in the world, he represented the “lightning” in the title of her book.¹² But because he espoused no higher cause than his own personal gain and power, his empire scarcely survived him. Indeed, Savitri Devi attributed the later rise of European colonialism in Asia under the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and British and its commercial, money-worshipping spirit to the very failure of Genghis Khan to found a more enduring state in this region. The self-seeking and destructive force of the Mongol Empire was thus linked to the rise of Jewish international finance, the great adversary of Aryan rule.¹³

Men above Time are those individuals who have attained the highest enlightenment described in the *Upanishads*. In recognizing the fundamental unity of the divine Self (*Atman*) and the all-pervading God (*Brahman*), they represent the spiritual authority in the Satya Yuga, or Age of Truth, in which complete perfection and righteousness prevail. In ancient India the Brahmins were the counselors and mentors of kings and warriors who were anxious to act in accordance with the commands of timeless wisdom. However, as the world proceeds through the time cycle with increasing disorder and decay, such Men above Time enjoy less and less authority. During the Kali Yuga they just seem to be unworldly mystics whose entire outlook and conduct barely equips them to survive in a world of struggle and conflict, let alone to act as guides and rulers of men. These lonely ascetics abstain

from all violence and cannot change the collective conditions of mankind. At best they can offer personal salvation in breaking the time bondage of individual souls; it is not within their power to re-create the Golden Age before its due time.¹⁴

Savitri Devi described Men above Time as “exiles of the Golden Age in our Age of Gloom,” who live in their own inner world, while renouncing or simply forgetting the nature of the real world around them. In her view, both Buddha and Jesus Christ (whom she regarded as a genial mystic quite unlike St. Paul, the founder and organizer of Christianity) were Men above Time, too good for the fallen earth. Her chief example was Akhnaton, the Egyptian pharaoh of Aryan ancestry, whose ill-fated attempt to institute a golden-age state in the fourteenth century B.C. ended predictably in chaos and failure. Already in *A Son of God* (1946) she had described Akhnaton as a Man above Time “who had tried to impose his lofty ideals upon this Dark Age (both his *and* ours), *without taking into account the fact that violence is the law of any revolution within Time*, specially in the Dark Age (the Kali Yuga of the Hindus).”¹⁵ He came already thousands of years too late for his solar theocracy to have succeeded. But like the sun, his symbol, he shed the last rays of the long-forgotten Satya Yuga while the downsweep of time continued in the ancient world.

In Hindu chronology the Kali Yuga suddenly and momentarily gives way at its lowest point of degradation, suffering, and evil to the opening of a new Satya, or Krita, Yuga, which begins the cycle anew. According to Savitri Devi, Men against Time play a crucial role in the struggle to restore the Golden Age as the Kali Yuga nears the completion of its term. Although possessed of the sunlike qualities and mystical ideals of the Man above Time, the Man against Time employs the practical means, ruthlessness, and violence of the Man in Time for the achievement of collective salvation and the regeneration of the world. In her scheme of things, Men against Time combine the qualities of “Lightning” and “Sun” as the real heroes of history, the builders and defenders of all new churches who devote their whole life and energy to the reshaping of tangible reality on the model of their vision of truth. These divinely inspired militant mystics are rare individuals who suddenly intervene in the downsweep of time with the promise of redemption and the return of the Golden Age. The revolutionary implications of the Man against Time are obvious. Like a fiery comet from the heavens he bursts through the gloomy pall surrounding the earth

in the Kali Yuga to herald the spreading sunshine of a new order of perfection, divine justice, and righteousness.

In Savitri Devi's opinion, the greatest Man against Time in all recorded history was Adolf Hitler, the Führer of the Germans, and the divinely appointed leader of the Aryan world in the West. His demand for German national unity in a strong new Reich in defiance of the humiliating Versailles Treaty clearly identified him as a champion of the old tribal principle against the degenerate capitalist and cosmopolitan world of the Allies. His adoption of racist ideas, his anti-Semitism, and the Nuremberg race laws forbidding intermarriage and sexual relations between Aryans and Jews convinced Savitri Devi that he intended the revival of the Aryan caste system on a global basis. An avid believer in Hitler's propaganda image, she saw his love of children and animals, his domestic modesty, vegetarianism, and abstention from alcohol as typical traits of the kindly ascetic. His ruthless use of military violence against his enemies in a resistant fallen world, no less his uncompromising plan to exterminate the Jews, the age-old adversary and counterimage of the heroic Aryans, identified him as the essential Man against Time.

Savitri Devi's notion of the Man against Time is derived from the Hindu idea of the periodic descent of the Deity, typically Vishnu, in a human, superhuman, or animal form. This mediator between God and men is known as the *avatara* (avatar), or divine incarnation, and represents a development from the extrahuman gods of the Vedic period.¹⁶ The origin of the concept of avatar is obscure, and precursors have been traced to Aryan Iran in the *Bahram Yasht*, a Zoroastrian text, which may even show traces of Chinese influence and mythology. However, in none of these beliefs does the concept play such an important part as it does in the post-Vedic Hindu thought of the epics and the *Bhagavad Gita*. Both the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* describe the descent of avatar in the form of Rama and Krishna, who both reappear as the favorite incarnations of Vishnu in the *Puranas*, ancient legends forming a further part of popular Hindu scripture.

In the *Mahabharata*, Vishnu incarnates ten times successively as a swan, fish, tortoise, boar, man-lion, dwarf, Rama (twice), Krishna, and Kalki. The *Bhagavad Gita* (a section of the *Mahabharata*) tells how Krishna, posing as a charioteer, manifested as an avatar to Arjuna on the battlefield of Kurukshetra during the war of the Koravas and Pandavas in 3102 B.C. Krishna's advice to the warrior prince concerning

his martial duties and divine wisdom comprise the full text of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Puranic avatars also catalyze the cycle of ages as the Yuga avatars: in the Treta Yuga, Vishnu appears as Rama, and as Krishna at the end of the Dvapara Yuga and the beginning of the Kali Yuga. The Kalki avatar appears as the tenth and final incarnation of Vishnu: he arrives in the form of a sword-bearing rider on a white horse to end the dark age and initiate a new golden Satya Yuga.

Savitri Devi is unquestionably the first Western writer to identify Adolf Hitler as an avatar. In a manner suggestive of *bhakti* devotion, she frequently quotes Krishna's verses from the theistic *Bhagavad Gita* with reference to Hitler. One particular couplet appears as the motto of her book *Pilgrimage* and elsewhere in its pages: "When justice is crushed, when evil is triumphant, then I come back. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of evil-doers, for the establishment of the Reign of Righteousness, I am born again and again, age after age."¹⁷ Her eulogy of Hitler's life and political career in *The Lightning and Sun* begins with the incarnation of the divine collective Self of Aryan mankind as "the late-born child of light" in Braunau am Inn in 1889. Her description of the youth and his dawning sense of mission is based on August Kubizek's account of their adolescent friendship in Linz and Vienna during the years 1904 to 1908. Whether enthusing over the magical power of Wagner's music or boldly outlining plans for new cities, buildings, and monuments, Hitler is for her the true friend of his people, ever inspired by the inner vision of a healthy, beautiful, and peaceful world, a real earthly paradise reflecting cosmic perfection.¹⁸

Savitri Devi was sure that Hitler had realized he was an avatar while still a youth. She found compelling proof of this in Kubizek's account of young Adolf's dramatic reaction to a performance of Wagner's *Rienzi* they had seen together during November 1906 in Linz. Both boys were caught up in the great epic of Rienzi's rise to become the tribune of the people of Rome and his subsequent downfall. When the performance ended, it was past midnight. Hitler, usually very talkative after an exciting opera, was silent and withdrawn. He led his friend through the cold, foggy streets up the Freinberg hill on the western side of the town. Kubizek recalled how Hitler strode on, looking pale and sinister, until they reached the summit. They were no longer engulfed by the fog and the stars shone brilliantly overhead. Then Hitler began to speak, his words bursting forth with hoarse passion. Kubizek was utterly amazed. Hitherto he had always understood that Hitler wanted

to become an artist, a painter, or an architect. None of that mattered now. It was as if another Self spoke through him in a state of ecstasy or complete trance. "In sublime, irresistible images, he unfolded before me his own future and that of our people. . . . He now spoke of a mandate that he was one day to receive from our people, in order to lead them out of slavery, to the heights of freedom." With perfect recall of this starry hour in a conversation with Winifried Wagner and Kubizek at Bayreuth in 1939, Hitler solemnly added "In that hour it began."¹⁹

Savitri Devi believed that Adolf Hitler was the western Aryan counterpart of Rama and Krishna among the eastern Aryans of India. She visited Linz and Leonding on her pilgrimage of 1953 in the selfsame spirit that had drawn her in the 1930s to Ayodhya where Rama, the miraculous conqueror of South India, had lived and ruled, and to Brindaban, where Krishna, the immortal teacher of the doctrine of detached violence, had spent his early youth. Both these avatars personified to her the warlike wisdom and the territorial expansion of the hallowed race, and each of them inaugurated a new epoch in the history of the awakening of Aryan consciousness in antiquity.²⁰ Just as Rama and Krishna were Yuga avatars, she so could invoke Hitler, the race savior, as the perennial avatar of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Sitting in the garden of Hitler's former classmate's in Leonding, she visualized the beloved features of her Führer suddenly merging into the impersonal Essence of the many-featured One, who spoke Krishna's words to Arjuna. She was certain that she had sought him for centuries, in life after life, until she realized that the founder of the Third Reich was indeed he—the one who comes back, whenever he should "to establish the reign of Righteousness."²¹

Savitri Devi believed that it was impossible to understand National Socialism apart from the cyclic conception of history suggested by Hindu tradition. She considered that Hitler's vision ultimately transcended even Germany and the Aryan race. The Nazi philosophy set at nought man's intellectual conceit, his naive pride in "progress," and his futile attempts to enslave nature and instead made the mysterious and unfailing impersonal wisdom of forests, oceans, and outer space the basis of a global regeneration policy for an overcrowded, over-civilized, and technically overdeveloped world at the end of the Kali Yuga. She saw Hitler embodying that eternal nature wisdom against the false science, false religion, false morality, and false political ideas of a decadent age. He made Germany's struggle for freedom, healthy

living conditions, and power part of a broader struggle for the liberation of mankind from the Kali Yuga. He made Germany, "the holy Land of the West, the Stronghold of regenerate Aryandom."²²

Savitri Devi also found the faithful echo of ancient Sanskrit wisdom in the institutions and organizations of the Third Reich. Her enthusiastic description of social life in Nazi Germany dwelt on the high moral tone, new housing, and sports and leisure facilities in a sunlit world of energetic purpose. Hitler's measures for the physical and moral protection of his predestined people were intended to foster the natural leaders of the Aryan race. His new laws for the welfare of mother and child, for the creation of ideal living conditions for workmen's families, and for the education of a healthy, self-confident and self-reliant, proud and beautiful youth, and his Nuremberg race laws, all promoted the regeneration of the pure-blooded Germanic race and arrested the threatening tide of inferior humanity, whose rise is always the index of an advanced stage of the Kali Yuga.²³

But Savitri Devi neither ignored nor denied the dark side of Nazism. For her the SS was the supreme Nazi organization, the physical and moral elite of awakening Aryandom, the living matrix in which a new race of gods on earth was to take shape and soul. She dwelt lovingly on the harsh rigors of its discipline and on its high standards of cleanliness, presentation, and drill. Purity of blood and flawless physical perfection were the conditions of admission to the SS: prospective members were obliged to submit a family tree of exclusive Aryan-Germanic descent back to 1750, and superiors took great care in vetting the future spouse of each SS man. Savitri Devi recalled that SS men always gave their religion as *gottgläubig* (believer in God) rather than any denomination. This had nothing to do with Judaeo-Christian notions of universalism but embraced the idea of a natural and biological hierarchy, in which the SS would form a blood aristocracy to rule over the rest of mankind. The SS knew nothing of meekness and humanity; its watchwords were strictness and pride. The black uniforms and ominous death's-head insignia symbolized the harsh forces "in Time" employed for the achievement of a golden age.²⁴

Savitri Devi regarded the SS attitude toward war as the living expression of that ancient Aryan wisdom of detached violence necessary to overcome the dark age. Rigorous selection and training guaranteed the SS man's complete self-mastery and military skill. However, National Socialism was pitted against all the forces of darkness and decay

in a fallen world, and this great cosmic battle required terrible deeds on the part of its elite military vanguard. The SS was involved in the liquidation of Jewish ghettos and the administration of concentration camps; after the Wehrmacht attack on the Soviet Union, the SS *Einsatzgruppen* shot hundreds of thousands of Jews and communist officials in mass executions; millions of Jews were murdered in the extermination camps in occupied Poland. Savitri Devi saw the SS as the living enactment of the ancient Aryan warrior code described in the *Bhagavad Gita*: "Perform without attachment that action which is duty, desiring nothing but the welfare of Creation."²⁵ And again, "Taking as equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, gird thyself for battle." With frightful logic, she saw the embodiment of this Aryan *kshatriya* warrior spirit in Otto Ohlendorf, the commander of an SS *Einsatzgruppe*, condemned to death as a war criminal at Nuremberg.²⁶

In her millenarian expectation of the end of the Kali Yuga, Savitri Devi combined the Hindu cyclic theory of time with more Manichean and dualistic notions of Judaeo-Christian apocalyptic prophecy. Savitri Devi saw the Jews as the embodiment of the Kali Yuga. Her broad surveys of ancient history often touched on the rise of the Semites, initially in the overthrow of the Mitanni by the Assyrians and the migration of the Hebrews into Palestine during Akhnaton's reign. While the Aryans were refining the caste system in India and their western cousins were first settling as Teutons and Mycenaean Greeks in Europe, the Jews, she believed, were elaborating a cunning strategy for world dominion. Strictly adhering to their own tribal identity, the Jews encouraged racial mixing, cosmopolitanism, liberalism, and skepticism among all other peoples to promote their disintegration and downfall. Scattered by the Romans in the first century A.D., the Jews entered Europe in the early Middle Ages and became in due course the ferment of its nations. During the modern period the atomistic self-seeking individualism of money capitalism served their purposes as much as Marxism, another Jewish doctrine intended for Gentile consumption, which cynically preached international raceless brotherhood.²⁷

Savitri Devi presents a metaphysical anti-Semitism, according to which the Jew is the expression of the downsweep of the time cycle, and whose purpose is the dissolution of all races, all nations, all communities, and ultimately all life upon the planet. From the fourth cen-

tury B.C. onward until the time of Philo, she argued, hellenized Jews had begun blending their cabbalistic notions with Greek ideas to create that religion of man opposed to all other living creatures. This exaltation of man over nature led, either through capitalism or communism, to a general bastardization of the whole human species and its exponential proliferation as producers and consumers at the expense of all other creatures in "a reign of quantity" characterized by money, rational calculation, and the growth of human numbers. However, such philosophical falsehood was matched by its ecological folly. Mankind would simply create one vast international slum in which he completed the exhaustion and destruction of nature itself. In her account the Jews are thus the epitome of the death forces in the era of gloom.²⁸

Certain passages in Hitler's *Mein Kampf* do indeed possess a strange cosmic quality. Especially when writing of the Jews or Marxism as the enemies of the Aryan race, Hitler often raises Nazi ideology to the level of a principle of order in the universe. Terms like the "planets," the "world ether," "destiny," "millions of years," and all "creation" lend a cosmological note to his accounts of nature, the struggle for life, and the survival of the fittest.²⁹ Hitler also identified the human conquest and transcendence of nature as a dangerous illusion of Jewish origin. Should the Jew, with the aid of Marxism, prevail over mankind and the laws of nature, Hitler prophesied that "the planet will go its way, void of human beings, through aetherial space, as it did millions of years ago. . . . [B]y defending myself against the Jew, I am fighting for the work of the Lord."³⁰ Savitri Devi seized upon such passages as striking evidence of Hitler's divine mission to eradicate the man-centered faiths in the Judaeo-Christian orbit of the modern Western world in favor of that doctrine "in the interest of the Universe."³¹

She regarded Hitler as an avatar like Rama and Krishna, the most widely remembered Aryan heroes of ancient India, who also knew that the end of the Kali Yuga can be achieved only by responding to the decay of the dark age with yet greater violence.³² Savitri Devi glorified Hitler for his avataric intervention against the forces of death and disintegration in a battle for the future of the universe. At the mass meetings and rallies of the 1920s and 1930s "he spoke with the wild eloquence of emergency, knowing that the struggle he was about to start had to take place then or never."³³ He knew that his German people and the whole Aryan race "were threatened in their existence by the agents of the Death-powers; cornered; and that their definitive

downfall and disappearance would mean the definitive downfall of higher organised Life upon this planet, with no hope of resurrection."³⁴ She extolled the mystical insight, elemental logic, and violence of Nazism as the collective expression of Hitler's own iron will, militant brutality, and fanatical faith.

The Yuga avatar was a harbinger of the apocalypse and the onset of the next age. The Hindu mythology of the *Puranas* foretold the advent of Kalki, the tenth and final avatar of Vishnu as the divine incarnation who will end the Kali Yuga and initiate a new Krita Yuga.

When the close of the Kali age shall be nigh, a portion of that divine being who exists of his own spiritual nature in the character of Brahma, and who is the beginning and the end, and who comprehends all things, shall descend upon earth: he will be born in the family of Vishnuyasas, an eminent Brahman of Sambhala village as Kalki, endowed with the eight superhuman faculties. . . . [H]e will destroy all whose minds are devoted to iniquity. He will then reestablish righteousness upon earth; and the minds of those who live at the end of the Kali age shall be awakened, and shall be as pellucid as crystal. The men who are thus changed by virtue of that peculiar time shall be as the seeds of human beings, and shall give birth to a race who shall follow the laws of the Krita age, or age of purity.³⁵

The critical and final nature of the Kalki avatar in the cycle of the ages has led to speculation that this is a borrowing from Christian apocalyptic prophecy concerning the Second Coming of Christ. This particular myth in the *Vishnu Purana* has been dated to the first couple of centuries A.D., and scholars have wondered whether this idea entered India with the Parthian invasions in the same period. Kalki is always portrayed in Hindu iconography as a sword-bearing warrior mounted on a white horse, which would again suggest a link to the redeemer figure or warrior Christ in the Book of Revelation. This close parallel between Christian and Hindu ideas of the savior, in the first case as one who ends all history, in the second as one who restores perfection for the period of a new cycle, go some way to explaining the peculiar attraction of Kalki to the Western millenarian mind. Savitri Devi devoted the final part of *The Lightning and the Sun* to the coming of Kalki and the end of the age of gloom.

Did Savitri Devi believe Adolf Hitler was Kalki? She almost certainly did during the heyday of the Third Reich and the first half of the Second World War. As Hitler's avataric battle escalated into a global

conflict with the declaration of war against the Soviet Union followed by the United States, she shuddered at his colossal challenge to the combined dark age forces of Jewry, Marxism, and international capitalism. However, by late 1944 even she and her husband could no longer have expected an Axis victory; it was clear that Hitler had not ended the Kali Yuga. But her hopes for its ending remained undimmed, and she also clung to the belief that Hitler was still alive, awaiting the right moment to resume hostilities against the world. It was only certain that Kalki would come and Hitler might indeed reappear as Kalki at this final Armageddon. But even if Hitler himself did not return, Kalki would combine the qualities of the Krishna avatar on the Kurukshetra battlefield in the *Bhagavad Gita* with those of Adolf Hitler and of all Men against Time who come back to reestablish the reign of righteousness.

In the meantime, she believed that Hitler had offered not only himself but his beloved German people in sacrifice, for the fulfillment of the highest purpose of Creation: the survival of a superior mankind. Krishna's words appeared as the second motto of *Pilgrimage*: "I am the Oblation; I am the Sacrifice . . ." (*Bhagavad Gita* IX, 16). In early 1956 when Germany was divided and Nazism reviled, Savitri Devi fondly imagined that Hitler would survive in songs and symbols: "[T]he Lords of the new Time-cycle, men of his own blood and faith, will render him divine honours, through rites full of meaning and full of potency, in the cool shade of the endless re-grown forests, on the beaches, or upon the inviolate mountain-peaks, facing the rising sun."³⁶ For Savitri Devi the place of Adolf Hitler in the future Aryan pantheon was quite secure.

8

DEFIANCE

In May 1945 Europe lay in ruins. Because of the sustained Anglo-American bombing campaign since 1943, countless German cities were reduced to shells and rubble. Hitler's reckless policy of "no surrender," coupled with his wild hopes of miracle weapons, a falling-out among the Allies, or other freak reversal in the grinding defeat of the German armed forces had brought the war deep into the Reich. By the end, whole industries were destroyed; basic amenities and transport systems shattered; food and fuel scarce. The soldiers were demoralized, captured, or dead. The ragged civilian survivors searched for the missing amid a wasteland of defeat and enemy occupation. This burden of defeat, loss, and death was compounded with horror and disgrace. The Allied discoveries of the concentration camps, notably Belsen and Dachau, revealed the depravity of the Third Reich to the world at large. The emaciated victims and piles of corpses became the symbol of Nazi bestiality and German shame. Hitler and the Third Reich were reviled; Germany was an outcast among the nations.

Savitri Devi returned to this war-ravaged Europe in late 1945 to make her belated contribution to the Nazi cause. She knew she had left this mission too late; that while the Third Reich was martial, ebullient, and expansive, she had been far removed from action in India. Now, the defeat of Hitler and disgrace of Germany reduced her from a triumphant votary of the New Order to a quasi-gnostic sectary of Nazism in a world of Western ascendancy. Her sense of frustration at missing the "great days" of the Third Reich were overwhelming. Whenever she met Nazi loyalists, former SS men, and Wehrmacht veterans in occupied Germany, her admiration and compassion for these people was

matched only by regret that she had failed to stand beside them during the heyday of Nazi rule. She was always repining that she had not shared with them the excitement and inflationary sense of power amid the thunderous applause of the Nazi crowds. Now she could only join them in their suffering, losses, and martyrdom. This desire to identify belatedly with the defeated Nazi cause and its devotees propelled her into a quixotic and hopeless mission on behalf of the Third Reich. Her subsequent detention as an Allied prisoner fulfilled her burning desire to share the fate of the Nazi faithful.

She approached her Nazi mission by degrees, not entering Allied-occupied Germany until the spring of 1948. But the total defeat of Germany cast its long shadow over her return to Europe. In November 1945 she had sailed on a passenger liner bound from Bombay to Southampton. During the several weeks on board there was no other conversation among her English fellow passengers but the defeat of Nazism. After a brief stay in London she traveled to France to visit her mother in Lyons, only to learn that she had been active throughout the war in the French Resistance against German occupation. Reunited for the first time since 1934, mother and daughter now found that a bitterly fought war as well as an ideological gulf divided them, and their relations were duly strained. However, Savitri Devi stayed on in Lyons, completing her classic misanthropic book *Impeachment of Man* there in March 1946.

Back in London, she arranged for the publication of *A Son of God* by the Theosophical Society at its press on Great Russell Street in London. This publication under the auspices of the society is understandable given its promotion of esoteric and Hindu ideas throughout Europe and America from the late nineteenth century onwards. But while Theosophists were interested in the subject of ancient Egypt and its mysteries, Savitri Devi had no time for their cosmopolitan and universal philosophy. The book led to some public lectures on the mystical pharaoh and his sun cult. She soon found new friends with similar interests in the capital. Muriel Gantry, a young theater costume designer, had long been interested in Minoan Crete and they spent many hours absorbed in the history of the ancient Mediterranean world. Muriel Gantry never shared Savitri Devi's Nazi interests but remained a loyal, lifelong friend. Through her own contacts in the theater world, she was able to obtain employment for Savitri Devi, who thus secured a livelihood during her time in London.

Wherever she went in London, Savitri Devi felt oppressed by the constant barrage of anti-German sentiment and propaganda, the suspicion and hatred of National Socialism. On Oxford Street she saw a photographic exhibition of Nazi atrocities and newsreels of the liberation of the concentration camps. She hurried on. But everywhere, in milk bars and cafes, in railway station waiting rooms and private houses, the radio ceaselessly recounted the horrors of Hitlerism and impugned all that Savitri Devi stood for. She stayed in cheap accommodations and suffered the conversation of fellow boarders. At the supper table in Mrs. Ponworth's boardinghouse at 37 Wood Lane, Highgate, she endured a Jewish woman's account of Nazi infamies and general support for the Nuremberg trials that were then nearing completion. The only dissenting voice came from a black Christian, whose plea for mercy enraged the Jewess and earned Savitri Devi's cynical approval.¹ These and many similar discussions about the terrible deeds of the Nazis and the overwhelming case for prosecuting the leading war criminals only hardened her extremist convictions.

The fearful prospect that her heroes would shortly be sentenced by the International Military Tribunal now filled all her waking hours. A few days later, while staying at a nurses' hostel at 104 Grosvenor Road in Pimlico, she dreamed one night that she entered the Nuremberg cell of Hermann Goering. He saw her and was rather astonished, but she reassured him that she was a friend. She declared that she wished she could save all the Nuremberg defendants from the ignominy of the trial, but the heavenly powers had granted her leave to save only one man. She had chosen Goering because of his kindness to animals. (She understood that Goering, as Reich Forestry Commissioner, had established extensive conservation areas in the Third Reich.) She then felt something small in her hand, and although she did not know what it was, she handed it to the former Reichsmarschall, saying, "Take this, and do not allow these people to kill you as a criminal." She bid the surprised prisoner a farewell "*Heil Hitler*" and then vanished. The next morning she overslept until ten o'clock, which was most unusual. It was the sixteenth of October and a rainy day in London. Outside the hostel at a newspaper kiosk she read with amazement the headlines "Goering found dead in his cell at 2.30 A.M. No one knows who gave him the poison. Potassium Cyanide." This experience of astral travel in her subtle body was her only contact with the top leadership of the Third Reich.²

Still she hesitated to travel to Germany and witness the defeat of the Third Reich. Wishing to escape the constant reminders of Germany's disgrace, she seized an opportunity to lecture on Akhnaton in Iceland. On 28 November 1946 she sailed from Hull to Iceland, arriving seven days later at Reykjavik with only five pounds in her pocket. Following her lecture engagement, she stayed on, found employment, and began learning Icelandic. In the hard winter of early 1947 she worked as a maid on a farm outside Reykjavik. Later she took a job as a French tutor to an Icelander's Austrian wife. Although she found the Icelandic people splendid specimens of the Aryan racial type, she was bitterly disappointed by their general hostility to Nazism. Even on this remote island in the Arctic Circle it proved impossible to escape the general abhorrence of the Nazi creed. She consoled herself by writing a play about Akhnaton and the persecution of his sun cult, which was a thinly veiled allegory of the defeat of Hitler.

The barren, austere landscape of Iceland mirrored the iron in her soul as she contemplated the defeat of her ideals. But this strange world of glaciers, geysers, and volcanoes also offered a rich pageant of nature, that amoral power that she worshiped in Shiva and his dance of creation and destruction. On the night of 5 April 1947, she rapturously watched the full eruption of Mount Hekla, Iceland's most famous volcano, which had already erupted eighteen times before 1845. At other times her mood was reflective. On 9 June she visited the Godafoss (Waterfall of the Gods), where a priest had once thrown the images of the old pagan gods as a demonstration of his conversion to Christianity about the year 1000. Deeply moved, she stood beside the waterfall, thinking of Odin, Thor, and Baldur, whom her Viking ancestors had once worshiped, lying for more than nine hundred years at the bottom of the icy waters of the Skjálfandafliót and still waiting for the "great Heathen Renaissance." In one of her ritual acts she recited the verse of *Lecote de Lisle*, which a Norse god addresses to the child Jesus:

Thou shalt die in thy turn!
 Nine times, I swear it by the immortal Runes,
 Thou shalt die like I, god of new souls!
 For man will survive. Twenty centuries of suffering
 Will make his flesh bleed and his tears flow,
 Until the day when thy yoke, tolerated two thousand years,
 Will weigh heavily upon the necks of the rebellious races;

When thy temples, standing in their midst
Will become an object of mockery to the people;
Then, thy time will be up . . .³

Invoking the Aryan gods, she implored their aid in her struggle to restore the Nazi cult of youth, health, and strength, before casting the paper into the roaring cataract.

She remained in Iceland until the end of 1947, when she returned to England. Once again she found theatrical employment as the wardrobe manager of the Randoopa Dancing Company, which traveled around England, Scotland, France, and Scandinavia giving performances of Indian dance. By early April 1948 she was in Edinburgh, beginning work on her final statement of Aryan doctrine and Nazi witness, *The Lightning and the Sun*. She next accompanied the group from Scotland across the North Sea to Sweden, arriving in May. In Stockholm she chanced to meet an old acquaintance from 1946 in London, a zealous English Nazi sympathizer, who introduced her to a number of Swedish Nazis, including the famous explorer Sven Hedin, then eighty-three years old.

By the first decade of the century Sven Hedin (1865–1952) was regarded as one of the world's leading Asiatic explorers. Immediately after leaving school he had traveled three thousand kilometers on horseback through Persia and Mesopotamia. In 1890 he was attached to King Oscar's embassy to the shah of Persia and then visited Khurasan and Turkestan. His later expeditions in the Pamir, China, and Tibet between 1893 and 1897, 1899 and 1902, and 1906 and 1908, recounted in his numerous books of adventure, brought him international recognition and honors. A lover of the desert and remote places, Hedin was a political reactionary. He detested the liberal government in Sweden and was a great admirer of Wilhelmian Germany. During the 1914–1918 war he had met the kaiser, Hindenburg, and leading commanders at the western front and was bitterly disappointed by the German defeat. After the rise of the Nazis, he became a loyal supporter of the Third Reich, frequenting the dining tables of Hitler, Goering, and other top Nazi brass throughout the war. His last major political work, *Amerika im Kampf der Kontinente* (1942), condemned Roosevelt's intervention in European affairs, recalled the 1918 "stab-in-the-back" legend beloved of German militarists, and generally followed the Nazi Foreign Office line. After

1945, Hedin's reputation was severely tarnished by these associations and writings.⁴

Hedin's aura of heroic adventure, his daring and hazardous travels across Asia, his triumphant homecomings to receive the tribute of monarchs and the adulation of crowds had been the stuff of legend. But now in 1949 all this was past. Expelled from various international societies, he bemoaned the modern world. His Nazi enthusiasm had rendered him a political pariah. A meeting at a Stockholm reception with the liberal Thomas Mann on 24 May remained at the level of small talk. On 4 June Hedin penned his thoughts on the defeat of communism and the unbreakable spirit of the Germanic race to Johannes Lehmann, editor of a Danish journal.⁵ Two days later he received Savitri Devi, a fellow diehard in the Nazi cause. On 6 June they conversed for four hours about the fate of Germany and the chances of a Nazi revival. The old Swede evidently gave her fresh hope, alluding to Germany's immense resources of courage and strength despite defeat and hinting that Hitler might indeed still be alive. Thus encouraged, she decided to set forth on what was to be the first of three sorties into occupied Germany as an agent of the vanquished Nazi cause.⁶

She prepared for her mission by laboriously writing out her own German text on five hundred slips of paper—a task that took two entire nights.

Men and women of Germany, in the midst of unspeakable rigours and suffering, hold fast to our glorious National Socialist faith, and resist! Defy the people, defy the powers, which work to denazify the German nation and the whole world. Nothing can destroy whatever is built on truth. We are the pure gold which can be tested in the furnace. The furnace may glow and crackle. Nothing can destroy us. One day we will rebel and triumph again. Hope and wait! Heil Hitler!⁷

Thus armed, she boarded the Nord-Express in Stockholm bound for Germany on 15 June and distributed her leaflets in cigarette packets and other small gifts of sugar, coffee, sardines, cheese, and butter from the train as it passed through stations from the frontier at Flensburg via Hamburg, Bremen, Duisburg, Düsseldorf, and Cologne to Aachen. The railway journey across Germany lasted fifteen hours and it was a rite of initiation for Savitri Devi. The sight of the devastated cities, the twisted wreckage of industrial installations, the misery and hunger of the defeated Germans made a deep impression on her, confirming her

love for Germany and her hatred of the Allies. There was also opportunity for political exchange: in Duisburg two German railway policemen boarded the train and expressed their appreciation of her gesture; three Jews in the theater company traveling with her were outraged. This minor mission completed, she returned to London for a short stay.

Later in the year she repeated the operation on a larger scale. A military permit to visit Germany for a longer period was obtained from the Bureau des Affaires Allemandes in Paris through the good offices of a former schoolfriend who had influence in Free French circles and knew nothing of Savitri Devi's political convictions. Savitri Devi stated that she intended to write a book about Germany as her reason for visiting the occupied country. Returning through France and the Saarland to enter the French Occupation Zone of Germany at Saarhölzbach, she spent some three months between 7 September and 6 December 1948 distributing a further six thousand leaflets in the three Western zones and the Saarland. In the course of this extended visit, she had many opportunities to acquaint herself with the Germans and their conquerors. A long conversation with a French occupation official at Baden-Baden only confirmed her contempt for the Allies' hypocrisy, their policy of reeducation, and the sham of democracy. In Koblenz she was introduced to a group of Nazi loyalists, including Fritz Horn, whose health had been broken by mistreatment in Allied POW camps on German soil after the war. In Bonn she met an unrepentant Nazi veteran whose fulminations against the Allies and fantasies of future revenge warmed her heart.⁸ This more substantial operation behind her, she returned to London to spend Christmas with friends before mounting her third and final propaganda mission to the defeated Reich.⁹

"Gold in the Furnace," the phrase used in her first propaganda leaflet to typify the endurance of the Germans even in the hardest trials of their defeat and subjection, became the leitmotif and title of her book describing her travels and reflections during 1948 and early 1949 in postwar Germany. She had begun writing *Gold in the Furnace* in early October 1948 at Alfeld an der Leine in Lower Saxony, shortly after entering occupied Germany on her second, longer propaganda mission, and three chapters were already completed by the time of her arrest in February 1949. A further three were finished while she was in investigative custody, and the final eight chapters were written secretly while she was imprisoned at Werl. She completed the book in her prison cell

on 16 July 1949, a month before her release. She called the book "her favourite child" and it is evident that she poured out her soul in these descriptions of the staunch Nazi loyalists she had met in the course of her autumn 1948 mission. Her heroes were set against a bitter and crushing background of urban ruin and rubble, the pressures of denazification, and other Allied impositions, restrictions, and economic reparations involving the dismantlement of German industrial plant and deforestation.

The encounters are interspersed with lengthy avowals of National Socialism and denunciations of the futile and declining Western world of democracy and Christianity. These verbatim records of her contacts with Germans in the early postwar years are especially interesting for the light they throw on the attitudes and expectations of defeated people unable to make sense of the catastrophe of defeat following the collective excitement and national pride of the Third Reich. Conversations with these individuals followed a regular pattern. If Savitri Devi's credentials were already established by personal introductions or clandestine recommendations, the exchange would usually provide mutual comfort and encouragement concerning the temporary nature of defeat, the imminent prospect (two to three years) of a Nazi revival, and on occasion the assertion that Hitler was alive in hiding and simply waiting for the opportune moment. When striking up a casual acquaintance, Savitri Devi would often mention that she was writing a book about Germany. Whenever admonished by a Nazi sympathizer to write the truth and eschew prejudice, she would protest delightedly that she was herself a staunch Nazi.

A chance encounter at Koblenz railway station with an old shopkeeper, Fräulein E., led Savitri Devi to Herr M. He ridiculed the Allied policy of reeducation, declaring that the Führer gave them a sense of life that was eternal, not to be believed in but seen with one's own eyes. Everything that had occurred since 1945 only served to convince them that the Nazi doctrine was right in all respects, namely, on the Jewish question, the rule of the fittest, and the racial principle. Even more Germans believed this now than during the Third Reich.¹⁰ Herr M. in turn introduced her to two more Nazi loyalists, with whom she stayed for several days. Friedrich Horn and his companion, Fräulein B., occupied a cramped garret room at the top of a house amid the ruins of Koblenz. Savitri Devi was particularly impressed by Horn, whom

she revered as a model Nazi and a martyr to the cause in consequence of his ill-treatment by the Allies. She related his story with reverence and pathos.

Horn was an architect by profession and an ardent Nazi Party member, having held the office of *Ortsgruppenleiter* from 1932 onward during the Third Reich. Arrested as a prominent local Nazi by the Americans at the end of May 1945, Horn was first held at Diez before being transferred by rail to a concentration camp at Schwarzenborn near Treysa, together with nine or ten thousand other National Socialists. Detained in a former cavalry stables, Horn shared a stall with two other men. The conditions were appalling: no blankets, no running water, and only half a bowl of thin watery soup and three hard biscuits to eat each day. One in twenty of the internees died of starvation within a fortnight. By the end of December 1945 Horn, had lost sixty-five pounds, could hardly stand up, and was admitted to the camp hospital. In February 1946 he was transported by cattle truck to a concentration camp in Darmstadt, where the temperature in the unheated cells fell as low as -25° C during the harsh winter of 1946–1947. After several nights, Horn was hospitalized once more for three months and finally released in December 1947. His health was permanently ruined as a result of his ill-treatment in the camps, where he had spent nearly three years.¹¹

The case of Friedrich Horn simply illustrates the chaotic postwar conditions in the American and French concentration camps, both in their zones of occupation in Germany and in France.¹² But in her hatred of the Allies, Savitri Devi latched onto any such instances of suffering, hunger, and torture among Nazi prisoners. In the little garret with Horn and his companion, she was in the presence of such a martyr. She lovingly described Horn's open face, his proud bearing, above all the calmness and cheerfulness of a warrior-sage whose quiet faith and confidence in the ultimate victory of the Nazi idea transcended his own suffering. Horn fetched his copy of *Mein Kampf*, while Fräulein B. showed Savitri Devi a glass etching of Hitler's portrait on a pendant and pressed her to accept it as a gift. Savitri Devi was greatly moved by this gesture. All three spent the rest of the evening reading and commenting on passages of *Mein Kampf*, exchanging their views on the necessity of a heathen outlook, and the incompatibility of Nazism and Christianity. Gathered under the steep attic roof somewhere in French-occupied Koblenz, the new friends celebrated their secret Nazi

gnosis in devotional exercises like members of a persecuted sect. At their final parting in August 1949, Horn presented Savitri Devi with his only copy of *Mein Kampf* with the words "Go wherever you might be the most useful and wait. Hope and wait . . . if, being alone, you feel powerless, you have your burning faith,—our common Nazi faith—to sustain you. And you have this: our Führer's immortal words; a remembrance from Germany." As if concluding a religious rite, they exchanged the Hitler salute.¹³

Earlier in September 1948 on a fine early autumn day Savitri Devi had walked in the forest adjoining the Harz mountains with another Nazi stalwart, Herr A. She had never met him before and owed her introduction to Nazis living abroad. Mindful of spies and thin walls at home, Herr A. suggested that they wander in the forest in order to talk freely. Amid the golden foliage and birdsong, Savitri Devi told Herr A. something of her life, her visit to Palestine in 1929 and repugnance at the Jews, her search in India for a traditional Aryan culture, and her unending regret at not coming to Germany during the Third Reich. After all, she would have seen the Führer. Herr A. understood her perfectly. Hitler was alive, Herr A. knew where he was, although he could not tell her now. He assured her she should see Hitler and hear him tell her how pleased he was that she was among the Germans during their darkest days in 1948. However, he cautioned her to be more guarded in her enthusiasm, for she could easily betray her real feelings to the enemy in this land of fear and occupation. Herr A. confided to her his plans to build a sun temple as a Nazi shrine, a project that found her wholehearted support.¹⁴

Another encounter took place in a café in Bonn. Here Savitri Devi's attention was caught by a pair of German men at a neighboring table. One of these was unlike any of her earlier contacts: an elemental and fearsome fellow, whose head and shoulders reminded her of a bison in the ancient Germanic forests. Energy and will power were written all over his broad forehead, red angular face, and powerful chin. He was the tough beer-hall-fighter type, the representative of the Nazi crowd. Savitri Devi thrilled at the sight of this "warrior of Hermann in a shabby modern suit"—she saw in him a symbol of Germany's resurrection. The beer-hall fighter struck up a conversation with her and was soon telling her the story of his war. As a Wehrmacht soldier in France, he had marched through the Arc de Triomphe, and his troop had proceeded as far as the Spanish border. *Jawohl*, they had had a

great time. They had eaten and drunk but always remained gentlemen. They had brought order to the countries they ruled, maintained a strict code of honor and been generous and merciful to the conquered. But when they lost the war, many Wehrmacht soldiers were unable to leave France in good time and were severely mistreated in concentration camps, some even deported for many years to the tropics and Indochina. He himself had been interned in France until 1948.

Continuing his narrative to postwar conditions in occupied Germany, the old fighter's face darkened. "Nice people to talk about freedom and justice, these damned democrats! They have tied us hand and foot, so that we cannot move, they have muzzled us, so that we can offer no resistance, while they plunder our country left and right, dismantle and carry off our factories piece by piece, cut down our forests, take our coal, our iron, our steel, all that we have, and into the bargain make people believe that we were to blame for the war—these confounded liars!" He lusted for revenge. He longed for the day when the last Allies ran for their lives to escape Germany, when Paris would lie in ruins at its next German occupation; next time he would show neither mercy nor good humor. Savitri Devi felt a sense of mounting excitement as his mood became ever uglier and he began to describe in a raised voice how he would kill his enemies: this was the spirit she sought, the rolling eyes of a wounded animal, a war god of the Stone Age thirsting for blood, barbaric magnificence. It was a perfect meeting of minds: the violent resentful German and the Aryan prophetic of revenge. The day of reckoning seemed already nearer.¹⁵

In preparation for her third propaganda sortie to enemy-occupied Germany she had printed in London a small German-language handbill, headed with a swastika, exhorting the Germans to remain true to their Führer, who was reputed to be still alive, and to rise up against the Allied forces now stationed throughout the country. Her sense of mission, her Nazi piety, and her self-proclaimed membership in a tiny gathered remnant of Hitler loyalists are evident from the text:

German People

What have the democracies brought you?

In war time, phosphorous and fire.

After the war, hunger, humiliation and oppression;

the dismantling of the factories;

the destruction of the forests;

and now,—the Ruhr Statute!
 However, "Slavery is to last but a short time more."
Our Führer is alive
 And will soon come back, with power unheard of.
 Resist our persecutors!
 Hope and wait.

Heil Hitler!

S.D.

This fervent appeal, coupled with apocalyptic hopes surrounding the reappearance of Hitler, was followed by a stanza of the well-known Nazi marching song:

Wir werden weiter marschieren
 wenn alles in Scherben fällt;
 denn heute gehört uns Deutschland
 und morgen, die ganze Welt.¹⁶

Given the utter defeat and demoralization of postwar Germany, its shattered industries, depleted work force, the hungry cities, and the growing dependence on the occupying forces, such an appeal was at best symbolic. It chiefly served Savitri Devi's burning need to demonstrate her solidarity with Nazism, her loyalty to Adolf Hitler, and her loathing of the West and its supposed superiority. She began distributing the handbill on the night of 13/14 February 1949 in Cologne and soon found a comrade to help her. His name was Gerhard Wassmer, a former SS man who in 1945 had been transported by the French as a POW to work in hard-regime camps in the Congo. The German prisoners had been subject to black overseers, and conditions had been intolerable. Of the 11,000 sent out to the Congo, only 4,800 survived to see Europe again. Wassmer was receptive to Savitri Devi's mission, and they agreed to meet again after a week.

By this time she had successfully distributed 11,500 leaflets and handbills in West German cities during five months' clandestine activity. However, Wassmer was caught by British military police, who were waiting for her when she inquired after him at his Catholic Mission address in Cologne on 20 February. She was remanded in custody, initially in Cologne before being transferred to Düsseldorf on 7 March, when the hearing was postponed for a week. On 14 March she was

driven by car through Dortmund and Duisburg to Essen for an initial court hearing. Pleading a call of nature among the ruins of Essen, she briefly left the car and chalked "*Heil Hitler!*" on a wall in a further act of defiance. At the hearing her accomplice denied any interest in her propaganda mission. But this did not surprise nor disappoint her. She recognized that most Germans were now exhausted by the long war and the occupation that she had missed far away in India; she alone now had the energy for this ritual defiance of the Allies. This was her duty and her destiny.¹⁷

At the hearing it was decided that Savitri Devi had a case to answer under Article 7 of Law No. 8 of the Occupation Status, which forbade the promotion of militarist and National Socialist ideas on German territory subject to the Allied Control Commission. The maximum penalty for the breach of this law was the death sentence. She was to be detained at the British military prison for women at Werl until her formal trial, which was fixed for 5 April 1949. During the ensuing three weeks she was further questioned by British officers about her motives and inspiration, chiefly in order to establish if she was acting on behalf of a renegade Nazi organization or underground network in Germany. Regularly interrogated by military intelligence officer Hatch, she supplied details of her first visit to India in 1932 on account of her interest in eugenics, the caste system, and Hinduism as a living survival of the old Aryan cults of Europe. Hatch probed in vain for political links and was simply confronted by her unabashed Nazi piety: she attributed her National Socialist conviction to her philosophy, her essentially aesthetic attitude to religious and social problems, and her interpretation of world history.¹⁸

Throughout her interrogation by Hatch and other British officers and in discussions with prison wardresses, Savitri Devi displayed aloofness and political contempt for the values of the West. Despite the evident military and economic might of the occupying powers, she clung fast to her Nazi faith and its ultimate victory. Her response to any challenge concerning the inhumanity of Nazism was haughty disdain for the trivial, secular man-centered values of Western democracy, liberalism, and Christianity. Her truths were wholly impersonal and cosmic; her vision rested on the life-centered pageant of nature, the great wheel of creation and destruction, beside which man's concerns, comforts, and rights appeared trifling and insignificant. Utopian images of natural beauty, racial purity, and flawless perfection underlay her conception

of Nazi spirituality; man himself and his notions of comfort and mutual benefit she regarded with icy scorn. Arrogance and hatred defined her attitude.

As the date of the trial approached, she indulged in fantasies of martyrdom for the Nazi cause. In a conversation with her lawyer, she expressed her wish that she could receive the death sentence, noticing in her own voice the unmistakable accent of sincerity, the yearning of years, the burning regret of wasted time in India, and the thirst for redeeming martyrdom:

There would be, also, the joy of the last sunrise upon my face; the joy of the preparation for the greatest act of my life; the joy of the act itself. . . . Draped in my best sari—in scarlet and gold, as on my wedding day in glorious '40 (I hope they would not refuse me that favour)—I would walk to the place of execution singing the Horst Wessel Song. I, Savitri Devi, the ambassador of southernmost and easternmost Aryandom as well as a daughter of northern and southern Europe. And, stretching out my right arm, firm and white in the sunshine, I would die happy in a cry of love and joy, shouting for the last time, as defiance to all the anti-Nazi forces, the holy words that sum up my life-long faith "Heil Hitler!" I could not imagine for myself a more beautiful end.¹⁹

These absurd, romantic, and self-dramatizing effusions are entirely characteristic of Savitri Devi's passionate need to affirm her loyalty to Hitler and National Socialism following their demise. Confronted with the painful facts of Allied victory and the total defeat of the Third Reich, she sought relief in ritual acts of devotion, prayers to a universal deity, and whimsical ideas concerning her valiant but isolated witness to the Aryan ideal. A picture of Adolf Hitler, which hung like an icon on her cell wall, was frequently clasped to her breast as she whispered with devotion. She bitterly regretted the absence of a similar talisman, an Indian gold swastika lost in London in November 1947. Her breathless prayers reveal the extraordinary sense of election and mission she felt as an Allied prisoner:

Lord of Life, Thou hast raised the everlasting Doctrine under its modern form; Thou hast appointed the Chosen Nation to champion it. Lord of Death, Thou hast allowed the forces of death to prevail for a while. Lord of Order and Harmony, Lord of the Dance of appearances, Lord of the Rhythm that brings back spring after winter; the day after the night; birth after death; and the new age of truth and perfection after each end of an age of gloom, Thou shalt give my beloved comrades and superiors

the lordship of the earth one day. If I survive this trial, I shall take it as a sign from Thee that this will be in my life-time, and that Thou hast appointed me to do something in our coming new struggle.²⁰

This prayer to Shiva fuses Hindu fatalism with Nazi apocalyptic.

The day of the trial arrived. Following lunch at the Stahlhaus, the British Police Headquarters in Düsseldorf, she was taken to the court in the Mühlenstrasse. In her heightened state of Nazi enthusiasm she was particularly annoyed by her husband's attempts to intervene on her behalf. Just prior to her trial Asit Krishna Mukherji had written from Calcutta to the chairman of the Military Tribunal at Düsseldorf, but she was angry at his diplomacy and exculpations, his attempts to minimize the political significance and motivation of her fanatical conduct, his embarrassing claims about how she was causing him so much worry. She dismissed the letter proudly with the assertion that she had come to court to bear witness to the greatness of her Führer. Taking the oath on "the sacred Wheel of the Sun," she swiftly turned the courtroom into an auditorium for a long and impassioned speech about the eternal value of National Socialism. "It is not only the military spirit, but National Socialist consciousness in its entirety that I have struggled to strengthen, for, in my eyes, National Socialism exceeds Germany and exceeds our times."²¹ Her outspoken advocacy of Adolf Hitler and his Aryan worldview confirmed her standing as an unregenerate die-hard Nazi loyalist to her Allied prosecutors. There was no question of her guilt, though her sentence hardly gave her the martyrdom she so craved. Three years' imprisonment or deportation to India. Predictably, she chose imprisonment in order to prolong her Nazi mission and remain among her fellow sufferers in Allied captivity.

In the event, Savitri Devi served barely six months of her sentence. She was released on 18 August 1949 but expelled from the British Occupation Zone of Germany for five years. However, her few months in the Allied women's prison at Werl near Soest in Westphalia offered her an initiation into the Nazi world. Although she was kept in accommodations separate from the "political" prisoners in D wing, she was allowed to receive visits from these hardened Nazi women who had been variously convicted as abettors of the euthanasia program and overseers and wardresses of concentration camps. Only through her imprisonment at Werl was Savitri Devi enabled to join the Nazi movement as a comrade, to match her enthusiasm for the Aryan doctrine with passionate attachments to individuals who had played their full

part in the Third Reich. The intense atmosphere of the women's prison with its emotional dependencies and fierce loyalties, a hothouse of political rumor and speculation among the inmates, was the reward for her defiance of the Allies. Here she entered a world of Nazi comradeship that would remain her supporting network in Germany for many years to come. Savitri Devi truly discovered the Third Reich at Werl.

Once behind bars in Werl, she met practitioners of the Nazi regime. Earlier conversations with Germans in the Western zones during autumn 1948 had revolved around sentimental avowals of Nazi loyalty and hopes, the glowing achievements of the Third Reich, and the terrible adversities of the occupation. By comparison, her prison notes record exchanges with convicted Nazi criminals. The female political prisoners she befriended at Werl were among those found guilty in the notorious Belsen war crimes trial, which was held at Lüneburg in the British zone in October and November 1945. These conversations are particularly odious because they confronted Savitri Devi with the most gruesome and inhuman aspects of the Nazi regime that generally attracted worldwide opprobrium and disgust. Her reaction was quite the reverse. Nazi war criminals accused of atrocity and inhumanity were in her eyes the higher functionaries of a noble Nazi doctrine and now the hostages of the blinkered and hypocritical West.

Belsen was a concentration camp in the northern part of Germany that had been liberated by British armed forces advancing toward Lüneburg and Hamburg in mid-April 1945. When they arrived, the camp was in the grip of a full-blown typhus epidemic among the inmates. The SS camp commandant Josef Kramer, a former Auschwitz camp commander, and his forty or so staff held sway over some 40,000 prisoners in terrible conditions. Of these, 25,000 were women, 18,000 of them Jewish women who had been evacuated in great haste from Auschwitz and other camps before the advancing Soviet armies. The 15,000 men consisted of Jews, antisocial and political prisoners, some of them German, and a small number of British and American POWs. Belsen had originally been a Wehrmacht prisoner-of-war camp holding Soviet captives, and many thousands had already perished there. From 1943 the camp had also served as a "short-stay" camp for Jews with neutral passports awaiting repatriation, but at the end of 1944 Kramer arrived and a hard regime began. By April 1945 the British forces were confronted by scenes of human suffering and misery that defied description. This was the first major concentration camp to be discovered

by the Western Allied forces. Although the Soviet armies had overrun German death camps in the East as early as late 1944, the British were the first to ensure the publicization of such Nazi atrocity to a world audience.

Although Belsen was a forced labor camp in the center of Germany far removed from the dreadful extermination camps situated in German-occupied Poland, a number of factors combined to make it one of the most bestial examples of the Nazi regime uncovered during the liberation of Germany. Because Belsen had become an emergency overflow camp for the evacuated inmates of other forced labor and extermination camps in early 1945, its population was largely drawn from the worst camps of the East, people broken mostly in body and spirit; the chaotic conditions due to Allied bombing raids and the rapid encirclement of Germany had prevented regular food supplies from reaching the camp for many weeks; and a short while before the liberation of the camp, typhus had broken out, accounting for seventeen thousand deaths. Ten thousand corpses were still unburied when the British arrived. The stench of decay from piles of bodies, the prisoners dying amid their own excrement, the pallor and terrible emaciation of the survivors, and the death rate of hundreds each day made Belsen an unforgettable horror for those officers and men who took charge of the camp. Pictures relayed worldwide established its name as synonymous with Nazi inhumanity and depravity.²²

Savitri Devi did not believe a word of it. She regarded the horrors of Belsen as a masterly exercise in Nazi atrocity propaganda on the part of the Allies. Whatever hardship, suffering, and death had occurred at Belsen she attributed to the disruption of food and medical supplies due to Allied saturation bombing; the overcrowding, lack of sanitation, and typhus epidemic she deemed likewise the consequence of wartime chaos. She was utterly convinced that it was the Allies and enemies of Germany who were persecuting the Nazis. She found evidence for this in the vengeful treatment of the Germans once the tide had turned and Allied armies were sweeping through formerly Nazi-occupied territory. She cited the beating of wounded and exhausted Wehrmacht soldiers in retreat from France, the sadistic outbreaks against the German population in Poland and Czechoslovakia, and above all the mockery of the show trials of purported "war criminals." She had nothing but contempt for the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg and related

the story of Julius Streicher's abuse and ill-treatment by his jailers (notably British Jews) with shock and revulsion.

She conceded the existence of the concentration camps. They were necessary, she said, for the detention of enemies of Nazism, for those who opposed the establishment of a new Aryan world order. However, she was certain that violence was used only against those who broke camp rules willfully; the majority was treated in a friendly fashion.²³ She was therefore delighted to meet concentration camp wardresses in Werl prison and thereby confirm her own opinions that it was the Allies and not the Nazis who were guilty of any atrocities. She established warm and friendly relations with three Belsen wardresses, who gave her graphic accounts of their alleged abuse and humiliation at the hands of the British forces that liberated Belsen. Frau Hertha Ehlert, who became her best friend and to whom she dedicated her book *Defiance*, had spent many years in the Nazi concentration camp system. Since 1935 she had served in four Nazi camps as a female overseer and in another as a supervisor. She had latterly worked at Auschwitz for three years and been assigned to Belsen on 13 February 1945, only some nine weeks before its liberation. As one of the major defendants in the Belsen trial, she was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for ill-treating camp inmates. Other Werl confidantes of Savitri Devi included Frau Herta Bothe and Frau H. (either Anna Hempel or Irene Haschke), both Belsen wardresses, who each received ten-year sentences.²⁴

Savitri Devi first saw Hertha Ehlert working in the infirmary, when she was there for an examination. Her reaction to this strong, blond woman was at once idealizing, dramatic, and almost erotic. "I could not take my eyes off that prisoner," she recalled. Wearing her shabby blue prison uniform, Ehlert still had "the classical beauty of a chieftain's wife in ancient Germany." Her full figure was made for the comfort of warriors and birth of heroes, while in her face Savitri Devi detected strength, pride, dreams, authority, and inspiration. She wondered at her glossy blond hair, shining in the light, and her large blue eyes that, she thrilled, could often be as hard as stone.²⁵ The Belsen trial picture of Ehlert shows a heavy, tough woman and one can only speculate on the mixture of sentiment, sexuality, and fascination with violence that attracted her admirer.

Unless she was lying at her trial, Hertha Ehlert may have exagger-

ated her Nazi credentials to Savitri Devi. When examined under oath by Major Munro at the Belsen trial on 13 October 1945, she stated that she was a Berlin bakery assistant who had been called up for the SS through the labor exchange in November 1939. She was first assigned to Ravensbrück camp, with responsibility for working parties outside the camp. She claimed that she was thought by her superiors to be too kind to the prisoners, who were generally treated very severely. After three years at Ravensbrück, she was sent by way of a punishment transfer to Lublin, where the prisoner regime was even harsher. In the spring of 1944 she went to Cracow and in November 1944 to Auschwitz, where she swore that she remained only two months in the gardening unit at Raisko, which had no connection with the death camp at Birkenau. At the beginning of February 1945 she had arrived at Belsen and found the conditions worse than in any camp she had seen. In her subsequent cross-examination Ehlert claimed she had made several attempts to improve the conditions of the prisoners, but her dismal record of punishments, brutal beatings, and arbitrary acts of violence toward the wretched camp inmates was undeniable. Since she admitted to being at Auschwitz for only a very short time, the Auschwitz charge was dropped by the prosecution, but she was duly convicted for her crimes at Belsen.²⁶ Several of her fellow defendants, including Irma Grese, the notorious "Bitch of Belsen," who had literally whipped her victims to death, received a capital sentence.

The women at Werl barely mentioned the terrible conditions at Belsen in their long conversations with Savitri Devi. Given Hertha Ehlert's long service in various camps, including the extermination camp Auschwitz, this omission is all the more striking. Instead of describing their time in the camps when in authority, their self-serving stories all began with the misery and humiliations they had suffered at the hands of the British following the relief of Belsen. Allegedly tricked into returning from another camp to Belsen to maintain order, the wardresses claimed they were encircled by a screaming crowd of men bearing fixed bayonets, who drawing ever nearer, inflicted puncture wounds upon them. After being completely undressed and submitted to the most humiliating searches amid coarse comments, they were again attacked with bayonets, flung around by the hair, or beaten with rifle butts. Robbed of all their belongings, they were next thrust into the camp mortuary, where they remained for four days and nights in complete darkness without food, water, and sanitation. On their release they

were forced at bayonet point for several days to bury the thousands of bodies still lying around the camp. Dead prisoners en masse aroused no compassion in the wardresses, but their shock and outrage knew no bounds when they discovered the mutilated and disemboweled corpses of SS comrade warders, apparent evidence of British atrocities committed during their four-day captivity.²⁷

The Nazi women prisoners' self-pitying accounts of their experiences conjured an orgy of violence meted out upon them by their persecutors. They claimed that lorries full of frenzied, shouting Jews were sent specially to Belsen after its liberation in order to inflict all manner of ill-treatment upon the camp staff. Frau Bothe and Frau F. (either Ida Forster or Gertrud Fiest) claimed they had seen SS men disemboweled alive by men wearing the uniform of British military police, whom they took to be émigré Jews serving in the British forces. Again they recalled the screams of fear and pain they had heard from the camp while they were held in the mortuary. In an extraordinary inversion of their experience, these women had no recall whatsoever of the provenance of the thousands of bodies they were ordered to bury, no memory of the treatment they had meted out to their charges during the long grim years of the Third Reich; they projected their own inhumanity and brutality upon their own hate figure, the Jew, and indulged fearful scenes of their own abuse, torture, and killing at his hands in an act of wholly unjustified revenge. It was all music, however, to Savitri Devi's ears. "They have thrown you to the Jews," she exclaimed with an image of Kali before her mind's eye, "revenge them, o unforgiving, irresistible power. Mother of destruction, revenge them!"²⁸

Bonds of affection and respect linked Savitri Devi to the female war criminals in Werl. One woman, identified as L. M., had been the head of a small work camp holding five hundred to six hundred Jewish women; another, Frau S., had received the death sentence, commuted to life imprisonment, for killing unwanted non-German children. Condemned by the world at large following the defeat of Nazism, these prisoners and the Belsen convicts represented to Savitri Devi the fearless, unflinching loyalty of committed Nazi womanhood dedicated to the creation of a wonderful, beautiful Aryan world of the future in accordance with the vision of Adolf Hitler. Their disgrace, ill-treatment, and imprisonment only confirmed their status as martyrs to the Nazi cause in Savitri Devi's eyes. These allegedly maligned and imprisoned women were outstanding examples of "Gold in the Furnace," the ex-

pression Savitri Devi used to characterize the loyal Nazis in the hell of Allied-occupied Germany. She was proud to be associated with them and to share their hardships at Werl.

In Savitri Devi's view, British military officialdom, Allied restrictions, the disabilities of former Nazis, the moral pressures of reeducation, democratic brainwashing, and denazification procedures had turned the whole of Germany into one enormous jail. Allied victory and occupation had overturned the former Nazi order to the extent that the diehard loyalists were transformed from a proud elite into martyrs or furtive sectaries keeping the flame of their Nazi faith alive in secret groups. This was Savitri Devi's mental world in trizonal occupied Germany in 1948 and 1949. However, her own martyrdom at Werl came to an end sooner than expected. Her husband had sent a petition for her release and deportation to India. When summoned by the prison governor, Colonel Vickers, she agreed that this was what she wanted. Cursing her own apostasy and weakness, she begged that the manuscript for her book be returned to her.²⁹ In possession of her papers, she was discharged from Werl on Thursday, 18 August 1949, after tearful farewells among her dearest friends, Hertha Ehlert and Herta Bothe. Expelled from the British zone for five years, she was driven to Andernach behind the French zonal border. The French authorities knew nothing of her case and she simply boarded a train to Koblenz to see her friends, eventually leaving Germany for Luxembourg.³⁰ Her defiance on behalf of Nazism had run its course, she had fulfilled her quixotic crusade.

9

PILGRIMAGE

In August 1949 Savitri Devi returned to France satisfied she had at last borne witness to her Nazi faith. She spent the next three years, besides visits to England and Greece, in her old hometown Lyons, engaged in the writing of new pro-Nazi books. Within two years she had published under her husband's imprint in Calcutta two books devoted to her experiences in occupied Germany. *Defiance* (1950) was largely an autobiographical account of her last ill-fated propaganda mission, and her ensuing arrest, trial, and conviction for "maintaining the military and Nazi spirit in Germany." The greater part of this book recorded her period at Werl prison with admiring descriptions of her new friends among the female Nazi war criminals and their life in the Third Reich. *Gold in the Furnace* (1952) was a more general essay about the condition of postwar Germany, in which she extolled the defeated Germans for their enduring loyalty to the ideals of National Socialism. Again, this book was interspersed with her firsthand experiences and encounters during her undercover missions in 1948 and 1949. She also continued work on her major statement of Aryo-Nazi doctrine, *The Lightning and the Sun*. During these years in France, she was eager to revisit her newfound Nazi loyalist friends. In late 1952 she decided to travel back to Germany in defiance of the five-year ban imposed on her at the time of her release.

An early return to Germany necessitated new personal documents. With this in mind, she returned to Greece in January 1953. In Athens she managed to secure a Greek passport in her maiden name of Maximiani Portas on the basis that her marriage in India had not taken place according to Christian rites and was not recognized in Greece.

She trusted this would be sufficient cover for her illegal reentry to Germany. In late April her journey then continued by air from Phaleron to Campini, culminating in her arrival in Rome. Here there were fond memories of fascism, and she paid a call on Camillo Giuriati, one of Mussolini's former state ministers, whom she and her husband had first met when he was Italian consul in Calcutta. From Italy she traveled by railway northward toward the Brenner Pass and into Austria. The train rolled on amid the splendid forested and Alpine scenery of the Tyrol through Innsbruck and Salzburg. In her view, of course, Austria was an inseparable part of Germany—as it had been following its *Anschluss* into the Greater German Reich in March 1938—but she was traveling to Linz for a very special reason.

In 1953 Savitri Devi visited Germany not as a missionary but in the spirit of a pilgrim. Her desperate desire to identify belatedly with the Nazi cause was relieved to some small degree by the penance of her brief imprisonment at Werl several years before. Although she was never to lose those dreadful pangs of remorse that she had failed to experience Germany during the Third Reich, she had through her propaganda missions exorcized the wretched sense of being a mere onlooker at German defeat and suffering. By 1953 Germany was recovering, its cities and industries were being rebuilt and beginning to flourish. Although Allied occupation in the western zones would continue until 1955, some three years of political normalization had elapsed since the founding of the Federal Republic of Germany in May 1949 when Savitri Devi was sitting behind bars in Werl prison. Her earlier sense of anguish at the horrors of devastation and oppression was no longer acute. This time she could return to Germany as a member of the silent, invisible and intransigent resistance to Allied suzerainty. Now she intended to make a personal pilgrimage to those places in the "Aryan Holy Land most hallowed by association with Adolf Hitler and the National Socialist movement."

Her pilgrimage began with the towns and villages where Adolf Hitler had spent his childhood and youth—Leonding and Linz in Upper Austria—followed by a highly charged visit to his birthplace at Braunau am Inn on 20 April 1953, the sixty-fourth anniversary of his birth. From here she traveled to Berchtesgaden, where she wandered among the ruins of Hitler's Alpine retreat on the Obersalzberg. Her route then took her to Munich, the birthplace of the Nazi movement, where she was able to pay her respects at such shrines as the Feldherrnhalle and

Königsplatz. She sought the spiritual proximity of Nazi war criminals through a visit to Landsberg am Lech. Here she paced around the prison where Hitler was jailed following the abortive putsch of November 1923 but which now served as the principal penitentiary for convicted Nazis in the former American zone. Her next station of remembrance was Nuremberg, the scene of the zenith and nadir of Nazi fortunes. At the Luitpoldarena and Zeppelinwiese she recalled and imagined the exultant Nazi Party September rallies of the 1930s; in a more somber mood she visited the Palace of Justice, where the surviving members of the Third Reich's leadership were tried from late 1945 until October 1946. Through all these stations she felt as if she had recapitulated the "great days" she had missed and drawn nearer in spirit to the Third Reich.

In its concluding stages her pilgrimage embraced a wider mythical and pagan conception of the "Aryan Holy Land" with visits to the Hermannsdenkmal in the Teutoburger Wald and the prehistoric solar temple and rock cliffs of the Externsteine, traditionally identified as an ancient Germanic sacred site. At all places of pilgrimage there was rich opportunity for reflection on the meaning of the Nazis' mission and their Aryan racial utopia, besides the comfort of pious exchanges with sympathetic Germans encountered along the way. Germany and the Germans were no longer an overwhelming novelty to her, nor was she constantly provoked into outbursts by the omnipresent signs of defeat, dismantlement, and occupation, as in 1948 and 1949. Through her visits to the shrines of Nazism and ancient Germany she evoked her love of Nazi Germany and her hopes for a future Aryan world order. By comparison with her first two postwar books about Germany, *Pilgrimage* (1958) is a more reflective and more revealing memoir of pious Nazi gnosis in a hostile world.

On the evening of 18 April 1953 Savitri Devi arrived at Linz railway station. Lying on the southern bank of the River Danube, the city just fell within the American zone of occupation in Austria, facing the Russian zone on the northern bank. The capital of Upper Austria, the city had long possessed a certain provincial grandeur with its Gothic cathedral, opera house, museum, and other impressive public buildings, surmounted by the Kürnberg Castle, where the famous medieval *Nibelungenlied* was said to have been composed. As she left the station and walked across a square and then a public park before joining the broad, well-lit Landstraße—the city's main promenade—Savitri Devi

felt a constant sense of excitement that she had arrived at a place so closely associated with her idol and savior. “‘Can it be true that I am in Linz, the town in which our Führer has lived?’ It had all seemed to me—and it still seemed to me—like a dream.”¹

Adolf Hitler had first come here as a nine-year-old, when his father, a newly retired customs official, had bought a house next to the churchyard in the outlying village of Leonding some three miles west of Linz in January 1899. After a carefree year in the village Volksschule, where he assumed the role of a natural leader among the peasant boys in their endless games of cowboys and Indians, the young Hitler began attending the Linz Realschule in September 1900. Until he finally left to seek his fortune as an artist in Vienna in February 1908, Linz was the focus of Hitler’s youth. Following his father’s death in January 1903, Adolf lodged in Linz during the week to save the long walk to school. He was confirmed in Linz Cathedral in May 1904, and in late June 1905 his mother sold the house in Leonding and moved to a flat at Humboldtstraße 31 in Linz. Having completed his final year of secondary school at lodgings in Steyr, Hitler returned to live with his mother the following month. For the next two and a half years he led a life of leisure in Linz, indulging his dreams of becoming an artist and attending performances of Wagner operas that fired his imagination with notions of Germanic myth and national redemption.²

A sympathetic hotel maid called Luise K., the widow of an SS man, was greatly moved by Savitri Devi’s journey all the way from Athens to Linz to see the place where Adolf Hitler had lived. The next morning Savitri Devi took a local bus out to Leonding and alighted beside the village church, where she knew Hitler’s parents were buried. Inside the empty church, sunlight poured through the narrow plain-glass windows upon the polished wooden pews and altar rail. Early afternoon, restful silence, an atmosphere of peace. She imagined how Hitler’s mother had come to pray here after her household chores, her eyes lit with a longing for perfection and infinity within the frame of her Catholic faith. At Klara Hitler’s side, she visualized a thoughtful, blue-eyed child, “a child in whose face the light of boundless love and the flame of genius already radiated: her son, Adolf Hitler, the Chosen One of the Invisible Powers.” Overcome with emotion, the inveterate pagan Savitri Devi even crossed herself in memory of the mother of her leader and wept for a long time.³

Outside in the bright spring sunshine she walked around the grave-

yard until she found the grave of Alois and Klara Hitler. A few fresh flowers in a tin can were the only recent adornment to a grave decked with a withered wreath of fir twigs and overgrown with creeper. On a slab of black marble set in a rough block of stone, she read the simple memorial to the couple, while reflecting on the enormous significance of these simple Austrian country folk: "our Führer's parents; the last link in that endless chain of privileged generations destined to give Germany the greatest of all her sons, and the Western world, the one Saviour of its own blood."⁴ Going in search of flowers to lay on the grave, she met Frau J., who could offer only forget-me-nots from her garden. Savitri Devi expressed her disappointment, saying that she wanted dark red roses for a very special grave. Frau J. guessed her purpose and warned her that it was forbidden to adorn Hitler's parents' grave. Once Savitri Devi had given vent to her anger against the occupation authorities, Frau J. declared her own Nazi loyalty, mentioning that her husband was an SS man, and invited her into her home. Frau J. indulged her own hopes that many Austrians who had earlier rejected Nazism, were coming round to the Hitler doctrine now that they had a taste of the occupiers' democracy.

Frau J. then offered to introduce Savitri Devi to Hitler's old tutor and a former classmate a little further on in the village. Savitri Devi found the tutor, a friendly old gentleman of more than eighty years, sitting at his doorstep facing an open space where a beautiful old tree was growing. In reply to her request that he tell her something about Hitler, the old man declared that he was a healthy, clean-minded, loving, and lovable child, the most lovable he had ever met. "All I have to say is contained within these few words. The grown man retained the child's goodness, honesty, love of truth. The world hates him only because it does not know him." Savitri Devi could not be other than most gratified by this witness of Hitler's youth, still more by the biblical allusion to the national savior. She then asked whether the young Hitler loved animals, to be told that he loved every living creature that God had made and that he never did harm to any. The old man became absorbed in his reverie, describing how the child Hitler used to come and go from this very house, greeting them with his frank face and his bright loving eyes. "We all loved him. The wide world that has brought ruin on us would have loved him too, if only it had known him as he really was." This pious and sentimental memory evidently owed more to the adulation Hitler received from Austrians at the time of the *An-*

schluß rather than as the boisterous ringleader of war games at Leonding that other witnesses have recalled.⁵

Under the fruit trees in the garden of Herr H., Hitler's former classmate, Savitri Devi was shown photographs of the Führer laying a wreath upon his parents' grave and another of him shaking hands with Herr H. from a car. These pictures had been taken on the morning of Sunday, 13 March 1938, when Hitler visited Leonding after staying the night at Linz on his triumphal progress from Munich to Vienna over the weekend when German armed forces invaded Austria and he was welcomed everywhere by enthusiastic and cheering crowds. Savitri Devi confessed to Herr H. that she envied him these memories of the "great days." She spent a further hour talking with him and his wife, happy in the thought that she was among those who had known Hitler and been among his friends. Leonding in the late afternoon sun with its innocent memories of the young Hitler seemed a safe refuge from the postwar world that so oppressed her. These friendly elderly people with their happy stories of the child Führer amid this soft, hilly landscape gave Savitri Devi solace. In this idyll it seemed possible to forget the Second World War and all the atrocities, ruin, and wreckage it had brought in its wake.

The sun was setting when she returned to the village churchyard with her forget-me-nots. She planted the humble flowers carefully, happy in the knowledge that they would still be alive in months to come. Kneeling before the grave, she saw Hitler's face in her mind's eye. Once again her thoughts turned to his present whereabouts and she asked, "Will you ever know how much I have loved you?" The face of her vision spoke back: "Live for my Germany! And you shall never part from Me, wherever I be."⁶ It was a religious experience, a fitting climax to the day spent in Hitler's childhood home. Outside the churchyard she saw the little house where he and his parents had lived between 1899 and 1905. A light was lit behind the closed windows and she thought of the boy who had sat, played, and read in the garden. Later that evening, having returned to Linz, she visited the Realschule and walked up to the third floor at Humboldtstraße 31, where Hitler and his mother had lived from July 1905 to May 1907. Leaning against the windowsill on the staircase between the second and third floors she gazed out on the garden full of fruit trees in blossom, other houses, and in the distance a church spire dark against the evening sky. She

was happy in the thought that his eyes had also rested on this view just less than fifty years before.⁷

Early the next day, 20 April 1953, she took a train to Braunau am Inn, Adolf Hitler's birthplace. From 1871 onward Alois Hitler had served as an Austrian customs official in this town on the river frontier between the Habsburg Empire of Austria-Hungary and the new German Reich. It is indeed symbolic that Hitler whose nationalist policy set so much store by the incorporation of German Austria into Germany should have been born at a border town between Germany and Austria. He himself described the place of his birth as a lucky sign of destiny on the first page of his political testament *Mein Kampf*. Alighting at the railway station, Savitri Devi walked along a sunny street to reach the town square surrounded by high, picturesque old houses. Through the archway of a town gate she entered the *Vorstadt* and the street in which the Pommer Inn stood along a terrace of early nineteenth-century facades. Here in lodgings on the second floor of the inn Adolf Hitler had been born to the third wife of Alois Hitler on 20 April 1889 at 6:18 in the afternoon.

Taking a seat in a *Café-Konditorei* on the opposite side of the street, Savitri Devi observed with pleasure the unhurried, placid life of the market town in the spring sunshine. Around her, mothers and children drank coffee and ate cakes. Elderly matrons conversed at a nearby table. Through the window she surveyed the neat and homely shops, the freshly whitewashed house fronts, the great blossoming chestnut tree just beyond the former inn and reflected that the scene had probably not been so different on that spring day, sixty-four years before, when Hitler came into the world. The small town idyll contrasted strangely with a feeling of awe as she let her mind wander back to that "Day of Destiny," imagining a cosmic nativity in which the savior of the Aryan race came down to earth.

Alois Hitler, a custom-officer well over fifty, and twice a widower, lived in that house . . . with his third wife, Clara, who was then twenty-nine. The child to which the latter was about to give birth was neither her first one nor her last one. Just another baby in the family. . . . But the unseen Powers, Whose inscrutable Play lies behind the mystery of heredity, had ordained that all the intelligence and intuition, and all the will-power and heroism of generations and generations,—all the virtues and genius of the privileged Race, fated to rule—should find in that Child their highest

expression; that the Babe should be a god-like one: whose consciousness was, one day, to be none other than the deeper consciousness of his people and of the race at large, for all times to come, and whose dream was to inspire a new civilisation. And far beyond the clear blue sky of the little town and the thin atmosphere of this little planet, in the cold, dark realm of fathomless Void, the unseen stars had very definite positions; significant positions, such as they take only once within hundreds of years. . . . And at the appointed time—six o'clock 18 in the afternoon—the Child came into the world, unnoticed masterpiece of a two-fold cosmic Play: of the mysterious artistry of Aryan blood in infinite time; of the mysterious influence of distant worlds in infinite space. Apparently, just another baby in the family. In reality,—after centuries,—a new divine Child on this planet; the first one in the West after the legendary Baldur-the-Fair and, like He, a Child of the Sun; a predestined Fighter against the forces of death and a Saviour of men, marked out for leadership, for victory, for agony and for immortality.⁸

She wandered back through the arch into the large square and out onto the long bridge over the wide, swift, bluish-green River Inn, tributary of the Danube. This was the site of Alois Hitler's office in the Imperial Austrian customs service. Throughout the nineteenth century this river had formed the frontier between Austria and Germany until Hitler's *Anschluss* in 1938 had swept away this division of the nation. But now eight years after the fall of the Third Reich, when Savitri Devi came on her pilgrimage, Austria and Germany were again separate states, and a customs house and striped barrier stood once again on the bridge over the Inn as if in mockery of Hitler's achievement of German unity. Railing at the inconvenience, futility, and national outrage of the reimposed border to long-suffering customs officials, she was surprised to find that they too regarded their office with irony and resented the border themselves. When they lamented their powerlessness, Savitri Devi urged them to think of revenge day and night and to wait as she did. She was amazed at their outspoken agreement and exulted in this confirmation of Hitler's dictum: "Gleiches Blut gehört in ein gemeinsames Reich."⁹

She spent the afternoon wandering around the small town, pausing to buy buns in a baker's shop, posting a card showing Hitler's birthplace to Luise K. at Linz, sitting on a bench in a public garden and watching the children play, as she thought of the infant Adolf in this very place, and then entering a church where she supposed that his baptism might have taken place. At length she retraced her steps to the *Vorstadt* until

she came to the three-storied house near the chestnut tree where Hitler had been born. It was now a library and a school. She passed through the entrance into the rear court and walked up the stairs to the first and second floors, then along the passage flanked by massive, white-washed stone arches with a view onto the court, trees, and other houses beyond. The arches shone, dazzling white, against the deep-blue spring sky. A woman looked out from one of the doors along the passage and cut off her inquiry with a curt and dismissive "There is nothing to see here." Bitterly disappointed and bewildered, Savitri Devi gazed out at the pure blue sky and thought of Hitler, the constant companion of her heart. It mattered only that she was here in the Pommer Inn on his birthday. Out on the street again, with one last backward glance, she returned to the railway station.¹⁰

Leaving these gilded scenes of Hitler's early years in Austria, Savitri Devi traveled on by rail to Germany. Crossing the border at Salzburg, she changed trains at Freilassing and took a local service bound for Berchtesgaden in the southeasternmost corner of Bavaria. A few kilometers east of the town lay the Obersalzberg, which had become world famous as Hitler's country residence. He had first come here for a spring break in 1923 and found the outstanding Alpine scenery with views of the Watzmann and Untersberg mountains a source of inspiration and recreation after the hectic politics of Munich. Following his imprisonment after the putsch, he returned to complete the first volume of *Mein Kampf* in spring 1925 and established his auxiliary headquarters, first at the Pension Moritz on the Obersalzberg, then in Berchtesgaden. He also completed the second volume here in July 1926. In 1927 he was able to rent the Haus Wachenfeld on the Obersalzberg from a Nazi Party supporter and installed his half sister, Angela Raubal, as his housekeeper.¹¹ During the 1920s the Obersalzberg still retained the atmosphere of a traditional Alpine settlement with the Haus Wachenfeld and some two dozen or so similar farmhouses scattered over the hillside and meadows in the midst of the most beautiful Bavarian countryside, which also included the Königssee and the lakeside monastery of St. Bartholomä.

After Hitler became chancellor in 1933, the Obersalzberg witnessed dramatic changes. As Hitler's popularity grew, thousands of Germans would travel to Berchtesgaden to glimpse him and pay their respects to the restorer of the nation's fortunes. Hitler had always enjoyed long mountain walks around the Obersalzberg and mixed freely with the

local population, but the enormous numbers of admirers eventually posed problems of organization and security. The development of the Obersalzberg from rural idyll into government enclave now began. Hitler bought Haus Wachenfeld and began to enlarge it through several stages into the Berghof. Other party leaders, including Martin Bormann, Hermann Goering, Josef Goebbels, Rudolf Hess, and Albert Speer, were drawn to the area and rented or bought properties that were converted and expanded into large country houses. First Hess, then Bormann, was entrusted with the overall planning of the Obersalzberg, which involved compulsory purchase and the creation of a "Führer territory" of some ten square kilometers and a circumference of twenty-seven kilometers. Most of the old farmhouses were cleared and the new pompous residences of the Nazi top brass arose, as well as extensive barracks for the SS guard and accommodations for the hundreds of employees and building workers. The former Pension Moritz, renamed the Platterhof, was also enlarged as a hotel for visiting Nazi bigwigs. An extensive system of underground tunnels and air raid shelters honeycombed the entire site. By the early war years Bormann had established himself as uncontested master of an enormous development project.¹²

The Berghof was transformed from the rustic farmhouse Haus Wachenfeld through three major conversions into the spacious mountain residence of the Führer arranged on three extensive floors. An open flight of steps led to a gothic hall decorated with old-master paintings and pieces of sculpture, which led into the famous conference room with the huge picture window framing views of the Untersberg. This large room's walls were hung with beautiful Gobelins and its floor was laid with a thick red carpet. There were three further reception rooms on this floor besides a large kitchen and dayrooms for staff and the adjutants' offices. Upstairs were Hitler's private living quarters as well as guest rooms. Here at the Berghof Hitler received prominent visitors from abroad, including the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Neville Chamberlain, David Lloyd George, Mussolini, Edouard Daladier, Kurt von Schuschnigg, and Admiral Miklós Horthy. The coming and going of high officials and summit meetings contrasted with the cosy routine of the Führer's inner circle at mealtimes and the regular showing of a film in the evening. Obersalzberg was also a link between the public life of the Führer and his provincial Austrian origins: on a clear day

Hitler could look from the gigantic window of the conference room over the mountains as far as Braunau am Inn.

On 21 April 1953, Savitri Devi awoke in her hotel room in Berchtesgaden and threw open the window to gaze with rapture at the beautiful Alpine scenery all around: the steep fir-clad hills, then more distant hills, blue green in color, and beyond these the snowy peaks shining like silver against the radiant blue sky. The fragrance of the pine woods and the keen mountain air invigorated her as she set off on the road leading to the Obersalzberg. All was quiet save the call of birds, the lowing of cattle on the meadows, and the rushing sound of the river beside the road. She knew that little remained of the numerous Nazi houses on the Obersalzberg. On 25 April 1945, 318 Lancaster bombers of the Royal Air Force had led an air raid over the Obersalzberg, dropping 1,232 tons of bombs in an action aimed at preventing the use of the complex as an alternative government center for the last-ditch defense of Germany (the so-called Alpine Redoubt). The Berghof received three direct hits, the Bormann and Goering houses were destroyed, the SS barracks were leveled, and the Platterhof was badly damaged. The rubble and ruins had remained amid the greenery of the hillsides for several years until the Bavarian government finally blew up the surviving ruins in the spring of 1952. The shell of the Berghof was dynamited at 5:05 P.M. on 30 April 1952.

The peaceful surroundings served as a poignant reminder to Savitri Devi that the "great days" of the Third Reich were long past. At length, on the right side of the road, she came upon an enormous heap of sand, gravel, and pulverized blocks of mortar from which the cornerstone of a ruined wall projected. Tears welled into her eyes and her mouth quivered with emotion at the sight of this devastation. "Here the Berghof had once stood in all its loveliness, in the midst of lawns and flower beds and trees; *this* was what 'they' had reduced it to, so that no trace of it should be left; so that men should forget!" She shuddered at the hatred that urged men to work this systematic destruction seven years after the end of the war and asked herself how long the world would execrate the Führer and all he had stood for and created. Recalling the destruction of Akhnaton's new solar city in ancient Egypt, she reflected that the "money power" would forever persecute those it could neither buy nor frighten. However, she took comfort in the thought that the "Shining Ones," the Aryan powers of light and truth,

would nevertheless prevail in the cosmic struggle of Manichaeian opposites. "The sight of the desolation of this place, glaring sign of the victory of the evil forces for the time being, filled me with resentment, with hatred, with grief; once more, with the awful awareness of defeat."¹³ She lay down and sobbed desperately at her sense of loss.

A soft warm breeze calmed her and she began to imagine Hitler at the Berghof in these magnificent natural surroundings as the hero of the new aeon:

I pictured him on a spring day like this, letting his star-like eyes, athirst of infinity, rest on those meadows and woods, those dark-green and violet hills, those shining white ranges. . . . I pictured him alone, in tune with the Soul of this land that he so loved, breathing its power and its beauty, communing with it and through it, with the Essence of himself and of all things—immanent Godhead. . . . I pictured him . . . all-loving, all-knowing, above happiness and sorrow, detached in the midst of worldwide action, looking over this dream-like scenery on the border of that extended Germany, which he had reconquered, into the realm of eternity that was—and is—his impregnable realm; into that intangible world in which success and failure fade into nothingness before the one thing that counts: timeless Truth; sure that he was right whatever men might say, whichever events might occur, sure that Germany's mission was . . . (in the words of the most ancient Aryan Book of wisdom) "the interest of the universe." Sure, and therefore serene. Sure, and therefore sinless,—perfect.¹⁴

In her opinion this was the real Adolf Hitler, the Aryan savior, the one of whom no newspaper had ever spoken, and whom no man had ever understood. This was her adored leader, the only one she had loved, life after life, for millions of years.

Her reverie was broken by the arrival of three men come to explore the site. Joining the group, she was told they were standing just above the conference room whose huge window once overlooked the Untersberg with views beyond Salzburg. The men soon betrayed their Nazi loyalties and there was general denunciation of the Bavarian SPD government's desecration of this Nazi monument. When the men dejectedly referred to the defeat of Germany, she compared the Nazi doctrine to the rise of Christianity. She reminded them that their era had begun twenty years ago when Hitler became the master of Germany. Hitler himself had been born sixty-four years ago. How did the Roman world appear in the year A.D. 20 or 64? Christ was dead and his followers a

small persecuted sect in the vast Roman Empire. Who would have then believed that Christianity was to become the dominant religion of the West for the next two thousand years? She had given them fresh hope. Together they all gave the Hitler salute. Alone again in the sunset, she sang a Nazi battle song after writing one of its lines upon the ruined wall of the Berghof: "Einst kommt der Tag der Rache." She then viewed the ruins of other Obersalzberg properties and took coffee in the restored Hotel Türken beyond the Berghof site that had served as quarters for the SD intelligence during the Third Reich. Late in the evening, under a bright moon, she walked back to Berchtesgaden.¹⁵

A highly introverted communion with the absent and the dead was the leitmotif of her solitary pilgrimage in these early stages. Arriving on 23 April in Munich, "the birthplace of National Socialism," she hastened to the Feldherrnhalle, an open loggia built in the early 1840s at the southern end of the Ludwigstraße and containing bronze statues of two great Bavarian commanders, Tilly and Wrede. It was here that the police had opened fire on the Nazi marchers in the putsch of 9 November 1923. Savitri Devi repeated the names of the sixteen martyrs who had fallen in the hail of bullets in an act of remembrance of their heroism and sacrifice for the resurrection of their country. Her next stop was the famous Hofbräuhaus, a roomy beer hall rebuilt after 1890 in neo-Renaissance style, where Hitler had begun holding the first mass meetings of the early Nazi Party in autumn 1919. It was here also that Hitler presented the twenty-five points of the new party program to a packed audience of some two thousand on 24 February 1920. These were the amazing days of growth, when Hitler's oratory transformed a tiny backroom club into a powerful political movement. Savitri Devi visited the great vaulted hall where the historic meeting had taken place. She saw her savior speak, young and confident, with the burning eloquence of love, hate, and despair; she saw the crowd, grateful and enthusiastic, listening to his message of German salvation.¹⁶

Returning to the present with a jolt, she saw workmen in the hall busily putting up decorations, colored streamers and a clown's face, for the Americans' May Day party. She angrily imagined the frivolous, mindless crowd of people who would shortly be amusing themselves, wearing paper hats and dancing to a jazz band, in this historic place. The grinning clown's face over the platform where Hitler had spoken seemed to her an eloquent symbol of the postwar West with its fatuous concerns for the individual and democracy, for peace and security.¹⁷

Elsewhere in the city she found the Nazi heritage had been covered and erased by the victorious Americans. She sought out the Bürgerbräukeller. In this fourteenth-century beer cellar Hitler had launched and masterminded the putsch; it also had witnessed his return to public life following imprisonment with a frenzied speech before the tumultuous applause of a four-thousand-strong audience in February 1925; here, on 8 November 1939, a communist assassin planted a bomb that exploded shortly after Hitler had left following his speech. Her disappointment was great when she was informed that the great hall had been destroyed by bombing in 1943 and rebuilt by the Americans as a recreational facility. The prospect of GIs playing table tennis in such a heroic setting was but another galling reminder of defeat. She was not surprised to find that the Brown House, the former national headquarters of the Nazi Party, was razed to the ground. The Königsplatz, the major center of Nazi ceremonial in the Bavarian capital, with its mighty neoclassical Glyptothek and Propylaea by Leopold von Klenze, recalled her memories of Athens and the common Aryan ancestry of Greek and German art. The twin colonnaded shrines of the sixteen Nazi martyrs on the stone-paved square had been blown up in 1947 but she touched their foundation-stones as a Christian pilgrim might revere the tomb of a saint.¹⁸

The next day she traveled fifty-five kilometers west to Landsberg am Lech to view the Allied prison for convicted Nazi war criminals. Throughout the early postwar years the Landsberg fortress had received substantial numbers of war criminals. Those detained or sentenced to death in the secondary Nuremberg trials held between 1947 and 1949 and the U.S. Army's Dachau trials of late 1946 had been brought here. Every week, from mid-October 1948 until the beginning of February 1949, executions took place at Landsberg, sometimes fifteen on a single day, bringing the total to more than one hundred in this period. The fate of the Nazis still awaiting execution had become the subject of international concern in early 1951. The newly established German government began putting pressure on the Americans to commute such sentences as a condition for supporting Western defense planning and the raising of a new German army. At that time there were twenty-eight remaining "red-jackets" on death row in Landsberg. Fourteen of these had been condemned in the Einsatzgruppen and SS Main Office trials at Nuremberg; the remainder had been sentenced at the Dachau trials, having been found variously guilty for their part in

the massacre of U.S. soldiers at Malmédy, the murder of Allied airmen, and involvement in thousands of murders at Dachau, Buchenwald, and Mauthausen concentration camps.

In January 1951 the growing East-West conflict had just erupted in the Korean War, and the creation of a German military force in Europe was a crucial factor in the defense policy of the United States. Meanwhile numerous German lobby groups bombarded John McCloy, the U.S. high commissioner in Germany, and President Truman with appeals for clemency in the case of the "red-jackets" and the many others serving long sentences in Landsberg. Following a drastic reduction of prison sentences and numerous commutations for those facing execution, there was a huge campaign to save the final seven, whose death sentences still stood. The German lobbies rushed more than 600,000 signatures by airmail to the White House. Savitri Devi had herself written from Lyons to McCloy and sent a telegram to Truman. After five months of delaying tactics in the American courts, the last seven "red-jackets" were hanged at Landsberg on 7 June 1951. The seven were Otto Ohlendorf, the commander of Einsatzgruppe D, who admitted murdering at least 90,000 civilians in the Soviet Union, as well as Erich Naumann, Werner Braune, and Paul Blobel from the Einsatzgruppen trial; Oswald Pohl, who had directed the Final Solution from Berlin; and two Dachau SS guards. Their deaths brought the total number of Nazi war criminals executed in this prison to 257.¹⁹

At the time of Savitri Devi's visit to Landsberg, some 160 prisoners still remained in custody. These included Sepp Dietrich, the former Waffen-SS general, reputedly Hitler's favorite, and Jochen Peiper, who had ordered the Malmédy massacres. Besides the top brass there were the numerous concentration camp sadists, such as Andreas Schilling, an SS corporal at Mauthausen who had injected inmates in the camp hospital with motor oil, and Horst Dittrich, who had dispatched Soviet POWs with a bullet in the neck as they stood against the wall during a fake medical examination. As Savitri Devi walked around the outer enclosure of the prison, a long white wall surmounted by several rows of barbed wire, she centered her thoughts on her brothers in faith behind the barred windows. The sound of the prison siren punctuating the inmates' interminable day reminded her of the dreary routine and rations at Werl. "Avenge my Führer's faithful people," she prayed. She completed her vigil for those languishing inside the prison with a Nazi marching song and the Hitler salute. "My loved ones, my supe-

riors, from behind the barred windows of your work-rooms and cells, did you hear my voice? Or did you at least, on that afternoon,—24th April, 1953—feel . . . the certitude of our coming dawn?"²⁰ Unbeknown to her, at this very time Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was in Washington discussing with President Eisenhower the Landsberg inmates. Releases began in May 1954, and all were out by Christmas 1956.

The following two days spent in Nuremberg represented the climax of her tour of Nazi remembrance. After sadly inspecting the ruined streets and gutted houses of the historic old town, once famed for their gabled roofs, and elaborate gilded facades and doorways, she made her way out to the party-rally grounds to the south. Alone on the vast stone-flagged parade grounds, now sprouting rank weeds, and before the gigantic terraced tribunes of the Luitpoldarena and the Zeppelinwiese, she imagined all the glories of the huge Nazi pageants she had missed while far away in India during the 1930s. Before her mind's eye arose the enormous crowds gathered to witness the annual September rally. She saw the endless ranks of party formations, the SA, the SS, and the youth organizations, bearing their flags and standards into the arena. Above the tribune hung the great red, white, and black swastika banners. At the Zeppelinwiese the sun shone down upon the brilliant white monumental walls of the colonnaded tribune that stretched over the 400 meters between two huge pylons bearing great bronze eagles. Day after day the crowds came to give ritual expression to their shared belief in Hitler, Germany, and its world mission. She recalled the martial music and heard the cadences and rhythms of the Führer's speeches before 200,000 party faithful, the speaking choruses and the exhilarating climaxes when the frenzied swaying crowd joined in the chant of "*Sieg Heil!*"

She imagined the scene by night when Hitler addressed the crowds on the Zeppelinwiese illuminated by special lighting effects. All around the huge enclosure, at 40-foot intervals, 130 powerful anti-aircraft searchlights with a range of 25,000 feet threw up great pencil beams of light into the dark night sky, conjuring the spectacle of the "cathedral of light." Above the tribune flames flickered in three great bronze vessels, casting a glow upon the pylon walls, the deep-red swastika flags and the upturned faces of the crowd. There was tumultuous applause as Hitler's speech ended and then, after a momentary hush across the great darkened space, the periodical thunderclap of the repeated "*Sieg*

Heil!" resounded again and again. She remembered that this was where the thousands had heard the proclamation of the Nuremberg race laws in defense of mankind's Aryan elite in 1935 and saw herself listening to it all on the radio in faraway Lucknow. Again she felt the bitter sense of regret and self-reproach: Why, why had she missed all the glory of the "great days," why had she missed her real duty and spoiled her life? The moonlight gleamed on the white tiers and walls of the deserted monuments. Where the thousands and tens of thousands had gathered, she was now alone.²¹

At the Palace of Justice she viewed the courtroom where the International Military Tribunal had opened on 18 October 1945 and continued in session for just less than a year. At the trial seven defendants had drawn prison sentences: Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess, Grand Admiral Erich Raeder and Reich bank President and Minister of Economics Walther Funk for life; Minister of War Production Albert Speer and Hitler Youth Leader Baldur von Schirach for twenty years; Foreign Minister and "Protector of Bohemia and Moravia" Baron Konstantin von Neurath for fifteen; Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, Hitler's successor as head of the Third Reich in its last days, for ten. Eleven of the top leadership received the death sentence. In the early morning of 16 October 1946, Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop mounted the gallows in the execution chamber of the adjoining prison, followed at short intervals by Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel; SS-Lieutenant General and Chief of the Reich Security Main Office Ernst Kaltenbrunner; Ministers Alfred Rosenberg, Hans Frank, Wilhelm Frick; the former Nuremberg Gauleiter, a fanatical antisemite, and editor of the Jew-baiting *Stürmer* magazine, Julius Streicher; Reich kommissar for the occupied Netherlands Arthur Seyss-Inquart; Gauleiter Fritz Sauckel, in charge of all forced labor programs; and General Alfred Jodl. Hermann Goering cheated the hangman by swallowing a smuggled cyanide cartridge hours before his turn. The same day their ashes were cast into a small stream in a Munich suburb by American soldiers. Not a trace of their power nor a place of remembrance was to remain.

Savitri Devi now surveyed the benches where her idols had once sat and touched the polished wood where their hands had rested. Asking her guide where each individual had sat, she angrily imagined the endless stream of lies poured out against them and her own Nazi faith in this place. Her thoughts were with the eleven martyrs: "March in spirit

within our ranks, and live in us for ever, great Ones, whom I have never seen, alas, but whom I love; close collaborators of our immortal Führer, live in *me* as long as I live!"²²

Her pilgrimage of remembrance ended in Nuremberg. After her communion with the absent and dead at shrines of the past, she sought out her new Nazi friends. Traveling north to Homburg vor der Höhe she visited the husband of Hertha Ehlert, her best friend still imprisoned at Werl as a convicted overseer at Belsen, and learned that she was shortly to be released. In early May she was reunited at Koblenz with her old friend Fräulein B. Together they stood before the grave of Fritz Horn, who had given her his copy of *Mein Kampf* with words of encouragement for her mission. His health broken by his treatment in Allied concentration camps, he had finally succumbed in December 1949. At Hoheneggelsen she walked along a country lane beside the widow of Otto Ohlendorf to visit his grave. One of the last seven "red-jackets" executed at Landsberg, Ohlendorf aroused her special admiration as a modern Aryan hero. With fearless detachment before the Allied judges at Nuremberg he had explained his role as commander of a dreaded Einsatzgruppe responsible for the summary execution of some ninety thousand Jewish and Soviet prisoners in the wake of the Wehrmacht invasion of the Soviet Union: "[I]n war as in peace individual life does not count. Duty alone matters." This ruthless spirit reminded her of the warlike wisdom of the ancient Aryans she attributed to the *Bhagavad Gita*.²³

A highpoint among reunions took place at the Fischerhof convalescent home near Uelzen. Here Hertha Ehlert had been sent on her release from Werl prison on 8 May. Savitri Devi was introduced to her fellow residents Leo B., a SS-Oberscharführer just out from Werl; Heinz G., another SS man from Werl; and Erich X., who had recently returned from captivity in the Soviet Union. An air of jollity animated the group as they met at the station and drove off in a cramped car. There were many stories to exchange in a café. Ninety-seven men and five women remained in the cells at Werl, but several hundreds still sat in Landsberg according to Hans F., a SS-Sturmführer released from there just two months before. Back at the Fischerhof, she met Lydia V., condemned to death by the French but recently released from Fresnes; listened approvingly to Hans F. justify the extermination camps of Auschwitz and Treblinka as the dispassionate defense of Aryandom; and talked with a young SS man from the Oradour reprisals trial. On

30 May she went with her friends to a dancing party at Uelzen organized by the Heimkehrerverband (Homecomers' League) to celebrate the homecoming of German POWs from the Soviet Union and Nazi war criminals released from Landsberg, Werl, and other Allied prisons. These were happy and hopeful days for Savitri Devi. Surrounded by those she loved and admired, she enjoyed the fleeting experience of the world in which she had so much wanted to live, where she felt she belonged.²⁴

Through her stay at the Fischerhof, Savitri Devi also found a new home in Germany. One of the residents was Leokardia ("Katja") U., a twenty-six-year-old German woman born in the Soviet Union, who overheard her pro-Nazi views and was duly impressed as a former member of the Bund Deutscher Mädel. She invited Savitri Devi to stay and write at her home at Emsdetten in Westphalia, where she lived with her husband and two children. This proved a most satisfactory arrangement and Savitri Devi stayed for at least two years in Emsdetten, where she completed *Pilgrimage* and wrote most of *The Lightning and the Sun*, her final statement of Nazi faith. Westphalia with its open heaths and mountainous forests became Savitri Devi's elective German homeland. Above all, she was impressed by the Teutoburger Wald's historic role in the defense of ancient Germanic independence, once in antiquity, when Hermann the Cherusker (Arminius) defeated the legions of Varus in A.D. 9, and again in early medieval times, when Charlemagne destroyed the pagan shrines of the Saxons and converted them on pain of death to Christianity in his campaign between 772 and 787. A visit to the Teutoburger Wald in late October 1953 represented the final station of her pilgrimage.

On a fine early autumn day she took the tram from Detmold to Hiddesen, marveling at the magnificent brown, orange, yellow, and red colors of the forest. Her first destination was the Hermannsdenkmal, the gigantic copper statue of the liberator mounted on a gothic base, which stands more than 160 feet high and towers above the trees on the Grotenburg hill. Built over thirty-seven years with funds raised by subscription, the monument represented the lifework of the indefatigable architect Ernst von Bandel (1800–1876) and was finally completed in 1875. The inspiration and symbolic importance of the statue are attributable to the development of German national feeling and the movement toward unification in the nineteenth century. Savitri Devi gazed upon the copper colossus with his winged helmet and upheld

sword with feelings of awe and admiration. Hermann personified to her "the spirit of joyous defiance, the aggressive pride of a young, strong, healthy, beautiful Nation, jealous of her freedom and conscious of her invincibility."²⁵ In Savitri Devi's view, Hermann's victory had forestalled Roman colonization. Germany had thereby retained its ancient language, avoided the racial mixing prevalent throughout the cosmopolitan Roman world, and avoided early Christianization. Thus Germany remained the "kernel of militant Aryan mankind in the West," implacably opposed to all forms of artificial internationalism, until the Third Reich emerged as the leader of a pan-Aryan world order.

She reached the Externsteine near Horn before sunset on the same day. These bizarre great sandstone rocks, four in number, have long been identified as an important religious site. A flight of steps leads up the third rock to a small bridge giving access to the upper chapel perched high upon the second rock. Through a circular aperture in its wall the rising sun may be observed at the summer solstice. The first rock, standing beside a dark lake, is hollowed by caves and decorated with various Christian reliefs believed to represent the site's reconsecration to the new faith. One relief shows the pagan Germanic Irminsul or world pillar bent beneath figures supporting Christ; such an Irminsul belonging to the pagan Saxons was destroyed nearby at Altenbeken by Charlemagne in the late eighth century. At the edge of the lake stands the so-called Tomb Rock containing a hollowed-out cavity not unlike a stone coffin for a recumbent human body. Anyone lying in the coffin experiences complete silence and isolation, and some think that this "tomb" was used by pagan priests or shamans for initiations into mysteries and a new life. During the years of the Third Reich the *völkisch* archaeologist Wilhelm Teudt had published several books devoted to the pagan solar cults of the Externsteine that had been read by Savitri Devi.²⁶

She had seen other sun temples, Delphi and Delos in Greece, Karnak and the pyramids in Egypt, and the Black Pagoda near Puri in India, but this was the first time she had visited a putative prehistoric solar temple in Germany. She climbed up the steps to the "chamber of the sun" upon the second rock and there imagined old Aryan sages celebrating the solstice rites at a time when the Twelfth Dynasty pharaohs were building their temples in Egypt, the Minoan sealords ruled the Aegean, and the eastern Aryans were invading the Middle East and

India. She pictured the destruction of the old shrine by Charlemagne and his Frankish Christians, and the imposition of their alien creed opposed to natural and racial hierarchy upon the healthy and fearless Aryan warriors. It seemed to her that this assault upon the Saxons in 772 had been worse than the defeat of 1945, for it had taken Germany more than a thousand years to recover its natural heathendom in the Third Reich. Charlemagne and Eisenhower were both apostate Germans who, forgetting their racial origins, had persecuted the old faith and their kinsmen.²⁷

At all stations of her pilgrimage Savitri Devi had experienced a thrill at being in a place closely linked with the growth or conquest of the Aryan spirit. But a feeling of sadness was also ever-present. Hitler's birthplace, the Feldherrnhalle in Munich, the Nuremberg party-rally grounds all evoked memories of the promise of Nazism to restore the Aryan world and a bitter sense of its recent defeat. Time after time, in place after place, she nevertheless took fresh hope from her surroundings to imagine the coming Reich, Hitler's return in even greater glory, the establishment of a worldwide Aryan order. Her thoughts and feelings at the Externsteine rehearse this passage from reminiscence through despair to new hope. Alone in the sun chamber on the evening of 23 October she saw the circular aperture lit by the moon. Struck by its deathly symbolism, she was reminded how Nazism had been obliterated and was seemingly dead since 1945. But through her solitary rituals she was certain that she could help speed its resurrection.

Returning a week later before daybreak on 30 October to the rocks, she performed further rituals for the resurrection of Nazism. Descending to the Tomb Rock beside the lake, she climbed into the stone coffin beneath its semicircular arch and saw a small violet spark flash from the rock vault above her head. The uncanny silence associated with the interior of the coffin made a deep impression on her. She was removed from the world like some ancient shaman undergoing an initiatory ordeal for personal transformation. While her limbs grew cold and heavy, she fervently prayed for spiritual rebirth and a Nazi revival. "How long did I remain in the attitude of death, at the bottom of that stone coffin? I could not tell. It was no longer dark when I stepped out." High up in the Chamber of the Sun she shouted the ancient Sanskrit words in invocation of the Vedic deities: "Aum Shivayam! Aum Rudrayam!" followed by "Heil Hitler!" It was still cloudy and

raining at the Externsteine, but she knew the sun had risen. Her spirits soared, she could already see the swastika flag flying once again above the rocks of the sun. The celebration of her lonely Nazi gnosis made her certain of Aryan victory.²⁸

10

THE ODESSA CONNECTION

The complete and utter defeat of the Third Reich, the exposure of its crimes and atrocities, and the accompanying programs of denazification and reeducation of the German people combined to vilify Adolf Hitler and National Socialism throughout the Western world. After 1945, Savitri Devi had exchanged her former isolation in India for the marginal role of a die-hard Nazi agent in occupied Germany and elsewhere in Europe. In the late 1940s and early 1950s she was an obscure figure inhabiting a twilight world of bewildered Nazis filled with bitterness, revanchist ideas, and wild hopes of Hitler's return. We have seen her distributing leaflets amid the ruined cities of the fallen Reich, meeting secretly with small conventicles of unrepentant Nazis, and offering comfort to fellow prisoners at Werl, war criminals' widows, and other devotees of the defeated idol. The quixotic and sectarian nature of her postwar activity is highlighted further by her pilgrimage to Austria and Germany in 1953. Throughout this tour she regularly invoked the gods and performed solitary rituals at such places as the Nuremberg rally grounds and the Externsteine in a passionate if desperate attempt to reverse the Allied defeat and urge the resurrection of an Aryan Germany.

This situation of isolation and helplessness was soon to change. Through her reckless and outspoken advocacy of Hitler's cause, she was becoming known in clandestine Nazi circles. She had undertaken her one-woman propaganda crusade in the British zone of occupied Germany without the involvement or knowledge of any Nazi support organization, much to the frustration of several interrogators following her arrest. But the story of her mission and imprisonment soon spread

among the inmates of Werl prison and she became a trusted comrade of these and other detainees following their release from Allied prisons. Many of these new friendships offered her an introduction into the political organizations dedicated to a nurturing and revival of Nazism. Above all, this network of Nazi organizations was itself growing and becoming more securely established at the time of her release from Werl.

Once denazification had been sacrificed to the Allies' fresh interest in wooing the Germans for the Cold War against the Soviet Union, new political parties began to spring up in Germany that owed much of their inspiration to National Socialism. One of the earliest was the Sozialistische Reichspartei (SRP) founded in October 1949 and led by Otto Ernst Remer, who had been promoted to general following his role in foiling the bomb plot of disaffected high military and aristocrats against Hitler on 20 July 1944. In the May 1951 Land elections the SRP polled 11 percent of the vote and won sixteen seats in the Lower Saxony diet. The Nazi affiliation of the SRP was manifest in Remer's trenchant attacks on the Americans, whom he accused of constructing fake gas chambers at Dachau to discredit the Germans, and on the Adenauer government together with the "criminals of the 20 July." Such overt Nazi political activity was deemed illegal under the Basic Law of the newly founded German Federal Republic and Remer was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The Karlsruhe supreme court declared the SRP unconstitutional in July 1952 and the party was banned. Meanwhile Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union (CDU) and other parties scrambled to pick up the 367,000 votes of the outlawed SRP, and the CDU succeeded in boosting its share of the vote in Lower Saxony from 17 to 33 percent. However, considerable numbers of SRP voters and supporters were not long in expressing their nostalgic Nazism through a successor party, whose activities were in the ascendant by the time Savitri Devi returned to Germany in April 1953.

The Deutsche Reichspartei (DRP) traced its origins to a merger of two small far-right parties first launched in the aftermath of defeat in November 1945. After 1952 the DRP was the most influential electoral force on the extreme right with some sixteen thousand paid-up members, a few seats in the Land diets, and about half a million votes across the country in federal elections. Led by Adolf von Thadden, the DRP boasted such former celebrities of the Third Reich as Werner Naumann, a former Nazi secretary of state and Hitler's choice to succeed Goebbels;

SS General Wilhelm Meinberg; a number of Wehrmacht generals; and the Luftwaffe ace Hans-Ulrich Rudel. However, the DRP was only the most prominent of the neo-Nazi organizations that flourished in Germany during the 1950s. According to the Ministry of Interior's annual report on neo-Nazism, there were at least a hundred parties, leagues, movements, and associations, each claiming a Nazi succession, and whose total membership amounted to about eighty thousand persons in 1954. While the great majority of former Nazi supporters, careerists, and businessmen made their way in the new Germany under the auspices of the CDU—Adenauer had several former Nazi ministers in his own government—it was a hard core of Hitler faithful and inveterate Nazis who joined the political fringe of the far right. After her return to Germany in 1953, Savitri Devi made numerous contacts in this revanchist and nostalgic milieu of Nazi diehards.

Foremost among these was Colonel Hans-Ulrich Rudel (1916–1982), whom she frequently visited at Hanover and came to know well. The son of a village pastor in Silesia, Rudel had been fascinated by airplanes and flying from an early age, and joined the expanding Luftwaffe in 1936 during Hitler's buildup of the armed forces. By the spring of 1938, the newly developed Stuka dive bombers were rolling off the production lines in readiness for Germany's blitzkrieg campaigns, and Rudel volunteered to train as a Stuka pilot. At the time it was an unfashionable choice, for most of the young Luftwaffe bloods wanted to be fighter pilots, but it was the foundation of the Rudel legend. From the outbreak of war onward he was almost constantly engaged on bombing missions in Poland, in the Balkans, and above all in the campaign against the Soviet Union. He was the first pilot ever to sink a battleship, the Soviets' *Marat*, and also dispatched 2 cruisers, one destroyer, 70 landing craft, and more than 500 Russian tanks. By January 1945 he had 2,530 wartime operational flights to his credit and was regarded as Germany's greatest war pilot ever, and possibly the foremost air ace of all time. He was the first and only recipient of Germany's highest military decoration—specially created for him by Hitler in December 1944—the Iron Cross with Golden Oakleaves, Swords, and Diamonds.

Rudel believed that "an officer has a vocation in which he does not belong to himself but to his fatherland and to the subordinates committed to his charge. . . . [H]e must therefore . . . show an example to his men without regard for his own person or his life." He was not known to have taken any leave and when in April 1945 he lost his

right leg below the knee, he returned to his unit and continued flying immediately after surgery. Rudel's military achievements and his reputation for courage and patriotic self-sacrifice were a living legend among the German public during the war. This legend enjoyed an even wider appeal because Rudel was not a member of the Nazi Party nor identified with any other political organization of the Third Reich. He was, quite simply, a hero of the fatherland for whom loyalty, duty, and obedience were the ultimate virtues. His bravery was also recognized by the enemy. After the German surrender, he met top pilots of the Royal Air Force in June 1945 at Tangmere to discuss operational tactics and technical matters. One of them, Group Captain Douglas Bader, wrote in his foreword to the English-language edition of Rudel's war memoir *Stuka Pilot* (1951) that he was a gallant chap and wished him luck.

When Rudel received his unique Iron Cross from Hitler in person, the Führer had praised him as the greatest and bravest soldier the German people had ever produced. Nor was this mere rhetoric. Hitler had boundless admiration for Rudel. He regarded him as the paragon of German soldierly virtue whose courage and devotion to Germany were unaffected by the political jockeying, placemanship, and hunger for power that permeated the party and the political organizations. According to Hitler's architect, Hermann Giesler, Hitler wanted Rudel to succeed him as Führer when the time came. His youth, his qualities of leadership, his powers of communication, his ability to remain calm and logical under stress, his unquestioned character, crowned by his wartime record, all combined to make him a worthier successor in Hitler's view than anyone else in the party.¹ Rudel knew nothing of Hitler's musings, but he did know that after the surrender of Germany, things could never be the same again. He could not forget that it was the Third Reich and Hitler's war that had made his reputation. A hostage to the aura of his own heroism, the selfless patriot became a Nazi die-hard.

After the war Rudel had fled to Argentina, where he became a popular and prominent member of the country's large Nazi community, which enjoyed the protection of the Perón government. Rudel formed a close link with Juan Perón (1895–1974), whose own successful political career owed much to his study of Italian fascism. The wartime hero now turned his mind to devising plans for assisting Nazi fugitives and war criminals to escape from Europe and became the head of such

a rescue organization called the Kameradenwerk. He also founded the Rudel Klub as a mutual aid society in Argentina to help former Nazis establish themselves with new livelihoods. Throughout his stay abroad Rudel acted as a leading contact man between Nazis in exile and those still in Germany. On his return to Germany in 1951, he became the patron of the ultranationalistic Freikorps Deutschland, a right-wing extremist group founded that year whose name and aims recalled the private armies and revanchist squads set up by disgruntled soldiers after the First World War. Newspaper reports in January 1952 fueled suspicion that Rudel and former SS Colonels Otto Skorzeny and Eugen Dollmann were leading members of a Madrid-based Nazi center that cultivated close links with another Nazi center in Cairo directly involved in Nasser's anti-British plot that ended with the ousting of King Farouk.²

As soon as he had returned to Germany, Rudel publicly declared his undying admiration for Adolf Hitler and his vision of a resurrected, strong Germany. This outspoken loyalty to the Third Reich backed by the wartime legend of his Luftwaffe exploits firmly established him as the idol of the reviving neo-Nazi movement. His nationalist views found a regular outlet in the *Deutsche Soldaten-Zeitung* (est. 1951), which was edited by former officials of Goebbels's propaganda ministry and SS officers. Besides his support of the Freikorps Deutschland, he became a committee member of the Deutsche Reichspartei (DRP). When Savitri Devi first met Hans-Ulrich Rudel, he was already perhaps the most popular and visible figure of the neo-Nazi scene in the young German republic. His contacts among old Nazis in South America were extensive and he was a key player in the Nazi clandestine groups in Spain and Egypt. Although an activist by nature, Rudel could not help but be impressed by Savitri Devi's praise of Nazism as an international racist movement, a notion well suited to the clandestine and dispersed nature of postwar Nazi conspiracy. She met him several times at Hannover, completing her manuscript of *The Lightning and the Sun* on the occasion of a visit in March 1956.

Later that year Rudel returned to South America, living in Brazil and Paraguay, where he befriended President Alfredo Stroessner (b. 1912), the vintage dictator of German origin. By the early 1970s he had returned to Europe and settled in the Austrian Tyrol, but he remained in close touch with many wanted Nazis in South America, including Klaus Barbie, the Gestapo chief of Lyons; Josef Mengele, the

Auschwitz doctor; and Walter Rauff, who had planned the early extermination facilities for East European Jewry. All these men, and hundreds of others, including Martin Bormann according to Rudel, owed their new lives abroad to the postwar Nazi escape organizations in which the Luftwaffe ace had earlier played a key role. He later befriended President Augusto Pinochet (b. 1915) in Chile, where Rauff died at liberty in 1984. Hans-Ulrich Rudel's immense network of old Nazi survivors, South American politicians, and businessmen was as great a legend as his Luftwaffe record. Through her encounter with Rudel and his warm response to the propagandist value of her pro-Nazi books, Savitri Devi was properly launched into the international network of escape organizations, mutual aid groups, and new Nazi parties. Thanks to introductions provided by Rudel, she was subsequently able to meet leading Nazi émigrés in the Middle East and Spain.

The emergence of the Middle East as a haven for old Nazis during the 1950s had its roots in the anti-British and pro-Axis attitudes of Vichy Syria, Rashid Ali in Iraq, Mohammed Amin al Husseini, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, and even King Farouk of Egypt during the war. United by a common hatred of Jewry, the Third Reich had taken the Palestinian mufti under its protection following the Allied invasion of Iraq and he had lived throughout the war in a luxurious suite at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin. Hitler had enjoyed quite a following among the nationalist youth of Egypt during the war, after Nassiri Nasser, the later president's brother, had published an Arab edition of *Mein Kampf* in 1939, describing its author as the "strongest man of Europe." Even after the defeat of the Third Reich, Arab feelings remained very warm toward the Germans, who were still regarded as potential allies against British colonial power in the region.

Egypt became a favored destination for old Nazis in search of responsible jobs and high office. King Farouk had been impressed by his palace garage mechanics recruited from Afrika Korps POWs and wondered what he might achieve with officers from the elite units of the Gestapo and SS who had fought so hard against the hated British. A number of Nazi experts who had escaped the Allied dragnet were hired by the king as military, financial, and technical advisers. This Nazi influence in Egypt was to survive its royal patron, for the young Egyptian officers who planned the military coup d'état that ousted King Farouk in January 1952 were themselves great admirers of the Germans and availed themselves of further large-scale imports of ex-Nazi ex-

pertise. Thus it came about that the former Gestapo chief of Düsseldorf, Joachim Däumling, later actively engaged in SS operations in Croatia, was employed to set up the Egyptian secret service along the lines of the SS Reichssicherheitshauptamt (Himmler's Reich Security Main Office), while the former Gestapo chief of Warsaw organized the security police.³

Hans-Ulrich Rudel and his fellow conspirators Otto Skorzeny and Eugen Dollmann played an important role in recruiting large numbers of former Nazi fugitives from Argentina for key posts in the new republican regime. As early as January 1952 they were in contact with influential Egyptian army officers and the former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who had lived in Egypt since the fall of the Third Reich. According to Israeli and French intelligence reports, the Egyptian secret service and political police were staffed by such men as SS General Oskar Dirlewanger, chief of the infamous SS penal brigade; SS Major Eugen Eichberger, battalion-commander in the Dirlewanger brigade; SS Colonel Leopold Gleim, chief of the Gestapo department for Jewish affairs in Poland; SS Lieutenant Colonel Bernhard Bender, Gestapo official in Poland and the Soviet Union whose knowledge of Yiddish enabled him to penetrate Jewish underground organizations; SS General Heinrich Selimann, chief of the Gestapo in Ulm; SS Major Schmalstich, Gestapo liaison officer to French collaborationists and organizer of Jewish transports from Paris to Auschwitz; SS Major Seipel, Gestapo official in Paris; and SS General Alois Moser, a war criminal who was involved in the extermination of Ukrainian Jewry.⁴

Wehrmacht General Wilhelm Fahrmbacher took over the central planning staff in Cairo, while a number of former Nazi officials and sixty military experts, mostly former Waffen-SS men, assisted in the organization and training of the Egyptian army. Several of these were reported in 1958 as closely associated with the then Algerian exile government. These included SS Colonel Baumann, a participant officer in the destruction of the Warsaw ghetto; Willi Berner, an SS officer at Mauthausen concentration camp; and Erich Alter, implicated in the murder of Professor Theodor Lessing at Marienbad and later commissioner for Jewish affairs in Galicia. Economic and ideological advisers followed fast on the heels of their military colleagues. Financial specialists from Goering's Four Year Plan and the German Labor Front were soon employed in Egyptian ministries.

President Gamal Abdel Nasser's anti-Jewish and anti-Zionist prop-

aganda apparatus discovered an ideological treasure trove among Nazi émigrés. Supervisory among these was Johannes von Leers, who had been responsible for anti-Semitic campaigns at Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, together with Franz Bünsch and Alois Brunner, who had held top jobs in Adolf Eichmann's "Jewish department" of the SS Reich Security Main Office. The Egyptian propaganda ministry also employed Walter Bollmann, Nazi espionage chief in Britain before the war and later, as SS major, active in antiguerrilla and anti-Jewish operations in the Ukraine; Louis Heiden, an SS official transferred to the Egyptian press office during the war; Franz Bartel, an "old fighter" of the early Nazi Party and Gestapo officer; Werner Birgel, an SS officer from Leipzig; Erich Bunz, SA major and expert in the Jewish question; Albert Thielemann, a regional SS chief in Bohemia; and SS Captain Wilhelm Böckler, another participant in the liquidation of the Warsaw ghetto.⁵

Nasser himself was well disposed toward the Germans, but all the more because these asylum seekers wished to join him in the destruction of Israel. Around 1958 Egypt began to arm itself with new supersonic planes and rockets. At least two hundred German and Austrian scientists and other personnel were deployed in the new aircraft and missile center at Helwan, where rockets were aimed at Israel. The two production units were under the supervision of Austrian experts, Hans Schönbaumsfeld and Ferdinand Brandner. The latter, a former SA colonel and notorious Nazi, appointed Dr. Hanns Eisele, SS captain and medical torturer in Buchenwald, as staff physician at Helwan. By October 1962 the presence of German scientists at Helwan had been exposed in the world press. In April 1963 these matters precipitated a government crisis in Israel (whose secret service had made attempts on the lives of several Germans). There was also consternation in Bonn over this German contribution to Egypt's military potential against Israel.⁶

Savitri Devi left Europe to return to India in the spring of 1957. Under cover of her maiden name she had illegally spent four years in West Germany, completing her books *Pilgrimage* and *The Lightning and the Sun* while staying with her friend Katja U. at Emsdetten and otherwise traveling around the country to make contact with old Nazis. The supply of Indian gold and jewelry that she had brought with her to cover her costs of subsistence was now all but gone. She decided to return home by the overland route through the Middle East. In May 1957 she sailed across the Mediterranean to Egypt with a warm per-

sonal recommendation from Hans-Ulrich Rudel to leading Nazi personalities in Egypt. Her first stop was in Cairo, where she made contact with Johannes von Leers. He was a well-known senior Nazi placement in Nasser's new administration, having arrived with his family from Argentina in 1954 through Rudel and Skorzeny's recruitment consultancy. At the time of his meeting with Savitri Devi, Leers was a specialist in Zionist affairs with top responsibility for Cairo's anti-Israeli radio broadcasting.

Although the door of his ministry office bore an assumed Arab name, Professor Dr. Omar Amin von Leers could only have been taken for a German. The pink-cheeked, white-haired man with bright-blue marblelike eyes rose to greet Savitri Devi with old courtly Prussian charm. Of course, he had heard of her and her splendid books on behalf on the international Nazi cause. Colonel Rudel had spoken warmly of her. Would she accept his invitation to stay for a while and see what the Germans were now doing in Egypt? He lived a short distance to the south of Cairo in the town of Méadi (El-Maâdi) on the east bank of the River Nile. However, the Leers house was full at present, and he would arrange for her accommodation at the house of a neighbor, a Palestinian Arab called Mahmoud Sali with a great admiration for the Führer. This gentleman would be greatly honored if Savitri Devi accepted his hospitality. She was delighted. Leers suggested that she come and dine with them that evening.

Johannes von Leers (1902–1963) had very high qualifications for his Egyptian assignment. A Nazi university professor and an SS officer, Leers had also held a senior appointment in Goebbels's Ministry of Propaganda, where he specialized in vicious anti-Semitic campaigns targeted at both domestic and overseas audiences. His long publication list of anti-Semitic diatribes included *14 Jahre Judenrepublik* (14 years Jewish republic) (1933), the sinister photo album *Juden sehen Dich an* (Jews look at you) (1933), *Blut und Rasse in der Gesetzgebung* (Blood and race in legislation) (1936), and twenty-four other books. Leers's entire literary output revolved around the concepts of race, blood, and soil. During the Third Reich his two titles *Geschichte auf rassischer Grundlage* (History on a racial basis) (1934) and *Der Weg des deutschen Bauern* (The way of the German peasant) had both been published in large popular editions by Reclam. In the first work he described Hitler as "absorbing the powerful forces of this Germanic granite landscape into his blood through his father." From 1933 onward

he and wife jointly edited *Nordische Welt*, a monthly periodical published by Herman Wirth's Gesellschaft für germanische Ur- und Vorgeschichte (Society for Germanic Prehistory), and after 1935 he wrote regular articles for the *SS-Leithefte* published by the SS Race and Settlement Office under the auspices of Richard Walther Darré. Leers's racial ideas were saturated with ideas of the Aryan polar homeland, sun worship, and the power of the native soil. During his Argentinian exile Leers published a vicious attack on the anti-Nazi resistance as *Traitors of the Reich* (parts 1 and 2).

Over the next few days Savitri Devi spent many hours in the company of Johannes von Leers. The professor could trace his learned interests in *völkisch* and racial anti-Semitism back to the late 1920s and recalled the people he first met while living in Munich at that time. These included Darré, the pioneer of Nazi "blood-and-soil" doctrine and, after 1933, Reichsbauernführer (national peasant leader) and minister of food and agriculture in the Third Reich. Before her marriage, Gesine von Leers had been the personal secretary of Herman Wirth, the renowned if controversial Dutch-German scholar of Nordic traditions and ancient Germanic institutions. She believed herself the reincarnation of a Bronze Age priestess and affected barbarous gold jewelry. Another member of their Munich circle was Karl Weisthor, an Austrian racial occultist who claimed ancestral-clairvoyant memories of the distant Germanic past. Savitri Devi was thrilled to hear Leers's account of the fashionable parties he and his wife had given for Nazi top brass in Berlin in the early 1930s. Here he had introduced Herman Wirth to Heinrich Himmler, who had henceforth become his patron and created the SS Ahnenerbe (Ancestral Heritage Office) under Wirth's direction. The elderly Weisthor also found favor with Himmler and became a valued member of his personal staff, advising his chief on ancient Germanic religion, runes, and the mysteries of race.⁷

Thrilled as Savitri Devi was at these reminiscences of the Third Reich, she was even more excited by Leers's account of the new international Nazi mission against Jewry and communism. He told her of his successive escapes from Soviet and Western detention camps in Germany; of how the secret escape organizations had sent him and his family to safety in Argentina by 1946; and of the web of international Nazi conspiracy that in turn had brought him and many other highly qualified Germans to Egypt to participate in Nasser's new assertion of Arab power against Britain, France, and Israel, culminating in the re-

cent Suez crisis of 1956. The Third Reich may have gone down in flames in Berlin more than a decade ago, but here in the Middle East, in Latin America, and Spain the old Nazis had new schemes for global racketeering and political resurgence. He impressed upon her that Germany had not lost its friends among those who resented the old colonial powers. Germany was rearming itself economically at home, diplomatically and ideologically abroad. In proof of his assertions, Leers offered her further introductions to senior SS officers now ensconced in Damascus and Baghdad, whom she might like to meet as she continued her journey to India.

She walked with Leers from his home in Méadi along the palm-tree-bordered esplanade beside the wide stream of the Nile, across which stood the ancient pyramids of Giza in the parched desert landscape. In Egypt she was daily reminded of the immemorial sun cults and the young idealistic pharaoh Akhnaton's ill-fated utopia so many centuries before, about which she had written in Calcutta in the early 1940s. But meeting Johannes von Leers and hearing about his numerous Nazi and SS comrades in Egypt also reminded her of her own self-imposed exile from the Third Reich in India. She had always regretted those years spent so far removed from her idol and the "great events" in Europe. Here she found herself again in a foreign setting, outside Europe, only this time she was accompanied by Nazi loyalists who were emerging across the world to prepare for Germany's resurrection. The din and squalor of downtown Cairo recalled her memories of wartime Calcutta, and once again she felt that her years of lonely witness, her passionate prophecies of Aryan revival, and the end of the Kali Yuga had a universal significance. The Third Reich had passed, but the Fourth Reich was surely coming. Now there were devotees of the Aryan faith throughout the world in such places as this.

After visiting Tell-el-Amarna, the site of Akhnaton's solar city some 190 miles south of Cairo, she returned to Méadi to bid farewell to Leers and his family and took a Greek ship from Alexandria to Beirut. She traveled on to Damascus by car but found to her disappointment that her Nazi contacts there had decamped for the hot summer months. She then continued her journey across the desert by bus, first to Baghdad, and thence to Teheran, where she spent three weeks. From the Iranian capital she traveled out to Pahlevi to see the Caspian Sea and then continued by road from Teheran through Mashhad to Zahedan on the Iranian-Pakistan frontier. Here she waited for a week at a small Greek

hotel that recalled the campaigns of Alexander the Great in this ancient Persian border country until she could board the train that would take her to Lahore. As the steam locomotive puffed across the burning desert of Baluchistan—one of the hottest places on earth—she suddenly felt a great sense of relief to be away from Europe and at long last back in Asia where she could once again flaunt her Nazi convictions without fear of incrimination or sanctions. She had left India at the end of that dark year of defeat in 1945 and since that time she had spent long years in occupied Germany as an undercover agent for Nazism, as an Allied prisoner, and again as a Nazi propagandist and sympathizer in the German neo-Nazi underground. But now India and Pakistan were independent, the British no longer ruled, and she was free to sing the Horst Wessel Song at the top of her voice out of the carriage window.

She arrived in Delhi on 30 July 1957 and within two days was back in Calcutta with her husband at the old apartment in Wellesley Street. The postwar years had not been easy for Asit Krishna Mukherji in view of his pro-German and pro-Japanese wartime activities, and he had found it difficult to find other sponsors for his editorial and journalistic work. However, during the 1950s he had been making a living as a Hindu astrologer and had raised sufficient money to pay for the printing of his wife's books and send her regular financial support. Savitri Devi now wanted to fund the printing of her latest books and for this she herself needed well-paid employment. In the late summer she found a job as field interpreter for three East German engineers who were building a funicular railway at the iron ore mines of Jordania-Barajonda in the Orisa province. When this project was completed, she returned to Calcutta to take up a post as a teacher at the French School in September 1958. The proceeds of her interpreting job covered the production costs of *Pilgrimage* and *The Lightning and the Sun*, which were both published in 1958.

Although she was free to publish Nazi books in Calcutta, she suffered once again from a sense of standing on the sidelines. Now independent, India was eager to emphasize territorial nationality to avert racial strife, and with the British gone, there was little interest in their former German enemy. By 1960 Europe beckoned to Savitri Devi once again as a more promising stage for neo-Nazi activity. Her mother had died at Lyons in March 1960 and there were affairs to be settled. In any case, she wanted to join forces again with her German die-hard friends in preparing for a Nazi revival. For the second time she bid farewell to

her husband, in September 1960, and sailed via South India and Ceylon to Marseilles. After docking at the great French port, through which she had so often passed en route to Greece, India, and Egypt, she traveled directly into Spain. Once again Hans-Ulrich Rudel had secured her a top-level introduction into the neo-Nazi network by sending her books *Gold in the Furnace* and *The Lightning and the Sun* to his colleague Otto Skorzeny in Madrid.

SS Colonel Otto Skorzeny (1908–1975) was another archconspirator in Nazi escape organizations, and in political, and business intrigues, whose postwar adventures are as astonishing as his daring wartime exploits. He had been one of the first members of the Austrian Nazi Party in 1935 and had joined Das Reich Division of the Waffen-SS at the outbreak of war. Thanks to his close links with the Austrian SS police leader and later SS General Ernst Kaltenbrunner, Skorzeny took command of a new SS commando unit in 1943. Commando raids of breathtaking audacity and risk were the trademarks of Skorzeny's warfare. On 12 September 1943 he entered the history books when his special glider forces liberated the deposed Mussolini from a mountaintop hotel in the Gran Sasso, where he was being held prisoner by the new Italian government. In July 1944 he received a special secret authorization from Hitler and was effective commander in chief of all German home forces in the confusion following the bomb plot and played a crucial role in foiling its success. In November 1944 he was appointed head of the sabotage section of the SS Reich Security Main Office and led commando raids in U.S. uniform (thereby contravening the Geneva Convention) in the Ardennes during the Battle of the Bulge. Later he was involved in Operation Werewolf, a code name for the resistance fighters, guerrillas, and foreign agents who were to continue the war behind Allied lines.⁸

At the end of the war Skorzeny was apparently charged with creating a special corps to defend the Alpine Redoubt, supposed to provide a major bloc of military resistance and a refuge for Hitler and the Nazi leadership in a large mountainous area centered on the Austrian Tyrol, southern Bavaria, and the Alto Adige in northern Italy. From early 1945 Goebbels had mounted a journalistic campaign to produce stories about impregnable positions, underground supply dumps, elite troops, and mountainside factories. The entire operation was a myth, intended to create confusion among the invading Allies and distract them from the assault on Berlin. Skorzeny's actual task was to coordinate the es-

cape and evasion networks of leading Nazis. Skorzeny is usually credited with the creation of the most famous network of all, the ODESSA (Organisation der ehemaligen SS-Angehörigen) and its Bremen-Bari (B-B) line, which provided a secure chain of some 250 friendly agents with safe houses, money, and documents across Europe. The B-B line was the preferred route for Nazi fugitives making their way southward through Germany, over the Alps, and into Italy to reach Mediterranean ports, where they embarked for Latin America. Thousands of war criminals had benefited from Skorzeny's highly reliable escape line between 1949 and 1952.

But Otto Skorzeny's ambitions and love of adventure extended far beyond the domestic operations of Nazi rescue organizations. He was an early recruit into Reinhard Gehlen's new West German intelligence organization (Bundesnachrichtendienst), itself a creation of the American CIA under Allen Dulles with its overriding concern to use the indispensable knowledge of the former German intelligence corps against the new Soviet enemy. Basing himself in Madrid from 1950, Skorzeny built up an international intelligence-gathering and mercenary-recruitment agency under cover of an engineering and import-export business. He was appointed security adviser to several right-wing dictatorships in Latin America and was a trusted consultant to Spain's Ministry of the Interior. Skorzeny was further credited with being the treasurer of enormous Nazi funds and gold reserves that had been salted away on behalf of major German industrial concerns (the so-called Circle of Friends) in neutral countries during the last year of the war. He also dealt in arms and sold the supplies of weapons cached by the SS at the end of the war in France, Austria, and Italy. Through his father-in-law, Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's former finance minister, Skorzeny was invited by Dulles in 1953 to help reorganize the security forces of the new Egyptian Republic. In the course of his clandestine intelligence and commercial dealings, Skorzeny regularly traveled from Madrid to Cairo, Tangier, Buenos Aires, and Rome besides many towns in Germany and Austria.

Although principally a man of action and affairs, Skorzeny was well placed to take an interest in the political and ideological side of international neo-Nazism. Following the first postwar gathering of various neofascist and neo-Nazi parties and movements in Rome in March 1950, about a hundred delegates from these parties in Germany, Italy, Austria, France, Spain, and Sweden assembled in May 1951 at Malmö

in southern Sweden. Among these were Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the prewar British Union of Fascists and the Union Movement since 1948; Maurice Bardèche, brother-in-law of the French fascist Robert Brasillach and representative of the Comité National Français; Fritz Rössler of the Sozialistische Reichspartei; and Karl-Heinz Priester, a former leader of the Hitler Youth who had a close connection with Skorzeny and the SS international. The Malmö International was a milestone in the history of postwar fascism, for it created the first confederation of parties in the "European Social Movement," which advocated a third force in Europe against the superpower blocs of the United States and the Soviet Union. Its right wing subsequently founded the *Nouvel Ordre Européen* (NOE), an extreme anti-Semitic confederation, in Zurich in September 1951. These internationals joined about fifty national movements and numbered perhaps several thousand members worldwide. In his undercover operations Skorzeny was always able to access these extensive Nazi networks.

Skorzeny regarded Savitri Devi as an exceptional ideologist on behalf of a revived Nazi International and invited her to visit him in Madrid on her return to Europe. They evidently found plenty to discuss for she remained his guest for six weeks. Skorzeny was convinced that conditions were growing more favorable for a fresh wave of neofascist sympathy in Europe. The loss of the Congo had unleashed revanchist sentiments in Belgium, and now, in late 1960, French extremists were seeking to delay any settlement of the conflict in Algeria. There was a widespread hope among neofascists that the Algerian issue would repeat the ideological conflict of the Spanish Civil War on a European stage. The fascist organization *Jeune Europe* supported the *Organisation Armée Secrète* (OAS) in Algeria and later found safe hideouts for its leaders. The increased levels of colored immigration in Great Britain were leading to a racial backlash and further support for far-right groups. New German neo-Nazi groups and youth movements were being established, including the *Bund Vaterländischer Jugend* and the *Notgemeinschaft reichstreuer Verbände*, sponsored by Skorzeny's friend Karl-Heinz Priester. Skorzeny had read Savitri Devi's books and was impressed by their praise of German virtues in the general context of a revival of the white Aryan world. He felt she was someone to be encouraged, someone who should write more for the Nazi International.

Here in Madrid Skorzeny could show her something of the prestige

and protection that notorious wanted Nazis enjoyed in their Spanish refuge. For instance, there was Ante Pavelić (1899–1959), the leader of the Nazi puppet state of Croatia between 1941 and 1944. Inspired by a tribal desire for an independent Croat nation, Pavelić's fascist Ustaše movement had waged a savage war of vengeance, which claimed more than 800,000 victims among the Serbs and Jews of Croatia. At the end of the war, the Croat dictator had been sent along the ODESSA escape lines to Spain. From here he had gone to live in Argentina, until he was shot by a Yugoslav enemy in Buenos Aires. He returned to Madrid, dying there in 1959, a short while before Savitri Devi's visit to Skorzeny. The list of foreign fascists in Spain also included Horia Sima (1906–1993), commander of the Romanian Iron Guard, and senior Nazi officers of the Condor Legion, who had earlier fought for Franco and destroyed Guernica in the Civil War. Besides Skorzeny himself, the most notable Nazi exile in Madrid at the time of her visit was Léon Degrelle (1906–1994), the former Belgian Rexist leader and commander of the Wallonie Waffen-SS division on the eastern front. During her stay Skorzeny introduced her to Degrelle, who greatly impressed her with rousing stories of his anti-Bolshevik crusade in Hitler's pan-European army. She would later quote from his book *Hitler für ein tausend Jahre* with warm approval in her own memoirs.⁹

Degrelle had begun his political career in 1930 with the foundation of a publishing house and an authoritarian Catholic and anticommunist political movement called Christus Rex. After the Rexistists had obtained 275,000 votes in the 1936 general election, which gave them twenty-seven seats in the lower house and seven in the Senate, Degrelle became a force to be reckoned with in Belgian politics but was interned by the government for his pro-German position at the outbreak of the war. After the German occupation of the Low Countries in 1940, Degrelle was freed and resumed his political activity. When Germany attacked the Soviet Union in June 1941, Degrelle volunteered to form a French-speaking Wallonian unit to fight alongside the Germans against Bolshevism. Thousands of young Belgians flocked to join his new unit from which the Wallonie and Langemarck Waffen-SS divisions were swiftly formed. Degrelle was involved in seventy-five direct combat actions on the eastern front and was wounded thirty-four times. By the end of the war he had risen to the rank of SS-Standartenführer as commander of the 28th SS Wallonie division. Refusing the unconditional surrender demanded by the Allies, Degrelle escaped from Oslo

in Albert Speer's light plane, which crashed into the sea off the Spanish coast near San Sebastian.

Franco was greatly impressed by Degrelle and his Catholic anticommunist credentials. After the Belgian courts had sentenced Degrelle to death in absentia as a traitor on two occasions, Franco refused all demands from Belgium for his extradition from Spain. By way of further protection, the Spanish authorities also provided him with an armed guard in case of a kidnap attempt or assassination. Once he had recovered from his crash injuries, Degrelle established himself as a businessman in Madrid. Rumor linked Degrelle and his Falangist friends in Spain with the safehousing of Martin Bormann in Madrid en route to Argentina during 1947. However, Degrelle's chief contribution to the postwar Nazi cause was the ceaseless glorification of the Third Reich and the encouragement of a younger neo-Nazi generation. He published a dozen major books on Nazism, including *Die verlorene Legion* (The lost legion), *Hitler — geboren in Versailles* (Hitler—born at Versailles), *Denn der Hass stirbt . . .* (Because hate dies . . .), and *Hitler für ein tausend Jahre* (Hitler for a thousand years), and regularly wrote for the far-right European press. As a prewar Belgian fascist and a highly decorated Waffen-SS commander, Degrelle was a powerful symbol of the self-styled pan-European, anti-Bolshevik crusade of Nazi Germany. When the statute of limitations on his Belgian convictions lapsed, Degrelle became a considerable public figure in the neo-Nazi movement, receiving many visitors from abroad and addressing large international right-wing youth rallies from the 1960s onward until he was well into his eighties.¹⁰

In the course of her six weeks' stay with Otto Skorzeny, Savitri Devi was able to gather a great deal about the work of ODESSA and the other Nazi escape organizations, which had brought so many wanted Nazis and SS to safety abroad. She was excited to learn something of the far-flung intelligence networks that Skorzeny had expertly woven through the espionage and security needs of Germany, Egypt, Spain, and Latin America, often with financial support from the United States. She was greatly impressed by the clever interplay of his financial, commercial, and political activities on behalf of the "Circle of Friends" that had safeguarded German industrial and financial interests through surrender and defeat. But Skorzeny was not just a man with a Nazi past. His interests and influence reached far into the governments and councils of contemporary states. He played the part of a Spanish grandee to

perfection, meeting his contacts at a restaurant where most of Franco's cabinet took their lunch. He lectured in Spanish universities on new military strategies and guerrilla warfare, and in 1960 he was a leading figure in the West German government's negotiations for Bundeswehr bases in Spain. Savitri Devi's admiration for Skorzeny was practically boundless; many years later in Delhi she would recall him as "one of the finest people I have ever met."

The bravado and mystique of Otto Skorzeny were notorious. Time and time again during the 1950s and 1960s his name was linked in the world's newspapers with Nazi plots and foreign intelligence services, above all with the ODESSA and its power to put former SS men in high places. So great was his aura of competence and intrigue that he was even tenuously linked to the planning of the Great Train Robbery in 1963. It seemed that Skorzeny's resources of daring and imagination could never be underestimated in view of his successes in the liberation of Mussolini, his bold guerrilla tactics, and the plans for Operation Werewolf in an enemy-occupied Germany.

And yet the myth always, perhaps necessarily, exceeded the man and his works. The Skorzeny myth was in turn part of the wider myth of the Fourth Reich. Adolf Hitler and the top Nazi leadership were long dead or imprisoned at Spandau; the Third Reich, the Nazi Party, and the SS had vanished in the inferno of a defeated nation; West Germany practiced parliamentary democracy under the watchful eye and tutelage of its victors. And yet, on the fringes of that safe, liberal Western world, in Spain, the Middle East, and Latin America, such figures as Otto Skorzeny, Hans-Ulrich Rudel, Léon Degrelle, and their countless confederates were powerful symbols of Nazi survival. Through her meetings with the men from ODESSA, Savitri Devi joined that world of regenerate Nazism.

11

INSIDE THE NEO-NAZI INTERNATIONAL

On leaving Spain, Savitri Devi returned to France and in January 1961 found a job as a supply teacher at Montbrison near Lyons. From here she followed Skorzeny's advice and continued to keep abreast of the growth of international fascism. During that year the larger neofascist parties in Europe were moving toward a new International, and the National European Party was founded by a convention of Mosley's Union Movement, the Deutsche Reichspartei, Jeune Europe, and the Movimento Sociale Italiano in Venice in March 1962. The National European Party clearly echoed Mosley's new postwar "Euro-Fascism." Its manifesto proposed the creation of a federal European state extending from Brest to Bucharest, the withdrawal of all American and Soviet forces from the old continent, and a scheme for white rule in parts of Africa. Its economic policies upheld the familiar fascist "third way" between capitalism and communism.¹

This Venice International, like the preceding ones in Rome, Malmö, and Zurich, was eager to promote new ideas for old causes in the post-war world. However, these Internationals were usually careful to avoid any embarrassing references to Hitler, the SS, Nazism, and the Holocaust. Such caution was completely cast aside in the spring of 1962 by Colin Jordan, the British neo-Nazi leader, who admired Hitler and revived all the Nazi props of brown shirts, breeches and jackboots, and swastika armbands, together with the slogans of "Sieg Heil!" and "Juden 'raus!" and the Horst Wessel Song. When Jordan founded the World Union of National Socialists (WUNS) as a self-proclaimed Nazi International in August 1962, Savitri Devi became a founding member and was closely involved throughout the 1960s.

John Colin Campbell Jordan (b. 1923) had begun his preparation for the role of "world Führer" soon after the war. Demobilized from the Army Education Corps, he went up to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, in 1946 with an exhibition in history awarded before his war service. He contacted a number of British nationalist and neofascist groups with a view to promoting the cause at Cambridge. Foremost among these leads was Arnold Leese (1878–1956), an inveterate anti-Semite who had founded the Imperial Fascist League in 1929, a small (two hundred members) party that was the most pro-German and openly anti-Semitic group in England during the 1930s. It had always remained independent of Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists. Leese had published the pro-Nazi magazine *The Fascist* (1929–1939) and been detained during the war under the 18B regulation against suspected German "fifth columnists." Upon his release he resumed anti-Semitic publishing with his scurrilous periodical *Gothic Ripples* (1945–1956) and was briefly imprisoned in 1947 for giving aid to two fugitive Dutch members of the Waffen-SS. Jordan regarded Leese as a mentor figure, and the two men remained close friends until the latter's death. Leese's widow was a staunch supporter of Jordan in his subsequent struggles on the far-right scene and gave him the personal right to use a house in Notting Hill as a political headquarters.

But anti-Semitism and Nazism were limited in their appeal to a few racist sectarians like Leese and Jordan. It was colored immigration to Britain that provided a new impetus to their racism and held out the prospect of a mass movement on the extreme right. The postwar shortage of labor in the economies of Western Europe had been met by importing workers from other countries, and in Britain's case these people typically came from colonies or former colonies, especially the West Indies, India, and Pakistan. The first group from the West Indies arrived in 1948 and from that year to 1954 some 8,000–10,000 immigrants came into Britain each year. In 1954 and 1955, immigration from the West Indies rose to more than 20,000 each year, while that from India and Pakistan rose to about 10,000. A total of 132,000 colored immigrants from the Commonwealth arrived in Britain between 1955 and 1957, of whom 80,000 came from the West Indies. The newcomers were widely perceived with apprehension, especially by those working-class communities in which they were expected to settle. Because all the major political parties wished to avoid making immigration a po-

litical issue, it was foreseeable that new groups would arise to demand immigration control.

The immigration issue was squarely confronted by the National Labour Party (NLP) and the White Defence League (WDL), which were founded, respectively, by John Edward Bean (b. 1927) and Colin Jordan in 1957 when they left the League of Empire Loyalists (LEL), a right-wing society begun in 1954 to reverse British policies of decolonization. In August 1958 there were race riots in Nottingham, and in September similar riots in Notting Hill in West London. Jordan ran the White Defence League from Arnold Leese House at 74 Princedale Road in Notting Hill, and organized nightly rallies in the streets of this immigrant neighborhood throughout the tense summer of 1958. He also published a local newspaper, *Black and White News*, and a flood of racist pamphlets to provoke strong feelings of resentment against the newcomers. In Jordan's view, the great importance of the immigration issue was that it forced people to think in terms of race and thus become more receptive for his primarily anti-Semitic convictions. In 1959 he was advocating the cause of Nordic racial unity through the publication of a small periodical *The Nationalist*. By February 1960 the WDL and NLP had merged as the new British National Party (BNP) under the motto "For Race and Nation," with Andrew Fountaine, a Norfolk landowner, as president; Mrs. Leese as vice president; Jordan as national organizer; and John Tyndall (b. 1934), also formerly in the LEL, as a founder member.²

The potential for the extreme right in Britain seemed very great in the years 1960 to 1962. In 1960 some 60,000 immigrants from the West Indies, India, and Pakistan were added to the population, three times as many as in 1959, and in 1961 the net increase exceeded 100,000 for the first time. It was BNP policy to send all colored immigrants back to their homelands and to impeach the Tory cabinet and the 1945-1950 Labour cabinet for "complicity in the black invasion." Despite its limited funds and small membership (about 350), the party's activities were highly sensational and headline-grabbing, including demonstrations at London railway termini to confront immigrants arriving from the ports, two public meetings in Trafalgar Square, and demonstrations against the parade of a Jewish lord mayor of London and the Anti-Apartheid Movement. To expand into the provinces and to attract younger members, an organization called Spearhead was started within the party.

It was early in the spring of 1961 that Savitri Devi made her first contact with the British neo-Nazis. She was spending her Easter holidays in England with Muriel Gantry, her old friend first met in 1946 through a common interest in the pharaoh Akhnaton. Once in Britain, Savitri Devi quickly noted the widespread publicity that the BNP was attracting as a result of its confrontational stunts and demonstrations over the ever-increasing levels of colored immigration into the country. The growth of this fringe movement committed to racism, virulent anti-Semitism, and folkish nationalism fired her enthusiasm.

She lost no time in contacting Andrew Fountaine, the president of the BNP. A spring camp, attended by twenty delegates from European nationalist groups, was held on Fountaine's estate at Narford, Norfolk, in May 1961. Those present included Robert Lyons, a young leader in the American National States' Rights Party, which violently opposed desegregation in the South; representatives from German neo-Nazi groups; and Savitri Devi. Another key figure was ex-SS Lieutenant Friedrich Borth. Born in 1928, this blue-eyed, blond Austrian Nazi had served in the Luftwaffe and the Waffen-SS. As a teenage officer, he had commanded an assault group and won the Iron Cross. After serving a three-year jail sentence in postwar Vienna, he published an SS veteran magazine, *Das Kamerad*, which was swiftly suppressed by the Soviet authorities. Thereafter he was connected with numerous extreme right-wing groups and attended most international fascist gatherings. He led the Bund Heimattreuer Jugend until its banning in 1959 and then ran the Legion Europa, the Austrian section of Thiriart's Jeune Europe, another international grouping inspired by the French OAS in Algeria and Belgian rancor over the loss of the Congo.³ After a busy schedule of lectures at Narford, the participants celebrated their Nordic racial identity with folkish songs and tankards of traditional ale around the campfire.

Savitri Devi was soon on friendly terms with John Tyndall and Colin Jordan, with whom she had first corresponded while staying with Skorzeny in Spain, and she kept in touch following her return to France. It was through this early contact that she was able to follow the subsequent wranglings in the BNP between Fountaine and Bean on the one hand and the brazen neo-Nazi tendency of Jordan and Tyndall. The latter commanded her instinctive allegiance and in due course she was their devoted supporter in the schismatic National Socialist Movement.

Despite the runaway success of the immigration issue for racial na-

tionalism, ideological divisions were becoming apparent in the BNP leadership. In February 1962 Bean presented a resolution to its national council that "Jordan's wrongful direction of tactics is placing increasing emphasis on directly associating ourselves with the pre-war era of National Socialist Germany to the neglect of Britain, Europe and the White World struggle of today and the future." Bean and Fountaine clearly saw that Jordan's chief motive was admiration for Nazi Germany, whose example he wanted to translate, together with all the paraphernalia of swastikas, uniforms, and Hitler cult into contemporary Britain. What they wanted was a modern British nationalist movement addressing the issues of the 1960s. Jordan was defeated by a vote of seven to five, but he refused to stand down and reminded everyone that he held exclusive right to the use of Arnold Leese House. The BNP thereupon split, with Bean and Fountaine taking the party name, the magazine *Combat*, and more than 80 percent of the membership. Jordan retained the headquarters, John Tyndall and most of the Spearhead group, and the Birmingham and West Essex branches of the BNP.

The real issue behind the split was whether or not to make the BNP a self-proclaimed Nazi party. Colin Jordan wanted just this. Since 1960 he had edited a magazine called *Northern European* (1960–1962), which was flagged as the "voice of Nordic racial nationalism." He now called his rump faction the National Socialist Movement (NSM) and, together with John Tyndall and Denis Pirie, began to develop a British neo-Nazi party with all the forbidden trappings of Hitlerism. He launched the NSM with an inaugural party on 20 April, Hitler's birthday, with a swastika-decorated cake. Great excitement attended a transatlantic telephone call to Lincoln Rockwell, the leader of the American Nazi Party, to exchange congratulations, "Heil Hitlers," and "Sieg Heils." Jordan then made a speech about Britain's "loss and shame" for its role in the Second World War and the defeat of Hitler. However, he ended on an exultant note about the prospects of the NSM: "In Britain—in Britain of all places—the light which Hitler lit is burning, burning brighter, shining out across the waters, across the mountains, across the frontiers. National Socialism is coming back." In May he began editing a new magazine, *The National Socialist* (1962–1966), and published the NSM manifesto: "... the greatest treasure of the British people—the basis of their greatness in the past, and the only basis for it in the future—is their Aryan, predominantly Nordic blood; and that it is the first duty of the state to protect and improve this Island."⁴

Racial nationalism and the glorification of German National Socialism were distinctive features of Jordan's NSM which repeatedly seized the tabloid headlines in 1962. This year also witnessed a climax in the public concern over immigration, with some 212,000 colored immigrants having entered Britain over the eighteen months before the new Immigration Act was finally passed in July. On 1 July 1962 the NSM held a rally before a crowd of 4,000 in Trafalgar Square, at which Jordan declared: "More and more people every day are opening their eyes and coming to see that Hitler was right. They are coming to see that our real enemies, the people we should have fought, were not Hitler and National Socialists of Germany but world Jewry and its associates in this country." John Tyndall fulminated in a similar anti-Semitic diatribe that "in our democratic society, the Jew is like a poisonous maggot feeding off a body in an advanced state of decay." This open avowal of Nazi sentiments and vicious anti-Semitism quite overshadowed the precipitating factor of colored immigration. The NSM was true to the spirit of Arnold Leese and the interwar Imperial Fascist League. The rally ended in a riot with a mob of Jewish people, Communist Party members, and CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament) supporters storming the platform. The NSM would claim that the rally unleashed the racialist strife that summer. Oswald Mosley's Union Movement held rallies during July in protest at colored immigration in Trafalgar Square, Manchester, and the East End, which were all met with uproar and disorder. In early August race riots lasted for three nights in Dudley near Birmingham, and again many arrests were made.

Secret military training had been a penchant of John Tyndall's ever since he began leading his Spearhead group in the provinces on weekends. The Special Branch had already started to take an interest in its activities in July 1961, when policemen found such slogans as "Race War Now" and "Free Eichmann Now" (Eichmann had recently been abducted by Israeli agents from Argentina to face trial in Jerusalem for his part in the Final Solution) on the wall of an old stable at Culverstone Green in Kent. Tyndall and his lieutenant Roland Kerr-Ritchie were subsequently observed drilling a squad of eighteen men, dressed in the Spearhead uniform of gray shirts, sunwheel armbands, boots, and belts. After the BNP split, Tyndall and Jordan continued to foster the paramilitary stormtrooper spirit in the NSM. During April and May 1962 Jordan was regularly watched by detectives as he led the Spearhead squad on military maneuvers involving mock attacks on an

old tower on Leith Hill near Dorking in Surrey. Such paramilitary training was an integral part of the NSM ideology based on the rise of the Nazis in Germany during the 1920s, while Jordan and Tyndall especially were attracted to the swashbuckling romance of armed struggle in the event of a national crisis. But the Spearhead maneuvers were also intended to rehearse the prowess, drill, and discipline of the British contingent at the Nazi International camp that Jordan planned to host in England for August 1962.

Jordan had already announced before the ill-starred Trafalgar Square rally that the NSM would hold a summer camp, incorporating an international Nazi conference. Against a background of the Union Movement rallies, Mosley's inflammatory speeches, and the NSM's sensational incident, Parliament was seeking action on public disorders and there was demand for a debate on Mosley by the end of July. Labour and Jewish MPs and members of the Jewish community had meanwhile put pressure on the Home Office to refuse the Nazi delegates visas to attend the NSM conference. Once Jordan revealed that Lincoln Rockwell might be attending the camp, the authorities swung into action. On 1 August the home secretary announced that the foreign delegates would not be permitted to land in Britain, and all the airports and seaports were put on a special alert to watch for Rockwell and other known supporters of international Nazi intrigue. Unbeknown to the authorities, Jordan was already confident of Rockwell's attendance by the time he announced its possibility. On 29 July, several days before the Home Office ban was imposed, Rockwell had arrived at Shannon airport and been met by Jordan and Tyndall in Eire. There were no further immigration checks between Ireland and the British mainland, and they had traveled by ferry from Dublin to Liverpool. Rockwell was therefore already staying at a secret accommodation in London by the time that the ports were on the lookout for him. The belated official interest in Rockwell's entry to Britain also enabled most of the other delegates to arrive undetected.

By the time the Home Office ban was announced, Savitri Devi was also among those already in England. She had come to visit Muriel Gantry at her Drury Lane flat in London on 26 July, proudly bearing a large red, white, and black swastika flag for the camp. Miss Gantry did not share her friend's enthusiasm for Hitler and was very troubled when her unpredictable guest unfurled the Nazi flag with excitement at a large window overlooking the busy street. On Tuesday, 31 July

the two friends made a long-planned visit to Stonehenge, where Savitri Devi surreptitiously consecrated her flag on the sarsens to the old Aryan gods of Europe. Aware of her friend's plans to attend the NSM international camp and now mindful of the recent reports of Home Office interest in the newspapers, Miss Gantry warned her of the risk that she might be banned from future visits to England. But Savitri Devi was already far too enthused by the prospect of the conference to consider withdrawal. She was determined to plant her Nazi colors on British soil.

On Friday, 3 August, she went to the NSM headquarters at 74 Princedale Road in order to receive instructions on how delegates were to reach the secret camp location. She was admitted to the shop-fronted premises and found a large number of people already present. The atmosphere of Arnold Leese House impressed her greatly. Here right in the midst of Notting Hill, an area of growing colored immigration, the NSM had raised its flag. Young men in uniform shirts with sun-wheel armbands, leather belts, and jackboots bustled from room to room with messages and commissions. Meanwhile documents, leaflets, and literature were being stacked in readiness for the conference. Looking around the headquarters, Savitri Devi felt that she was witnessing the emergence of a new Nazi Party, a faithful copy of its original at Munich in the early 1920s. Pictures of Hitler and Rudolf Hess hung on the walls, back numbers of Jordan's various racist and anti-Semitic newspapers and magazines lay around with their shouting headlines and provocative pictures of blacks, while uniforms and jackboots lay stacked in the basement ready for action. All that she saw conjured the image of the Brown House in the early years of the Nazi Party. She shivered with excitement when she recalled that the scene of this new activity was London in the 1960s.

Colin Jordan had two main purposes for holding this international Nazi conference. In the first place, it was important to him to boost the profile and membership of the NSM. At the time of the split with the BNP, he had been left with as few as twenty activists, including John Tyndall, Denis Pirie, and Roland Kerr-Ritchie. While the Trafalgar Square rally had kept the NSM in the spotlight, Jordan was aware that he had to attract more members, not least to compete with the BNP, which was now claiming a membership of one thousand active supporters. The BNP was again holding its annual summer camp over the weekend of 4-5 August on Andrew Fountaine's land at Narford, and

Jordan felt that the NSM had to go one better. By convening and sponsoring an international Nazi conference under NSM auspices, Jordan was essentially outflanking the BNP's claims to be the major neo-Nazi party in Britain and placing himself and his party at the head of a new initiative to coordinate and liaise with other groups worldwide devoted to racial nationalism, anti-Semitism, white supremacism, and the glorification of German National Socialism. His chief motive for the NSM summer camp was to place himself at the head of an international Nazi movement.

Colin Jordan explained to her and other delegates that the camp was being held at a secret site in Gloucestershire and that strict security measures were being taken to ensure that as few people found out about it as possible. They would therefore leave NSM headquarters in small groups to attract minimal attention. Each group would make its way to Paddington railway station and take a train to Cheltenham, where a second rendezvous would be held. From there cars would take them to the camp in the Cotswold Hills. Savitri Devi's excitement mounted at these clandestine arrangements. Taxis set off in different directions to confuse any pursuers and she and several companions were soon steaming down the main line through Swindon to Cheltenham.

It was already evening when she entered the secret camp at Pinnock Cliffs on the edge of Guiting Wood, about a mile from the village of Guiting Power. The camp was sited in a secluded woodland glade beside the headwaters of the River Windrush amid the rolling scenery of the Cotswolds some ten miles east of Cheltenham. John Tyndall was already there with the Spearhead Landrover and about half a dozen large, brown bell tents had already been pitched. Savitri Devi's swastika flag was hoisted on a flagstaff, and several fires were soon alight for an evening meal. After supper the Nazis enjoyed singing German marching songs amid campfire camaraderie. Savitri Devi shared a tent with a Belgian woman, whose son was also attending. After nightfall the camp fell quiet as everyone got a good night's sleep in anticipation of next day's activities.

Soon after dawn on Saturday, 4 August, Savitri Devi awoke to hear John Tyndall's voice booming from one of the other tents. Determined to set a military example, he was calling out that only soft democrats lay abed in the morning. Feeling challenged, she arose and went for a cold bath in the nearby river. Over breakfast she began to make the

acquaintance of some of the other foreign delegates, the majority of whom were Germans and Austrians, including former SS Lieutenant Friedrich ("Fred") Borth. There were also a number of Swedes, some Spaniards, one or two Frenchmen, one or two Italians, some Belgians and Dutchmen, and some Americans.

The first morning of the camp passed agreeably while the early arrivals settled in, describing to one another neo-Nazi activities in their various home countries, exchanging and reading their magazines and books. More delegates arrived from Cheltenham in the course of the morning. Meanwhile there were logs to be cut and lunch to be cooked. It was noted that both Jordan and Tyndall had vanished that afternoon and a mood of expectation spread through the camp. Savitri Devi described the general amazement and delight when Lincoln Rockwell was suddenly seen, accompanied by Jordan and Tyndall, as they approached through the woods from the direction of the river. The Horst Wessel Song struck up on a portable gramophone and there was loud applause for the arrival of the leader of the American Nazi Party. As she recalled, the newspapers and the British government had said that Rockwell would be banned, but here he was in defiance of all. It was a special moment of triumph for Jordan and his fellow activists in the NSM that they had secured his presence at the international camp.

Rockwell began by giving a speech about the conspiracy of Jewish interests that dominated world politics and had mobilized all its agents to exclude him from participating in the camp. But National Socialism was getting stronger every day throughout the world, indeed this international camp was proof of this fact. Just as he had got through to the camp, so the future of National Socialism was assured. Savitri Devi was thrilled to see Rockwell and thought him a great personality. He was already well known in Nazi circles from pictures showing a tall, athletic figure, with a dashing lock of hair falling over his forehead, who wore sporting blazers and smoked a pipe whenever not marching in the gray-shirt uniform of his movement. That Saturday evening, at the lamp-lit camp in the depths of rural Gloucestershire, Rockwell spoke about his life, the American Nazi Party, and the future of international Nazism. The ensuing questions and discussions went on deep into the night.

George Lincoln Rockwell had been born on 9 March 1918 in Bloomington, Illinois, the son of theatrical performers.⁵ His childhood years

had been spent in Maine, New Jersey, and Rhode Island. In 1938 he began to study philosophy and sociology at Brown University, where he became politicized against the liberal, egalitarian tenor of social science and his teachers. He became convinced that liberalism was the "pimping little sister" of communism. Nevertheless, he was heavily influenced by the contemporary buildup of anti-German opinion and enlisted in the United States Navy in March 1941. He served as a naval aviator throughout World War II, commanded the naval air support for the invasion of Guam in August 1944, and was demobilized with the rank of lieutenant commander and several decorations in October 1945. Meanwhile he had married a girl he had known as a student at Brown. Rockwell spent the first five years after leaving the navy studying art and then taking a variety of jobs as a commercial photographer, a painter, an advertising executive, and a publisher, in Maine and New York. In 1950 with the outbreak of the Korean War, Rockwell returned to active duty, training fighter pilots in southern California.

It was here that Rockwell first became politically engaged. The anticommunist revelations of Senator Joseph McCarthy dominated this period, and Rockwell was suspicious of the motives of those wished to smear and discredit him. Through further reading in the San Diego public library, he became convinced of the existence of a Jewish-communist world conspiracy. Rockwell was staggered by the seeming magnitude of the conspiracy as well as the official and media silence concerning its existence. Down in the dark bookstacks of the library one autumn day in 1950, Rockwell experienced his political illumination and awakening. He had always felt that the world was out of joint, that mischief was afoot, but now he had the key to the past and the present. How could he fight against this monstrous and universal plot? The example of Adolf Hitler and his crusade against world Jewry and communism quickly came to mind. Early in 1951 Rockwell found a copy of *Mein Kampf* in a local bookshop, read it, and saw the world anew:

[Here] I found abundant "mental sunshine," which bathed all the gray world suddenly in the clear light of reason and understanding. Word after word, sentence after sentence stabbed into the darkness like thunderclaps and lightningbolts of revelation, tearing and ripping away the cobwebs of more than thirty years of darkness, brilliantly illuminating the mysteries of the heretofore impenetrable murk in a world gone mad. I was

transfixed, hypnotized. . . . I wondered at the utter, indescribable genius of it. . . . I realized that National Socialism, the iconoclastic world view of Adolf Hitler, was the doctrine of scientific racial idealism—actually a new religion. . . .⁶

Thus was Lincoln Rockwell converted to the religion of National Socialism.

Some eight years were yet to elapse before he became an outspoken Hitlerite at the head of an American Nazi Party. Meanwhile, in November 1952, the navy had assigned him to a base at Keflavik in Iceland, where he spent two years, marrying for a second time and achieving the rank of commander. On returning to civilian life, he decided to enter magazine publishing, hoping to find both a livelihood and a forum for his political ideas. He was also active among conservative groups, planned some sort of confederation, and tried to advance by concealing his Nazi hard-core ideology behind a respectable front. But eventually he despaired of this strategy because it failed to attract dedicated racists and anti-Semites. Prompted by a series of recurrent dreams in the winter of 1957–1958 that always ended with his meeting Hitler, he decided to go public against Jewish power in the United States with the financial patronage of Harold N. Arrowsmith, a wealthy anti-Semite. They formed the National Committee to Free America from Jewish Domination in Arlington, Virginia.

Rockwell's first opportunity for confrontation was provided by the U.S. government's military aid in May 1958 for the Chamoun regime in Lebanon, which was unpopular with Lebanese Arabs but enjoyed the support of the Israelis. On 29 July 1958 Rockwell led a picket of the White House, protesting against Jewish influence on the government, and organized simultaneous demonstrations in Atlanta, Georgia, and Louisville, Kentucky. When a synagogue was blown up in Atlanta on 12 October, the police seized Rockwell's supporters there and newspapers around the world carried stories implicating Rockwell. Now he and his family were harassed and his home was attacked; Arrowsmith retreated from the glare of the publicity and withdrew his support.⁷

Rockwell's wife and children soon found the strain too great and returned to Iceland. Deserted by his family and former supporters, Rockwell faced a bleak and solitary future in the early months of 1959. One cold March morning in his house in Arlington, he found himself alone communing with a huge swastika banner and a plaque of Hitler. Following a "religious experience" involving a brief state of universal

awareness, he felt he had attained "wisdom." Now he was utterly convinced he had to fulfill Hitler's mission in a total, global victory over the forces of tyranny and oppression. He would henceforth become an overt National Socialist and self-proclaimed devotee of Hitler, abandoning all thought of liaison with conservative groups and respectability.⁸ He proudly displayed his Nazi banner, recruited a handful of storm troopers, to whom he issued gray-shirt uniforms and swastika armbands, mounted an illuminated swastika on the roof of his house, and founded the American Party, later called the American Nazi Party. Besides the party headquarters at his house at 2507 North Franklin Road in Arlington, Rockwell also maintained a barracks in a nearby farmhouse for his growing detachment of storm troopers.

Once Rockwell had decided on a flagrant, open avowal of Nazism, his activity was wholly directed toward the provocation of the Jewish enemy and society at large, which he regarded as its passive victim. Besides the flaunting of Nazi uniforms and insignia, he and his storm troopers missed no opportunity to shock and outrage domestic opinion. From 1960 onward his brash and sensational exploits were designed to achieve maximum press coverage for an otherwise crackpot fringe group. Before curious crowds and eager reporters and surrounded by American and Nazi flags, Rockwell gave speeches advocating a national and then global program of eugenics to purify the Aryan race. He ceaselessly denounced the Jews as representatives of Marxism, unbridled capitalism, racial degeneration, and cultural bolshevism, and demanded their extermination by gassing. Rockwell effectively forced the media to give him publicity by concentrating on the distribution of inflammatory leaflets, creating public incidents, and haranguing crowds to provoke violent opposition. The American Nazi Party also pursued a racist policy toward blacks. In 1961 Rockwell and his storm troopers drove a "Hate Bus" through the southern states. Rejecting all race mixing and desegregation as Jewish wiles to mongrelize the American racial stock, Rockwell proposed to resettle all American blacks in a new African state, to be funded by the U.S. government.

By the time Lincoln Rockwell attended the NSM summer camp in August 1962, he was probably the most notorious neo-Nazi on the contemporary world scene. His intentional clowning tactics had won him international news coverage, in which he could regularly invoke the name of Adolf Hitler, quote *Mein Kampf*, and pay tribute to the Nazi racial crusade against the Jews and all non-Aryan races. It is pos-

sible that Colin Jordan noted his exploits in the United States from 1960 and decided to follow his example after the split with the BNP in April 1962. In any case he was in touch with Rockwell as soon as he had launched the NSM. Having convened this international Nazi conference, Jordan was eager to impress his guest of honor with his own credentials for Nazi world leadership. On Sunday morning Jordan demonstrated the military prowess and efficiency of the British Nazis to his guests by putting the Spearhead unit through its paces. Led by John Tyndall, uniformed NSM members were deployed down the valley and attacked sham strong points, rushed imaginary enemy concentrations, and fought off make-believe counterattacks, while Jordan, Rockwell, and Borth watched the maneuvers through field glasses from high ground.

The climax and real business of the camp took place that afternoon and involved all delegates, including Savitri Devi. A new neo-Nazi International called the World Union of National Socialist (WUNS) was set up under the terms of the Cotswold Agreement, whereby Jordan, Rockwell, and the leaders of the foreign National Socialist parties formed a confederation. The major objectives of the WUNS were defined as follows:

1. To form a monolithic, combat-efficient, international political apparatus to combat and utterly destroy the international Jew-Communist and Zionist apparatus of treason and subversion.
2. To protect and promote the Aryan race and its Western Civilization wherever its members may be on the globe, and whatever their nationality may be.
3. To protect private property and free enterprise from Communist class warfare.

Long-term objectives included the "unity of all white people in a National Socialist world order with complete racial apartheid." While much of this would have been quite acceptable to other right-wing and nationalist groups, paragraph 7 of the twenty-five-paragraph codicil formally established the Nazi credentials of the WUNS: "No organization or individual failing to acknowledge the spiritual leadership of Adolf Hitler and the fact that we are National Socialists shall be admitted to membership." Likewise, the long-term objective, "To find and accomplish a just and final settlement of the Jewish problem,"

identified the WUNS as a direct heir of Hitler's plans for a Final Solution. Jordan was elected world Führer and Rockwell his deputy and heir by the twenty-seven delegates, who with their respective parties became founding members of the WUNS.

But this rural Nazi idyll could not elude the press and public curiosity for long. The comings and goings at the camp, the military maneuvers of the Spearhead group, the constant shouts of "Sieg Heil!" and the strains of the Horst Wessel Song deep into the night inevitably drew the attention of local inhabitants and members of the press were informed. On Sunday evening Rockwell was quietly smuggled away from the camp and went to stay at Jordan's Coventry home. Meanwhile some reporters had arrived and a *Daily Mail* photographer, Ann Ward, was struck by an air-gun pellet. She later received an apology from John Tyndall. The press interest became more intense, and on Monday Jordan addressed journalists over a gate at the edge of Guiting Wood. He held up a film showing Rockwell at the camp on Sunday evening and offered it to the highest bidder. He also confirmed that the police had visited the camp that morning but had soon left. However, in the course of the afternoon a Bristol newspaper photographer, Eric Hanson, entered the camp and was set upon by a group of men and his camera was damaged. John Tyndall also held an impromptu meeting by the gateway leading to the camp and fielded questions from a crowd of youths about the uniforms, the flying of the swastika flag, and the liquidation of the Jews in Nazi Germany. Newspaper stories with such enticing headings as "Secret 'Nazi' Camp" and "Jackboots in an English Glade" appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*.⁹

Although the Cotswold Agreement had now been signed and Rockwell had left, it was intended that the camp should continue through the week. Another couple of delegates were still expected from America, and on the morning of Tuesday, 7 August, Savitri Devi volunteered to travel to London in order to collect them. However, on the same day the camp was plunged into crisis. Angry at the unwelcome publicity, a crowd of some twenty villagers from Guiting Power decided to storm the camp on Tuesday evening. After jeers and catcalls, a shot was fired at the swastika flag flying above the tents. This was quickly hauled down by the Nazis, but the villagers managed to grab it. The fighting lasted for about twenty minutes until police reinforcements arrived and the villagers were persuaded to leave the site. Later on, Superintendent Dennis Blick of Cirencester advised Jordan to close the

camp in order to avoid further trouble. Meanwhile, the authorities were concerned about the emerging evidence of the American Nazi leader's presence in Britain. On Tuesday evening the home secretary signed a deportation order on Rockwell and asked the police to find him.¹⁰

Savitri Devi met the American couple at London airport on 8 August. They were concerned to read in that morning's newspapers that the camp had broken up after trouble with the local population and the police were involved. While the Americans decided to stay away, Savitri Devi felt she had no option but to return to collect her suitcase. With mounting anxiety she traveled back by railway to Cheltenham and then by car out to the campsite. Arriving in the early afternoon, she found the camp in turmoil but was able to recover her luggage from a pile of stowed equipment. However, Special Branch officers were present and demanded to see the identification papers of all aliens in the camp. Her Greek passport was examined and a stamp was inserted that she only later discovered barred her from reentry to Britain for a number of years. After returning to London to stay with Muriel Gantry, Savitri Devi was able to keep in touch with the events following the much-publicized Nazi International.

Rockwell and Jordan had talked by telephone with the police from their hideout in Coventry, and Rockwell had decided to give himself up once he had sold his story to the *Daily Mail*. However, the newspaper informed detectives of Rockwell's intentions and he was arrested near its offices in Holborn on Wednesday evening. Meanwhile, a NSM official, Roland Kerr-Ritchie, announced that a letter from Rockwell requesting an audience with the Queen had been delivered to Buckingham Palace. After being held overnight at Cannon Row police station, Rockwell was deported by a DC-8 airliner on a scheduled flight to Boston on Thursday morning. Halfway up the steps to the aircraft, Rockwell turned and raised his hand in a Hitler salute. Jordan was evidently kept in ignorance of these rapid developments, for he was still seeking legal advice on how to thwart the deportation order on Thursday afternoon.¹¹ Worse was to follow for the British Nazis. Just before 8:00 P.M. on Friday, 10 August, a truck covered with a green tarpaulin drew up outside the NSM headquarters in Princedale Road, whereupon a dozen Special Branch officers raided and searched the building for two hours. No arrests were made, but large quantities of documents, flags, uniforms, and weapons, together with portraits of

Hitler and Hess, were seized. Jordan and ten other men were questioned by the police, and three women were also found in the building.¹²

The authorities' clampdown on the NSM effectively removed Colin Jordan from the center of WUNS activities at an early stage following its birth. On 16 August, Jordan, Tyndall, Kerr-Ritchie, and Pirie were charged under the Public Order Act with organizing and equipping a paramilitary force. On 20 August, Savitri Devi attended the magistrates' court at Bow Street, where the NSM leaders were sent to prison for a fortnight for petty offenses. When the main Spearhead trial was held at the Old Bailey in October, the prosecution rested on the more serious charge of the group's self-conscious emulation of the Nazi storm troopers, not least its possession of firearms and materials for making explosives. Jordan was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, Tyndall to six, and their lieutenants to three each. Leadership of the WUNS now passed to Lincoln Rockwell and the American Nazi Party. With its radical Nazi and anti-Semitic program, the WUNS soon succeeded in attracting many members of the *Nouvel Ordre Européen* (NOE), founded in 1951 at Zurich, into its own ranks. By the beginning of 1964, the WUNS announced that it maintained national sections in France, Germany, Great Britain, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, the United States, Argentina, Chile, and Australia. It was also under Rockwell's leadership of the WUNS that Savitri Devi ultimately became a more widely known figure in international neo-Nazi circles.

The initial contact with Colin Jordan's NSM and early involvement in the WUNS greatly extended Savitri Devi's range of contacts and ideological influence. Typical of these was her friendship with Françoise Dior, a wealthy French heiress and neo-Nazi whose sensational and subversive antics during the 1960s regularly guaranteed her newspaper coverage. Born on 7 April 1932, Françoise Dior was the niece of Christian Dior, the famous Parisian couturier. Growing up in France under the German occupation, she became an avid admirer of Hitler's new racial order; one of her sweetest memories was the compliment of an SS-man, "What a beautiful little Aryan girl." Her other abiding interest was pre-Revolutionary France and she believed, like Savitri Devi, that the ideas of 1789—equality, liberty, and fraternity—were nothing more than a cover for the activities of sinister international elites whose aim was national degeneracy. She was initially a fervent Royalist and married Count Robert-Henri de Caumont-la-Force, a scion of one of

France's oldest noble families. However, their union was unhappy. Disappointed by traditional aristocracy, Françoise Dior reverted to her juvenile enthusiasm for a racial elite. As a result of the sensational reports of Colin Jordan's Trafalgar Square rally, she traveled to London and became a frequent visitor to the headquarters of the NSM in the summer months of 1962.

Jordan began courting Françoise Dior and introduced her to Savitri Devi, whereupon the two women became close friends in France. When the NSM began to revive after the release of John Tyndall, Denis Pirie, and Roland Kerr-Ritchie in the spring of 1963, Dior again became a fanatical supporter of the British neo-Nazis. Romance also blossomed, and she was successively engaged to Tyndall and then Jordan, following their respective releases from prison. She and Colin Jordan were married on 6 October 1963 in a bizarre ceremony complete with Nazi regalia at 74 Princedale Road. Standing at a candlelit table draped with a swastika flag, the couple swore over a dagger that they were of Aryan descent and exchanged their vows. Each then made a small incision in the ring finger, their two fingers were joined to symbolize the union of the blood, and a drop of their mixed blood was then allowed to fall onto an open page of *Mein Kampf*. The couple held hands, and Jordan declared the marriage enacted.¹³ The guests gave the Hitler salute and the Horst Wessel Song was played. Savitri Devi was bitterly disappointed that she was unable to be present at the wedding. She had been turned away by the immigration authorities at Dover on one of the several occasions that she tried to reenter Britain following her ban after the Cotswold camp.

Within three months the couple had separated, but they were reconciled once Dior was satisfied that Jordan had demonstrated his powers of leadership in the NSM, which had fallen prey to factionalism. This new split on the far right reflected the causes of the earlier division between the BNP and the NSM. John Tyndall wanted to develop a British form of National Socialism with due emphasis on patriotism, racial pride, and contemporary circumstances. He thought the overt Hitler worship and meticulous imitation of German Nazism so beloved of Jordan attracted ridicule and was a political liability. It is also likely that his humiliation over losing his fiancée to Jordan played a part in the break. In August 1964 Tyndall launched the Greater Britain Movement (GBM) with its own magazine *Spearhead* and some 130 members. Following their acrimonious rupture, Jordan and Tyndall each courted

Rockwell for his party to be recognized as the British section of the WUNS. But Rockwell instinctively sided with Jordan because Rockwell himself had long advocated brazen Nazism and was suspicious of Tyndall's plan to drop the swastika as a political symbol. After his failure to convince Rockwell, Tyndall cultivated contacts with rival U.S. white supremacist groups such as the National States' Rights Party and the National Socialist White Power Movement.¹⁴

Ever an extremist and the enemy of compromise, Savitri Devi supported the open Hitler cult of Jordan and Rockwell. She greatly regretted that Jordan and Tyndall had fallen out. By 1965, Françoise Dior had become the official WUNS representative in France, which in view of their close friendship, further cemented Savitri Devi's links with Lincoln Rockwell, his deputy Matt Koehl, and the American Nazi Party. Over and above the cause of its sectional European nationalisms, the WUNS was determined to present the racial idealism of National Socialism as a program of global Aryan power to a younger generation of new supporters. When, in the spring of 1966 Rockwell commenced publishing a new WUNS periodical entitled *National Socialist World* from his headquarters in Arlington, a new forum for her own international brand of Nazi ideology had at long last been created. This magazine was to play a crucial role in promoting Savitri Devi to the worldwide readership of the WUNS.

Rockwell had appointed as the periodical's editor Dr. William L. Pierce, a newcomer to the neo-Nazi movement. Pierce was a physicist by profession who had studied at Rice University and the California Institute of Technology, completed his doctorate at the University of Colorado, and then spent three years teaching at Oregon State University. From the outset *National Socialist World* cultivated its image and status as the leading international Nazi periodical with long articles and book reviews written for an educated and literate readership, as well as high standards of production. The magazine was intended as a quarterly, with each issue having more than one hundred pages. The first issue comprised a philosophical appraisal of National Socialism by Colin Jordan and an article by Lincoln Rockwell on the value of vulgar Nazi propaganda; pride of place was given to a condensed edition of Savitri Devi's *The Lightning and the Sun*. Pierce not only had decided to publish her alongside Rockwell and Jordan, the leaders of the WUNS, but had devoted nearly eighty pages of the inaugural issue to her.¹⁵

For Savitri Devi, this publication represented her literary debut in international neo-Nazi circles. Hitherto, her books extolling National Socialism had been published privately in Calcutta and in limited editions. These had then been given or distributed by means of personal contacts in England, France, and Germany, especially through her ODESSA contacts like Hans-Ulrich Rudel and Otto Skorzeny, as well as the numerous sympathizers and Nazi widows she regularly visited in the 1950s. But through Rockwell and Pierce, her ideas about National Socialism as a religion of nature, the Hindu cycle of the ages, and Hitler's world significance as an avatar were brought before a much wider readership in Western Europe, the United States, South America, and Australia. In the third issue, Pierce announced that the magazine had received such an enthusiastic response to its condensed version of *The Lightning and the Sun* that he had decided to offer its readers more of her writings; there followed excerpts from two chapters of *Gold in the Furnace* in 1967 and from *Defiance* in 1968.¹⁶ This new prestige and notoriety can be traced back to her attendance at Colin Jordan's NSM summer camp and her founding membership of the WUNS in August 1962.

It was also during this period that Savitri Devi began to influence Ernst Zündel in the direction of Holocaust denial, for which he has now achieved worldwide notoriety. Born in Germany in 1939, Zündel had emigrated to Canada in 1958 and settled in Toronto. After meeting Adrien Arcand, the elderly prewar French Canadian fascist leader, Zündel became an ardent German nationalist and apologist for Nazism. Savitri Devi first wrote to Zündel, possibly at Arcand's suggestion, in 1961. Her letters and books made a deep and lasting impression on the budding neo-Nazi. Here, at last, he found that eloquent, high-flown praise of Adolf Hitler and the German people that he so earnestly sought. Savitri Devi's extravagant eulogies of National Socialist doctrine, the Nazi Party, and the SS as the vanguard and bastion of a regenerate Aryan race confirmed his sense of national identity and the German world mission. So impressed was Zündel by Savitri Devi's Aryan idealism that he visited her several times at Montbrison in the 1960s and remained in close touch with her until her final years.

At the time of their first meeting Savitri Devi was interested in Holocaust denial, namely, the attempt to whitewash Nazism by questioning the genocide of the Jews. The French fascist Maurice Bardèche (b. 1907) had been the first to take this view in his trenchant critique

of the Allied war crimes trials *Nuremberg ou la terre promise* (1948), which claimed that the genocide of the Jews was mere propaganda. Bardèche's ideas were then taken up by Paul Rassinier (1906–1967), a French socialist who had actually been interned by the Nazis during the occupation in the Buchenwald and Dora camps. Given his left-wing credentials and the fact that he had been a Nazi victim, Rassinier's denial of the genocide was even more attractive to neo-Nazis. The titles of his early books refer to Ulysses's tall stories on his return from legendary lands. That Rassinier was also a vehement anti-Semite was also evident from his writings. He published his denials in *Le mensonge d'Ulysse* (1950), *Ulysse trahi par les siens* (1962), *La véritable procès Eichmann* (1962), and *Le drame des juifs européens* (1964).¹⁷ The controversy over Rassinier's books in France was at its height during the early 1960s; his views would have instantly appealed to Savitri Devi as a neo-Nazi alibi.

Savitri Devi was the first to suggest to Zündel that the Nazi genocide of the Jews was untrue. Zündel went on to make a career out of Holocaust denial, publishing Thies Christophersen's notorious *Auschwitz: Truth or Lie?* (1974) and Richard Harwood's *Did Six Million Really Die?* (1974) in several languages in editions running into many hundreds of thousands. After his initial arraignment in 1983 under an old Canadian statute for publishing falsehoods, Zündel convened the leading theorists of Holocaust denial from across the world as expert witnesses for his appeal trial in 1988. This major revisionist lineup in court consisted of Ditlieb Felderer, Thies Christophersen, Bradley Smith, Mark Weber, Joseph G. Burg, Udo Walendy, Robert Faurisson, and the well-known British historian David Irving. Fred A. Leuchter, an American execution technology specialist, carried out a forensic investigation during the Polish winter on-site at Auschwitz.¹⁸ Thanks to the glare of world media, the existence of these hitherto sectarian neo-Nazi ideas became almost common knowledge. When she relayed this myth of French origin to the young Zündel in the 1960s, Savitri Devi could scarcely have imagined the world audience that he would gain for Holocaust denial through his court cases and appeals by the end of the 1980s.

Throughout the 1960s Savitri Devi continued to reside in France. Between January 1961 and November 1963 she taught in Montbrison and at the same time worked on a new book with the title *Hart wie Kruppstahl* (Hard as Krupp steel). This phrase recalled Hitler's eulogy

of National Socialist youth, and her book was intended as a paean to German militarism. She nearly lost her next post in a school at St. Etienne because of opposition from a local league against anti-Semitism as a result of her pro-Nazi statements in class, which included denying the Holocaust. Between 1965 and 1967 she taught in Firminy, just outside St. Etienne, but continued to live in Montbrison. She usually spent her summer holidays visiting old Nazi comrades in Germany and regularly stayed in Bavaria, often at Berchtesgaden in spiritual proximity to her idol Hitler. In September 1968 she was the focus of another friendly gathering of Nazi sympathizers, this time at Munich. Hans-Ulrich Rudel and his wife, Uschi; John Tyndall, now prominent in the National Front, a new far right party in Britain; and Beryl Cheetham, a former Mosleyite and veteran of the Narford and Cotswold camps, spent a happy reunion dinner with Savitri Devi. She later traveled with John Tyndall and Miss Cheetham to the Austrian border for a rendezvous with Fred Borth. Since 1963 he had become involved with pro-German terrorists fighting in South Tyrol (an Austrian province with a German-speaking majority ceded to Italy in 1919) and was now wanted by the German police.

In 1969 a job in Ireland beckoned, but again she was frustrated by the British ban on her entry, and she traveled on to Greece, where she took a small job and gave some private lessons. Since 1968 she had been working on a book of her reflections and memoirs in the French language, and in October 1970 she accepted an invitation from her old friend Françoise Dior to stay and write at her home in Ducey in Normandy. Dior had divorced Colin Jordan in October 1967. Her stormy career in the 1960s included a number of anti-Semitic incidents in London, culminating in her being sentenced in January 1968 at the Old Bailey to eighteen months in Holloway prison for conspiring to commit arson on synagogues. While "inside" she enjoyed the nickname of "Nazi Nell" among fellow inmates.

Savitri Devi had now passed her sixty-fifth birthday and had no further prospect of earning her living in French state schools. However, she had built up a small pension entitlement from the past nine years' service, and the question arose as to where she should now spend her retirement and continue writing on such slender means. The cost of living was very high in France, Britain was closed to her, and despite her well-wishers in America, she had no prospects of an U.S. residence permit. A return to India had much to commend it. She had spent

many years in the country and enjoyed its ambience. She still had the friendship of her husband, who now lived in Delhi, even if they had long lived separate lives. A number of supporters provided her airfare, and on 23 June 1971 Savitri Devi flew from Paris to Bombay. She arrived in Delhi in August and stayed for a while in the guest rooms of the Hindu Mahasabha office, completing the manuscript of *Souvenirs et réflexions d'une aryenne*, an intellectual autobiography combined with her final statement of Aryan racist religion.

Once she and her husband had found a new home in Delhi, she resumed writing, returning as ever to the racial basis of history and her abiding obsession with the Jews. A new book in French, entitled *Ironies et paradoxes dans l'histoire et la légende*, was begun. This was an anthology of historical curiosities, including the strongly Christian upbringing of Josef Goebbels, against which he had rebelled. But the book was chiefly concerned with the apparent paradoxes of Jewish history. These included the Jews' acquisition of banking skills from the Aryan Kassite dynasty during the period of their Babylonian exile under Nebuchadnezzar. But for the destruction of the second Temple by Titus (A.D. 70) and the dispersal of the Jews by Hadrian (A.D. 135), she was certain that the Jews would have been overwhelmed by Islam in the seventh century. By this time, however, they had been dispersed in comparative safety around the Mediterranean and in the Germanic world, and so Europe inherited the "Jewish Question." Although physically remote, she still busily corresponded with Colin Jordan, Matt Koehl, Ernst Zündel, and others around the world. It was in this fashion that her ideas were passed on to a new generation of mystical neo-Nazis from the late 1970s into the 1990s.

12

LAST YEARS AND LEGACY

Nazis, Greens, and the New Age

Once again Savitri Devi lived in the tropical world of faraway India. This was the country to which she had first traveled in search of the Aryan race in 1932 and where she had remained, throughout all her hopes of the Third Reich, until 1945. Now she had returned as a sixty-six-year-old pensioner. New Delhi was planned by Sir Edwin Lutyens when the British moved their imperial capital from Calcutta to the northern plain in 1911. This spacious and gracious city of modern palaces, extensive parks, and broad avenues still bristled with old forts, towers, mosques, and temples recalling India's legends, gods, and dynasties. She and her husband first lived in New Delhi in a small apartment on South Extension Park One until 1973, when they moved to similar accommodation at C-23 on South Extension Park Two. This crowded suburb lay five miles south of the old walled city but within walking distance of the diplomatic enclave. Such meager income as they enjoyed was derived from her French pension and earnings as a teacher at a French school until the summer of 1977. After a period of illness, her husband died on 21 March 1977. From Delhi, Savitri Devi continued to follow the fortunes of neo-Nazi groups and parties in Europe and America and conducted a busy correspondence with her die hard comrades scattered around the world. Through these links she maintained her continuing influence and reputation in the international Nazi movement. But there is more. Her association with Hinduism and oriental religions, her biocentric view of nature and fanatical concern with animal welfare have offered present-day Nazis the opportunity to disguise their entry into the occult, Green, and New Age movements.

From Toronto Ernst Zündel wrote to her proposing a new edition of

her books and outlining his plans to record an extensive interview with her. Since the early 1970s his neo-Nazi publishing house Samisdat had been issuing tracts on Holocaust denial, including Thies Christophersen's *Auschwitz: Truth or Lie?* (1974), which was a runaway success among anti-Zionists, the far right, and German patriots in the United States. It also had made money for Zündel and established Samisdat as a flourishing underground Nazi publishing concern. By the summer of 1979, more than 100,000 copies of the book in five languages had been sold. At this time Zündel was also pandering to the market for mysteries and occultism with books on Nazi UFOs that were based at secret German postwar bases in Antarctica. Willibald Mattern, a German émigré in Santiago de Chile, had spun a powerful tale of Nazi resurgence. His book, *UFOs: Unbekanntes Flugobjekt? Letzte Geheimwaffe des Dritten Reiches* (UFOs: Unidentified flying object? Last secret weapon of the Third Reich) (1974), described how thousands of Nazi UFOs will one day fly forth from the South Pole to restore German world power against a scenario of increasing racial chaos and economic catastrophe in a final act of deliverance.¹

Mattern's work was a resounding underground success in West Germany, linking the market for mysteries and extraterrestrial visitations with millenarian myths of German salvation. Zündel lost no time in publishing an abridged English-language version, which introduced yet more occult speculations. Did the Nazis in Antarctica gain access to the "Inner Earth," long ago described in Nordic legends and sagas and assiduously cultivated by the Thule Society? Had the Nazis discovered long-hidden secrets on their expeditions to the Himalayas and Tibet? Perhaps extraterrestrials from other galaxies had assisted the Germans with the saucer projects, having recognized their receptiveness to the new technology. Perhaps this collaboration was based on some shared ancestral kinship. Zündel recalled Reinhold Schmidt's account of a "Saturnian" spacecraft, whose crew spoke German and behaved like German soldiers, and speculated whether the German nation was indeed a colony of Saturn, long since settled on Earth. Why were the Germans so "different"? Could this explain why the Germans always excel as soldiers, engineers, and technologists? Was Hitler planted on this planet to pull back Western civilization from the brink of degenerate self-extinction?²

Besides the Mattern book, Samisdat also published Zündel's own books on the German Antarctic theme, *Secret Nazi Polar Expeditions*

(1978) and *Hitler am Südpol?* (1979). In the former, Zündel dilated on the enigma of extensive German wartime activity involving bases, mountain troops, and U-boat patrols within the Arctic Circle. He asked whether there was a shortcut from the Arctic to Antarctica. Had the Nazi expeditions discovered a more direct way to Antarctica via Greenland, Spitzbergen, or the North Pole? "Only time will tell us what is really up there or down there, or should we say, IN there?"³ Further titles in the planning stage on the secrets of the poles included *The C.I.A.-U.F.O. Cover-Up*, *The Antarctica Theory*, and *The Last Battalion*. In 1978 Zündel sent out a large mailing to readers in North America and West Germany, advertising a proposed Samisdat Hollow Earth Expedition to Antarctica on a specially chartered Boeing 747 to search for Nazi UFO bases and the entrances to the Inner World. The idea of Nazi UFOs caught on fast. The British author W. A. Harbinson wrote a best-selling novel *Genesis* (1980) on the theme, which was reprinted five times in three years. Harbinson has since expanded this novel into a tetralogy, *Projekt Saucer* (1991–1995), and also published a nonfiction study, *Projekt UFO: The Case for Man-Made Flying Saucers* (1995). Several heavily documented studies about the Nazi UFOs were published by Hugin, a neo-Nazi research group in the Ruhr.⁴

The mystical ideas of Savitri Devi, the aged Aryan Hindu prophetess, now fitted well into Samisdat's publishing program. Her identification of Hitler as an avatar, her celebration of ancient Vedic texts as Aryan-Nazi scripture, the whole mythological and devotional cast of her thought concerning her beloved Führer and the Third Reich were a perfect complement to Mattern's Hitler-survival myths and Nazi UFO apocalyptic. Ernst Zündel decided to relaunch Savitri Devi with a new illustrated Samisdat edition of *The Lightning and the Sun* (1979), the result of her lifelong meditations on history and religion. In a short preface, he remembered the privilege and pleasure of meeting the prophetic and talented Aryan writer years before in southern France. She was, he recalled, a true revelation and a source of many mysteries to him, the embodiment of ancient Aryan India, the repository of the Aryan racial memory. Her gifts of psychic vision and insight had enabled her to express better than anyone else the meaning of Adolf Hitler and National Socialism, not only for Germany, or even for the white race, but for all mankind. "The name, Savitri Devi, will be remembered in White History as one of the truly great names of Our Race, when our history is once again written by White historians."⁵

Besides giving details of a further six Savitri Devi titles, an appendix announced an appeal to raise funds to republish *Pilgrimage*.

Zündel also produced a set of five two-hour audiocassettes recording extended interviews with Savitri Devi to coincide with the publication of the book. Already in November 1978 he had arranged for a German agent to fly from Frankfurt am Main to Delhi to conduct taped interviews with his old mentor from the 1960s. "Discovered alive in India: Hitler's guru!" read one of his sales flyers, and it was indeed a strange experience to hear the harsh, self-confident voice of Savitri Devi speaking clearly amid the raucous, bustling squalor and street sounds of distant India. For ten hours she related the story of her youth in France and her mission to India in the 1930s. The excitement of her propaganda tours in occupied Germany, arrest and imprisonment, and contacts with the neo-Nazis in the 1960s completed the chronicle of her Aryan pagan mission across the decades. It was another Samisdat masterstroke of surprise and publicity, precisely because Savitri Devi was such a strange and exotic veteran of the Nazi movement. Just how many neo-Nazi sympathizers knew what had become of her since her WUNS days in the mid-1960s? Even if Zündel could not find Hitler in Antarctica, he had produced his forgotten priestess in a fabulous and faraway country.

But Savitri Devi had remained in regular contact with the Anglo-American leaders of the neo-Nazi movement. Matt Koehl, who had become leader of the National Socialist White People's Party (NSWPP) and the WUNS in 1967 after Rockwell's assassination, was making his movement into a full-blown Hitler cult and had a particular affinity for Savitri Devi. For him, Nazi ideology was a creed and a new faith that would lead to an upheaval of unprecedented magnitude.⁶ Besides his periodicals *White Power*, *The National Socialist*, and *NS Bulletin*, Koehl promoted a variety of books by Hitler, Alfred Rosenberg, Rudolf Hess, and Colin Jordan, and Savitri Devi's *Souvenirs et réflexions d'une aryenne* to his international WUNS mailing list. His books, *The Future Calls* (1972) and *Faith of the Future* (1995), set forth the "racial idealism" of modern Hitlerism, regularly invoking religious mythology and symbolism. On the occasion of Hitler's birthday in April 1987, he recalled the words of the *Bhagavad Gita*, that "ancient book of Aryan wisdom and insight" according to Savitri Devi: "Age after age, when justice is crushed, when evil reigns supreme, I come; again am I born on Earth to save the world." Mingling Hindu, pagan, and Christian

motifs, Koehl ruminated on nature's eternal message of renewal and resurrection.⁷

William Pierce's publication of her writings in *Nationalist Socialist World* (1966–1968) had brought her new admirers in the United States like the violent Nazi fanatic James N. Mason. Born in 1952, Mason spent an alienated youth in Ohio before joining Rockwell's Nazis in 1966. By 1968 he had a full-time job in the Arlington headquarters. When the party split into various factions in 1970, Mason initially remained loyal to Koehl's NSWPP but later rejected the mass strategy of electioneering in favor of subversive terrorism. His inspiration was Joseph Tommasi (b. 1951), a young leader of the NSWPP in southern California who had founded the National Socialist Liberation Front (NSLF) in 1974. Aping the militant left, Tommasi called for a guerrilla war with racial killings and direct attacks on "the Jewish power structure" of the United States. The NSLF maintained overseas links with the extremist British Movement in England. The NSLF's advocacy of armed struggle would not be matched for a decade in the United States until the terrorist outrages of The Order in the mid-1980s, based on William Pierce's novel about a global white revolution, *The Turner Diaries* (1978). In 1980, Mason revived the NSLF (lapsed after Tommasi's assassination in 1975) as a forerunner of new militant American white-supremacist movements committed to armed struggle against the so-called Zionist Occupation Government.⁸

Mason now relaunched the NSLF journal *Siege*, in which he preached violence, racial strife, and an all-out war against the hated "system." In his quest for extremist mentors, Mason next became obsessed with Charles Manson (b. 1934), the notorious psychopathic killer serving life imprisonment for conspiracy in the murders of the actress Sharon Tate and others in 1969. By the late 1970s Manson had begun to assume an underground cult status as the supreme outlaw who had taken direct action against a corrupt society. He claimed the "system" was killing the world: human survival depended on a simple ecological philosophy based on air, trees, water, and animals. Meanwhile he had carved a swastika on his forehead as a badge of his renegade spirit. By 1982 James Mason had adopted Manson as the spiritual leader of his new Nazi group, the Universal Order (the name came from Manson), and its campaign of destruction against the alleged insanity of liberal American society. The Universal Order's insistence on the balance of nature coupled with a call for apocalyptic violence against a rotten man-

kind bears an uncanny resemblance to the sentiments of Savitri Devi. In the pages of *Siege* Mason paid extravagant tribute to Hitler, Tommasi, Manson, and Savitri Devi.⁹

But Savitri Devi also had her admirers in Britain. Her old friend John Tyndall was meanwhile a prominent leader of the National Front (NF) in England. Founded in 1967 as an alliance of racial populist parties, the new party experienced electoral surges as a result of immigration scares involving the Ugandan Asians (1972) and Malawi Asians (1976). Until its decline after the 1979 general election, the NF threatened to become the third party in British politics.¹⁰ Savitri Devi was excited by this prospect, but her favorite contact in England remained the hard-core Nazi Colin Jordan.

In 1968 Jordan had reorganized the National Socialist Movement as the British Movement (BM) and recruited street toughs, skinheads, and soccer hooligans from the ranks of alienated white urban youth as shock troops for racial attacks on immigrants. During the 1970s the BM was at the forefront of terrorist efforts to provoke a color war in Britain, destabilize the state, and prepare the way for a neo-Nazi coup. Scorning the NF's parliamentary ambition, the BM reflected Jordan's long-standing obsession with Hitler and National Socialism, backed by a violent private militia. Through all the splits on the British Nazi scene, Savitri Devi had always followed Jordan's extreme lead. Jordan still recalled her memory years after her death. On the hundredth anniversary of Hitler's birth, Jordan used her terminology and wrote "The Man against Time" in a commemorative article for Matt Koehl's *NS Bulletin*.¹¹

Jordan retained his admiration for Savitri Devi and often recommended her writings to his more literate BM members. One of his young bodyguards, David Myatt (b. 1952), was so enthused by the eulogy of Nazi values in *The Lightning and the Sun* that he recalled its impact in an interview more than twenty years later.¹² A violent neo-Nazi activist, Myatt started his own National Democratic Freedom Movement in 1974 and was twice imprisoned for public order offenses in the 1970s. He meanwhile embraced satanism as an extreme expression of Nazi paganism and was involved in Jordan's "Vanguard Project" to create Nazi rural communes in the mid-1980s. Since the early 1990s Myatt has reemerged as the publicist of an "Aryan religion" that owes much to the idealized Hitlerism of Savitri Devi. His Nazi sect Reichsfolk acts as a cadre of the current British neo-Nazi scene,

which now imitates American terrorist models and calls for a white racial enclave in East Anglia. Myatt and his Nazi satanic group, the Order of Nine Angles, are close to a similar cult in New Zealand, the Ordo Sinistra Vivendi, whose leader Kerry Bolton has published a condensed edition of *The Lightning and the Sun* (1994), promoting it alongside an interview with James Mason.¹³

Following Zündel's new publicity, Savitri Devi even received visits in Delhi from young neo-Nazi pilgrims. One of these was Christian Bouchet from France. Born in 1955 into a radical-right family with strong Vichy and OAS links, Bouchet had been involved in monarchist, fascist, and nationalist groups since his early teenage years. During the 1970s he was a member of the Organization Lutte du Peuple and the Groupes Nationalistes Révolutionnaires. Through the mystical fascist writings of Julius Evola (1898–1974), he discovered tantricism and Shivaism and visited India three times, staying for a year. During this time he sought out Savitri Devi to learn more about the Kali Yuga and the Hitler avatar. In 1991, Bouchet founded Nouvelle Résistance, a new revolutionary nationalist movement, and the European Liberation Front, which revives the ideas of Francis Parker Yockey for a fascist continental bloc. He now busily liaises with Libyan nationalists and Mexican national revolutionaries, while his magazine *Lutte du Peuple* promotes the idea of an alliance between Third Way movements in Britain, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Russia. He has issued editions of Savitri Devi, Yockey, Gabriele D'Annunzio, Jean-François Thiriart, Louis Auguste Blanqui, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, Pierre Drieu La Rochelle, and Robert Brasillach. Bouchet is also involved in magic, fringe masonry, and gnosticism. He publishes an esoteric journal, *Thelema*, and his imprint carries titles by Aleister Crowley and his followers, Jack Parsons, Frater Achad, and Austin Osman Spare.¹⁴

A regular correspondent from Germany was Lotte Asmus of Sylt in Schleswig-Holstein. Her family had been dedicated Nazi supporters during the Third Reich, and she had been a keen member of the Bund Deutscher Mädel during the 1930s. At some stage in the late 1970s she had discovered the books of Savitri Devi and begun writing to her. Lotte Asmus was married to a retired Italian headmaster and had good links to neofascist circles in Italy because she and her husband spent part of the year at Terracina near Rome. She proposed to translate Savitri Devi into German and sought a publisher. Her first choice for translation, *Gold in the Furnace*, recalled her own postwar impressions

of defeated Germany and its privations. In 1982, Edizioni di Ar published Asmus's German-language edition of Savitri Devi's *Gold in the Furnace* in its "Sturm" series. Its narrative is suffused by her glowing account of the unbroken Nazi spirit of the various individuals she befriended and their undimmed enthusiasm for Hitler and the Third Reich. The book was distributed in Germany by Thies Christophersen's Kritik-Verlag in Mohrkirch in Schleswig-Holstein. The text made a strong propaganda offering to a new generation of young German neo-Nazis looking for new ideological tools to glorify the Nazi past.

Savitri Devi's publication by Edizioni di Ar marked her arrival as a author in the Italian neofascist scene, renowned for both its terrorism and intellectual following. Franco Freda, the notorious Italian neofascist finally tried in 1978 for his part in the bombings of 1969, originally founded Edizioni di Ar in Padua in 1964. Its list includes memoirs by Léon Degrelle, Goebbels, and the French fascist Drieu La Rochelle; a three-volume work by Hitler entitled *Idee sul destino del mondo*; and new critical editions of works by such conservative revolutionaries as Julius Evola, Oswald Spengler, Werner Sombart, and Othmar Spann. The imprint consciously cultivates the idea of a pagan Aryan heritage through the Romans and the European peoples with artwork showing prehistoric artifacts of Indo-European origin. Edizioni di Ar also publishes an annual review, *Risguardo* (1980–), which contains articles on the ancient Aryans, the New Europe, and Third Position. Its fourth volume carried an article by Lotte Asmus and Vittorio De Cecco devoted to Savitri Devi as the "missionary of Aryan paganism," with a review of her life, works, and influence.²⁵

Savitri Devi's work had already appeared in Italian translation with the publication of *L'India e il Nazismo* by Edizioni all'insegna del Veltro of Parma in 1979. The publisher, Claudio Mutti, is a prominent member of the Italian far right. Formerly a lecturer in East European languages at Padua University, he had edited an edition of Julius Evola's *L'autenticità dei Protocolli provata dalla tradizione ebraica* (The authenticity of the Protocols as proven by the Hebrew tradition) for Edizioni di Ar in 1976. He also published a new edition of the *Protocols* with his own introductory essay entitled "Hebrews and Hebrewdom." An admirer of Islamic fundamentalism and Franco Freda's brand of armed right-wing terrorism to provoke revolution, Mutti styles himself a "Nazi Maoist." His own imprint, Veltro, offers a wide range of books on symbolism, tradition, golden-age myths, paganism, and Islam, to-

gether with works by Nazis and fascists, including Horia Sima, Corneliu Codreanu, and Robert Brasillach, and Holocaust denial texts. Steeped in the antimodernist sentiment of Julius Evola, Mutti is drawn to the works of the Traditionalists René Guénon and Frithof Schuon as a negation of the secular world.

As a Muslim convert and Third Positionist, Mutti combines anti-Semitism with virulent anti-Westernism, mirrored in his editions of Rûhollâh and Imâm Khomeyni, and the Iranian Mujâhidîn and its declaration of a holy war against the infidels. In his introduction to Savitri Devi's *L'India e il Nazismo*, a translation of the tenth chapter of her *Souvenirs et réflexions d'une aryenne* (1976), Mutti claims that while "the spiritual dimension of Nazism has been ignored in the West, it is intuitively understood by those traditional peoples of India, North Africa, Japan, and Afghanistan who have a concept of holy war." He suggests that Savitri Devi's "Hitlerian esotericism" throws new light on the Hindu regard for Hitler as an avatar of Vishnu, and sees a similar motive in his honorific title *hâjj* (pilgrim) among Muslims. Mutti mentions Hitler's own recognition of his providential status among non-European peoples ("Already Arabs and Moroccans are mingling my name with their prayers," *Hitler's Table Talk*, 12/13 January 1942). Mutti wholeheartedly agrees with Savitri Devi's conception of Hitler as a "Universal Restorer" of a pristine order akin to the Kalki avatar or the Mâhdi.¹⁶ By this means Claudio Mutti assimilates Savitri Devi into his own neofascist war against the profane West. It is perhaps noteworthy that Mutti first encountered Savitri Devi through reading the fervent prose of *Pilgrimage* as an idealistic teenager.

Further Italian translations of her work have been published in *Arya*, an émigré neofascist journal published by Vittorio De Cecco in Montreal.¹⁷ De Cecco was a former member of Unità Italica, a Canadian section of the far-right Italian terrorist group Ordine Nuovo (New Order). This organization was founded in the early 1960s by Pino Rauti, formerly of the fascist MSI party, and led by Stefano delle Chiaie, who was responsible for many ultraright bombings intended to create a state of tension propitious for a military coup in the early 1970s. The Canadian section was active as an émigré support group from 1964 to 1971. Graduating to the philosophical sources of Italian terrorism, De Cecco founded a Canadian affiliate of the Centro Studi Evoliani (Genoa) in 1976 to promote Evola studies in Montreal. But De Cecco soon broadened his brief to embrace an outspoken neo-Nazism and began

publishing *Arya* to reflect this political line. The articles on Savitri Devi were duly characteristic of his attempts to popularize a pan-Aryan universal Nazism among Italian émigrés (and terrorist fugitives) in North America.

Savitri Devi has also become known in the Spanish-speaking world. Through the WUNS she came into contact with Franz Pfeiffer, a German Nazi who had fled to Chile after the war. In 1963 he had founded the Partido Nacional Socialista Obrero Chileno (National Socialist Chilean Workers' Party), which joined the WUNS. During the Allende era, Pfeiffer edited a clandestine fascist newsletter, and after the 1973 coup he published a monthly journal. He too corresponded with Savitri Devi and received copies of her books for publicity in his journal. It is most probable that Miguel Serrano, the retired Chilean diplomat and author of several devotional books on Hitler, first encountered her work through his fellow fascist and countryman Franz Pfeiffer. Serrano's own occult brand of neo-Nazism presents a heady brew of ancient Teutonic mysteries, Hinduism and yoga, Jungianism, Gnosticism, and the Western esoteric tradition. He also adopts Savitri Devi's idea of Hitler as the divine avatar of the Aryan race. This unique constellation has led to the introduction of Nazi mysticism among occult and New Age groups.

Born in 1917, Serrano had already joined the Chilean Nazi Party in 1939 and edited a pro-Axis periodical *La Nueva Edad* (The new age) in Santiago during the early war years. He subsequently entered the diplomatic service as Chilean ambassador in India (1953–1962), Yugoslavia (1962–1964), and Austria (1964–1970). During this time he acquired an international reputation as a poet and mystical writer and formed friendships with Hermann Hesse and Carl Gustav Jung. Following his summary dismissal in 1971 by the new Marxist government in Chile, Serrano reverted to his fascist past and articulated a new cult of "Esoteric Hitlerism." While living as an exile in Switzerland, he wrote *El Cordón Dorado: Hitlerismo Esotérico* (The golden band: Esoteric Hitlerism) (1978), which presented a convoluted Nazi mythology involving the Knights Templar, the Cathars, the Holy Grail, and the Rosicrucians. The trilogy was completed by *Adolf Hitler, el Último Avatāra* (Adolf Hitler, the last avatar) (1984) and *Manú: "Por el hombre que vendra"* (Manu: "For the man who will come") (1991). During the 1970s Serrano befriended many old Nazis in Europe, including Léon Degrelle, Otto Skorzeny, Hans-Ulrich Rudel, and Hanna Reitsch,

the famous aviatrix. He visited Julius Evola in Rome and Herman Wirth, the aged former director of Himmler's Ahnenerbe, in West Germany. He also knew the former French Waffen-SS man and author, Saint Loup, whose novels about the "Nazi mysteries" had given him much inspiration.

Serrano's neo-Nazi mythology may be traced to his wartime enthusiasm for Hitler, anti-Semitism, and initiation into a Chilean esoteric order practicing yoga, tantricism, and a Nietzschean will to power. He elaborates a Gnostic doctrine describing the celestial origin of the Aryans, the bearers of divine light, and a global conspiracy against them by the evil demiurge, the regent of our planet and all base matter, personified by the Jews. Serrano claims that Hitler was an avatar, an archetypal eruption of the Aryan racial unconscious against the reign of the demiurge and his minions. He took this idea from Carl Gustav Jung's notion of the collective unconscious as a store of ancestral racial memory. Serrano well understood how Jung's ideas owed much to his interest in Mithraism and other supposed Aryan cults, gleaned from Theosophy and the occult-*völkisch* milieu of the early 1900s.¹⁸ Serrano's Aryo-Nordicist inspiration is plainly evident in his assimilation of the Aryans' polar home, Sanskrit terminology, and yoga. Meditation, mudras, and mantras are supposed to repurify the blood to its former quality of divine light, transforming the Aryan into a god-man. For instance, Serrano interprets the Hitler salute as a mudra for drawing cosmic energy into the *chakras*, the subtle energy centers of kundalini yoga.¹⁹

Although he gave the Hitler avatar a Gnostic-Jungian slant, Serrano had evidently immersed himself in Hindu mythology and Savitri Devi's *The Lightning and the Sun*. Like her, Serrano also identified Hitler as an avatar of the gods Vishnu, Shiva, or Wotan, come to lead the heroic Aryans back to their long-lost divinity.²⁰ Serrano paid frequent tribute to Savitri Devi and has twice published an account of her own visit to the Externsteine and ritual death and reawakening in the Tomb Rock. He described her "as the greatest fighter after Adolf Hitler, Rudolf Hess, and Josef Goebbels . . . the first to discover the secret and spiritual power behind Hitlerism." He noted her belief in the incompatibility of Nazism and Christianity, predicting that posterity would revere her as a pioneer of "Esoteric Hitlerism" and "the priestess of Odin."²¹ Serrano combined his thoughts on the Hitler avatar with Nazi UFO myths. He claimed that Hitler had escaped from the Berlin bunker and remained

some years at a secret base in Antarctica before his translation to Venus and thence to the Black Sun, the original home of the extraterrestrial Aryans before their Gnostic descent into time, space, and matter.²²

By early 1980, Savitri Devi was regularly corresponding with Miguel Serrano, who had returned from Switzerland to Chile after Allende's fall. She expressed great interest in his "Esoteric Hitlerism" but worried about Serrano's disagreement with Manfred Roeder, with whom she also corresponded, about the Russian potential for neofascism and made a plea for good relations within the embattled neo-Nazi camp. Most of her long letters revolved around the themes of her books, such as the coming of the last avatar (Hitler now being accounted the last but one) and England's betrayal of Hitler's peace plan. As retribution, she prophesied that England would disappear within three hundred years in a chaos of racial confusion and vice. She also sent Serrano her martial poem "And Time Rolls on," a bitter postwar memoir of her grief at the defeat of the Third Reich, which ends with the refrain "Faithful when all become unfaithful—while we never forget, never forgive." Serrano praised her extravagantly as a warrior and thanked the gods that he knew about her. It was, he considered, a privilege to have lived at the same time as her and their Führer.²³

Serrano's Esoteric Hitlerism trilogy was originally published in Chile, Colombia, and Spain, but there is evidence that his ideas have now begun to percolate through the rest of world. A German translation of *El Cordón Dorado; Hitlerismo Esotérico* was published in 1987 by Richard Schepmann's Teut-Verlag in Wetter, West Germany, which specializes in reprints from the SS Ahnenerbe's Nordland press and dossiers on Nazi UFOs. Serrano was the subject of long in-depth illustrated interviews in the Spanish neofascist journal *Cedade* and the Greek far-right magazine *TO ANTIΔOTO*.²⁴ More recently, he has been featured in the underground literature of the Black Order, a small international neo-Nazi organization with lodges in Britain, the United States, Italy, Sweden, Australia, and New Zealand. The Black Order combines Hitlerite mythology with Nazi satanism in a Nordic pagan denial of the Christian roots of Western civilization.²⁵

Serrano's mystical neo-Nazism and references to Savitri Devi have a distinct appeal to the younger generation. Here Nazism becomes a pop mythology, severed from the historic context of the Third Reich. The Gnostic Cathars, Rosicrucian mysteries, Hindu avatars, and extraterrestrial gods add a sensational and occult appeal to powerful myths

of elitism, planetary destiny, and the cosmic conspiracy of the Jews that culminate in a global, racist ideology of white supremacy. In interviews Serrano seeks to engage a younger audience by juxtaposing his magical vision of National Socialism with a corrupt, saturated image of modern liberalism, a contrasting that appeals to Green and New Age audiences. Using heroic and epic metaphors, Serrano opposes the mystique of archetypes, ancient Aryan gods, and lost continents to the Jewish "black magic" of money, computerization, nuclear power, and ecological degradation.²⁶ His numerous references to Savitri Devi have fostered interest in her work as a precursor of his, and a new edition of *The Lightning and the Sun* was published by Renaissance Press for the Black Order in 1994. Books by Serrano and Savitri Devi are now circulating among neopagans, satanists, skinheads, and Nazi metal music fans in the United States, Scandinavia, and Western Europe.²⁷

By the time of her taped interviews for Zündel's Samisdat in November 1978, Savitri Devi was already suffering from one cataract and her eyesight deteriorated further over the following year. Myriam Hirn, a middle-aged clerk from the French embassy, befriended her and looked after her with regular house visits. By early 1981 Savitri Devi had cataracts in both eyes and underwent an operation that left her nearly blind. Following a stroke, she suffered partial paralysis of her right leg and hand. Myriam Hirn now read her mail aloud to her and also wrote on her behalf to Serrano and other correspondents. However, her powers of recovery were not to be underestimated and she rallied. In the meantime, Zündel's publicity and appeals for charity had led to several offers of financial help and health care. Encouraged by this response, Savitri Devi decided to leave India and travel once again to Germany, her land of hope for an Aryan revival.

With the aid of friends, Savitri Devi was able to return to Germany in October 1981 and first stayed at a Bavarian home for the elderly. She moved on to stay with Frau Elisabeth Ettmayr, an old friend who lived in Traunstein near the Chiemsee in Upper Bavaria. It was at this time that she first met Lotte Asmus, who traveled to Prien on the Chiemsee to visit her. There were also other contacts in Munich. Later, in the spring of 1982, Savitri Devi lived at an old people's home in Alix near Lozanne (Rhône) in France but she soon wanted to be on the

move again. In late June she returned to Germany, staying for more than a month with Georg Schrader and his wife in Steinen near Lör-rach. In August she returned with the Schraders to Frau Ettmayr, and together they visited Hans-Ulrich Rudel in Kufstein just over the Austrian border. She had not seen her hero Rudel since the late 1960s when visiting Bavaria during school holidays; it was to see such old Nazi comrades that she had wished to return to Germany.

It was however evident to all concerned that Savitri Devi was stranded in Europe with scant means of support. Rudel generously offered to pay for Savitri Devi's return flight to India but she seemed in no hurry to leave. Frau Schrader's impression is that she intended to return to India in due course but was excited at the prospect of revisiting more old contacts. After another short stay in Traunstein, she visited friends in Munich, and then traveled on to France. While staying with friends in Nantes, word came from Matt Koehl in Arlington, Virginia, that a visa and funds were available for her to travel and stay in the United States. He had arranged for her to address American racist and Nazi groups in seven or eight cities. Savitri Devi was immensely proud of this invitation and quickly accepted Koehl's offer. Although half blind and lame, unable to read and write, she took the view that she could still lecture. Despite her acute infirmity, Savitri Devi saw this trip as a fitting finale of her lifelong Nazi witness and secretly indulged thoughts of martyrdom at the hands of a Jewish or Negro assassin. In the meantime, she made a stopover in England, to visit her oldest friend, Muriel Gantry.

On Sunday, 17 October 1982, Savitri Devi arrived by taxi from London's Victoria station at Moira Cottage, Muriel Gantry's cozy small home in the sleepy Essex village of Sible Hedingham. It was an expensive fare, but Miss Gantry had already been alerted to her impending arrival by the police, who still kept a watchful eye on Savitri Devi's entries to Britain. Although the two elderly women had not met since the 1960s, they had regularly kept in touch by letter. Their friendship extended back to London in 1946 when a common enthusiasm for Akhnaton and ancient Egypt had brought them together. It was perhaps one of Savitri Devi's few nonpolitical friendships, for Miss Gantry had no time for Hitler or National Socialism. Muriel Gantry had visited Savitri Devi and her mother at Lyons in autumn 1950 and twice traveled to stay with her in Athens, in February 1953 and again in the

summer of 1961. The two women spent the next couple of days happily sharing reminiscences before an roaring coal fire. Savitri Devi was eagerly anticipating her visit to the United States and even hoped to see Japan on the return leg of her journey to India.

But Savitri was unwell. Wearing only a thin white sari, she looked fragile in the English autumn weather. At noon on Thursday she was complaining of fever. Miss Gantry called a doctor, who thought the problem was mainly due to recent changes in diet and water supply. Later that night, just after midnight, Muriel Gantry heard Savitri Devi breathing heavily and shortly afterward found her dead in her bed in the front room of the cottage. It was 12:25 A.M. on Friday, 22 October. The doctor recorded the causes of death as myocardial infarction and coronary thrombosis. After a long delay, occasioned by fruitless police inquiries after next of kin, official permission was granted for her cremation. As Muriel Gantry began to make the arrangements, she received a visit from Tony Williams, a wealthy young supporter of Nazi causes, who was acting on Colin Jordan's behalf. He provided money and later attended the simple funeral ceremony with two fellow Nazis, all three dramatically dressed in black. On 7 December 1982 at Colchester crematorium, Miss Gantry read her own tribute to her friend while the press cameras popped and flashed. Savitri Devi's simple floral wreath was decorated with a Man-rune, the sign of life; the inverse Yr-rune (death) commonly marked SS graves in the war.²⁸

By an odd irony of fate, Savitri Devi's mortal remains continued their journey around the world. The great finale took place in the United States. By a prior arrangement, Muriel Gantry sent an inscribed urn containing Savitri Devi's ashes to Matt Koehl, who placed them in his Nazi hall of honor at Arlington, purportedly next to those of Lincoln Rockwell. To mark this occasion Koehl held a formal New Order memorial service replete with memorabilia and Nazi bathos. Pious tributes by leading American comrades were interspersed with rousing music from the Third Reich. Behind the funerary urn hung the black, white, and red colors of a gigantic swastika banner, while a picture of Savitri Devi was draped with a funeral sash said to have belonged to Adolf Hitler. A report of the proceedings in Koehl's *NS Bulletin* stated that "[her] extraordinary loyalty and devotion to our cause has earned her a place for all time in the pantheon of National Socialist heroes and heroines."²⁹ Thus did Savitri Devi, the nomadic

Nazi and Hitler worshiper, enter the Valhalla of the former American Nazi Party.

Savitri Devi's influence on international neo-Nazism and other hybrid strains of mystical fascism has been continuous since the mid-1960s and beyond her death into the 1990s. But the very eccentricity of her thought, combining as it does Aryan supremacism and anti-Semitism with Hinduism, animal rights, and a fundamentally biocentric view of life, has led to strange alliances in radical ideology. Indications of her potential appeal to occult, neopagan, ecological, and New Age groups are apparent in the interest shown by Myatt, Bouchet, Serrano, and Mason in her ideas. In their writings paganism, magic, and the natural order act as a foil for a cleansing wave of fascist violence that will sweep away a corrupt humanity, leaving only Aryans in possession of a pristine world. Their thought is undeniably fascist in inspiration, but her ideas also hold an appeal for "alternative" movements whose inspiration is far removed from such sources.

In 1954 the Ancient and Mystical Order of the Rosae Crucis (AMORC), America's leading Rosicrucian occult order, published a second edition of *A Son of God*. Founded in 1915 by H. Spencer Lewis (1883–1939), AMORC offers a nondenominational approach to ancient wisdom teachings. In his early years the American founder had been involved in Theosophy and several occult lodges in Britain as well with Aleister Crowley and his magical Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO). Lewis received a formal Rosicrucian initiation at Toulouse in 1909, but he also laid emphasis on the arrival of traditional Rosicrucians in North America in the 1690s.³⁰ He was versed in Theosophical lore concerning rounds, root races, and Aryans, and also held the ancient Egyptians in great esteem, especially Akhnaton.³¹ From its Californian headquarters comprising an entire city block built with sphinxes, domes, and porticoes in San Jose, AMORC now runs a very successful nonprofit educational foundation with tens of thousands of members worldwide, seeking health, happiness, and human progress. Its influence in the New Age movement has been enormous.³² As a key volume in the AMORC Rosicrucian Library, Savitri Devi's book is always available, last reprinting in 1992.

From the late 1960s onward growing numbers of individuals began

to dissent from the values and institutions of modern Western society. The hippie movement of 1965–1973 celebrated drugs, Eastern religions, and other forms of exotic enlightenment against the “false civilization” of denominational religion, reason, and industrial modernity. By the 1970s, there was more widespread concern about the unchecked exploitation of the earth’s limited resources, urbanization, and the destruction of the environment. The Marxist critique traced these ills to the power of the bourgeoisie and international capital, but these scapegoats were giving way to a broader condemnation of urban-industrial culture by the 1980s. With the advent of the New Age movement, man was felt to have lost his roots in nature, leading an artificial life among machines and automated processes that robbed him of his humanity and a meaningful life. Rudolf Bahro, a leading left-wing Green and an important New Age figure, identifies patriarchy, the Judaeo-Christian religious tradition, and the entire rationalist and scientific praxis of the West as the root causes of man’s alienation.³³

Green thinkers are especially pessimistic about the effects of human population on nature. New advocates of Malthusianism—the doctrine that species proliferate until they exhaust their food resources—oppose liberal and Christian notions of aid to the needy. In the 1970s there were widespread appeals for zero population growth or decline, if necessary backed by repressive measures, especially in Third World countries. The Environmental Fund, a prestigious international grouping, took the view that sending food aid to the hungry only encouraged their population growth. Other organizations like Zero Population Growth, the Campaign to Check the Population Explosion, and Planned Parenthood/World Population also focused attention on the overbreeding in poor nations. Paul Ehrlich’s bestseller, *The Population Bomb* (1970), suggested tax penalties for childbearing and breaking off relations with a Vatican opposed to birth control. A rhetoric using inflammatory terms of violence (“bomb,” “explosion”) was matched by a contempt for humans (“plague,” “people pollute”). Many ecologists identified the teeming colored races of Africa, Asia, and South America as the root cause of the world population problem.

An extreme school of ecological catastrophism regards all human civilization as deleterious and evil. Such antihumanist sentiment, coupled with an idealization of animals and nature, represents a break with liberal thought. Many radical ecologists believe that human population must be drastically reduced because humans have simply become too

numerous, placing an intolerable burden upon their natural environment. Edward Callenbach's novel *Ecotopia* (1978) described a revolutionary ecological regime in the Pacific Northwest that secedes from the United States. Its ecocentric policy is enforced through a variety of repressive, violent, and exclusionary measures against any opposition. Once human beings are stigmatized as a threat to Mother Nature, Christian and Enlightenment notions of human equality and the sanctity of human life start to retreat. Nazi modes of thought concerning "unfit life" (the old, sick, and indigent), hierarchies of human value, and eugenic programs find ready acceptance among those who despair of mankind.³⁴

The American movement of Deep Ecology betrays an uneasy resemblance to Savitri Devi's biocentric vision. Its precepts of community and cooperation are belied by romantic irrationalism and the assertion that all nature is equal. In his pioneering work *The Arrogance of Humanism* (1978), the leading U.S. biocentrist David Ehrenfeld rejects the humanist foundation of modern life, denying that any part of nature has more value than another. Due to man's global health schemes, the pox virus is now an endangered species.³⁵ Inspired by the Norwegian philosopher Arne Naess (b. 1912), Bill Devall and George Sessions, both American professors, have publicized Deep Ecology and biocentrism as a fundamentalist movement opposed to the pragmatic approach of reform ecology. In their influential book *Deep Ecology* (1985), man is regarded as a degenerate and artificial creature in painful opposition to wild, untamed nature. Only a radical reevaluation of human importance can avert the grim future of a teeming, polluted planet. Man must give up his privileged position as the lord of the earth and seek a new accommodation with nature, at once harmonious, modest, and subordinate.

The hero of Deep Ecology is Thomas Malthus (1766–1854), while the philosophies of humanism, rationalism, and Enlightenment are blamed for man's vanity and ecological destruction. Devall and Sessions approvingly quote Theodore Roszak, the doyen of the American counterculture: "Humanism is the finest flower of urban-industrial society; but the odor of alienation yet clings to it and to all culture and public policy that springs from it." And again, with the philosopher Pete Gunter: "Pragmatism, Marxism, scientific humanism . . . the whole swarm of smug antireligious dogmas emerging in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and by now deeply entrenched in scientific, political,

economic, and educational institutions . . . make nature an extension of and mere raw material for man."³⁶ The sources of Deep Ecology are variously sought in mysticism, Christianity (especially St. Francis of Assisi), the Eastern religions of Hinduism, Taoism, and Zen Buddhism, and Native American spirituality. Devall and Sessions also trace their ideas in the literary tradition of naturalism and pastoralism in America (Walt Whitman, Henry Thoreau, Robinson Jeffers, and John Muir).³⁷

All nature has intrinsic worth and equality, and whatever science that remains should be nondominating. But if Devall and Sessions couch Deep Ecology in gentle words, their biocentrist epigones use a sterner language. Dave Foreman, the founder of the radical movement "Earth First!" conflates romanticism and brutality in a manner reminiscent of Savitri Devi. Primitivist sentiments such as "dream the bison back, sing the swan hither" and "back to the Pleistocene" punctuate Foreman's views that starving Ethiopians should be left to die and Malthus was right: "There are too many people on the earth."³⁸ He agrees with Arne Naess that the earth's human population should be reduced to about 100 million. Another contributor to his magazine has recommended a drastic 80 percent reduction in the global human population, while praising AIDS as a valuable ecological weapon.³⁹ The German Green leader, Herbert Gruhl, has even echoed Savitri Devi's passion for nuclear destruction: because only Westerners are amenable to birth control programs, the overcrowded peoples of the Third World will one day regard "the atom bomb no longer as a threat but as a liberation."⁴⁰

Left-wing writers have been the fiercest critics of Deep Ecology, which they accuse of smuggling "fascist" discourse into liberal society. "People are shit," a recent quote from the German ecomagazine *Instinkte*, illustrates the left-wing claim that biocentrism denies the moral basis of any human rights to equality and support. By rejecting man's claim to distinctiveness from animals and plants, either through spiritual transcendence or social consciousness, biocentrism reduces mankind to mere biomass, a burden on nature. And by blaming humanity collectively for ecological disaster, Deep Ecology deflects any critique of capitalism and authority, thereby frustrating genuine social emancipation.⁴¹ Marxist ecologists regard such doctrine as the ideological ally of monopoly capitalism. Only by denying the special status of man and his anthropocentric traditions of Judaism, Christianity, humanism, and socialism can capitalism soften up democracy to accept the mass dying

of Third World populations, as well as the euthanasia of the elderly, ill, poor, and redundant in the rich North. Such a countertranscendent strategy will facilitate the exploitation of human beings as raw material in twenty-first-century industries based on genetic engineering, embryo farming, and cloning.

Ideological parallels between Deep Ecology and the prefascist currents of Social Darwinism and mystical *Lebensreform* (the natural-living movement in pre-1914 Germany) are also highlighted by Marxist critics. At the end of the nineteenth century the ugly, unhealthy, and harmful effects of industrialization—destruction of nature, slums, disease—were attributed by its romantic bourgeois critics not to capitalism but to decadent civilization in general. Rather than demanding the emancipation of the working class, German *Lebensreformer* embraced health diets, natural remedies, nudism, and vegetarianism, and founded alternative colonies on the land and in the cities. Ideas of civilizational decadence found a ready ally in Darwinist ideas of degeneration, which could be countered only by healthy rural living, Aryan racism, and eugenics, as advocated by the Social Darwinist Wilhelm Schallmayer (1857–1919) and the *völkisch* biologist Willibald Hentschel (1858–1947). Marxist and anarchist ecologists detect the same romantic reactionary thought in Deep Ecology today. However, whereas German *Lebensreform* is burdened by its links to Nazism, Deep Ecology can supply a similar prefascist discourse from an blameless Anglo-American source.⁴²

Nature is divinized, man is relegated. The ultraright-wing Noontide Press in California has recognized this receptivity to the Nazi religion of nature by bringing out a new edition of Savitri Devi's *Impeachment of Man* (1991). Presented by the publisher as an indictment of the values and mores of our modern human-centered "produce and consume" society, the book attempts to popularize Savitri Devi's conviction that divinity manifests itself in all of nature, that man is nothing special, and that his recent ideas of universal equality and entitlement to prosperity at the expense of the rest of nature are fundamentally wrong. The beautiful tiger, the great banyan tree, the lithe felines, according to Savitri Devi, these are noble creatures, but not all "two-legged mammals" qualify. Only the strong, intelligent Aryan is fit to survive in a redeemed biocentric order. The publisher's foreword gives a brief account of her life, mentioning her lifelong devotion to Nazism and her books in which "she portrayed Hitler and National Socialism

as expressions of transcendent spiritual truth." Such an edition is a telling example of the new entryism the far right is currently pursuing in its appeal to Green and New Age audiences.

But Savitri Devi's emphasis on nature and animal rights against the claims of mankind could evoke a wider response in mass urban society. Ecological sentiment often owes more to an urbanized lifestyle than any authentic awareness of nature. Here one might note that anti-hunting and animal rights activists have their bases of support in large towns and cities. Their sentimental image of animals and nature is informed by modern media and synthetic enclaves like "wild life parks" but hardly ever anchored in the genuine countryside, where farming, animal husbandry, hunting, and practical conservation schemes are pursued as a way of life. The shrill and often violent demands for the protection of animals from human exploitation typically come from social groups with no living connection to the land. Given the overwhelming preponderance of urban over rural populations in modern Western society, these attitudes are set to become ever more prevalent.

The growing practice of vegetarianism and its active proselytism amongst the young often derive from the sentimental and squeamish sensibilities of urban populations. Advanced technological societies no longer regard food as rural produce: the sanitized image of hygienic food packaging in the suburban supermarket replaces livestock, slaughterhouses, and butchers' shops in the modern imagination. Once city dwellers are reminded of the bloodstained background to meat production, the horrified flight into vegetarianism only reinforces the continuing retreat from nature. Constantly serviced by television and computers, modern man inhabits an electronic "virtual" reality drained of organic natural content. The sensory poverty of a synthetic order devoid of life could well lead to contempt for mankind and a compensating idealization of animals. Here again, one may detect the reviving appeal of Savitri Devi's vehement misanthropy. A computerized and superurbanized humanity might long for contact with nature while entertaining violent visions of hatred and destruction for its own species.

Nor is Savitri Devi's vision of the noble Aryan far removed from primitivist currents of New Age thought. The German *völkisch* and youth movements in the period 1890–1930 mixed paganism and nature worship with reverence for barbarian virtue. Ancient Germans, racial

purity, and national revival were all bound up with the merits of nature.⁴³ Many New Age groups rehearse the nativist aspects of these Nazi precursors in a eulogy of the primitive. The movement began in the 1970s with European support for the cultural struggle of the North American Indians, but politics soon gave way to mythology. Navajo, Hopi, and Sioux Indians were credited with a natural wisdom long lost among the rational, technologically advanced peoples of the West. In the 1980s Indian deputations and medicine men plied their trade of esoteric workshops and conferences across Germany and Switzerland. So long as the idealized groups were marginal, alien, or oppressed, such New Age sentiment was generally left-wing or anarchist. However once the models were sought closer to home in the prerational, mythical past of Western culture, *völkisch* ideas could make a fashionable return.

By the early 1980s the enthusiasm for North American Indians and their ecological-esoteric wisdom had spread to the ancient European tribes—the “Indians of the West.” In the New Age movement there are now numerous groups devoted to reviving the wisdom of the ancient Celts and Teutons. Druids and old Germanic priest-kings, witches, and priestesses now provide New Age precursors closer to home and Western identity. Books, workshops, and conferences on paganism, shamanism, runes, and magic proliferate. The Anglo-American Ásatrú Free Assembly and Odinists revived neo-Germanic paganism, while in Germany neo-*völkisch* groups such as the Goden (est. 1957) and Armanenschaft (est. 1969), a revival of the Guido von List Society, swiftly reoriented themselves toward the New Age concern with feminism, ecology, and esoteric lore. The Aryan mysticism of Julius Evola was rediscovered by New Age publications. Nostalgia for a lost golden age and apocalyptic hopes of its revival recall the ideological foreground of earlier demands for fascist renewal.⁴⁴

Deep Ecology, biocentrism, nature worship, and New Age paganism reflect a hostility toward Christianity, rationalism, and liberalism in modern society. Although these radical movements often have their roots in left-wing dissent, their increasing tendency toward myth and despair indicate their susceptibility to millenarian and mystical ideas on the far right. Neo-Nazi and fascist activists now actively seek to infiltrate the ecological and esoteric scene. The cybernetic encirclement of man and his complete divorce from nature could well foster a more

fundamental alienation. In a congested and automated world, Savitri Devi's sentimental love of animals and hatred of the masses may find new followers. The pessimism of the Kali Yuga and her vision of a pristine new Aryan order possess a perennial appeal in times of uncertainty and change.

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remembers his open expression, bright eyes, and, perhaps evidence of his love of nature, how he would converse with trees. *Ibid.*, pp. 68–70.

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42. Dieter Asselhoven and Andrea Capitain, "Wenn Gedanken wie Wildgänse

rauschen: Die Reinkarnation der präfaschistischen Lebensreform," *ÖkoLinX*, no. 25 (spring 1997), pp. 11–15.

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The primary sources for this study of Savitri Devi and the new Hitler cults have been identified in the notes. This list of Savitri Devi's works is intended to serve as a chronology of her works.

Maximiani PORTAS, afterward SAVITRI DEVI MUKHERJI

Savitri Devi's first published works were her two doctoral theses presented at the University of Lyons, which appeared under her maiden name Maximiani Portas. *Essai critique sur Théophile Kairis* (Lyons, [1935])
La simplicité mathématique (Lyons, [1935])

All her subsequent publications appeared under her new Hindu name Savitri Devi. The books relating to Hinduism and India were written in the 1930s after her arrival there.

L'Etang aux lotus (Calcutta: author, 1940) [written in 1935–1936]
A Warning to the Hindus (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1939) [written in 1937–1939].
Translations into Bengali, Hindi, Marathi, and other Indian languages.

The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1940)
During the war years she wrote at length on Akhnaton and his solar cult; the earlier books were published in Calcutta; the others were published in London after her return to Europe in 1945.

Akhnaton's Eternal Message: A Scientific Religion 3300 Years Old (Calcutta: A. K. Mukherji, [1940])
Joy of the Sun: The Beautiful Life of Akhnaton, King of Egypt. Told to Young People (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink and Co. [1933] Ltd., 1942)
A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt (London:

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- Akhnaton: A Play* (London: Philosophical Publishing House, 1948)
- Her books on Hitler and National Socialism were first written after the war. The first editions were typically published in India to avoid censorship and other restrictions.
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(NOE)



A SON OF GOD

THE LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY OF AKHNATON, KING OF EGYPT

by

Savitri Devi

1946

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**DEDICATION
TO MY HUSBAND**



“Thou art in my heart;
There is no other that knoweth Thee,
Save Thy Son, Akhnaton.
Thou hast made him wise in Thy designs
And in Thy might.”
Akhnaton — Longer Hymn to the Sun
(Translation by Breasted)

“The modern world has yet adequately to value or even to acquaint itself with this man who, in an age so remote and under conditions so adverse, became the world’s first idealist and the world’s first individual.”

Breasted — *History of Egypt*, page 392

INTRODUCTION

Roughly fourteen hundred years before Christ, at the time Egypt was at the height of her power, King Akhnaton ruled over that great country for a few years.

He was a thinker; he was an artist; he was a saint — the world's first rationalist, and the oldest Prince of Peace. Through the visible disk of the Sun — Aton — he worshipped “the Energy within the Disk” — the ultimate Reality which men of all creeds still seek, knowingly or unknowingly, under a thousand names and through a thousand paths. And he styled himself as the Son of that unseen, everlasting Source of all life. “Thou art in my heart,” he said in one of his hymns, “and no one knoweth Thee save I, Thy Son.” And his words, long forgotten, have come down to us, recorded upon the walls of a nobleman's tomb — these amazing words in what is perhaps the earliest poem which can be ascribed with certainty to any particular author: “I, Thy Son. . . .”

Akhnaton is one of the very few men who ever put forth such a bold claim. The aim of this book is to show that, in doing so, he was no less justified than any other teacher of the truth, however impressive may appear the success of the latter contrasted with his defeat; however widespread may be his fame, contrasted with the total oblivion in which has lain the Egyptian king for the last thirty-three hundred years.

* * *

Who is a “son of God”?

There are men who vehemently deny the honour of that title to any person whosoever, in consistency with the fundamental idea of a transcendent God, above and outside the Universe and distinct from all that is within it. Others recognise no “Son” but the founder of their own creed, to

whom they attribute a miraculous birth as the proof of a divine origin.

In harmony with an entirely different conception of God, we believe that any man who realises to the full that true relation of his finite individuality to the immanent, impersonal Essence of all things can call himself the Son of God — at once human and divine — for the relation of which he is then aware is one of substantial identity with that supreme Essence. We also believe that, properly speaking, the word “God” has no meaning except to those who have realised this. Such men are rare, always and everywhere. But they alone stand to justify the existence of the human species.

The aim of this book is to show that Akhnaton was one of those few men, and the earliest known, perhaps, among those whose life can be dated.

* * *

The failure of his teaching to survive him as an established religion can be regarded as one of the tragedies of history. We can explain it; we can even try to redeem it. But the bitter fact remains, for nothing can undo the past.

Other great souls have had disciples to preach their message, martyrs to bear testimony to their greatness in torture and death, missionaries to carry their name and domination to the limits of the earth; they have had commentators, admirers, detractors — philosophers, poets, artists — to keep their memory alive century after century. But Akhnaton’s fate was different. He had no sooner died than the fervour of his followers seems to have been spent out. Within a few years, his name was anathematised, his new city pulled down stone by stone, his remains profaned and his memory systematically destroyed, without, apparently, a single cry of protest on the part of any of those eighty thousand¹ or more who had, in their zeal, left Thebes with him, thirteen years before. Ever since then, until a part of his foreign correspondence and fragments of his hymns were

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Short History of Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1934), pp. 149-150.

brought to light, some fifty years ago, there was not a man on earth who knew of his existence. And to this very day, notwithstanding the genuine admiration of a learned few for his rational religion, there are hardly any people in the world whose daily life he fills with his presence.

Why?

Men who are in the habit of judging in haste will at once infer that his teaching cannot have been as perfect as those that have become the nucleus of living faiths.

But success is not the criterion by which one should decide on the value of a religion. In the diffusion of any doctrine far and wide there are too many factors at work for one to be able to ascribe its conquests to the sole amount of truth it contains. Moreover, it is only when that amount of truth appears to be of immediate and tangible use that it appeals to the herd of men sufficiently to help the propagation of the creed. The finer side of every religion is precisely that which escapes the attention and leaves unmoved the sensitiveness of its average followers. Therefore the number of people who profess a certain faith, and the extent of the geographical area in which it is recognised, prove nothing.

The quality of the nations that officially adhere to it does not stand any better as a guarantee of its value. For it is man who makes religion; not religion that makes man. Through some historic accident — migration, conquest, or the whims of some powerful chief — a sublime teaching can become and remain the collective creed of a pack of gross barbarians. They will no doubt misunderstand it; but they will, none the less, hold sacred the whole mythology and symbolism that tradition has attached to it. And reversely one has seen — and one sees still — cultured, progressive, rationally-trained nations adhere to childish dogmas invented or accepted by their uncritical ancestors. True, they do not fail to produce subtle theologians to interpret the nonsense in terms of hidden wisdom. But nonsense it remains.

A religion should be judged in itself, independently of its real or apparent influence upon any society, apart from its success or failure among men. And its founder — when it has a founder — is the only man whose life and personality one

should consider when speaking of it. Judged in that manner, from the sole standpoint of its inner beauty, Akhnaton's simple and rational religion, of which hardly anybody knows, can be compared advantageously with recognised faiths professed by millions of men. And its promoter, with perhaps not more than one or two living disciples, can nevertheless be ranked among the divine souls that honoured this earth — among those whom we call “incarnations” or “Sons of God.”

* * *

We can now try to explain why the worship of Aton failed to endure as an organised collective cult. From the little that can be gathered of it through the existing fragments of Akhnaton's hymns and through the history of his life, one can assert, to say the least, that it was far in advance of the time in which it appeared.

The abyss that separates a man of genius from his contemporaries does not necessarily awe them into accepting his leadership. If it be the result of his superiority in technical knowledge or in skill, it will make him powerful — a hero, a worker of wonders, a giant of war or of industry, whatever be the case. His counsels will soon be followed, and his inventions or discoveries soon admired and put to ever-increasing application because of the obvious advantages that they immediately procure. But if it be the abyss that separates a perfect man from the average human cattle, a rational mind and an enlightened soul from the superstitious crowd of believers; an all-loving, all-understanding heart, from the narrowly selfish majority of men, then, it only helps to render the great one lonely and powerless. The greater the difference between himself and his people, the lesser the immediate success of the man of moral, philosophical or religious genius. His words, his actions meet with no understanding; his lofty example has no imitators; the creation he strives to bring forth remains a dream. To be technically in advance of one's time is a source of strength, an assurance of worldly achievements; to be morally or philosophically ahead of it, is not.

The towering superiority of Akhnaton over his fellow-men has no parallel in the mechanical sphere. “Were it invented to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions,” his religion “could not be logically improved upon at the present day,” writes Sir Flinders Petrie.¹ Could we imagine a man of the fourteenth century B.C. in possession of the secret of our modern aeroplanes, we would then realise what would have been the mechanical equivalent of Akhnaton’s religious revolution. The very idea of it shatters us by its enormity. But, while our imaginary inventor could have safely conquered the world with the help of a single aircraft, the earliest rationalist failed to convince a minimum number of disciples capable of carrying on his work. His teaching “suitable for our own times,” met little response in his. Those who could easily have gathered it from his lips and transmitted it to posterity in all its details, were not moved to do so. And we, who would have done so, were not yet born. That is the main reason why nothing was left of it after the thirteen glorious years during which it flourished.

There are other reasons for its extinction.

One of them is that the cult of Aton was too rational to appeal to the average people of any time. Another is that Akhnaton himself was too good — and perhaps too farsighted, also — to establish it by means of violence.

Three elements seem to have contributed to the propagation of every widespread religion: a mythology; miracles; and a more or less definite doctrine concerning the hereafter. (By “mythology,” I mean the true or fictitious story of all natural or supernatural beings connected with the creed: men, angels, beasts, saints, demons, gods, etc.) I do not know of a religion which has stood up to now the test of time without one or two, at least, of these three elements. And most of the great international creeds owe much to all three.

But the cult of Aton seems to have been devoid of all three from the start. That is perhaps why some modern authors have called it a philosophy rather than a religion. But it did possess that stamp of devotion that distinguishes a religion from a philosophy. It was not purely a philosophy,

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

whatever one may say. It even comprised a daily ritual, with hymns and music, incense and flowers. It was a religion, but one which offered its followers, at the same time, rational thought, the warmth of devotion, and a stately display of sensuous beauty.

But there were no marvellous tales connected with it. The one theme that could have become the centre of a whole literature, had the religion lasted a little longer, was the life of its Founder. And that was too simple, too human, too obviously natural to impress the coarse imagination of the commoners.

Akhnaton, in his love of truth, seems to have deliberately stripped himself of all the mystery that had helped his fathers to appear as gods in the eyes of their prostrate people. He was of unconventional manners and of kindly approach. His divinity was not the showy privilege of a Sun-born king, or of a prophet, asserted by external signs, but rather the innermost perfection of a man whose heart, will and understanding were in complete harmony with the eternal laws of life; of a man who had fulfilled man's divine purpose as naturally as others drift away from it. He felt therefore no need of ascertaining it by a fastidious pomp, any more than by strange renunciations. There was no excess in him; nothing that the vulgar eye could look upon as "striking," nothing that popular enthusiasm could catch hold of and magnify. He wrought no extraordinary deeds, as other teachers are said to have done. The only wonder of which he spoke was the everlasting miracle of order and of fertility — the rhythm of day and night, the growth of a bird or of a baby.

And he brought with him, apparently, no new ideas about death, and put no stress upon the ones that were common in Egypt in his time. From the beautiful prayer inlaid upon his coffin, and probably composed by himself, one infers that he believed in the eternal life of the soul. But that is all. No allusion to the nature of that life beyond death, and especially not a single reference to sin, reward and punishment can be found in at least what has survived of the young king's hymns, or in the inscriptions in the tombs of the

nobles who boast of having “hearkened to his teaching.” Not that the religion of Aton was in any way devoid of a moral character, as some of its modern judges¹ have supposed — a gratuitous assumption, contradicted by the very motto of Akhnaton’s life: “Living in Truth.” But its morality concerned what one was rather than what one did. It was the inherent character of a harmonious life rather than the outcome of any catalogue of “dos” and “don’ts.” As all natural things are, it was foreign to the idea of promises and threats. And that was a reason for it not to appeal to a number of followers. Most men do not want true morality any more than true religion. They want mythologies and miracles to wonder at, and police regulations to abide by; illusions in this world, and punishments and rewards in eternity. In one word, they want eternity made small and exciting to suit the measure of average life. They do not want life simply stripped of its shallowness and made divine — “life in truth.” And as Akhnaton had nothing else but that to offer them, his teaching left them indifferent. It did not spread beyond the narrow circle of courtiers.

* * *

The one means by which he could have secured its success as an international creed was violence.

The religion was, indeed, far in advance of its time and of many future ages. And it lacked the elements that generally make a creed popular. Men would, no doubt, have misinterpreted it, misused it, and degraded it within a few years. But it would have spread. Force of money and force of arms can make any people accept any faith, even one that does not suit them. And Akhnaton was both the most powerful and the richest king of his days. We are convinced that, had he chosen to use his strength to impose his new cult upon the world, he would probably have largely succeeded.

But he felt too deeply and he knew too much to sacrifice

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury: *Tell-el-Amarna* (Edit. 1935), pp. 156-157. Also Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, and Egyptian Monotheism*, pref. XV; also pp. 114-115.

the spirit of his doctrine to an illusory triumph. Far from using violence to propagate his religion, he did not even persecute those who tried to destroy it. As a result, it is they who enjoyed the thrill of triumph — for the time being. It is they who imposed their will upon the world. They wanted Akhnaton to be cursed, and so he was; they wanted him to be forgotten, and so he was; it was their will that never, never again the world should hear his name, and for over three millenniums the world did not.

But his beautiful, rational teaching, however incompletely known, remains unstained by superstition, unmarred by compromise, unconnected with any of the crimes committed, in course of time, in the name of many a successful religion; pure, whole, as its Founder conceived it — a thing of beauty for all ages to come.

* * *

But if there are psychological reasons for which Akhnaton's teaching had little chances of becoming one of the widespread creeds of the world, it could have remained, at least, the religion of an elite. It could have; and it most probably would have, in different surroundings. One of its main features is the diversity of its appeal. It satisfies reason; it fulfils our highest aspirations towards the beautiful; it implies love, not of man alone, but of all creatures. In the midst of general superstition and strife, the better men could have sought in it an ideal to live up to. A pious tradition could have kept the name of Akhnaton sacred to the few who are worthy to know of him.

But such a tradition was never started, or at least never permitted to develop. Egypt, in the fourteenth century B.C., was already too deeply engrossed in formalism to respond to the forgotten message of living life. And the countries around her were either too barbaric or too decadent to understand it. Strangled at home by priestly fanaticism and by popular indifference, the new religion was submerged, abroad, amidst a crowd of conflicting practical faiths that promised men tangible advantages in this world as well as

in the next. Persecuted as an organised cult, it soon ceased to exist even as a secret worship. To keep it alive, it would have needed an atmosphere of earnestness and of toleration, a truly religious atmosphere as it was difficult to find anywhere on earth for many centuries, except perhaps among a minority of Hindus.

We may remark here that none of the lofty doctrines of antiquity which originated before Christianity have survived, west of India. And, unexpected as this may seem, India might well be the only land that would have given the youthful worshipper of Radiant Energy a place worthy of him in his time, had she heard of his teaching; the only land, also, who probably would have continued to venerate him to this very day as one of the incarnations of the Supreme Soul.

* * *

The aim of the present book is to tell the world how perfect Akhnaton was.

We believe that no teaching would meet, better than his, the exigencies of the critical modern mind. Yet, it is not our intention to try to revive it on a broad scale, as the basis of a public cult. We do not think it desirable to attempt what its Founder himself does not seem to have aimed at — he who, though fully conscious of its universal value, did not try to explain it to the many. With all their pride in progress, our times are no less foolish and no less barbaric than his. We now use electric fans, while in Thebes they did not; that is about all the difference. The resuscitated religion of Cosmic Energy would soon offer, in the hands of any crowd, as ludicrous a sight as that of the great “living” faiths of to-day. We do not wish to rob the other world-teachers of a few millions of insignificant admirers in order to give a noisy following to the great man who is dear to us. We know too well, through daily experience, what the quality of that following would be.

But we do wish to make the name and teaching of Akhnaton popular among the best of our contemporaries — among those who really represent the higher tendencies of

our sceptical and at the same time mystical age; among those to whom dogmas no longer appeal, whom wonders no longer impress, whom religion without a background of positive knowledge, and science without the feeling of the seriousness of life, leave equally unsatisfied. It is among such people that we earnestly wish to revive the spirit of him who, a thousand years before Socrates and nearly nine hundred years before the Buddha, united the boldest rationalistic views to the deep intuitive certitude of the oneness of God, the oneness of Life, and the brotherhood of all creatures.

Modern scholars have already recognised his undeniable greatness. The earliest and most eminent of all those specialists who have laboured to revive his memory among the learned, Sir W. Flinders Petrie, has paid him a magnificent tribute.¹ But what we want also is that Akhnaton's name be held sacred by all those who, without being scholars, can think in terms of truth and feel in terms of beauty and who are capable of modelling their lives on an immortal example of living perfection.

More so, if few be likely to live up to the spirit of his teaching, let all at least know that there has been such a man as he, once, long long ago. Let them remain superstitious, vulgar and violent, if they will; but let them know that there has been a man in whose life religion and reason walked hand in hand; a man whose very being was harmony, balance, supreme elegance, and who lost an empire for the sake of truth. Few meditate upon the beauty of the Sun; yet all behold it. Above man's unchanging mediocrity He shines in glory. In a similar manner, worshipped by a few, but familiar to all after thirty-three hundred years of silence, we want the name of Akhnaton, Son of the Sun, young for ever, to live once more in the consciousness of our old world.

This will no doubt appear as a stupendous dream.

The aim of this book is to make others feel that the dream will become true the moment they sincerely realise its beauty.

¹ In his *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, pp. 214 and 218. Also in his *Tell-el-Amarna* (Edit. 1894), pp. 41-42 (§102).

11-12

Part I

THE WORLD'S FIRST INDIVIDUAL

CHAPTER I

FLEUR SÉCULAIRE

Akhnaton was born in Thebes, in about 1395 B.C.¹ in a world already as old, as civilised and as sophisticated as our own. And he was the son of the greatest monarch of that world; the last offspring, in direct descent, of a long and glorious line of warriors over-loaded with the spoils of conquest; the heir of an empire that stretched, in modern words, from the Sudan to the borders of Armenia, and of a culture more than four thousand years old.

When he was a child, the famous Pyramids of Gizeh were nearly as ancient as the Roman remains in England are today, and the first empire-builder of whom we know something definite — Sargon of Agade — was already as remote in time as Nebuchadnezzar is now.² And beyond the glories of which the oldest monuments bore witness, and beyond the mighty shadows of half-forgotten heroes and king-gods lost in the midst of legend, a still remoter antiquity, with its immemorial art and wisdom, extended over centuries, down to the dim beginnings of the Neolithic Age, and further still. Crete and the Ægean Isles had flourished for over two thousand years, and Babylonia and Elam for several millenniums more, while, unaware of each other and of the rest of mankind, distant India and China counted long centuries of polished life.

If, indeed, instead of letting ourselves be over-impressed

¹ According to Sir Flinders Petrie, who places his accession in 1383 B.C. (*History of Egypt*, Vol. II, p. 205). L. W. King and H. R. Hall (*Egypt and Western Asia*, p. 365) place his reign half a century earlier, and Arthur Weigall places it from 1375 to 1358 (*Life and Times of Akhnaton*, new and revised edit., 1922, p. I; *Tutankhamen and Other Essays*, p. 80).

² According to Nabonidus. See Cambridge Ancient History (Edit. 1924), Vol. I, p. 155. Sir C. Leonard Woolley, however, believes him to be of a much later period. (See *Ur of the Chaldees, A Record of Seven Years of Excavation* (Edit. 1929), pp. 160 and 203; or Pelican Books Edit., 1937, pp. 76, 112, 142).

by the few hundreds of years that separate us from him, we stop to consider the endless length of time that separates both Akhnaton and ourselves from the mysterious origins of civilisation, we might well look upon him as a man of yesterday, almost as one of our contemporaries.

He was the tenth Pharaoh of that glorious Eighteenth Dynasty which opens the period known in history as the “New Kingdom.”

His ancestors, the kings of Thebes, had freed Egypt from foreign domination; his great-great-grandfather had made her the head of an empire; his father had made her the abode of unprecedented splendour.

Sporadic revolts in Nubia and in Syria had been utterly crushed, and peace had at last succeeded the unceasing struggles of the former reigns. From all parts of the immense empire, tribute in gold and silver, in ivory and slaves and cedar wood, poured in regularly. King Amenhotep the Third, whom some modern writers have rightly called Amenhotep the Magnificent, lived a life of pleasure in the midst of every kind of luxury, with a number of beautiful wives and concubines collected from every country of the known world.

The granaries were full and the people content. Thousands of foreign slaves — the prize of war — were toiling for the welfare of Egypt: tilling the fields, digging or repairing canals, extracting gold from the Nubian mines, dragging down the Nile huge barges loaded with granite, building temples and palaces and keeping the highways in good condition. And the faraway kings of Babylon and of Mitanni — the Pharaoh’s brothers-in-law — and the king of the Hittites and the king of barbaric Assyria wrote with equal greedy envy, in their despatches to Amenhotep the Third: “Verily, in thy land, gold is as common as dust.”

Every refinement in pleasure, every treasure of art, every subtlety of thought, every comfort, every delicacy, every brilliancy was to be found in Thebes. Nothing equalled the beauty of its monuments, the pomp of its festivities, the wealth of its priests who enjoyed throughout the world a reputation of mysterious powers and of hidden wisdom. Its

temples, of which the gigantic ruins still stir the admiration of travellers, stood then in all their glory. Their half-dark halls inspired something of that sacred awe that one feels in the cave-temples of medieval India; and their rows of mighty pillars with lotus-shaped capitals displayed already that harmony of proportions, that grace blended with majesty, that perfect elegance that was one day to distinguish the art of Periclean Greece.

Thebes was not merely the metropolis of the greatest empire then existing, not merely one of the largest and most sumptuous cities that the world had ever seen; it was the masterpiece in which the genius of the Near and Middle East had finally expressed itself, after having groped for centuries in quest of perfection. It seemed as though nothing could be added to its beauty.

It seemed, also, as though nothing could be added to its glory.

Along with the words of praise to all the gods, that covered the walls and columns, the crowds of worshippers that thronged the halls of the temple of Karnak could read in golden hieroglyphics, on a slab of black granite, the song of war and triumph of King Thotmose the Third, the words of the Theban god to the maker of Egypt's greatness:

“I have come; I have granted thee to trample over the great ones of Syria; I have hurled them beneath thy sandals in their lands...”

It is one of the most beautiful hymns of victory of all times. Its echo had run through the world from the Nile Valley to the Black Sea and to the Persian Gulf, from the Libyan Desert to the boundaries of India. And as he beheld the solemn words, the Egyptian pilgrim was filled with national pride. What song would ever efface the glory of that one?

Thus, in wealth, in splendour and in warrior-like fame stood Thebes, the capital of the first nation of the earth, the seat of divine royalty, the proud City of Amon, the mighty god. Millenniums of culture had created it; the skill of all known lands had adorned it. And the sword of its kings had

spread far and wide the glory of its name and the terror of its local deity whom the priests had boldly identified with Ra, the immemorial Sun-god of the Egyptians.

It is then that he came.

* * *

On the western bank of the Nile, upon a site which to this day retains its loveliness, was built the Charuk palace, the residence of the Pharaoh Amenhotep the Third.

It was a light but beautiful structure of brick and precious wood, decorated with exquisite paintings and surrounded by immense gardens full of shade and full of peace.

From the terraces of the palace one beheld to the east, beyond the Nile and its palm-groves, white walls contrasted with dark shadows, flat roofs of different levels, flights of steps, broad avenues and gardens and monumental gates: all that glory that was Thebes. In the foreground, the towering pylons of the great temple of Amon emerged above the outer walls of the sacred enclosure that stretched over miles. And the gilded tops of innumerable obelisks glittered in the dazzling light or glowed like red-hot embers in the purple of sunset. One could distinguish many other temples dedicated to all the gods of Upper and Lower Egypt, temples with doors of bronze and gates of granite, of which the humblest would have been the pride of any other city.

To the west, the eye wandered over the vastness of the desert.

It is in that palace that Akhnaton was born.

His mother, Queen Tiy, was the chief wife of Amenhotep the Third, and one of the ablest women of all times. While her weary lord, after experiencing in his long life of pleasure the vanity of all pursuits, had gradually brushed aside the tiresome duties of kingship, it was she who received the foreign ambassadors, gave orders to provincial governors and drafted the despatches that messengers were to carry to Babylon or to the faraway capital of the Hittites. It was she who, through a well-organised network of informers, kept an eye on the restless vassal princelings of Syria as well as on

the movements of the unconquered tribes below the Fourth Cataract of the Nile; she who saw to it that the public officers did their work well, and that the taxes came in without delay.

Consort of the mightiest monarch, and the virtual ruler of his empire no less than the head of his “house of women,” she had enjoyed all through her twenty-six years of married life every pleasure, every luxury and every glory that a woman can imagine in her wildest dreams. For her the gardens around the Charuk palace had been extended and adorned at great cost with an artificial lake. For her the priests of the oldest Sun-god, Ra — which they also called Aton, the Disk, in the sacred city of On, his abode — enjoyed favour at court in spite of the secret jealousy of the powerful priests of Amon, for the god of On was Tiy’s favourite god. In pomp and power the queen’s years had drifted away. She was fairly past thirty-five, and perhaps not far from forty, when at last she bore the little prince, her only son.

The babe’s coming into the world was greeted by the joy of a whole nation. Sacrifices of thanksgiving were offered to the gods of Egypt; distant vassals from North and South welcomed through their messengers the child who was one day to be their lord, and allied monarchs congratulated the king, his father, in friendly despatches.

But the birth of Akhnaton was a greater event than anyone in his days could realise. The world was already old, as we have said — as old as it is now. Men had already invented many arts and many gods, and built up many kingdoms. The infant who, in the Charuk palace, now smiled for the first time to the Sun, was, in a few years, to transcend the very idea of nation, to preach the oneness and universality of the Principle of all existence, and to show men the way of life in truth, which is also life in beauty — life divine upon earth. That he was to proclaim — less by his words than by his deeds, less by his deeds than by his attitude towards things — which the weary world had dimly sought, age after age; which those who know him not are still seeking: the synthesis of total knowledge and perfect love.

His life, which had just begun, was to last very little

indeed: less than three decades. Yet, in that short span of time, he was to be what neither the victories of his fathers, nor the wealth and wisdom of his country, nor the arts and glories of all the ancient kingdoms had succeeded in producing: a perfect Individual of equal genius and sanctity — a divine Man.

His mother, who had grown-up daughters but no male child, may well have looked upon his birth as the fulfilment of her long, active and sumptuous life. It was, in no less manner, the culmination of a long evolution towards the rational and the beautiful, the ultimate achievement of the oldest cultures of the world, already so fruitful in outstanding creations. Like unto the cactus-tree which, so they say, blooms after a hundred years into one resplendent flower that lasts less than a day,¹ Egypt had lived and dreamt and toiled four thousand years — and mankind perhaps fifty times longer — in order to produce him whose life was to remain in history only a flash — but a flash of unsurpassed beauty.

¹ “Et le grand aloès à la fleur écarlate,
Pour l’hymen ignoré qu’a rêvé son amour,
Ayant vécu cent ans, n’a fleuri qu’un seul jour.”
José-Maria de Hérédia, in “Fleur Séculaire” (Les Trophées).

CHAPTER II

PRINCE AMENHOTEP

There is no historical record of Akhnaton's life before he succeeded his father as king of Egypt. What we know definitely about him at an earlier date is very little. We know, for instance, that his parents had conceived him in an advanced age, and that he was given at his birth the name of Amenhotep — his father's name — which means "Amon is at rest," or "Amon is pleased" (the name under which he is famous in history he chose himself later on). We know that he was, as a baby, committed to the care of a woman — the "great royal nurse" — who bore, like the queen herself, the name of Tiy, and was the wife of Ay, a court dignitary and a priest. We know also that he was married, some time before his father's death, to a princess called Nefertiti, of whom it is not certain whether she was an Egyptian or a foreigner. That is practically all that can be gathered from the written documents so far brought to light, about the first part of a life so remarkable.

But if nothing precise can be stated about the facts of those early years, yet, from what we know of Amenhotep the Third's "house of women" and its inmates, something can be inferred of the atmosphere in which the royal child was brought up. And something, too, we can expect to guess of his first reactions to the world around him, in the light of all that we know of his subsequent life.

* * *

To say that he was the son of parents of mature age is already to suggest some prominent traits of his personality, such as eagerness, seriousness of mind, depth. To add that he was not, like most babies, the casual product of a moment's fancy, but the fruit of yearning and of prayer no less than of

pleasure, not only accepted but intensely desired; to recall that his mother — herself an exceptional woman — with all her power and glory, with the love of her lord and the graceful presence of several daughters was not happy until he, a son, was born to her; that she longed for him, year after year, as for the one blessing she could dream of, is to explain, to some extent, how he was no average child, and could never grow into an average man. Few children indeed ever were so desperately wanted — and so much loved — as the only son of Amenhotep the Third and Queen Tiy.

The queen, as we have said, was surely over thirty-five, and perhaps not far from forty at the time of his birth — an age which is not young for a woman in any climate, and which, in the tropics, in the days of Egypt's greatness just as now, was considered old. We may try to imagine her feelings when she came to know that she was once more to become a mother, long after her daughters had grown up; her joy for an event that had so long seemed unlikely, if not impossible, and then the hopes, the dreams she had concerning him who was not yet born; the prayers she addressed to the most powerful gods and goddesses, especially to her favourite deities, for the welfare and future greatness of her child. Those ardent hopes, those dreams, that fervour of prayer, that constant anxious thought concentrated on him in an expectation of glorious days to come, were the very earliest influences upon the formation of Akhnaton's personality — the earliest, and the most impossible to retrace, but certainly not the less powerful, nor the less important.

* * *

The god whom Tiy worshipped was Aton — the Disk — the oldest Sun-god of Egypt. The seat of his venerable cult was not Thebes, but the sacred city of Anu or On — “the city of the obelisk” — which the Greeks were one day to call Heliopolis, “the city of the Sun.” The priests of On were less wealthy but more thoroughly versed in ancient wisdom than those of Thebes. For a generation or two they had been trying to make their deity popular in the great metropolis,

and especially at court. They hoped that, if they succeeded, the god would recover all over Egypt the prominent place which he held of old. And they had succeeded to some extent. People were beginning to add to the name of the mighty Amon, in votive inscriptions, that of the elder god.¹

And when he had inaugurated the newly-built artificial lake in the gardens around his palace, the Pharaoh had named the pleasure-boat in which he had glided over its waters with Tiy, his chief wife, Tehen-Aton, *i.e.* "Aton gleams."²

But the name of Aton was still that of a secondary god among many. Tiy herself was far from looking upon him as the only god worth praying to; she had grown up, like everybody else, in a world full of various deities, and her father, Yuua, was a priest of Min, the fertility-god. Yet she was impressed by the great antiquity of the cult of the Disk. Perhaps also did she realise, with her sharp intelligence, that there was much more in the less popular religious traditions of the priests of On than in the pious devices that the ministers of Amon in Thebes were in the habit of using to impress the people, and sometimes to force their will upon the kings. She probably disliked their increasing grip upon public affairs and, without wishing to displease them openly (for she was a worldly-wise woman), she dreamt within her heart of a new order of things more in accordance with the rights of royalty. Perhaps she had already the dim presentment of a possible conflict between Aton and Amon, as of a struggle of royalty against priestcraft.

Whatever might have been her aspirations at the moment, there can be little doubt that they coloured her conception of her child's greatness. The child would be a son — that was certain; the queen had too long waited and prayed and hoped for her to be disappointed once more. But that is not all; he would be a providential child, a man the like of which are born once in many hundreds of years; he would put an

¹ A stele of the two brothers, Hor and Suti, overseers of the works of Amon in Thebes. (British Museum, Stele 475.) See Sir Wallis Budge's *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (edit. 1923), p. 46.

² James Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 90.

end to the arrogance of the priests of Amon, restore the cult of the old Sun-god of On on a wide scale, reassert the meaning of divine kingship, and surpass in power and glory all his forefathers.

Were these the thoughts of Queen Tiy while day after day she felt the unborn prince come into being within her body? It is difficult to say. All one can state is that it was natural for a woman with her ambitions to entertain such thoughts and that, if she did so, her hopes were to be rewarded a hundredfold — though not in the way she might have expected.

* * *

The young prince spent his early years in his father's "house of women." To judge by what we know of his health all through his life, and also by some of the portraits of his boyhood, he was probably a delicate if not a sickly baby, perhaps also a premature one. Though, as we repeat, there is no information to be gathered concerning the very first part of his life, we may, with some chances of not making a mistake, imagine him, when four or five years old, as a quiet, slender boy with a long neck, delicate features, large dreamy eyes, pretty hands like those of a girl, and nothing of the boisterousness of ordinary children of his age.

The uncompromising spirit that he showed, hardly ten years later, as a king, leads us to believe that he already had a strong personality, and that he was conscious of it; also that he loved truth and was incapable of dissimulation. This must have urged him, more than once, to rebel against whatever shocked him or simply bored him; to speak when he was not expected to, and often to take a hasty initiative in matters which the grown-ups preferred to reserve for themselves. It is likely that he used to put a quantity of puzzling questions, as most intelligent children do — many of which, no doubt, were unanswerable, but others that he was himself to answer, one day, in the most eloquent manner. It is likely, too, that he never obeyed but those whom he really loved, and then only after asking many "whys" and "what fors." In one

word, if conventional behavior be the measure of what is “good,” then many a well-intentioned pedagogue might have called him a “naughty child.” That much-used adjective is equally applied to children who are worse and to others who are better than their environment. Prince Amenhotep was of the latter.

* * *

The greatest and most lasting influence to exert itself upon the royal child was surely that of his mother. His father, who had prematurely grown old, loved him, no doubt, who was his only son and heir. But he had put in him less hopes, less dreams than the queen had, for he was himself weary, and took less interest than she did in the future, even in the present. It was several years since he had practically let the burden of government lie upon his able chief-wife, whom he knew he could trust. It is probable that he also relied entirely on her for the education of his son.

As already stated, the queen was a worshipper of the solar god of On, Aton — the Disk. She must have taught the child to render homage to him at sunrise and sunset. The boy, who was born an artist, opened his heart to the beauty of the Sun.

It is likely that many times his mother’s sweet words rang in tune with his rapture in front of a glowing sky, in which the Disk appeared or disappeared. He saw the fiery reflection of the Sun upon her face, which it beautified, while she repeated to him, in a tender voice, something of what the wise men of On and her own common sense had taught her about the beneficent Lord of the Two Horizons. He watched the birds fly round and round, with joyous thrills, as the Sun flooded the gardens, the Nile and the western hills with pink morning light, and the queen told him that they were glad because He, the Father of all creatures, had come back. She showed him in the ponds the water-flowers that had just opened to receive His warm kiss. And he looked at them, and understood that they were alive, like himself; and he loved them, and loved the birds and the beasts and the

many-coloured insects, and all things that live and feel the Sun's caress.

It is true that the history of his early years is not recorded; and even if it were, would history have remembered to note the small facts of daily life, psychologically so important? Yet, one can well imagine Prince Amenhotep, a delicate and sensitive child, stooping to pick up a fledgling fallen from its nest, because he felt for the fragile drop of life, or smoothing down with his little hands the burning-hot fur of a cat lying in the sun — a sight so common in ancient Egypt, where those graceful felines were universally cared for — and enjoying to see how, while it purred, it kept gazing at the faraway Disk with its half-shut emerald eyes. He loved the Sun as a living and loving God, and, being by nature kind to living creatures, he loved them all the more, in Him. His mother encouraged him in that true, spontaneous piety, so different from the vain display of bigotry she had so often witnessed among grown-up people. And the Disk, of which he was one day to evolve a personal conception more lofty than anything Tiy could dream of, was always to retain, in his subconscious mind, the indefinable charm of things we have loved from childhood and which remain intertwined with our dearest associations.

The queen, however, was no monotheist, and surely no philosopher, and we think it would be a great mistake to attribute to her early influence the essential of Akhnaton's religious ideas. They were decidedly his own. The only thing that one can say is that his mother was one of the factors (and the most effective one, probably) which helped him, from the very beginning, to find his way. That she did, and no more. But that was enough. And besides the positive influence she exerted by directing him to ponder over the beauty of the Sun, she played also a negative part, equally important. She helped to create around him the psychological conditions in which the whole religion of Egypt, with the exception of the ancient Heliopolitan solar cult, would appear to him the least lovable. She did not create the facts that would have impressed him anyhow as he grew to know them: the dead ceremonial of the temples of Amon, "as

intellectually low and primitive,” in the words of Arthur Weigall,¹ “as its state of organisation was high and pompous”; the hypocrisy of the priests, whose piety was dwindling as their wealth and power increased; the superstition of the people, and that narrow national pride which, kindled by constant victories, had become more and more aggressive since the liberation of the country from the yoke of the Hyksos. But, willingly or unwillingly, she probably drew his attention to some of those facts — and to many others — as soon as he could think. And even earlier still, stray remarks of hers about the priests of Amon, whom she did not like, and about their impressive tricks, which she probably detested, must have made it impossible for him to feel, towards those sacred persons, the respect — not to speak of the awe — that generations of princes had felt; impossible even for him, perhaps, to take their faith seriously.

It is quite plausible to suppose that on more than one occasion the child, who was extremely intelligent, overheard such bitter remarks. Moreover, he was soon given preceptors who, apart from reading and writing and the elements of the sciences of his age, taught him what he should know of the history of his fathers. In a country in which everything was calculated to impress upon the future king the consciousness of his divine origin, every mark of supernatural favour shown by the gods to his family must have been stressed to the utmost. And Prince Amenhotep was surely told of such miracles as that, for instance, which occurred under Queen Hatshepsut, when during a solemn procession the statue of Amon suddenly stopped in front of him who was to succeed the queen as Thutmose the Third, and nodded to him before everybody, so as to make the choice of heaven manifest. The story seemed suitable enough to inspire the child with reverence for the Theban god as well as for his illustrious great-great-grandfather, the builder of the Egyptian empire. What impression it made upon him, nobody knows. But we do know that the prince was to show a very critical mind in early adolescence. And that is enough for one to hold it possible that, already as a

¹ Arthur Weigall, in *Tutankhamen and Other Essays* (1st Edit. 1923), p. 81.

child, he only half-believed the marvellous tale. His next step was probably to ask his mother about it, in answer of which she told him that the whole scene had been staged by the priests of Amon, who favoured Thotmose the Third as Queen Hatshepsut's successor. She added, perhaps, that when he grew up, he would acquire still more glory than his great ancestor if only he succeeded in keeping those same priests in their place, for they were now becoming a nuisance — if not a menace — to royal power. And she spoke emphatically, for she felt what she said.

Prayers, ceremonies, sacrifices in honour of the “king of gods” were, of course, a part and parcel of the young prince's official life, so as to say. As heir-apparent, he had to be present wherever his presence was considered necessary. He was never taught that Aton was the only god; and for some years at least it appears that he did not question the existence of other deities. Yet, his early devotion to the Disk must have had the natural exclusiveness of every ardent love. Those dutiful attendances to shrines of other gods must have seemed boring to him, to say the least, in spite of the surrounding pomp. And his inborn disposition to tell the truth and to act according to his feelings — a trait of his character so dominant that it cannot but have distinguished him, even as a child — must have made him feel morally uncomfortable every time he was forced to be the silent witness of some priestly magic on grand occasions, or to pay a public homage to Amon, the god whom he seems never to have loved.

It has been said that every great life is the realisation of a child's dream. In the case of Akhnaton, who was little more than a child when he began to put his ideas into action, this is obvious. But it is likely that he conceived his main ideas before he gave them a public expression, and that the great tendencies which were to direct his astonishing career were discernible in him long before he even had ideas. That is to say that his contempt for Amon and for most of the national gods, and his passionate adoration of the Sun alone, are probably to be traced to an incredibly early age. His whole life being a marvel of precocity, there is nothing unnatural in supposing him to have been a “heretic” from the start.

The rôle of his mother was not to make him such, but to encourage him to remain such, without perhaps a clear understanding of what she was doing.

* * *

One may assume that, besides his mother, the prince's step-mothers had a place in his early life. We know next to nothing about them, but we know at least that they were numerous and that they came from various countries far and near. One of the wives of Amenhotep the Third was the sister of the ruling king of Babylon; another, named Gilukhipa, was the sister of Dushratta, the ruling king of Mitanni. Apart from her, the Pharaoh had married at least one other Mitannian princess — if not more than one — and a number of women from all the countries of the Near East, especially from Syria and Mesopotamia. Alliances with foreign ladies of rank were no longer uncommon in the royal family of Egypt since Thotmose the Fourth had taken Mutemuya, the daughter of Artatama, king of Mitanni — Dushratta's grandfather — as his chief wife.

It is now established that, apart from the great war-god Teshub, the Mitannians, whose ruling class at least seems to have been of Indo-Aryan race, worshipped also Mithra, Indra, Varuna, and other well-known Vedic gods. The remarkable similitude that exists between Akhnaton's conception of the Sun and that found in certain hymns of the Rig-Veda has prompted some authors to suggest that the Egyptian king might have received the essential of his religious innovations from India through Mitanni. And the influence of his father's Mitannian wives upon him in his childhood, as well as that of other Mitannians, possibly, during the rest of his life, has been stressed in support of this view.

There are, however, as yet, no available Mitannian documents describing the Vedic gods which we have mentioned. Those gods are merely enumerated, under names slightly different from their Sanscrit ones, as witnesses of a treaty between Shubbiluliuma, king of the Hittites, and Mattiuaza,

son of Dushratta, king of Mitanni. From some Mitannian proper names, such as for instance “Shuwardata,”¹ one may also infer the existence of a god whose name was not much different from that of the Vedic sun-god, Surya. But that is all. So much so that Sir E. Wallis Budge,² one of the authors who stresses the most the similarity of Aton and Surya, backs his argument with quotations from the Rig-Veda, not from any Mitannian text. The argument, as a result, loses much of its weight. For the idea two different nations have of the same deity is not necessarily the same. And whether the Mitannians borrowed their Surya and their Mithra from India, or whether both they and the Aryans of India, borrowed them from a common source, still it remains to be proved that Surya or Mithra represented, to the Mitannian mind, the same religious conception as that expressed in the Rig-Veda. And as long as that point is not well established, it is not possible to assert that a conception of the Sun more or less similar to that in the Rig-Veda is derived from Mitannian influences.

The part played in the prince’s religious education by the Mitannian inmates of his father’s harem must therefore be, we think, considerably reduced.³ Of course, it is plausible to imagine the royal child coming to know from the mouth of his step-mothers the names and legends of different gods. And it is possible that some of those glimpses of foreign religion, especially under its solar aspects, made a greater impression on him than others. It is also not impossible that he might have heard on some occasions of a sun-god little different, at least in his superficial features, from the Surya of the Aryans and from the god he was himself to praise one day under the name of Aton. But the point remains doubtful, for lack of information. And the impression the prince received must have been rather vague, anyhow. For even

¹ James Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 209.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 113-115.

³ The proper explanation of the doubtless striking similitude between his conception of Divinity and that of the Aryans of India, as expressed in the Rig-Veda, lies, not in the assumption of any influence exerted upon Akhnaton, but in the fact that he was himself partly Aryan (being the grandson of a Mitannian princess).

if there did exist any noteworthy solar philosophy behind the sun-gods of the Mitannians (or of any other nation represented in Amenhotep the Third's "house of women"), it is doubtful whether any of the Pharaoh's wives or concubines would have been able to convey adequately the essence of it, especially to a child. It is much more natural to imagine that the young prince, popular among his step-mothers (as among women in general), because of his mild disposition and girlish beauty, gladly used to go to their rooms; that he spent his time there playing, chatting about trifling things, as children do — partaking of the sweets they gave him; and that occasionally he listened to some outlandish tale of gods and demons, of heroes and hidden treasures and fairy-like queens, tales such as have always been told to little boys and girls all over the world.

Knowing of the child's precocious understanding, we are inclined to believe that he loved stories and also that he readily put questions to his step-mothers, and to any foreigners he would meet, about strange lands and customs. We do not know if anybody ever threw into his subconscious mind the idea of a foreign sun-god with some of the attributes he was one day to transfer to Aton, or if the god of the priests of On, of which he knew well, was sufficient to set him dreaming lofty religious dreams. But we may say, without much risk of being misled, that through his daily contact with his step-mothers Prince Amenhotep acquired one thing at least which was to leave upon him an indelible impression, and that was the knowledge that every land had a sun-god. That is, no doubt, the one important thing he learnt, at a very tender age, from Gilukhipa and the other ladies of the royal harem: Mitannians, Babylonians, Syrians and Canaanites, Libyans and Nubians, women from the Upper Euphrates and from the Arabian desert and from the sacred land of Punt; Cretans also, possibly, and women from the Ægean Isles, perhaps even from farther northern shores, who had all brought their gods with them.

There were not only sun-gods, it is true. Every land had also its moon-god, and its war-god, and many other gods and goddesses in great numbers, some of which could more or

less be paralleled with those of Egypt. Another intelligent child would have remarked that all the gods were universal, and universally made in the image of their worshippers; and he would have stopped there and troubled himself no longer about the nature of Godhead. The child who was one day to be Akhnaton probably made the same remarks; but he did not stop there. For along with that keen, analytical, destructive intelligence with which he was soon to crush all man-made gods, there was in him an immense power of devotion which he had already directed to the one God whose beauty overwhelmed him — the Sun. Among the hosts of deities of which he gradually came to know, the Sun alone he chose to see. And he saw Him everywhere, for everywhere He was present. He was the true God of all nations.

And as from the terraces of his palace the child gazed day after day at the real Sun and watched Him rise and set in incandescent splendour, strange thoughts came to him — thoughts that no boy of his age, and perhaps no grown-up man had ever had before. That Sun — the Disk, the god of his mother — was surely not a god like the others, not even like those who were supposed to represent Him. How could indeed those clumsy sun-gods — Shamesh of the Babylonians, Moloch of the Tyrians, Amon of the Thebans, worshipped throughout Egypt — gods with bodies like men's and with men's passions, who were pleased, when fed and flattered, and who got angry for trifling offences; how could such gods be really the same as He? Since all nations saw the Sun in heaven, why then did they not look up to Him directly instead of making themselves graven images so unworthy of Him?

No one knows what age he was when he first put such questions to himself. It may have been a few years before his accession to the throne — that is to say, when he was a mere child. Children do, sometimes, open new horizons of thought for themselves. But their best intuitions are, half the time, crushed by so-called "education." Prince Amenhotep's intuition of the oneness of God, which he grasped through the visible Sun, was too strong to be crushed. As he grew in years, he more often and more thoughtfully gazed at the

sky — the very image of glowing Oneness — and became more and more devoted to the life-giving Disk, the one God whom he loved. And a time must have come when what had been at first, in him, a dim desire, burst forth into a determination that nothing could bend; a time when, conscious of the power he was destined one day to exert, he resolved to use it for the glorification of his God.

* * *

The prince's education was confided to learned men, mostly if not entirely chosen among the priests. We know nothing of the curriculum followed in his studies, but it is plausible to imagine that the sciences the most in honour in Egypt — mathematics and astronomy on one hand, and the history of the past on the other — had a prominent place in his programme. Apart from his mother-tongue, he was probably taught Babylonian, which was the international medium of trade and diplomacy for centuries and the language in which kings wrote to one another. It is likely that he was able to speak, possibly also to read, several other languages. Brought up as he was in the crowded harem of his father, where so many nations and tribes were represented, it seems hardly believable that he was not. Much less gifted children get acquainted with foreign speeches with amazing facility.

The method of teaching in Egypt, fourteen hundred years before Christ, was not much different from that which prevails to this very day in the Mohammedan schools of the same country, and in the East in general; nay, from that used in Europe throughout the Middle Ages. It consisted mainly of making the child repeat over and over again, until he knew it by heart, all what it was not absolutely necessary to explain to him thoroughly, that is to say, all his curriculum save mathematics. And young Prince Amenhotep was probably made to learn in that manner whole scrolls of hieroglyphics: sayings of the wise men of old, treatises on good behaviour and good government, hymns to different deities, in cadenced verses, summaries on the movements

and influence of the heavenly bodies, and lists of battles in which the kings of Egypt had routed their enemies with the help of the gods.

It is reasonable to suppose that the history of what we call to-day the Eighteenth Dynasty — the line of kings of which he was himself the scion — was given an important place in his course of studies, and that special stress was put, in it, upon the struggle against the Hyksos (the Egyptian “War of Independence”), and the following victorious campaigns in Syria and in Nubia which had resulted in the making of the Egyptian empire. Those happenings, which read like very ancient history to most of us, were modern, almost contemporary events to the people of the time. The ruthless punitive expedition of Amenhotep the Second against Syria was then hardly more remote than the Russo-Japanese War is to-day; and the staggering victories of Thutmose the Third, though less recent by some thirty years or so, were as vivid as ever in everybody’s imagination. Men who had been children under the Conqueror were still alive. It is therefore but natural that the whole glorious period extending from the reign of Seqenen-Ra and Aahmose onwards should have been presented to the young prince as a subject of which he was to be particularly proud. The kings of the Twelfth Dynasty were certainly great ones; and so were, long before them, the famous Pyramid builders of the Fourth and Fifth Dynasties. But they already belonged to what was then antiquity.

There can be also no doubt that the prince’s preceptors thoroughly insisted upon the protection which Amon, the patron god of Thebes and of the Dynasty, had bestowed so lavishly upon all his forefathers. For however popular the ancient god Aton had re-become at court on account of the queen’s devotion, Amon remained the great god of the land, and Prince Amenhotep was expected to be, like all his ancestors, his loyal servant — in fact, his first priest.

In the light of what we already know of the royal child’s tendencies, we may now try to picture ourselves how he probably reacted to the education thus given him.

First, the very method of teaching is likely to have made

much of the imparted knowledge appear to him as uninteresting. The wise but commonplace maxims and proverbs and the sacred hymns he was probably made to repeat in paying great attention to subtle rules of cadence and pronunciation, must have stirred less joy in his heart and conveyed to him less meaning than did the song of a bird, the music of a shepherd's flute in the distance, or a single glimpse of blue sky. Like most children who are all round intelligent — and not gifted with memory alone — Prince Amenhotep had little taste for bookish knowledge devoid of the touch of life. He may have grasped it easily; and we have indeed no reasons to suppose he did not. But one may doubt if it interested him. The main distinctive traits of his mind, relentless logic and poetic enthusiasm, so remarkable in the man, were certainly prominent already in the child. He must have liked all that could set in motion his reasoning power or captivate his imagination. And, as far as we can infer, the manner in which he was taught could do neither.

On the other hand, it is likely that he used to put to his preceptors many embarrassing questions and that he made, now and then, remarks which already revealed his triple genius as a forerunner of modern science, as an artist and as a saint.

There are no means of knowing what those remarks were. Possibly, as we have suggested, the prince compared more than once the ungainly figure of several of the deities he knew — of which some, such as Taurt,¹ the Egyptian hippopotamus-goddess, were little inspiring indeed — with the radiant beauty of the real Sun-disk, which he adored. Possibly, when told that the crocodile-headed god, Sebek, was another manifestation of Ra, the Sun,² he refused to believe it on aesthetic grounds. Possibly, too, when urged to pay more attention to the moon-god, Khonsu — the son of the great Amon — he may have retorted that the moon only shines by the reflected light of the Sun, without knowing how

¹ Or Ta-urt, "the Great One." Sir Flinders Petrie: *Religious Life in Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1924), pp. 13, 82, 185.

² "Sebek, the Crocodile-god, an ancient solar deity." Sir Wallis Budge: *Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection* (Edit. 1911), Vol. I, p. 63.

rigorously true his statement was. It would be too much to attribute such an intuition as this to any other child without sound historic evidence; it is not distorting the spirit of history to hold it possible, even likely, in a child who was, but a few years later, to grasp intuitively the fundamental equivalence of light and heat.

Finally, if there be anything true in the belief that the basic aversions of an individual appear very early in life, we may suppose that Prince Amenhotep always showed a particular repulsion for acts of cruelty of any sort, including those justified by war and sanctioned by religion, that some of his great ancestors might occasionally have committed. It seems, for instance, impossible for his gentle nature not to have shrunk as he heard of the well-known torture of the seven Syrian chiefs captured by Amenhotep the Second during his campaign and hung, head downwards, in front of that Pharaoh's galley, as it sailed triumphantly up the Nile. The idea of those same men solemnly sacrificed to Amon, and of their bloody remains left to rot for days upon the walls of Thebes and of Napata, must have filled him with hardly less disgust. And whatever be the spirit in which they were related to him, such accounts have perhaps contributed no little to infuse into him, for life, the horror of war; to thwart in him every desire of imperial expansion at such a cost; and to turn his indifference towards the national god Amon into positive hatred.

* * *

Some time before his accession, Prince Amenhotep, then hardly more than ten years old, was married with all the customary pomp to a little princess of about eight or nine, Nefertiti.

Scholars do not agree about the bride's parentage. Sir Flinders Petrie identifies her with Tadukhipa, daughter of Dushratta, king of Mitanni.¹ Arthur Weigall rejects this view on account of the princess's "typically Egyptian" features, and supposes her to be the daughter of Ay, a court

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 207.

dignitary,¹ while the striking resemblance between her portraits and those of her young husband has prompted others to suggest that she was his half,² or even his full sister.³ Brother and sister marriages were common in Egypt, as everyone knows.

We have no opinion to express on the subject. Yet, we find it difficult to dismiss Sir Flinders Petrie's version on the sole ground of Nefertiti's looks. For, if the princess were indeed the daughter of Dushratta, then her mother would be the sister and her paternal grandmother, the paternal aunt of Amenhotep the Third, while the prince's paternal grandmother — the chief wife of Thotmose the Fourth — was, as we know, Dushratta's paternal aunt. In other words, the wedded children would be even more closely related than ordinary first cousins are, and there would be nothing strange in their resembling each other as brother and sister. However, it makes little difference whose daughter Nefertiti actually was. To history, she remains Akhnaton's beloved consort. It is curious to observe that her beauty, revealed in her famous limestone portrait-busts — the loveliest masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture — has made her far more widely known than her great husband to the modern European public at large.

It is probable that the idyllic love that was to bind the prince and his consort together all through their years began long before their actual connubial life. If the features and more particularly the expression of the face do reveal something of what we call the soul, then we must suppose that the two children, heir-apparent and future queen of Egypt, had much in common. Their earliest portraits represent them both with the same regular, oval face, slender neck and large, dark eyes full of yearning; with already, in their gaze, a touch of thoughtful sadness which is not of their age. A delicate, almost feminine charm seems to have distinguished

¹ Arthur Weigall: *The Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 49.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 76.

³ James Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 243. H. R. Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East* (Ninth Edit. 1936), pp. 258, 299.

Akhnaton's person all his life. But it was balanced in latter days, as his portraits testify, by a stamp of manly determination. In early youth, and especially in childhood, before his struggle with the surrounding world had actually begun, his virile qualities had not yet found their expression; the delicate charm alone was prominent; and the newly-married prince resembled his wife even more than he did in subsequent years.

The two played together, sat and read or looked at pictures together, listened together to the stories that grown-up people told them. They admired together a lotus-bud that had just opened; they watched a velvety butterfly on a rose, or a flight of swallows going north with the coming of hot weather. A painted bas-relief, dating perhaps a few years later, pictures the prince leaning gracefully on a staff while Nefertiti gives him a bunch of flowers to smell. An indefinable sweetness pervades the whole scene, which we may plausibly take to be a faithful likeness of the young couple's everyday life.

It is probable, too, that Prince Amenhotep soon initiated his child-wife into what could already be called his higher life. Whatever be her parentage, the worship of the Sun was nothing new to the little princess. But through her daily contact with the inspired child with whom she was now wedded, what had meant to her, until then, little more than a mere succession of grown-up people's gestures, became an act of personal love. Although his own ideas were yet far from definite, Prince Amenhotep probably taught her to see the Sun as he did, that is to say, as the most beautiful and the kindest of gods; we do not know if we should add, at this early stage of his religious history: as the only God worth praising.

If Nefertiti be, as Sir Flinders Petrie suggests, the daughter of the king of Mitanni, then one may suppose that she told her young husband about Mithra and perhaps Surya, the sun-gods of her country, and that she described to him in a clumsy manner, putting too much stress upon details, as children do, some of the rites with which they were worshipped there. It is doubtful whether there could be in those

details, as she presented them, anything impressive enough to be of psychological importance in the prince's evolution. But he may have seized the opportunity to tell the little girl, pointing to the fiery Disk in heaven, that this was the only real Sun, under whatever name and in whatever way one may praise Him in different lands. And she possibly felt that there was truth in his childish remarks, and began to look up to him as to somebody very wise — wiser even, perhaps, than the grown-up people.

* * *

We have tried to emphasise that, before becoming the Founder of the Religion of the Disk, Akhnaton was once a child with many of the weaknesses natural to his age, but, at the same time, a child in whom the first sparks of genius must often have burst forth; a child whose coming greatness must have appeared, at times, undoubtable.

As there is hardly any information about his early years to be gathered from historical records, one has to be content with imagining what expression the main emotional tendencies must have taken in the prince, as a little boy, the qualities of mind, and traits of character which made his life and teaching, as a king, what we know them to be. But one can assert with a high degree of probability that those psychological elements were already observable in him at an extremely early age, and that he was therefore not a child like others.

It is likely that he was a serious, meditative child, full of the vague call of an Unknown that he could not yet think about, but that he could feel at times with strange intensity. He had vivid, delicate sensations, and was already deeply moved by visible beauty — even more so, as far as we can infer, by that of land, water and sky, and of living creatures, than by that of the highly artistic luxuries in the midst of which he was growing up. He was a sensitive and loving child, who would burst out in indignant rage at the report, not to speak of the sight, of any act of brutality committed, with whatever purpose it be, on man or beast. He was an

exceedingly logical child, who would question the very foundation of whatever did not seem evident to him, and who would never be content with such evasive answers as grown-up-people often give to children who discuss, in order to make them keep silent. Above all, if there be any children who, from the day they were born, have never told a lie or acted deceitfully, he was certainly one of them. And we may safely believe that he renounced many times in his childhood, for the sake of truth, little advantages which seemed great ones in his eyes, as readily as he was one day to sacrifice an empire to the consistency of his life.

CHAPTER III

ALONE AGAINST MILLIONS

In about 1383 B.C.¹ the prince ascended the throne of his fathers as Amenhotep the Fourth, king of Egypt, emperor of all the lands extending from the borders of the Upper Euphrates down to the Fourth Cataract of the Nile — in modern words, from the neighbourhood of Armenia to the heart of the Sudan.

He was crowned not at Thebes but at Hermonthis — the “Southern Heliopolis” — where a brother of Queen Tiy was high-priest of the Sun.² The list of his titles, as found in the earliest extensive inscription yet known of his reign,³ presents an interesting combination of the old traditional style with expressions foretelling an entirely new order of thought. It runs as follows:

“Mighty Bull, Lofty of Plumes, Favourite of the Two Goddesses, Great in kingship at Karnak, Golden Horus, Wearer of diadems in the Southern Heliopolis, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, High-priest of Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons rejoicing in his horizon in his name ‘Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk’; Nefer-kheperu-ra, Ua-en-ra; Son of Ra; Amenhotep, Divine Ruler of Thebes, Great in duration, Living forever, Beloved of Amon-Ra, Lord of Heaven, Ruler of Eternity.”⁴

In this long succession of titles, the one of “High-priest of Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons rejoicing in his horizon in his name ‘Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk’” is remarkable. Whatever may be the higher conception of the Sun which the new king was soon to preach, we must remember that originally his God was the Sun-god revered in the old sacred city of On

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 205. According to Arthur Weigall (*Life and Times of Akhnaton*, New and Revised Edit. 1922, p. 1), he ascended the throne in 1375 B.C.

² Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 111.

³ The Inscriptions of Silsileh. See Breasted’s *Ancient Records of Egypt* (Edit. 1906), Vol. II, p. 384.

⁴ Breasted: *Ancient Records of Egypt* (Edit. 1906). See also Arthur Weigall’s *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 50.

(Heliopolis) and identified with the well-known Ra. As noticed by some authors, the Pharaoh never attempted to conceal the identity of his God with the antique solar deity¹; rather he gave the immemorial deity a new interpretation. The compound name which we have just recalled was therefore but another designation of the god Aton.

Why was that designation specially chosen to figure in the titulary of the newly-crowned Pharaoh? Why not simply the words “High-priest of Aton”? It may be that the compound name, being of more current use, was considered more suitable in an official document. It may be, also, that the king was already conscious that the real God whom he loved was something more subtle than the visible Sun; the expression “Shu” (heat, or heat and light)² “which-is-in-the-Disk” rendered the idea of that unknown Reality as adequately as language permitted.

One might think that such a consciousness was well-nigh impossible in a boy not yet in his 'teens. Most writers do, in fact, insist on the king's extreme youth, and seem to believe that the religious views of which we find the evidence in documents dating from this early period of his reign, were mostly, if not entirely, those of the dowager queen and of her entourage.³

That Amenhotep the Fourth was a mere child in years, and consequently in worldly experience, is beyond doubt. The letters in which Dushratta (or Tushratta), king of Mitanni, asks him to refer to his mother concerning all matters previously discussed with Amenhotep the Third, prove that, at least for some time after his accession, he still acted practically as a minor, under the tutelage of Queen Tiy.⁴

¹ Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 111.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 80.

³ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 211. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), pp. 50-51.

⁴ “As to the words of Nimmuria (Neb-maat-ra, *i.e.*, Amenhotep the Third), thy father, which he wrote to me, Tiy, the great wife of Nimmuria, the beloved, thy mother, she knows all about them. Enquire of Tiy, thy mother, about all the words of thy father, which he spake to me . . .”
“All the words together which I discussed with thy father, Tiy, thy mother, knows them all; and no one else knows them. . . .”

(Letters of Dushratta, Amarna Letters, K.28)

It is likely that the messages addressed to him by foreign kings and by vassals were first read by her, and not handed over to him without ample comments about the intentions of their writers, whom she had learnt to know through and through and to tackle with all the shrewdness of a diplomat. It is possible that certain changes in the dealings of the Egyptian court with foreigners, the reluctance of the young king, for instance, to lavish his gold on his neighbours, in extravagant presents, as his father had done — a change of which the monarchs all complain in their letters — were partly due to the influence of Queen Tiy.

But religious and philosophical matters were quite a different thing. On that plane, as we remarked before, Amenhotep the Fourth, though still a child in years, probably showed signs of an extraordinary power of intuition and of both analytical and creative intelligence far beyond his age. We cannot, it is true, assert on the sole ground of a few words in his titulary that he had already conceived the idea of a God of a more subtle nature than the material Sun. But we can no more reasonably deny him the capacity of conceiving such an idea on the sole ground that he was not more than twelve years old. It is quite possible that it was he himself who insisted on being called, in the list of titles that was soon to remain officially attached to his name, “High-priest of Ra-Horakhti” (*i.e.*, of Aton), as other Pharaohs had been called “High-priest of Amon.”

Other titles of his, such as “Wearer of diadems in the Southern Heliopolis,” “Son of Ra,” etc., emphasise his close connection with the old Sun-cult of On, in which his religion has its roots; while his names “Nefer-kheperu-ra” (Beautiful Essence of the Sun) and “Ua-en-ra” (Only One of the Sun), are to be found throughout his reign in all inscriptions concerning him. Other expressions in the titulary, however (such as “Favourite of the Two Goddesses,” “Beloved of Amon-Ra”), seem to indicate that even if, to some extent, he was already conscious of the subtle nature of his God and of His superiority over other gods, the king had not yet reached the stage at which he was soon to look upon all special, partial or local — limited — ideas of Godhead as absurd no less than sacrilegious.

It is likely that Queen Tiy, though herself no fervent devotee of Amon, inserted into the titulary of her son one or two typically orthodox expressions in order to please the powerful local priesthood. Even if it be so, the king does not appear to have too strongly objected, since the sentences were, in fact, inserted. Moreover, we see that at the present stage of his history, he still bore the name of Amenhotep, and that the most distinctive of all the titles which accompanied his name in later days — that of “Living in Truth” — was not yet mentioned in the inscriptions.

* * *

Amenhotep the Fourth was greeted on his accession by the kings of the North and of the East — the rulers of the civilised world outside Egypt. Their letters, fortunately preserved to posterity, are interesting in their diversity. That of Burnaburiash of Babylon is friendly; that of Shubbiluliuma, king of the Hittites, is formal, somewhat stiff; that of Dushratta of Mitanni is touching in its unaffected sincerity. Dushratta had been the friend as well as the cousin and brother-in-law of Amenhotep the Third; it was he who had sent the Pharaoh the miraculous statue of Ishtar of Nineveh, in the hope that the goddess would re-give him his health, and if she had failed to do so, it was not his fault.

Each monarch, however, considered the accession of the new king of Egypt as an important event because Egypt was a very powerful country; also, perhaps, because they imagined that the son of Amenhotep the Third — so mighty, so amiable in his dealings with them, and so fabulously rich — was no ordinary prince. They expected handsome presents from him — “more gold,” and still “more gold,” for gold in his land was “as common as dust.” They sought his alliance, for they knew he had soldiers garrisoned along their frontiers and strongholds overlooking the roads that led to their kingdoms. But none of them had the slightest idea of the actual greatness of the child to whom they were writing. None knew that the main event of the world in which they

lived was the rapid dawning of eternal truths in the consciousness of that lad of twelve, and that the splendour of his kingship was nothing compared with that of his priceless individuality. Nobody knew it. It takes time to become aware of what is really important.

Meanwhile, in the palace of his fathers in Thebes, the young Pharaoh thought of his God.

He was now less free than before, being a king — and a god, in the eyes of his people. His daily round of duties was fixed by rigid custom. From his stately visits to the temples and his reception of high officials and foreign envoys down to the minute details of his private life, all his actions were regulated, with implacable exactitude, by a time-honoured etiquette little short of a religious ritual. He could neither do what he pleased at the time he pleased, nor be alone whenever he wished. He probably appreciated all the more the moments allowed to him for rest or recreation, and used them to feel the presence of the divine in the beauty of the visible world and in the silence of his own soul.

As we once remarked with reference to the Pharaoh's childhood, that which is psychologically the most important in a man's life is generally left out from recorded history, however detailed. Of the period extending from the coronation of Amenhotep the Fourth to the erection of the earliest temple to Aton of which we know — completed before the sixth year, and therefore begun not later than the fourth year of his reign — there is no written information. And were there any, still we would probably know nothing of the actual process by which the dominant idea of the oneness of an immaterial God came to fill the king's consciousness; still the history of the king's religious life in those years immediately preceding his great struggle against tradition — by far the most interesting thing — would necessarily have to be conjectured.

Though already from his childhood he had been, to no little extent, of a contemplative nature, susceptible of unusual inspiration, we may suppose that it was between the age of eleven and that of fifteen or sixteen that the eminently intelligent and intuitive young monarch went through some

particular religious experience, after which the basis of his doctrine was fixed. The sudden determination with which he pursued his aims, from the erection of Aton's temple onwards, seems to indicate that there was a change in his inner outlook; that what had been, up to then, at most a strong feeling, had become to him a truth — nay, the truth — overwhelming his mind and heart, and most probably his finer senses, with all the power of logical, moral and physical evidence.

What his experience actually was, nobody will ever know. Some historians, on the authority of certain remarks of Professor Elliot Smith, who examined his skeleton, suggest that the young Pharaoh was possibly subject to fits and hallucinations. Several truly great individuals are said to have shared the direct knowledge of those singular nervous states, and there may be some relevance in the expression of “divine” illness that served in former days to designate them. It seems difficult, however, even for a medical expert such as Elliot Smith, to assert after so many centuries the exact nature of those temporary lapses out of normal consciousness, if any. The pathological names given to their supposed cause — epilepsy,¹ “water on the brain,”² etc. — help us very little to guess what they meant, in fact, not to the outward observer, but to the particular adolescent who is said to have undergone them. Nor can their abnormal character throw the slightest discredit either upon Amenhotep the Fourth or upon the teaching which he was led to conceive, perhaps partly through their agency, as some all-too-normal creatures might be inclined to believe.

Whatever it be, we must remember that Sun-worship had never meant to Amenhotep the Fourth what it meant to everybody else. Enraptured, from the very start, by the beauty of light, which seems to have made upon him an extraordinary impression all through his life, he saw in our Parent Star neither a god among many other gods, nor a physical body among many other physical bodies, but the

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 51.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 75.

supreme source and embodiment of all that appeared to him worth adoring: beauty, power, heavenly majesty; and that sweetest complement of all these things — kindness.

It is likely that he had once associated all the divine attributes of the Sun with the material Disk, but that very soon he had conceived a more subtle idea of Godhead by considering the “Heat” or “Heat-and-Light”-(Shu)-which-is-in-the-Disk. The god Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons of which, in his titulary, he proclaims himself the high-priest, is referred to under that particular name. We should, it seems, suppose that the king’s third step was to identify the “Heat within the Disk” with the Disk itself — the invisible form of Godhead with the visible; the immaterial, or apparently such, with the material, or apparently such.

Sir Wallis Budge¹ tells us that the old god Tem, or Atem, the lord of the sacred city of On (Heliopolis), whose supremacy is asserted in the Pyramid Texts, formed a trinity with the deities Shu (heat, or heat and light) and Tefnut (the watery element). In the identification of Aton (the Disk) — the same as Atem or Tem, according to Budge — with “Shu-which-is-in-the-Aton,” we may see the outcome of a process towards unity, perhaps already latent in the trinitarian teachings), but brought to its full effect in a direct consciousness of the One in the complementary three no less than in the infinite diversity of the many. This explanation, whatever be its value, seems far more in accordance with all that is known of religious experience than Sir Wallis Budge’s own version that Amenhotep the Fourth worshipped all along but the material Sun, and that there was “nothing spiritual” either in his hymns or in his religion.²

All religious geniuses seem to have become aware, in their meditations, of some indefinable Oneness, the nature of which it is impossible to convey to those who have not lived through the mystic state. In the case of Amenhotep the Fourth, the

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism (Edit. 1923), pp. 57-58.

² *Ibid.*, p. 79, also p. 112 and following.

truth he was to set as the foundation of his teaching (if not the experience that led him to the knowledge of it) can be expressed to-day in scientific terms. Originally, the object of his meditations was neither a metaphysical entity, nor an idea, nor a symbol, nor anything abstract, but solely the visible Sun — the Father from whom our material earth and its sister planets sprang. Therefore, any discovery concerning Him, through whatever channel it be made, was, in the long run, susceptible of being tested by the ordinary scientific means by which we test all knowledge of the material world. And, as Sir Flinders Petrie has admirably pointed out,¹ the young Pharaoh's discovery of the equivalence of light and heat, and of the Sun as source of all power has been tested in recent times, and proved accurate. It is nothing else but an anticipation of the principle of equivalence of all forms of energy, which is the basis of modern science. We may add that, if such be the correct interpretation of the king's conception of the Sun, we may regard his identification of Aton (originally, the material Disk) with Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons, rejoicing in His name, "Shu (heat, or heat and light)-which-is-in-the-Aton," as an equally bold anticipation of the fundamental identity of "energy" with what appears to the senses as "matter" — the latest great scientific generalisation.

In other words, Amenhotep the Fourth reached, through some direct realisation of the Essence of all things — through an experience of which we can say nothing — the ultimate result that scientific thought was one day to attain, after thirty-three centuries of patient labour. Whether such occurrences as fits or trances helped him to leap into supernormal stages of consciousness, or whether he reached those stages simply through an unusual aptitude for concentrated meditation, it makes little difference. The fact that, by sole means of direct insight, he grasped the fundamental truth concerning the material no less than the spiritual world, and opened to himself the only outlook on nature and on divinity which can be called scientific in all times, is perhaps the most illustrative historic proof of the unity of all truth; the

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

most illustrative instance, also, of the ultimate equivalence of all methods which lead to its knowledge.

* * *

The Pharaoh's first important act of which there is any record was the erection in Thebes of a temple to Aton. Like all the buildings consecrated to the Disk, that temple was utterly destroyed in subsequent years by the enemies of the king's faith, and nothing is left of it save a few blocks of sandstone, detached from one another, which were mostly re-used in the construction of later monuments. It appears to have been a large building, if we judge by the size of the fragments of bas-reliefs that can still be seen on some of the blocks. (In one such fragment, for instance, the width of the king's leg, at the lower edge of his kilt, is of twenty inches.) An inscription — invaluable for the study of this period of the reign of Amenhotep the Fourth — states that new quarries were opened at Silsileh, in the South, to provide sandstone for the construction of this temple. High officials of the court were appointed to supervise the transport of the stone to Thebes. We also know from an inscription that a scribe named Hatay was made "overseer of the granaries in the House of Aton."

From the little that remains of it, it is hardly possible to tell whether the temple was built in the traditional style or whether it resembled the temples of Tell-el-Amarna, of which we shall speak later on. In the writing upon the stones that belonged to the new building, as well as in the well-known inscription of Silsileh, the king is referred to as Amenhotep, which shows that he had not yet changed his name. The name of Aton is not surrounded by a "cartouche," as it is in all later inscriptions; and the expression "Living in Truth" — which recurs continually in all documents dated after the sixth year of the reign — has not yet been found, and possibly had not yet been incorporated by the king into the list of his most usual titles. Moreover, references to several of the gods recognised by orthodox Egyptians — such as Horus, Set, Wepwat — are to be read

upon the fragments of stone that once formed the temple walls. Apart from that, above the commemorative inscription of Silsileh, there was originally a figure of the king praying to Amon while the Sun-disk with rays ending in hands — the distinctive symbol of the new religion — shed its life-giving beams upon him. The image of the national deity has been afterwards effaced; but traces of it are still visible. In the tomb of Ramose, in Thebes, which dates from about the same time apparently, there is an image of the goddess Maat; and Horus of Edfu is invoked in an inscription. And, in a letter addressed to the king in the fifth year of his reign, by a royal steward named Apiy, who lived in Memphis, Ptah and “the gods and goddesses of Memphis” are mentioned without Apiy seeming to suspect in the least that his sovereign no longer adhered to the traditional religion — an instance all the more impressing that here, in that letter, Amenhotep the Fourth is for the first time referred to as “Living in Truth,” the motto which he kept to the very end of his reign. Finally, on the scarabs of this period, the Pharaoh is spoken of as “beloved of Thot,” the god of wisdom.¹

From these various data, most authors have inferred that, when he built this first temple to Aton of which history tells us, the king had not yet conceived his religion in its definitive form. This interpretation presupposes that the changing of the king’s name, the abolition of all cults save that of the imageless Aton, the erasure of the name and figure of Amon and the plural word “gods” from every stone, were all unavoidable consequences of the new faith — a translation into action of its essential tenets. And it is generally in that light that those facts are viewed. It has been written that Aton was “a jealous god,”² as if the Pharaoh, in waging war upon the gods of his fathers, was but implicitly obeying some rigorous religious dictate similar to the first of the Ten

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 74.

² Sir Flinders Petrie: *Religious Life in Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1924), p. 95. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), pp. 168-170. *Tutankhamen and Other Essays* (Edit. 1923), p. 82. James Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 251.

Commandments that Moses was one day to give his wandering Israelites in the name of their tribal deity. Perhaps a certain resemblance between one of the king's hymns to the Sun and a psalm of David, written centuries later¹; perhaps, also, some unconscious desire of seeing in Amenhotep the Fourth the forerunner of a religion out of which Christianity was one day to spring, has prompted many modern authors to attribute to him a monotheism of the same nature as that of the Jews.² The data concerning the construction of the earliest temple to Aton, and the whole of the monarch's reign up to his sixth year, do not point to such a religious conception. Therefore the writers conclude that the king did not know his own mind before the sixth year of his reign, or at least that his faith evolved after that period in the sense of a more and more rigorous monotheism.

But, to a man with no preconceived idea whatsoever as to what sort of a god Aton should be, it does not appear at all necessary to suppose anything of the kind. For if, indeed, as Sir Flinders Petrie has pointed out,³ Aton be none other but Radiant Energy deified — that is to say, an all-pervading reality of an immanent character — there is no reason to attribute to Him the all-too-human desire of being worshipped alone. On the contrary, it would seem natural that one who sees divinity in the “Heat-which-is-in-the-Disk” (and which is of the same essence as the Disk itself), far from proscribing the time-honoured gods of his land, should look upon them as man's halting attempts to reach the Unreachable; as imperfect symbols of the One true God. It is thus that sages of all times have looked upon the traditional deities in lands where popular polytheism prevails side by side with the most exalted religious realisations. And it seems to us most probable that Amenhotep the Fourth considered

¹ Psalm 104. See Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1923), pp. 134-136; *Tutankhamen and Other Essays* (Edit. 1923), p. 82; *The Glory of the Pharaohs* (Edit. 1923), p. 147; *Short History of Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1934), p. 154.

² It has been asserted — and that by an Israelite — that Jewish Monotheism was entirely derived from the worship of Aton. See Sigmund Freud's *Moses and Monotheism*. See also Arthur Weigall's *Tutankhamen and Other Essays* (Edit. 1923), p. 93.

³ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

the gods of his country — and of all countries — in that very light. It may be that the figure of Amon was carved out on the slab bearing the Silsileh inscription by a sculptor who “simply followed the time-honoured custom.”¹ But, had the king found the slightest objection to its presence, he would certainly have had it effaced — as he did, in fact, later on. The thing is that he had no quarrel with any of the gods, not even with Amon. His God was above them all and contained them all as He contained all existence; He was not against them. At most, the king may have felt a little contempt for the man-made deities, on account of their local character and of their alleged petty interferences in human affairs. He did not love them. But, at first, he tolerated them — as a pure Vedantist tolerates to-day the popular gods and goddesses of India — knowing that most men can never rise to a higher and more comprehensive idea of Godhead.

It seems that he would easily have tolerated them to the end, had it not been for the serious opposition of the Egyptian priests — especially of those of Amon — to the execution of his legitimate designs. The series of steps he was soon to take, and the new aspect of his religion in the eyes of whoever considers it from outside, can be explained as a masterful reaction to unwelcome priestly interference rather than as signs of a religious evolution towards a new and narrower idea of God. This view receives confirmation from the fact that, even after the abolition of the public cult of Amon and of the other gods, still, as we shall see, the Pharaoh made no attempt to spread his own faith beyond a small circle of disciples.

* * *

It is also supported by the inscription in the tomb of Ramose at Thebes — an early document, no doubt, for the tomb is decorated in the “old” style, and wherever the king’s name appears, it is still Amenhotep. The general tone of the inscription plainly indicates that, at the time the tomb was built, not only was the king already in possession of a

¹ Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 254.

definite truth which he had received directly from God — that is to say, which he had grasped intuitively; which had forced itself upon his mind with all the strength of evidence — but that he was, also, fully conscious of being, himself, substantially identical with the Essence of all life, the Sun. He addresses himself to Ramose in the inscription, and says: “The words of Ra are before thee, of my august Father who taught me their essence. All that is His . . . since He equipped the land . . . in order to exalt me since the time of the god. . . . It was known in my heart, opened to my face — I understood.” And Ramose answers: “Thy monuments shall endure like the heavens, for thy duration is that of Aton therein. The existence of thy monuments is like the existence of His designs. Thou hast laid the mountains; their secret chambers. The terror of thee is in the midst of them as the terror of thee is in the hearts of the people; they hearken to thee as the people hearken.”¹

The old Sun-god Ra, the divine Ancestor of the most ancient Pharaohs, is clearly regarded here as the same as Aton. But if we bear in mind all that we already know of the religion of Amenhotep the Fourth — his idea of the “Heat-which-is-in-the-Disk” identical with the Disk itself, his conception of a thoroughly immanent Godhead — then we cannot but see much more than customary dynastic boasting in the king’s assertion that Ra is his “august Father,” and much more, also, than the polite exaggerations of a courtier in Ramose’s reply: “Thou art the Only One of Aton, etc. . . .” This document, the earliest one perhaps in which the king and his God are as boldly identified as in so many later texts, is a further proof that, even in this first part of his reign, the Pharaoh’s religious views already appeared to other men as something decidedly new, and that they probably were very little, if at all, different from what we know them to have been at the time he lived in his new capital and wrote his famous hymns.

¹ Breasted: *Ancient Records of Egypt* (Edit. 1906), Vol. II, p. 389.

The king's next step was to decree that the quarter of Thebes in which the newly-built temple stood would henceforth be called "Brightness of Aton, the Great One," and that Thebes itself — the proud City of Amon, whose patron-deity had become the god of a whole empire — would henceforth be known as the "City-of-the-Brightness-of-Aton."

One need not see in this a deliberate insult to the local god on the part of Amenhotep the Fourth. There is, at least, no evidence suggesting that such might have been the monarch's intention; and if our interpretation of his religious views be right, there is every reason to believe that it was not so. The Pharaoh did not endeavour to crush the Theban deity out of existence, or even to defy it, as the worshipper of a "jealous god" would have done. He only wished to keep it in its place — to relegate it among the partial symbols of Godhead which a man who thinks and feels must sooner or later learn to transcend. He did not suppress the cult of Amon or of any other gods; nor, probably, did he intend to do so at this stage of his career. But he surely wished that the One invisible, intangible God, Essence of all things, Whom he had come to realise through his contemplation of the visible Sun, should be honoured above all the minor deities, protectors of families, cities, or even nations, whose power was limited and whose nature was apparently finite, like that of their human devotees. And, in giving its new name to the capital of his fathers, he paid a public homage to the true God of the whole universe, as opposed to all the man-made tribal gods.

It is likely that the priests of Amon failed to understand this attitude — or perhaps did the most intelligent among them understand it but too well? As a result, they were unable to accept the change with equanimity. They and their god had been receiving such extraordinary honours in Thebes and throughout Egypt, for so many centuries, that it was hard for them to realise that a new order was dawning, in which their unchallenged domination would no longer have a meaning, and therefore a place. Amon, whom they had identified with the old Heliopolitan god Ra — the Sun — so as to legitimise his sway over all Egypt, was in their eyes the actual sovereign of the land. It was he who had rendered

his sons, the Theban Pharaohs, invincible in war, magnificent in peace. And it was the custom that they should visit every day his shrine, and, through the performance of certain traditional rites, receive from him the breath of life — justify, so as to say, through a daily renewed supply of divine power, their age-old claim to divinity.¹ We know not at what time Amenhotep the Fourth ceased to conform himself to this practice. But we may conjecture that he did so very early in his reign if, as suggested in the inscription in Ramose's tomb, he already realised that his oneness with the Sun (and, through Him, with ultimate Cosmic Energy) was a fact, and that therefore he needed no rites to maintain it or even to assert it. Doubtless the priests resented bitterly this break with immemorial tradition. What they resented no less — if not more — was the steady decrease in the revenues of their temples, now that the king had started encouraging the sole cult of the Disk, and had withdrawn from them the habitual royal gifts, which were enormous.

They had not, however, been able to show their displeasure openly, as long as Amenhotep the Fourth had contented himself with honouring his God without stressing His priority over their and over the other national deities. But when, by the change of the capital's name, he made public his intention to place his own intuitive conception of Godhead above the established gods of the land, their fury burst out.

We do not know how, nor exactly when, they began to show stern opposition to the Pharaoh's designs. The only record of that opposition is a later inscription in which the king tells of the priest's wickedness. The inscription is mutilated, and the reference therefore vague, though vehement.² In all probability, however, the step we just spoke of — the renaming of the City of Amon (Nut-Amon, or

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism (Edit. 1923), pp. 34-35.

² "For as my Father liveth . . . more evil are they (the priests) than those things which I have heard in the fourth year; more evil are they than those things which King . . . heard; more evil are they than those things which Men-kheperu-ra (Thutmose the Fourth) heard . . . in the mouth of Negroes, in the mouth of any people." — (From a mutilated inscription on one of the boundary-stones of Tell-el-Amarna.)

Thebes) as the “City-of-the-Brightness-of-Aton” — was the signal of a bitter conflict between the king and the ministers of the Theban god.

It is difficult to say what the priests actually did to assert what they considered to be their god’s rights. Did they try to frighten the people by foretelling calamities which they ascribed beforehand to the wrath of the deity? Did they start spreading rumours against the king, in order to create disaffection? Or did they use men in their pay to do more effective mischief — to try, for instance, to destroy the newly-erected temple of Aton, or even to make an attempt on the monarch’s life? We shall never know; but they appear to have been capable of anything, once their fanaticism was stirred. And, if we judge by the extreme measures which the king took immediately in reply to their intrigues, and also by the bitterness he still seems to feel in recalling his experience with them, even after having broken their power, we may believe that the servants of Amon and of the other gods acted with unusual harshness towards him who, until then, had tolerated their faith and who, even afterwards, was never to seek to harm their persons.

The outcome of the struggle was a change not in the king’s actual religious outlook, but in his practical attitude towards the national forms of worship, and a series of new decrees of an uncompromising spirit, by which all hopes of future reconciliation were annihilated at one stroke. The priests of Amon were dispossessed of their fabulous wealth; the name of Amon and the plural word “gods” were erased from every stone where they were found, whether in public monuments or in private tombs. Even the compound proper names which contained that of the Theban god were not allowed to remain; and, carrying out his decision to its ultimate logical consequences, the Pharaoh did not hesitate to have the name of his own father erased, even from the inscriptions in his tomb, and replaced by one of the other names by which he had been well known: Neb-maat-ra. And by the sixth, perhaps even the end of the fifth year of his reign, the young king changed his own name from Amenhotep — meaning, as we have seen: “Amon is pleased,” or “Amon is at rest” — to

Akhnaton — “Joy of the Disk,” that is to say, “Joy of the Sun” — the name under which he has become immortal. The cult of Amon, and finally that of the innumerable other national gods and goddesses, was abolished, and images were destroyed.

It is these measures which seem to have stirred the indignation of Akhnaton’s modern detractors, and prompted them to call him a “fanatic,” an “iconoclast,” and so forth. But we believe it would be more in keeping with historical truth to see in them, as we have said, a vigorous reaction against sacerdotal interference, a determined assertion of the Pharaoh’s rights, as a ruler, against a class of ambitious men who, under the cover of religion, had been grabbing more and more power for centuries. The man who conceived God as the all-pervading impersonal Life-force — the Energy within the Sun — cannot have shared the aggressive piety of such later believers as Charlemagne or Mahmud of Ghazni, the Idol-breaker. It is unreasonable — nay, absurd — to attribute to him a zeal of the same nature as theirs.

Nor can we suppose that he suddenly changed his idea of God by the fifth or sixth year of his reign, just after completing the first temple which he built to Him. All subsequent evidence — in particular that of the king’s admirable hymns to the Sun — goes to prove that he worshipped till the end of his life that all-pervading Energy which he had discovered intuitively and which he adored already in his early adolescence.

Apart from being stern efforts to free himself and his country from the ever-tightening grip of the priests, these measures against the national cults of Egypt seem, however, to indicate a phase in Akhnaton’s psychology. We have just said that his religious views remained the same. But his estimation of man’s capacity to realise, within the frame of traditional symbolism, the Truth that he had grasped apart from it, had changed a lot. Until then, he had tolerated the time-honoured deities of the land either because he had seen in them possible steps towards a higher Reality, or simply because he looked upon human superstition with the kindly smile of many a philosopher: that is to say, because he considered

those gods helpful to most men's religions progress, or at least harmless. The time had now come when he found out that they were neither. The trouble stirred up by the servants of Amon after the renaming of Thebes was to him both a revelation and a warning. It suddenly thrust upon him the fact that the generous toleration which he had shown until then would find no imitators among the professed religious leaders of the people. It taught him that the national gods were indeed "jealous gods," in the sense that, as long as their priests remained in power, no truer and broader conception of the divine could find its way to the hearts of the worshippers; that, far from leading gradually to the knowledge of the One God, they would continually be used to keep the people away from Him — to bind them to a state of satisfied religious routine; to kill both criticism and inspiration under the weight of a vain formalism; to prevent the dawning of a sense of universal values, by constant stress upon local, or at the most national, concerns.

It warned him that, if he allowed the priests to hold their sway, his God would never receive the whole-hearted public worship due really to Him alone; that His truth would never be made manifest. One of the two had to be pushed into the background: either national tradition, or universal truth. It is this dilemma which seems to have forced itself upon the king's consciousness from the time of his first open conflict with the priests of Amon. Had these men let him organise, unopposed, as he pleased, the religious life of the whole country, around the central truth which he had discovered; had they admitted that their gods were but partial aspects of the One ultimate Reality — the Heat or Energy within the Disk — or steps in quest of it, and had they acted up to that belief, it is probable that he would never have gone to the extremities which history has recorded. But now, the only reasonable course before him was that which he took and followed, in fact, to its utmost implications. It was not "religious fanaticism," but a clear understanding of the situation that prompted him to act. The "fanatics" were not he, but the priests; they who, by their violent hostility to a teaching of exceedingly broad significance (which,

religiously speaking, should not have upset them at all), set forth the dilemma which we have just recalled.

The thoroughness with which Akhnaton followed his course is one of the early recorded instances of that unbending determination that he showed all his life, once he felt sure which way he was to act in accordance with truth.

* * *

In fact, it is not exactly for what one could call religious reasons that the priests of Amon and of the other gods showed such stubborn opposition to the king's projects.

It has been said¹ that "the religious thought of the period just preceding the reign of Akhnaton was distinctly monotheistic in its tendencies," and that, with all its startling originality, the new movement was the natural outcome of the long unconscious evolution of the Egyptian mind. The universal power of the Sun is already asserted in the famous "Hymn to Amon as he riseth as Horus of the Two Horizons," inscribed upon the stele of the two brothers Hor and Suti, architects of Amenhotep the Third. He is called there: "Sole Lord, taking captive all lands, every day" — an expression hardly different from that which we find later on in Akhnaton's hymns, and which may well be much older than the inscription quoted. In the same inscription, the name of Aton appears as practically identical with that of Amon, for the "Hymn of Amon" runs: "Hail to thee, O Aton of the day, Thou creator of mortals and maker of their life."² It has even been proved that, under Amenhotep the Third, a temple to a god bearing the full title of "Horus of the Two Horizons, rejoicing in his horizon in his name 'Shu-(heat)-which-is-in-the-Aton-(Disk)'" — the title we find in Akhnaton's inscriptions — existed, with the sole difference that this god was there represented in the traditional style, with a falcon's head. Both the figure and the title are to be found on one of the blocks re-used by King Horemheb in his pylon at

¹ By Blackman; quoted by James Baikie in *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 314.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 49.

Karnak; and in the royal cartouche can be seen the name of Nefer-kheperu-ra (one of Akhnaton's names) altered from that of Amenhotep the Third.¹

The elements of the new faith were therefore, to some extent, latent within the old. What Akhnaton did was to assert that such a conception of divinity as that of the "Heat (or Energy)-within-the-Disk" at once transcended and comprehended all others. And he possibly preferred to worship his God under the older name of Aton — the Disk — so as to point out, as we have said, the identity of the visible Sun and of the Heat within it — ultimately, the oneness of the Visible and the Invisible; of Matter and Energy. Religiously speaking, there was no radical antagonism between his pantheistic monism (for such it seems to be) and the popular polytheism of the priests with the underlying monotheistic tendency that burst out, now and then, in its most intellectual aspects.

The truth appears to be that the priests did not really mind Akhnaton going further than any of the former Egyptian thinkers in his conception of the divine. But they cared a good deal when, as a logical result of his new lofty idea of Godhead, he decreed that the City of Amon should henceforth be called: City of the Brightness of Aton; when, in other words, he made public his desire to do all he could to urge Egypt and the empire to look upon the cosmic God as God, the other city-gods, national gods, etc., being nothing, if not secondary aspects of Him, to be merged into His infinity. They objected to his purely religious — and therefore individual — idea of God being given priority over their mainly customary, ritualistic, and therefore national one. The struggle between the king and them was not a struggle between two different religious conceptions, but perhaps the oldest recorded phase of the still enduring age-long conflict between individual inspiration and collective tradition; between real religion and state religion; between the insight of the religious genius and the vested interests of the spiritual shepherds of the crowd — and of the crowd itself, one might add.

¹ T. Eric Peet: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 205.

Sir Wallis Budge has criticised Akhnaton in the most violent language for not having upheld the cult of Amon, already popular throughout the Egyptian empire. “None but one half insane,” says he, “would have been so blind to facts to attempt to overthrow Amon and his worship, round which the whole of the social life of the country centred.”¹ Professor H. R. Hall, apparently for a similar reason, brings also against the enlightened Pharaoh the same accusation of being “half insane.”² It is the expression used, in last resort, by most average men, about the spiritual giants whom they hate without knowing why, but in fact because they are incapable of understanding their greatness. It only shows how irredeemably average even learned scholars can be where religious insight is concerned. The authors of the foolish statements just quoted seem to have entirely missed the meaning of Akhnaton’s efforts. If Aton and Amon were but two Egyptian deities like any other, then indeed the exaltation of the former at the expense of the latter could perhaps be interpreted as the whim of a “fanatic.” But if, as evidence forces one to believe, Aton be the name given to deified Cosmic Energy, while Amon, as everyone knows, is the patron-god of Thebes, promoted to the position of a god of all the empire only through the victories of the Theban Dynasty, then the whole perspective changes, and one understands how Akhnaton could not look upon the local deity as identical with the ultimate Essence of all existence.

He could not do so, because of the close association of Amon with all the limited interests of nation and church — because of his political miracles, his partiality in war, his satisfaction in man-ordained rituals and sacrifices. He could not merge his own religion of the Universe into the existing religion of the State; his own intuitive truth of all times into the narrow framework of custom, which had no meaning to him. What he wanted to do, on the contrary, was to have the true religion recognised as State religion — pushing the existing one into the background. And that seems to have been

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 78.

² H. R. Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East* (Ninth Edit. 1936), p. 298.

the reason for his giving a new name to the very stronghold of the national cult, the City of Amon. He wanted to start a new tradition — more rational, more scientific, more beautiful, more truly religious — on the basis of his extraordinary individual insight; to raise the State religion of the future to his own level; to make himself — the consciously divine Man — the spiritual head of the nation, to which he would teach how to transcend nationhood. The priests of the nation stood in his way; he brushed them aside — without, however, persecuting them.

* * *

The struggle between Akhnaton and the priests was to be a deadly one precisely because it was less a conflict of ideas than a conflict of values. Had the quarrel merely been about the attributes of divinity or some other such question, a compromise might have taken place, if not during the king's life, at least after him. His message, even if rejected, would have left some trace in history. With time, Amon, while still continuing to protect Egypt in war and peace, might have taken over some of the more subtle qualities of Aton. But there was no possible compromise between the values that the inspired Individual, Akhnaton, stood for, and those represented by the priests of the deified State. As we shall see later on, it is the practical implications of his teaching that were finally to estrange the Pharaoh from his people, from his age, from the average men of all ages. In the meantime, his conception of religion was, from the start, a greater barrier between him and his contemporaries than the lofty philosophical tenets of his religion; his attitude towards his God, something more unusual to them even than his incredibly advanced idea of the nature of God.

The priests would have remained content had he paid a lip homage to tradition — had he, for instance, continued to accept his divinity as a Pharaoh from a daily ceremonial contact with the divine patron of the Pharaonic State, in his temple. It would have mattered little if, while doing so, he

worshipped the “Heat-within-the-Disk” as the One supreme Reality. But he could not do so. His devotion to the Sun, deeply coloured by an artist’s emotion if we judge it by the fragments of hymns that have survived, must have had the character of mystic rapture. There was a sort of mysterious understanding, a strange intimacy between the young king and the fiery Disk — something quite different from the official filiation of any prince priding in his solar descent, with any man-made Sun-god. Whether stretching out his hands in praise to the rising or setting Sun, or gazing during the middle of the day into the cloudless abyss which He filled with burning light, Akhnaton was in tune — and consciously so — with Something intangible, shapeless, unnameable, and yet undeniably real; Something that was, at the same time, within the vibrating waves of existence all round him, within the deep rhythmic life of his body, within the silence of his soul. He experienced his oneness with the Sun, and through Him, with all that is. This experience made him, in fact, what other Pharaohs were merely by name and by tradition: the true Son of the Sun. What need had he of receiving his divinity from the patron-god of the State, when he was conscious of sharing by nature the life of the real Sun — of being in tune with the Essence of all things: one with It? “The heat of Aton gave him life and maintained it in him,” writes Sir Wallis Budge; “and whilst that was in him, Aton was in him. The life of Aton was his life, and his life was Aton’s life, and therefore he was Aton.” . . . “His spiritual arrogance made him believe that he was an incarnation of Aton — that he was God; not merely a god, or one of the gods of Egypt — and that his acts were divine.”¹

Budge is right, with the difference that there was no “spiritual arrogance” on the part of Akhnaton. The series of beliefs — or rather the successive stages of consciousness — which his detractor ascribes to him, are nothing more than those reached by all men who have the privilege to go through the ultimate religious experience — through that which the Hindus call “realisation” of the divine — and who

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism (Edit. 1923), p. 82.

are bold enough to draw to the end the conclusions that it implies. Unknowingly (for he does not seem to have had, himself, a similar experience), and also unwillingly (for he does not seem to like the young Pharaoh of the Disk), Budge only proves that Akhnaton was a genuine spiritual genius at the same time as an intellectual one, the greatest tribute which a man — and especially a detractor — can pay to another man.

The king's contemporary enemies, apparently, did not understand him any better than his twentieth-century critics. Deeply attached as they were to their ideology of dynastic Sun-worship — of royalty created, protected, and deified by the gods of the State, through the intermediary of their traditional priesthoods — they could hardly imagine what was going on in the monarch's consciousness. They opposed him for the new values he set forth. They did not even share with him that which enemies often hold in common: an ultimate similarity of purpose if not of views.

The people, who doubtless considered their Pharaoh in the same light as their fathers had done — as the son and embodiment on earth of the national god Amon — must have been at a loss to make sense of what appeared to them as meaningless, sacrilegious novelties.

Queen Tiy herself, who had probably played the greatest part in the early formation of the king's soul, could perhaps hardly recognise the distant result of her influence (combined with his personal genius) in the present expression of his faith. It is noteworthy that all the drastic steps taken by Akhnaton against the cult of Amon are posterior to the fifth year of his reign. Even in supposing, as some authors have done, that, still as a king, he remained for some time virtually under the tutelage of his mother, it is probable that this state of dependence had already come to an end before he promulgated his first religious decrees. Those decrees are not the dowager queen's, but decidedly and fully his. The king's opposition to Amon's public cult seems indeed to have become more stern as his personal part in the government became more unquestionable. We may even believe that, as long as she had any say in the matter, the dowager queen

tried to check rather than to prompt her son on the path of open conflict with the priests. She was first a queen — and a shrewd one, with long experience of the world, and great ambitions — and then only the devotee of a particular deity; perhaps also, to some extent, an initiate into a particular esoteric philosophy, originated among the priests of On. But he was, first and last, a man who had realised the truth, both in the mystic and in the intellectual sense. He happened to be the ruler of the greatest empire of his time. But the truth he had discovered always passed, and was always to pass, with him, before the interests and “obligations” he had inherited. And it is possible that this attitude of his alienated him from his mother, in a certain measure. We know positively that she did not follow him when he left Thebes for good.

We doubt if even Akhnaton’s followers — and they appear to have been numerous in the beginning¹ — were able to grasp the full significance of his message. The inscriptions which some of the most prominent of them have left in their tombs, at Tell-el-Amarna, tend to point out that many did not. Most of them seem to have joined the Religion of the Disk for motives either of material interest or of personal attachment to the king — perhaps sometimes for both. It is possible that Akhnaton saw through their minds but accepted their allegiance all the same, hoping, with the natural confidence of youth, to make them sooner or later his true disciples. Yet he had probably already found out how difficult it is to create higher aspirations in men who do not have them, and one may believe that he was not totally ignorant of the enormity of the task before him. He must have realised the strength of tradition, the inborn apathy of the human herd (which includes men of all classes), the frequent incomprehension even of the best intentioned of friends; and, at times, he must have felt desperately alone.

Each time he threw a glance across Thebes from the flat roof of his palace; each time he passed through the streets in his chariot — and we infer, from pictorial evidence, that he did so more usually than any other Pharaoh, even in this

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Short History of Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1934), p. 149.

early part of his reign — it certainly struck him how little the capital was worthy of its new lofty name: “City-of-the-Brightness-of-Aton.”

The great temple of Amon towered above all the buildings of the immense city. It was now closed by the king’s orders; its splendid halls were silent; and the name of the god had been erased from every pillar, from every wall, from every statue, whether inscribed upon granite or alabaster, or bronze, or lapis lazuli. Still, there it stood, in all its defiant grandeur. It had taken a hundred years to build; a thousand years to adorn, to enrich, to complete. Forty generations of kings had lavished upon it the wealth of the Nile, the treasures of conquered lands, the workmanship of the best artists from all the known world, and had made it a thing unsurpassed in magnificence.

The people bowed down before the closed gates to the hidden deity whom they still revered and feared. The temple remained the heart of Thebes. And there were shrines to other gods within its sacred enclosure — to Mut, Amon’s consort; to Khonsu, the Moon-god, Amon’s son; to Ptah; to Min — and other temples, all over the city. Every house, in fact, was a temple in which the traditional gods and goddesses were honoured daily, and propitiated occasionally, with magic incantations and ritual offerings.

Akhnaton gazed at it all in a bird’s-eye view, and understood that Thebes would never be his. What could he do? Destroy all those temples of the man-made gods? He could have done it if he liked. His word was law. And it was not more difficult for him — and hardly more sacrilegious, perhaps, in the eyes of many orthodox Egyptians — to pull down Karnak stone by stone than to have the name of Amon erased from his own father’s tomb. But the idea seems never to have occurred to him. In spite of the hasty judgments passed on him by so many modern critics, he was not an iconoclast. He was too much of an artist ever to dream of becoming one.

He gazed at the sober, majestic architecture of Amon’s dwelling-place, and was impressed by its beauty. Then he gazed at the sky — the simple blue depth, without a line,

without a spot, without a shade; the void, luminous, fathomless abyss; the dwelling-place of the real Sun in front of which all the splendours and uglinesses of the earth seem equally to vanish into nothingness. And the well-known feeling of absorption into the vibrating infinity, of oneness with that intangible existence that contains all existence, would take him over once more. If only he could have made people understand what he knew, he would not have needed to take steps against the traditional cults. The man-made gods would have automatically sunk into their place as mere symbols, far below the One Reality. But at the sight of the magnificent City of Amon stretched before him, with its temples, its pylons, its avenues bordered with great rams of granite, he knew that he could not. These dazzling earthly glories, with their all-powerful collective associations, would always mean more to the people and the priests — to the herd and its shepherds — than the transparent truth, unconnected with national pride, hopes, or fears, which he had come to realise and to reveal. And no matter how brilliantly and how long he would preach to its thousands the message of the One God made manifest in the real Sun, Thebes would never follow him.

The men of the capital — in fact, of all the great centres of traditional worship — represented that intellectually lazy, superficially artistic, prejudiced, irresponsible, apathetic, uninteresting crowd upon whose stupidity and for whose guidance governments and priesthoods — states and churches — are established. Perhaps, indeed, the city-gods that they made so much of were good enough for them; perhaps any new god they would start worshipping would finally become to them a city-god hardly any better than the old ones; perhaps gorgeous architectural structures of polished granite and gold — the signs of wealth and power — would always represent the supreme acquisitions that nations take pride in, and live for, and die for.

But he could not be content with improving on those, as his fathers had. He had raised his senses from the fascination of sculptured curbs and painted colours and resounding formulas, to the inner vision of intangible waves of heat and

light; from the spell of the temple service to the clear and joyous understanding of the silence of the sky. James Breasted has most appropriately called him “the first individual in human history.” He was indeed the oldest historic embodiment of the outstanding Individual as opposed to the dull majority of mediocre men; of the Individual whose aspirations, whose experience, whose *raison d’être* are different from anything the crowd can understand and accept; of the Individual who, in his own singular logic and beauty, stands alone against the background of all times and all countries, in tune with absolute realities and absolute standards forever inaccessible to the many.

Thebes would never side with him — nor would any city, any state, any crowd with age-long collective associations. And yet, in his youthful desire for success, in his inherited consciousness of unchecked power, he wished to be a leader; to proclaim far and wide the truth that was to him as clear as daylight, and make the cult of intangible Energy the official State religion of Egypt and of the empire; to spread it still further, if possible. He needed the collaboration of men for that great purpose.

And if Thebes was not the place where the first seeds of truth could be sown; if it clung to Amon, its patron-god, even in his downfall, there would perhaps be, somewhere down the Nile, an out-of-the-way spot where a new City could be founded — a City, the capital of a new State, which one day, possibly, could become the model of a new world. He would build that ideal State with the help of the few who, if they did not always understand him to perfection, at least seemed to love him. The cult of the One impersonal God would prevail there, and the standards of the enlightened few would be the official standards. The name of Amon and all it stood for would be unknown there from the start.

Thus Akhnaton decided to leave Thebes for good, and to build himself a new capital.

67-68

Part II

THE RELIGION OF THE DISK

CHAPTER IV

THE CITY OF GOD

In the sixth year of his reign — that is to say, when he was about seventeen or eighteen — Akhnaton sailed down the Nile to a place some 190 miles from the site of modern Cairo, and he laid there the foundations of his new capital, Akhetaton — the City of the Horizon of Aton — of which the ruins are known today by the name of Tell-el-Amarna.

He selected, on the eastern bank of the river, a spot where the limestone hills of the desert suddenly recede, enclosing a beautiful crescent-shaped bay, some three miles wide and five miles long. There is a little island in the middle of the Nile, just opposite. The place was lovely. Moreover, it was entirely free from religious or historic associations. In the very words of the king, it belonged “neither to a god nor to a goddess; neither to a prince nor to a princess.”¹ And he decided to build upon that virgin soil the City of his dreams.

The City was to occupy part of a sacred territory extending on both sides of the Nile “from the eastern hills to the western hills,” an area measuring roughly eight miles on seventeen. According to an inscription, the king appeared in stately pomp upon a great chariot of electrum drawn by a span of horses. “He was like Aton when He rises from the eastern horizon and fills the Two Lands with His love. And he started a goodly course to the City of the Horizon of Aton on this, the first occasion . . . to dedicate it as a monument to Aton, even as his Father, Ra-Horakhti-Aton, had given command. And he caused a great sacrifice to be offered.”²

After the customary offerings of food and drink, gold, incense and sweet-smelling flowers, Akhnaton proceeded

¹ “First foundation inscription,” quoted by Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 84.

² From the “Second foundation inscription,” quoted by Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 88.

successively to the south and to the north, and halted at the limits of the territory he wished to consecrate. And he swore a great oath that he would not extend the territory of the City beyond those limits.

“And His Majesty went southwards and halted on his chariot before his Father Ra-Horakhti Aton, at the (foot of the) southern hills, and Aton shone upon him in life and length of days, invigorating his body every day. Now this is the oath pronounced by the king:

“As my Father Aton liveth and as my heart is happy in the Queen and her children . . . this is my oath of truth which it is my desire to pronounce and of which I will not say: “It is false,” eternally, forever:

“The southern boundary-stone, which is on the eastern hills, is the boundary-stone of Akhetaton, namely the one by which I have made halt. I will not pass beyond it southwards forever and ever. Make the south-west boundary-stone opposite it on the western hills of Akhetaton exactly. The middle boundary-stone which is on the eastern hills is the boundary-stone of Akhetaton, namely that by which I have made halt on the eastern hills. I will not pass beyond it eastwards forever and ever. Make the middle boundary-stone which is to be on the western hills opposite it exactly. The northern boundary-stone which is on the eastern hills is the boundary-stone of Akhetaton, namely that by which I have made halt. I will not pass beyond it downstream (northwards) forever and ever. Make the northern boundary-stone which is to be on the western hills opposite it exactly.

“And Akhetaton extends from the southern boundary-stone as far as the northern boundary-stone measured between boundary-stone and boundary-stone on the eastern hills, (which measurement) amounts to 6 aters, $\frac{3}{4}$ khe, and 4 cubits. Likewise, from the southern boundary-stone to the northern boundary-stone on the western hills the measurement amounts to 6 aters, $\frac{3}{4}$ khe, and 4 cubits, exactly. And the area between those boundary-stones from the eastern hills to the western hills is the City of the Aton; mountains, deserts, meadows, islands, high-grounds, low-grounds, land, water, villages, embankments, men, beasts, groves, and all things which Aton my Father will bring into existence, forever and ever. . .”¹

Akhetaton was not only to be the new capital of Egypt, but the main centre from which the cult of Aton would

¹ “Second foundation inscription,” quoted by Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edition, 1922), pp. 89-90.

radiate far and wide — to the four ever-receding horizons north, south, east and west — and the model, on a small scale, of what the world at large would be if only the spirit of the new rational solar religion would prevail; an ideal abode of peace, beauty, of truth — the City of God. Akhnaton would make it as splendid as he could in the short time it would take him to build it, and continue to adorn it afterwards as long as he lived. And he founded at least two other cities, of lesser proportions and less sumptuous than Akhetaton, but destined in his mind to be, like it, radiating “seats of truth”: one in Syria, of which the name and exact location are unknown¹; and one in Nubia, on the eastern bank of the Nile, somewhere near the Third Cataract,² which he named Gem-Aton, like the temple he had first built in Thebes.

This fact is sufficient to show that, at least as early as the foundation of the City of the Horizon of Aton, in the sixth year of his reign, Akhnaton consciously endeavoured to spread the lofty cult of Cosmic Energy to all his empire, if he did not already dream of preaching it beyond the limits of Egyptian civilisation. The domain of a universal God could logically admit of no boundaries. And the solemn consecration of the territory of Akhetaton with all it contained and would ever contain from cliff to cliff, and of at least two similar holy cities, one at each end of his dominions, may be taken as a ritual act symbolising the Pharaoh’s ultimate intention of consecrating the whole earth to the life-giving Sun, its Father and Sustainer.

* * *

According to the inscriptions upon the boundary-stones, the demarcation of the territory of Akhetaton took place “on the 13th day of the 4th month of the 2nd season,” in the sixth year of Akhnaton’s reign.

The king then returned to Thebes, where he lived until

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 166.

² James Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 263. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 166.

his new capital was inhabitable. It is however probable that he came more than once to inspect the works that were now being carried on with feverish speed on the site of the sacred City. A tablet states that the oath and words of consecration pronounced by him in the sixth year of his reign were repeated in the eighth year “on the 8th day of the 1st month of the second season” . . . “And the breadth of Akhetaton,” said the king, “is from cliff to cliff; from the eastern horizon of heaven to the western horizon of heaven. It shall be for Aton, my Father; its hills, its deserts, all its fowl, all its people, all its cattle, all things which Aton produces, on which His rays shine, all things which are in Akhetaton, they will be for my Father, the living Aton, unto the temple of Aton in the City, forever and ever. They are all offered to His spirit. And may His rays be beautiful when they receive them.”¹

The time between the sixth and the eighth year was spent in preparations. At the Pharaoh’s command, hundreds of diggers and bricklayers, masons, carpenters, painters, sculptors, craftsman and artists of all sorts flocked to the site of the new capital. Stone quarries were opened in the neighbourhood, while Bek, “Chief of the sculptors on the great monuments of the king,” was sent to the south for red granite. Marble and alabaster, granite of different colours, ivory, gold and lapis lazuli, and cedar and various kinds of precious woods were brought from Upper Egypt and from Nubia, from Sinai and Syria, and even further still. The whole empire — nay, the whole of the known world — contributed to the great work undertaken for the glory of the universal God.

And the miracle took place. Within two years or so, temples, palaces, villas, cottages, gardens, lakes full of lotus-flowers, avenues bordered with lofty palm-trees sprang forth from the barren sands. Limited on the east by the desert and on the west by a strip of cultivated land, a mile wide, along the Nile, the town was generally about three-quarters of a mile (and, in some places, not more than eleven hundred yards) in breadth, though it stretched over a distance of five

¹ Quoted by Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 93.

miles from north to south. It was, therefore, definitely smaller than Thebes. But it was lovely. It had broad streets, “parks in which were kiosks, colonnaded pavillions and artificial lakes,”¹ and plenty of open spaces, shady groves and flowers. Its great temple of Aton was a magnificent building; its lesser temples, its shrines erected to the memory of the Pharaoh’s ancestors, could stand in parallel with any of the most beautiful religious monuments of Egypt; and the king’s new palace exceeded in splendour that of his parents in Thebes. And not only were the most costly materials thrown lavishly into the construction of the sacred capital, but “the whole place was planned with delicate taste and supreme elegance.”²

The main temple of Aton and the king’s palace lay in the northern part of the City. Beautiful pleasure-gardens with several artificial lakes — the “Precincts of Aton” — lay to the south. In the white cliffs of the desert that closed the landscape towards the east, were soon to be hewn tombs of the king, royal family and courtiers.

We have already alluded to the existence in architecture, sculpture, painting, and every form of art, of a new style of which the canons, as far as we can infer, may have influenced the decoration even of the earliest temple of Aton, in Thebes. That art, inspired and encouraged by Akhnaton himself,³ found its everlasting expression in the monuments, the wall-paintings, the statues of Akhetaton; especially in the great temple of Aton, in the decoration of the king’s palace and of the tombs in the eastern hills, and in the beautiful portrait-busts of the Pharaoh and of his queen which rank among the masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture.

In architecture, the break from tradition was perhaps less apparent at first sight than in the other arts. The temples, in Akhetaton, seen from outside, looked much like the classical Egyptian shrines of the time. When, for instance, after crossing its walled enclosure, one beheld the imposing facade of the great temple of Aton — a pillared portico behind which

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Short History of Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1934), p. 151.

² Arthur Weigall: *Short History of Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1934), p. 151.

³ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 180-181.

towered two huge pylons — one had probably the impression of entering a sacred building not much different from those erected in honour of the old gods in the City of Amon. The same five tall flag-staves, from the tops of which fluttered long crimson pennons, shot up against the deep blue sky above each pylon. The same monumental gateway formed the entrance of the temple proper. It was only after its shining doors had been flung open that the difference became evident. One found oneself in a broad paved courtyard flooded with sunshine, in the midst of which stood a high altar on a flight of steps. On either side there was a series of small chapels, brightly decorated. Then, a second gateway led into a second open court, from which one passed into a third, and then into a fourth one, half-filled with a magnificent pillared gallery. The columns were tall and thick enough to give that impression of greatness enduring for ever that one had in Karnak, but from their midst the open part of the court and the blazing sky above could always be seen. The rays of the Disk fell directly upon the golden hieroglyphics in praise of divine light and heat; the cool airy shade made the outer wall appear, by contrast, more luminous and the coloured paintings more bright under the dazzling midday Sun. From there, one passed into a fifth, a sixth, and finally a seventh court — all opened to the sky. The two last ones, surrounded by small chapels, had, like the first, an altar in their centre.

There was there nothing of the mystery and sacred awe that generally filled the temples of the traditional gods. There were no dimly-lit lamps hanging from gloomy ceilings; no precious images buried in the depth of pitch-dark sanctuaries like stolen treasures in a cave. There was no gradual passage from sunshine to shade, from shade to gloom, from gloom to complete darkness — the abode of an awe-inspiring hidden god. But a visit to the temple, even to the innermost altar, was but a natural transition from the all-pervading radiance of the fiery Disk, from the blazing heat of the world vivified by His beams, to the worship of the unknown invisible Essence behind that light, behind that heat — of the Power, of the Soul of the Sun.

At different times of the day, bread and wine and frankincense and beautiful flowers were offered upon the altars to that invisible God whose only image and symbol — the Sun — shone far above, the same in the temple and outside. And clouds of perfume, and waves of music went up to Him and disappeared, dissolved in the golden light of heaven. One was in presence of an entirely new cult; of an entirely new spirit.

Behind the great temple and within the same enclosure there was a smaller one, also faced by a pillared portico. On either side of its entrance, in front of each row of columns, stood a statue of the king and queen. There were shrines all over the City, among which four at least were dedicated to the Pharaoh's ancestors — one to his father, one to his grandfather, Thutmose the Fourth, one to his great-grandfather, Amenhotep the Second,¹ and one to the father of the latter, Thutmose the Third. We may suppose that there were more. For it is difficult to believe that Akhnaton would have honoured those particular ancestors of his without giving a place in his veneration to his remote predecessors of the IVth and Vth Dynasties, the Pyramid builders, in whose days the antique god Ra, and the usurper Amon, was the supreme god of Egypt and the sole patron of its divine kings, and whose contemporary art, as we shall soon see, seems to have influenced many of the traits of his own "new style," otherwise hard to account for.

As time passed new temples were built. Two, we know — one for the use of the king's mother and one for that of his young sister, Princess Baketaton — were erected some time before the visit of Queen Tiy to Akhetaton. There were minor shrines in diverse beauty-spots and also in the gardens that lay to the south of the capital, shrines with names evocative of joy and peace. One stood in the small island of "Aton-illustrious-in-festivals," in the midst of the Nile, and was called the "House-of-Rejoicing." Another, specially

¹ "An official named Any held the office of Steward of the House of Amenophis II and there is a representation of Akhnaton offering to Aton in 'the House of Thutmose IV in the City of the Horizon.'" Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 171. See also Wilkinson's *Modern Egypt*, Vol. II, p. 69; and Davies' *El Amarna*.

designed for the worship of God in the glory of sunset, and in which Queen Nefertiti presided over the sacred rites, was called the “House-of-putting-the-Disk-to-rest.” Big or small, they were all built in the same manner, with bright open courtyards and altars covered only by the sky. They were beautifully adorned with paintings and reliefs and statues, generally representing the royal couple (often the royal family) in the act of worship. They had nothing of the ostentatious austerity of a presbyterian church. But there was in them no idol of any sort to be considered as the receptacle of God. The one Symbol of the Religion of the Disk — the Sun, with downward rays ending in hands — appeared repeatedly in the pictures and on the reliefs. But it was there only to remind the worshipper that none but the unseen Power within the Sun, the Force symbolised by those “hands,” was worthy of adoration, and to tell him that no form, however perfect, could ever represent It.

* * *

The new movement in art inaugurated by Akhnaton found another masterful expression in the decoration of the royal palace and of the villas of the nobles, one of which — that of Nakht, the Pharaoh’s “vizier” — has been described at length by A. Weigall.¹ Most of the palaces and villas laid bare by the excavation “were built on the two main avenues of the City, known as the Street of the High-priest and the King’s Highway.”² If we judge by the description of the villa of Nakht, with its colonnaded entrance, its cool interior courts, its galleries, its richly adorned rooms, those two main avenues and their by-streets also, nay, the whole locality if not the whole town, with series of such buildings, must have been indeed “a place of surpassing beauty.”³

But the Pharaoh’s palace, as was natural, effaced in

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 183, and following.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 183.

³ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 175.

splendour all the rest. Like generally all the mansions of the living in ancient Egypt, it was not intended to last more than a generation or two. The tomb, not the house, was the “eternal dwelling” to endure through ages. And that piece of archaic wisdom had so penetrated the sub-conscious mind of every Egyptian, including perhaps Akhnaton himself, that they acted according to it, spontaneously. But the living loved the comforts of life, and the ephemeral abode was, in all cases, as lovely as it could be; in Akhnaton’s case, perfectly beautiful and sometimes gorgeous.

His palace was a large, airy, brick structure, covering a length of half a mile. What remains of it is not sufficient to reconstruct in detail the plan of its series of halls, pillared courts, chambers, store-rooms, etc., destined evidently to accommodate, apart from the royal family, a considerable number of office-bearers of all sorts and a host of servants. But unearthed fragments of pavements and wall-paintings attest that it was magnificently decorated with scenes of natural life. The pictures expressed in form and colour that joy of breathing the daylight and that constant praise rendered to the “Lord of Life” by all living souls, which are the main themes of the young king’s famous hymns to Aton. There was a pavement representing a field full of high grasses and tall scarlet poppies, through which gambolled a calf; another pictured wild ducks waddling their way through swamps, their glossy bluish-green throats bulging out, their yellow feet stumbling in the mud with perfect naturalness; while grey and white pigeons were seen to flit across the blue of sky-like ceilings, light and airy like faraway clouds. There were birds and butterflies flying in the sunshine over watery expanses covered with pink and white lotuses. And fishes played hide-and-seek between the long winding stems. With shades of pale blue, gold and purple, their scales glittered as the rays of Him on high struck them through the water; the birds’ wings fluttered with joy, and the frisking young bull crushed the grass and poppies in an outburst of overwhelming life. The tender lilies opened themselves to the pleasure of the divine touch and let the warmth and light enter right into their golden hearts.

Never had Egyptian art been so true to life before, and never was it again to be so after Akhnaton's reign. It was more than a new technique — movement rendered, along with colour; expression stressed even above perfection of form — it was a profession of faith; it was the Religion of the Disk made vivid to the senses.

But of all the halls of the palace, the most sumptuous seems to have been that immense one — 428 feet on 234 — in which stood 542 pillars shaped like palm-trees, with capitals of massive gold. Fragments of lapis lazuli and many-coloured glazes, deep-set in the thick curbs of precious metal, marked the intervals between the leaves. The trunks of the columns were thickly gilded, and costly stones adorned their pedestals as well as their capitals. We must imagine the pavement, walls and ceiling completely covered with the most exquisite representations of animal and vegetable life, like those we have just mentioned.

This was probably the great reception hall in which foreign envoys and vassal princes were admitted on State occasions, in presence of the king and court. It is not sufficient to think of the dazzling effect of this forest of shining pillars, either in full daylight or at the time of sunset, when the curbs of gold must have glowed like red-hot embers, and the gorgeous capitals glistened with iridescent splendour. That vast hall, with all its incredible magnificence, formed but the setting in which was to appear, worthy of four thousand years of solar tradition (obscured, at times, but never broken) and of his own lofty religion — the culmination of it all — that Man, invested with limitless power and clothed in majesty; that god on earth: the King.

We must picture him wearing his most beautiful State ornaments: broad necklaces of gold and lapis lazuli, heavy gold earrings and bracelets, and snake-shaped armlets, all studded with precious stones, and rings where gems sparkled and where diamonds flashed light. We must picture him with the tall traditional tiara resting upon his head, with the golden cobra, symbol of kingship, rolled around it; elegantly dressed in the finest of fine white linen — woven air — so

transparent that in many places his smooth bronze skin showed through the regular pleats. Above him, at the back of the throne, a large golden hawk — another symbol of royalty — stretched out its shining wings, while on either side the fan-bearers lifted and lowered, with studied cadence, enormous fans of ostrich feathers fixed on long gilded poles.

On their entering the resplendent hall, the ambassadors from distant lands must have repeated to themselves the words that one finds over and over again in all the despatches of foreign kings to Akhnaton: “Verily, in the land of Egypt, gold is as common as dust.” And they could hardly believe their eyes. But when, followed by the fan-bearers, the Pharaoh slowly walked in, ascended the steps and seated himself upon the throne, all attention was at once focused on him. He was in the full bloom of youth — with hopes, illusions, dreams — and at the height of his power. He was lovely to look upon; a touch of feminine grace increased his indefinable charm. He was wise and, above all, he was in tune with the Essence of all things — not merely the king of Egypt, the head of the empire, whom they all expected to see (and whom many had seen already in the person of Amenhotep the Third), but Akhnaton, the Prophet and true Son of the Sun, whom the world was to behold only once. He passed along, before the prostrate courtiers, with supreme poise, and seated himself upon his throne of glory with godlike simplicity. The glittering of gold and gems that surrounded him was lost in the radiance of his own body, in the serene effulgence of Aton within him. His large, dark eyes were full of infinite kindness, full of intelligence, and full of peace. Heavenly light poured out of them. His whole body was surrounded by a halo of invisible rays, like the body of the Sun. One could feel them as he passed. One could feel them as he dominated the whole gathering from the height of his throne. They filled the immense hall and seemed to stretch endlessly. And all those who came within his light — provided they were not of the coarsest type of men — could never forget him.

* * *

There were beautiful gardens to the south of the City. Cart-loads of good black earth had been brought up from the banks of the Nile and spread out in thick layers over the barren desert. Canals and artificial lakes kept it for ever moist, and beds of flowers destined to exhale their fragrance as a permanent offering to the Sun, and trees both indigenous and foreign, destined to praise Him by their very loveliness, were planted there. The dry, yellow sands gave way to a paradise of fresh perfumes, of beauty and peace. Stumps and roots of trees and shrubs, and withered remains of water-lilies which once rested their large flat leaves and open flowers upon the surface of the lakes, have been discovered by modern excavators.¹

A detailed description of the “Precincts of Aton” (as the gardens were called), with their two great enclosures leading to each other, has been given by Arthur Weigall² and other authors.³ It is useless to repeat it here. Let us only recall that there was a little temple built on an island within one of the lakes; that there were summer-houses reflecting their delicately carved colonnades in tanks full of white and coloured lotuses; that there were arbours in which one could sit in the shade and admire the play of light upon the sunny surface of the waters, or watch a flight of birds in the deep blue sky. The gardens, where Akhnaton often used to come either to pray, either to sit and explain his Teaching to his favourite courtiers, or simply to be alone, were planned to convey an impression of quiet beauty. Their sight was to lead the soul to praise God in the loveliest manifestations of His power and to fill the heart with love for Him.

The whole City was built in the same spirit. It was a place where the enjoyment of the greatest material magnificence was to be allied with a full sense of seriousness — nay, of the sacredness — of life; with the consciousness of the highest spiritual values.

On one hand, the world’s experience, from the earliest

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 182.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 181, and following.

³ Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 279.

days onwards, is that those two things seldom go together; and time and again the one has been stressed at the expense of the other in the course of history. On the other hand, it is true that man does and always did crave for both, and that any scheme of life (especially of collective life), in which one of the two is neglected, is felt to be imperfect; is, in fact, a recognition of weakness, an acquiescence in the practical impossibility of realising man's everlasting dream of plenitude.

Akhnaton was probably not ignorant of the difficulty of maintaining pace with one's times in the spiritual sphere. As we have seen, he was himself the child of an age of splendour, the scion of centuries of grand material achievements — the flower of Egypt and, one may add, of the whole Near East at the pinnacle of civilisation. He knew too well what depths of superstition, what ignorance of the very meaning of spiritual life went along with that worldly wealth and greatness. Whatever was precious in the traditional wisdom of the Egyptians belonged to an earlier and simpler age; and there are signs that seem to indicate that the young Pharaoh, to some extent, wished to revive an age-old cult — namely, the solar cult which had once thrived in the city of On — of which the sense had been long forgotten. But, however much the corruption of his brilliant times impressed him, he was too logical not to dissociate in his mind material comfort, beauty, luxury, etc., from the moral coarseness that so often accompanies them. It was difficult to see the two sides of life flourish simultaneously; but there was no reason why they should not do so; indeed, something told him that they should do so; that, as long as man has a visible body and lives on the material plane, there is no perfection unless they do thrive harmoniously. Himself a living example of opposite qualities admirably balanced, a man in whom, by nature, there was no excess, he wanted the whole of life — material, social, emotional, intellectual — to be a thing of beauty, religious life being the bloom and culmination of it all. He did not believe that wisdom lay in suppressing the natural cravings for worldly comfort and enjoyment, but rather in satisfying them, if possible, and at the same time in purifying them; in living intensely, but with innocence and

serenity; in feeling the lovely sensuous objects of this transient world — forms and colours, songs and caresses, the taste of good wine in a finely chiselled cup — the higher realities that these things merely foreshadow and symbolise.

He seems to have gone a step further. He seems to have held that the understanding of religious truth is impossible, if not to all individuals, at least to any group of individuals taken as a whole, without a minimum of material well-being. One aspect of his City which has hardly ever been stressed is that, besides being “a glimpse of heaven,” it was, partly at least, what we would call to-day an industrial town. Thousands of workers had gathered to build it; many of them remained after its completion. With the arrival of the court, more luxuries were needed, and therefore a greater supply of skilled labour. Apart from the usual paintings and carvings, different coloured glazes had come into fashion as an important element of house decoration. They were also widely used in the making of small artistic objects. We have seen how Akhnaton encouraged the new industry by ordering large quantities of coloured glazes for the ornamentation of his palace. Under the impulse given by him, glass factories sprang up here and there in Akhetaton and flourished — perhaps the most ancient centres of production of their kind on a broad scale. Glass vessels of great beauty were exported to distant places in exchange for other goods. Besides that, labourers of different crafts were employed to hew out of the limestone hills to the east of the City the tombs of the nobility, and to adorn them fittingly; so that, apart from the court and the officials, a large population of humble folk lived within the area specially consecrated to the Sun.

We do not know about their life as much as we do about that of the upper-class people, whose dwellings were more solid and whose career, moreover, is retraced upon the walls of their tomb-chambers. But we do know that the king had built for the diggers and other workers in the hills of the desert and in the nearby quarries, a “model settlement” which has been excavated in our times. And it is to be presumed that he did not do less for the labourers working in the City proper.

In the settlement near the eastern hills, says Sir Leonard Woolley, each labourer shared with his family a small house, comprising a front room, used both as a kitchen and as a parlour, bedrooms, and a cupboard at the back. There was accommodation for the beasts of burden that helped the men to transport the stone they had dug out. "Inside the houses, rough paintings on the mud walls hint at the efforts of the individual workman to decorate his surroundings or to express his piety; the charms and amulets picked up on the floor show which of all the many gods of Egypt were most in favour with working men; scattered tools and implements tell of the work of each or of his pursuits in leisure hours."¹

These few remarks are sufficient to suggest that, with all their monotonous simplicity, those workmen's houses of the early fourteenth century B.C., "the very pattern of mechanically devised industrial dwellings,"² were far more agreeable to live in than those in most of the "coolie lines" around the mines and factories of present-day India, where a whole family is often packed into one room, with walls and roof not of cool mud, but of corrugated iron, unbearable during the hot weather; far more agreeable to live in, also, than the slums of industrial England in the nineteenth century A.D. They represented no luxury, but a fairly good amount of comfort. They were the dwellings of people whose elementary needs for air, space, privacy and leisure were recognised.³

The amulets found in the labourers' rooms, and many a figure on the walls, show distinctly that the worship of the immemorial popular gods and goddesses was predominant among the humble folk, even within the sacred territory specially dedicated to the One Lord of all beings, Aton.⁴ The king, so eager to prohibit the public cults of Amon and of the

¹ Sir C. Leonard Woolley: *Digging up the Past* (Edit. 1937), p. 62.

² Sir C. Leonard Woolley: *Digging up the Past* (Edit. 1937), p. 61.

³ It has sometimes been suggested that this "Workmen's Village" was in reality a penal settlement. "It was surrounded with walls, in no way defensive, but high enough to keep people in, and there are marks of patrol roads all round it" (Pendlebury: *Tell-el-Amarna* [Edit. 1935], p. 58). If so, the "recognition of the elementary needs" of the people who lived there, is all the more remarkable.

⁴ Sir C. Leonard Woolley: *Digging up the Past* (Edit. 1937), p. 62; J. D. S. Pendlebury: *Tell-el-Amarna* (Edit. 1935), p. 58.

many deities, to have their temples closed and the plural word “gods” effaced from every inscription, seems never to have tried to bring the commoners to abandon their traditional beliefs.

One reason for that apparent indifference may well be that, as we have suggested in the preceding chapter, the Founder of the Religion of the Disk was much less of a staunch monotheist, in the narrow sense of the word, than both his modern admirers and detractors seem to think. He certainly himself believed in one God alone — one impersonal God, the Essence of all existence, personified in the Father of all life on our earth, the Sun — but he probably did not object to other people paying homage to deities of a more finite nature, as long as they did so sincerely and in a truly religious spirit. He had dispossessed and dismissed the priests who encouraged superstition in view of their own worldly ends and who strongly opposed his cherished plans of making the cult of the One God the State religion of Egypt. He had no quarrel either with the ignorant people or with their childish beliefs. Those beliefs, they would perhaps themselves outgrow with time, provided they could keep their hearts open to the beauty of the sunlit world and their minds receptive to the evidence of truth — provided they could feel and think. In the meantime, it mattered little what names and shapes they held sacred, by custom, as long as their beliefs led them to do no harm. We shall discuss later on the implications of Akhnaton’s famous motto, “Living in Truth,” but we can already safely say here that he seems always to have valued right living above anything else in a man. For one to live rightly, one’s sub-conscious mind, at least — one’s deeper self — has to grasp the truth, even if one’s conscious mind, blinded by external influences, denies it. And in the eyes of a lover of truth, and of a man of extraordinary intuition as Akhnaton was, it was surely the deeper self that mattered.

Another reason why the Pharaoh appears never to have tried to spread his religion among the commoners was perhaps that he felt it useless to force upon them a simple yet high philosophy which they would not understand, which

they were not prepared to live up to, and which they would soon distort. It was far more reasonable to increase their material well-being, so that they might begin to acquire that preliminary sense of the beauty of life, without which the Religion of the Disk loses all meaning; to give them a minimum of comfort and a minimum of leisure, that they might learn the pleasure of letting their eyes wander over an open landscape, while relaxed.

Akhnaton took several of his disciples outside the narrow circle of the highest nobility. Every time he found an individual whom he judged worthy to receive his message, not only did he teach him the great truths he had discovered, but he generally gave him his confidence in worldly affairs also, and promoted him to a high rank in the hierarchy of the State, as is shown in inscriptions in the tombs of some of his followers, for instance: "I was a man of low origin both on my father's and on my mother's side. But the king established me . . . he caused me to grow . . . by his bounty, when I was a man of no property. He gave me food and provisions every day, I who had been one that begged bread."¹ He was surely the last man not to appreciate the natural aristocracy of mind and character which exists, but is rare, in every stratum of society. But in his dealings with the people in general, he seems to have been guided by the conviction that a certain amount of material comfort and of leisure should precede any sort of attempt at their religious uplift. The model settlements he caused to be built, with houses containing at least three or four airy rooms each, for each family, seem to have been his main gift to the labourers of his age. And far from setting the formal adherence to his creed as a condition without which none could enjoy the advantages he offered — as so many modern theoreticians would have done, if they had his power — he let the "masses" believe what they were accustomed to, and worship whomever they pleased. Congenial conditions of life were in his eyes, along with good government, their primary need and their foremost right.

¹ Inscription in the tomb of May (Rock-tomb No. 14, at Tell-el-Amarna), quoted by Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 189.

And in this — apart from being, as in many other ways, surprisingly “modern” — he was consistent with that ideal of all-round perfection, spiritual and material, which he tried to realise in his sacred City.

* * *

At the time of the foundation of his new capital, Akhnaton had already recorded upon the boundary-stones his desire that his own tomb, that of the queen and of their children, that of Mnevis (the sacred bull of On), that of the high-priest of Aton and those of the priests and principal dignitaries, should be dug out in the hills to the east of the City.¹ Up till now, some twenty-five tombs have been discovered and excavated by modern archaeologists.² Their decoration is characteristic of the “new style” that flourished in Akhetaton; the inscriptions which accompany the paintings tell us a good deal about the Pharaoh’s followers; and it is upon the walls of those sepulchres that have been found written the two invaluable Hymns to Aton, composed by Akhnaton himself, which have come down to us — the main sources from which something definite is known about the Religion of the Disk.

The tombs were each one composed of several successive chambers, hewn out of the live rock, as it was the custom in Egypt, the innermost chamber being that in which the mummy was to lie. Massive pillars carved out of a single

¹ “There shall be made for me a sepulchre in the eastern hills; my burial shall be made therein, in the multitude of jubilees which Aton, my Father, hath ordained for me, and the burial of the queen shall be made there, in that multitude of years. And the burial of the king’s daughter shall be made there. If I die in any town of the north, south, east or west, I will be brought here, and my burial shall be made in Akhetaton. If the great queen Nefertiti, who liveth, die in any town of the north, south, east or west, she shall be brought here and buried in Akhetaton. If the king’s daughter Meritaton die in any town of the north, south, east or west, she shall be brought here and buried in Akhetaton. And the sepulchre of Mnevis shall be made in the eastern hills and he shall be buried there. The tombs of the high priest and of the Divine Father and of the priests of Aton shall be made in the eastern hills and they shall be buried therein. The tombs of the dignitaries and others shall be made in the eastern hills and they shall be buried therein. . . .” Inscription on the first boundary-stone, 13th day, 4th month, 2nd season, 6th year.

² Norman de Garis Davies: *The Rock of El Amarna*. Sir Flinders Petrie: *Tell-el-Amarna* (Edit. 1894). J. D. S. Pendlebury: *Tell-el-Amarna* (Edit. 1935), pp. 47-56.

block and shaped like lotus-buds sustained the heavy roofs. The walls were adorned with exquisite paintings representing the main episodes of the life of the deceased, with special emphasis upon their dealings with the king, and the favour they had received from him. There was no allusion of any sort to Osiris or to any of the gods who, according to the traditional beliefs of the land, were supposed to preside over the netherworld; none of the age-old magical formulas which the dead man was expected to repeat in order to protect himself against the dangers that awaited him at different stages of his journey to the great beyond; none of the ready-made declarations of innocence which he was supposed to recite, with a view to avoiding the consequences of his misdeeds on earth. The main prayer which those who had “hearkened to the king’s Teaching” addressed to the One God was that they might continue to see the beauty of the Sun — and to serve the king — in life beyond death. Some also asked to be remembered on earth by their family and friends.

Apart from these prayers and from occasional extracts from the king’s hymns, the inscriptions in the new sepulchres contained no reference at all to any religious beliefs. They simply stated the titles and gave an account of the career of courtiers who were to be buried there, thus completing the information suggested by the adjoining pictures.

We have just quoted an extract of what May, one of the City officials, says of himself on the walls of his tomb. There are other instances of dignitaries who stress that they owe all their elevation to the Pharaoh’s favour. Pnahesi (or Panehesi), the Ethiopian, apparently one of Akhnaton’s most beloved disciples, whose tomb seems to have been more magnificent than that of any other courtier, tells us plainly: “When I knew not the companionship of princes, I was made an intimate of the king.” He also says of his royal master that he “maketh princes and formeth the humble,” a statement confirmed by another inscription in the tomb of Huya, steward of Queen Tiy, which refers to the monarch “selecting his officials from the ranks of the yeomen.”¹ All

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 190.

this goes to stress what we have said above — namely that, though he surely did not scorn nobility of birth when allied with merit, Akhnaton always took merit first in consideration, in his choice of the men to whom he would entrust responsible posts, and grant wealth and honours as well as that sort of immortality conferred by the gift of a tomb built to last for ever.

How generously he lavished riches and distinctions upon those whom he judged worthy of his favour is suggested by the paintings and inscriptions in the tombs of Pentu, of Mahu, of Ay, of Merira, the high-priest of Aton, and other dignitaries who are represented receiving from him large rewards in gold. “His Majesty has doubled me his gifts in gold and silver.” . . . “How prosperous is he, my Lord, who hears thy Teaching of life,” states Ay, the “Master of the King’s horse,” who one day, after the ephemeral reign of Akhnaton’s two immediate successors, was himself to wear the Double Crown. “He has multiplied me his favours like the number of the sand,” says Mahu; “I am the head of the officials at the head of the people; my Lord has promoted me because I have carried out his Teaching and I hear his word without ceasing. . . .” Indeed, knowing as one does how readily the greater number of those men — including the most prominent among them — hastened to abandon the worship of the One God and to denounce all connection with their inspired Teacher as soon as his enemies came back to power, one is tempted to suppose that many professed to follow him mainly for the tangible marks of attachment that he would give them. However, there are inscriptions in which the courtiers pay to Akhnaton and his Teaching a homage that seems to come from the depth of their heart; the language, at least, in which it is expressed, is that of ardent devotion, such as, for instance, these words, addressed to the Sun:

“Thy rays are on Thy bright image, the Ruler of Truth, who proceeded from eternity. Thou givest to him Thy duration and Thy years; Thou hearkenest to all that is in his heart, because Thou lovest him. Thou makest him like the Aton, him Thy child, the King; Thou lookest on him, for he proceeded from

Thee. Thou hast placed him beside Thee for ever and ever, for he loves to gaze upon Thee. . . . Thou hast set him there till the swan shall turn black and the crow turn white, till the hills rise up to travel and the deeps rush into the rivers. . . . While Heaven is, he shall be.”¹

One really wonders how even such men as the author of those words of glowing faith in him seem to have done nothing to defend the young Pharaoh’s memory, during the terrible reaction that was one day to burst out against all he had stood for.

* * *

Apart from the information they give about the life of the king and courtiers, the paintings and reliefs in the tombs in the “eastern hills” are, along with the famous portrait-heads found in the studio of several artists in the City, the most illustrative productions of the “new art” of Akhetaton.

The conventions which had shackled the artist in his rendering of the human figure — and especially of royal personages — and which had limited the sources of his inspiration, have entirely disappeared in the new school. Here we find the Pharaoh and his queen portrayed in all the familiar attitudes of private life — eating, drinking, chatting, smelling flowers, playing with their children, etc. — with a naturalness never attained in Egyptian art before the “Tell-el-Amarna period,” and never surpassed in any art. And that is not all: more than one of those pictures and sculptures even present a definite exaggeration of certain features, both of the head and body, which sets them apart from nearly all the productions of the ancient world, and renders them somewhat akin to our modern “futurist” art in its strange aspects. One has only to look at some of the reliefs representing the king himself with an unusually developed skull, a protruding chin, and hips and thighs out of proportion with his slender body; one has only to think of the otherwise beautiful limestone head of one of the princesses in the Cairo museum, whose skull is elongated to an incredible extent, to

¹ Quoted by Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 115.

be convinced of the existence of such a tendency among the artists of Akhnaton's school.

Some modern authors¹ have endeavoured to present those strange features as the faithful reproduction of an ungainly countenance, by sculptors and painters trained by the king "living in truth" never to flatter their models, least of all himself and his family. But this view is contradicted by the existence of other portraits of the king and of the princesses — paintings, busts, and statues — in which none of these deformities are to be seen. There is the quartz head of one of the Pharaoh's little daughters at the museum of the Louvre, the head of a normal child of exquisite delicacy. There is the delightful painted relief picturing Akhnaton in his early youth as he smells a bunch of flowers that Nefertiti holds out to him — one of the best productions of the Amarna school; a work which, according to Professor H. R. Hall himself, possesses already a hellenic grace, and in which the king's figure "reminds one of a Hermes" and "could hardly have been bettered by a Greek"² (the greatest compliment a European critic can pay to the masterpiece of a non-European artist). There is the whole series of portrait-busts that represent Akhnaton not as a boy, but as a man, and that attest beyond doubt that he was lovely to look upon.

Akhnaton's physical appearance has been discussed nearly as often as his religious ideas, and sometimes commented upon with as much bitterness.³ Inasmuch as a body is the reflection of the soul that animates it — or the soul the projection of the body — it is not superfluous to try to visualise him as he once could be seen, when he trod the painted pavements of his palace. From his remains we know that he was a man of medium height; from pictorial evidence, we know that he had a regular oval face, a straight nose, thick,

¹ H. R. Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East* (Ninth Edit. 1936), p. 304. Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 103. James Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 294.

² H. R. Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East* (Ninth Edit. 1936), p. 305.

³ H. R. Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East* (Ninth Edit. 1936), p. 304-305. L. W. King and H. R. Hall: *Egypt and Western Asia*, pp. 100, 385. Stanley Cook, in the Preface to Baikie's *Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926). Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 103.

well-designed lips; and that his jet-black eyes were, in the words of Arthur Weigall, “eloquent of dreams.”¹ He had a long graceful neck, well-shaped arms and legs, and beautiful hands. His body, of which the top part is generally represented bare in the paintings and bas-reliefs, was neither stout nor thin. The pleated cloth he wore wrapped around the hips and tightly tied below the navel, seems to be responsible for the “protruding paunch” to which so many authors allude in their description of him. He has been depicted as having little of a virile appearance and, at first sight at least, this remark is not entirely without grounds. There was surely an indefinable charm all about his person; a gracefulness of deportment, an irresistible gentleness — something subtly feminine. But, at the same time, in those large, dark, loving eyes, whose mere glance was like a caress, one could read courage, determination, a manly depth of thought and will; those lips, with their delicate curve, always ready to move into a mysterious smile, expressed the serenity of unshakable strength. There was, in the Pharaoh’s countenance, a well-balanced blending of grace, of force, and of poise; of voluptuousness and of character — a living picture of the harmonious plenitude of his being. In other words, Akhnaton seems to have forestalled in real life, to a very great extent, that well-nigh impossible complete human type — young demi-god with the opposite perfections of both man and woman — which Leonardo da Vinci was to conceive and to strive throughout his career to fix in lines and colours, three thousand years later. And his body, no less than his personality, bore the stamp of that strange dual beauty.

The paintings and sculptures that represent him, or the members of his family, with the exaggerated features we have referred to above, are therefore to be taken not as faithful portraits, but as characteristic instances of a “style.” And that “style,” apart from any other considerations, contained a religious — perhaps also a political — symbolism. Its productions have no parallel in the immediate past, but they strangely resemble some archaic figures of the Fourth and

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 52.

Fifth Dynasties. Arthur Weigall has given, side by side with the copy of one or two of them, the reproduction of royal heads and of a statuette found by Sir Flinders Petrie, the former at Abydos, the latter at Diospolis,¹ and dating as far back as the days of the great Pyramid builders. The same receding forehead, protruding chin, elongated skull; the same overstressed hips and thighs are to be remarked in both cases, at a distance of eighteen hundred years or more. So that, indeed, from those quaint samples of the work of the new school of Tell-el-Amarna there is every probability that the distinguished archaeologist is right when he states that “Akhnaton’s art might thus be said to be a kind of renaissance — a return to the classical period of archaic days; the underlying motive of that return being the desire to lay emphasis upon the king’s character as a representative of that most ancient of all gods, Ra-Horakhti.”²

How closely that aspect of the new art was interwoven with the Religion of the Disk we can only understand after trying to define what place the king occupied in the creed which he preached. It will suffice here to say that the frequency with which those archaic renderings of him and of his family appear in the paintings and sculptures of his time, suggests what stress he himself put upon the great antiquity of his so-called “new” ideas. Akhnaton seems to have shared with many inspired religious leaders the conviction that, far from being an innovator, he was just the expounder of Truth, which is one and of all times, and of which the oldest civilisations had perhaps a more accurate glimpse than the latter ones.

Whatever, in the Amarna school, was not a deliberate attempt at imitating the archaic models, was of utmost grace and naturalness — true to life as never Egyptian art was again to be. We must remember that the young king was the soul of the whole movement. “It was he who released the artists from convention and bade their hands repeat what their eyes saw; and it was he who directed those eyes to the

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 64.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 63.

beauties of nature around them. He and no other taught them to look at the world in the spirit of life; to infuse into the cold stone something of the ‘effulgence which comes from Aton.’”¹

* * *

In the beautiful City we have tried to describe — the dream and the work of one man — life was pleasant. We have already seen what amount of comfort and of freedom the humblest dwellers in the consecrated area enjoyed, in the model settlements built for them near the field of their labours. They probably saw very little of the pomp of the court and, with the exception of those who lived in the City itself, they hardly ever had the opportunity of witnessing the passage of a royal procession. Whether they had or not some sort of vague knowledge of the new creed proclaimed by the king, we cannot tell. They had perhaps heard that he worshipped the Sun alone and despised the other gods; that he was in conflict with the priests of Amon; that he had raised several men of poor extraction to high positions because of their readiness to share his faith; that, in the eyes of his God, Egyptians and foreigners were the same. But, whatever rumours may have reached them in their fields, their factories, or their quarries, that brought no change either in their beliefs or in their lives. As we have seen, they continued to worship in peace the age-old popular deities that they were accustomed to. And the Pharaoh was, to them, what every one of his predecessors had been to the past generations: a divine being, the father and defender of his subjects, the “good god.” And to catch a glimpse of him as he drove through the streets in his chariot, with his beautiful young queen by his side, was a joy that most of them must have keenly valued. Like the bulk of people of all times, they cared little what their sovereign personally believed or did as long as they enjoyed plenty. And Akhnaton’s unconventional habit of appearing in public in all simplicity added, no doubt, a great deal to his popularity — at least, until the

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 181.

disasters of the latter part of his reign created serious discontent, and gave unexpected ground to renewed priestly intrigues all over the land.

The nobles, and all those upon whom the Pharaoh had bestowed his special favour, dwelt in those elegant villas surrounded by gardens which modern excavation has made it possible to give the most attractive description in full details.¹ They were the bearers of all high offices, the companions and the followers of the king. They had the untold privilege of hearing his Teaching from his own lips. And those who formed the closer circle of his best beloved disciples could see him and talk to him freely.

They shared with him not only the pleasures and luxuries of court life, but also hours of thoughtful conversation and moments of silence and prayer in the brilliant halls of the palace or in the cool shade of pillared pavillions in the gardens, by the side of lakes covered with water-flowers. They were his intimates — his friends. If we judge by the way they speak of him in the inscriptions upon the walls of their tomb-chambers, some of them — such as Mahu, Pnahesi, Ramose — seem to have been fervently devoted to him. But as there are no records to tell us how far any of them stood for him against the current events that followed the close of his short reign, it is very difficult to say who was sincere and who was but a clever flatterer. Whatever it be, Akhnaton was pleased to put his confidence in them, and an atmosphere of peace, goodwill, and happiness appears to have existed in his immediate entourage.

However, the Religion of the Disk is so dominated by the personality of its Founder, so profoundly coloured by his reactions to nature and man, that nothing would help us more to grasp its spirit than the knowledge of Akhnaton's day-to-day life amidst the beautiful surroundings that he himself had created.

It is not always easy to reconstruct the life of practically contemporary figures about whom there is abundance of undoubtable evidence. Now and then a few unpublished letters,

¹ See, for instance, the description of the villa of Nakht, in Arthur Weigall's *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), pp. 183-184.

the sudden discovery, in somebody else's memoirs, of a precise reference to some action, which had formerly remained secret, alters entirely the picture one had of them. The knowledge of what a man — be he even a great king — did and said, felt and thought, thirty-three hundred years ago, during those apparently uneventful hours that history does not care to retrace, is therefore necessarily incomplete and liable to revision. Yet, to the extent it is possible to acquire it, it is too precious to be overlooked.

The main sources of information from which one can hope to know something of Akhnaton's daily occupations are the paintings and reliefs where he is represented over and over again, in the tombs of his courtiers. There, a great part of his official life is pictured inasmuch as it is connected with the career of the nobles to whom the sepulchres were destined. In Mahu's tomb, for instance, he is portrayed inspecting the defences of Akhetaton in company of Mahu himself, and — a noteworthy detail — followed by an unarmed bodyguard. Elsewhere we see him promoting Merira to the exalted position of high-priest of Aton, in the midst of great solemnity, and rewarding him for his faithfulness with necklaces of gold. Similar, though less stately scenes of distribution of rewards to officials are to be found, as we have already said, in many tombs, with the repeated assertion that the courtiers have won the king's favour by their constant "hearkening to his Teaching of life" and by their understanding of it. This presupposes that Akhnaton spent a fairly great amount of time instructing all those whom he deemed worthy to become his disciples.

On the other hand, from the evidence of the famous "Amarna Letters," we know that he was in correspondence with the neighbouring monarchs — Burnaburiash of Babylon, to whose son he betrothed one of his daughters; Dushratta of Mitanni, his cousin and perhaps also his brother-in-law; Shubbiluliuma, of the Hittites; and even the distant king of Assyria, Assur-Uballit, then only beginning to lead his semi-barbaric nation out of obscurity. We know that he received regular despatches from his vassals and governors of provinces, to whom he no less regularly sent his orders.

There is a picture that represents him coming forth in a gorgeous palanquin, carried upon the shoulders of eighteen men, to receive the tribute of the empire, during the twelfth year of his reign. Gold and ivory, rare fruits, ostrich feathers, and precious vases, products of the deserts and forests of the Far South and articles of Syrian workmanship, are presented to him by men of various races — the gifts of disparate subject countries to their common Lord.

From all this evidence one may presume that the king's days were equally filled by the discharge of his official duties, which were numerous, and by the explanation of his Teaching to a small circle of followers — apart, of course, from the regular performance of worship at sunrise, noon, and sunset, in the palace or in the temple.

Little is known, in its details, of the ritual that accompanied that worship. We can, however, suppose that it was much simpler than that which prevailed in the cult of the Egyptian gods, for here there was no image, no representation of the divine under any form save the Sun-disk with rays ending in hands which was a mere symbol, not an idol. Consequently, there were none of all the elaborate ceremonies, connected with the bathing and dressing and feeding of the god, that formed such an essential part of the ritual in the temples of Egypt and of all the ancient world, as they do still to-day in the Hindu temples of India. Here, the services consisted of a minimum of pre-ordained words, chants and gestures — those alone that were indispensable to translate the king's lofty intuitions of truth into a cult. The altars, that stood, as we have seen, in the open, were decked with beautiful flowers; and various offerings of food and drink, particularly bread, wine, and fruits, were placed upon them, symbolising the idea, at once scientific and religious, that the nourishment of the whole creation is produced through the Sun, and belongs to Him Who is the Soul of the Sun and of all the Universe. The king, reassuming the active priestly functions of the Pharaohs of old, would himself stretch out the kheper baton over the offerings and consecrate them. Then he would throw handfuls of incense into the fire, and as the coils of scented smoke slowly went up

into the sky in praise of Him in Whose light the flame of the sacrifice seemed pale, he would intone one of the hymns he had composed to the glory of the Sun — a different one according to the season, the day, and the hour. Musicians, male and female, among whom we know from a picture¹ that there was a choir of eight blind men, played upon their instruments and sang during the daily services. There were dancers, also, who through a harmony of symbolical postures and movements suggested the daily journey of the Sun, the death of the earth at His departure, the resurrection of all flesh at His dawning again. They danced especially on festive days, corresponding to notable positions of the Sun in His apparent course from constellation to constellation. The queen and princesses took part in every solemnity, the little girls occasionally rattling the sistrum, as we see them do in the funeral paintings of the time.

* * *

Besides his administrative duties; besides the State functions, and occasionally the State banquets over which he presided — like that one given in honour of Queen Tiy's visit to the new City, and represented upon the walls of the tomb of Huya — besides even the daily worship he offered publicly at the altar of the Sun, pictorial evidence reveals to us different episodes of Akhnaton's private life which lead us to infer, about him and his creed, more than one could expect at first sight.

In nearly every painting he is portrayed with his consort and often (as in the feasting scene just mentioned) with one or more of his six (or seven) children. And the attitudes in which he has allowed the artists to represent him, doubtless in a spirit of absolute fidelity to living life, are most eloquent in their naturalness.

We have already recalled the lovely painted relief of the Berlin museum in which the young Pharaoh is seen smelling

¹ In the tomb of Merira, the high-priest of Aton. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 143.

a bunch of flowers that Nefertiti gracefully holds out to him with a smile. On the walls of the tomb of Huya he is pictured seated, admiring the performances of several pretty naked dancing-girls, while the queen, standing by his side, refills with wine his golden cup. In the tombs of Mahu and Aahmose he is painted in his chariot, with Nefertiti next to him, and actually kissing her while he drives. Princess Meritaton, his eldest daughter, stands in one of those pictures in front of her parents, and plays with the horses' tails while the king and queen look lovingly at each other, their lips ready to unite. Even in scenes depicting State solemnities, such as the reception of the tribute of the empire — scenes in which, one might think, there was little place for intimacy — Akhnaton and Nefertiti are represented side by side, hand in hand, and with their arms around each other's waist. And, contrarily to the age-old custom of Egyptian artists, the queen is nearly always pictured on the same scale as her husband.

One finds hardly less evidence of their great love in the written documents than in the paintings. Whatever be the inscription in which she is referred to, the queen is seldom named without some endearing epithet. She is "the mistress of the king's happiness"; the "Lady of grace"; "fair of countenance"; "endowed with favours"; "she at the hearing of whose voice the Pharaoh rejoices." And one of the most current forms of oath used by the king on solemn occasions — the oath engraved upon the boundary-stones of the new City, and quoted in the beginning of this chapter — is: "As my heart is happy in the queen and her children . . ."

Many will say that expressions of love found in official documents are not always to be taken literally. But we believe that they should be taken so here, for they were written at the command of one who, all through his career, lived up to his ideal of integral truth with unfailing consistency. He, one of whose first actions as a king was to have the tomb of his father reopened and the name of Amon erased from therein, because he saw in it the symbol of a false religion; he, who ended by losing an empire rather than depart from his uncompromising sincerity of purpose, can-

not be expected, in any case, to make a show of feelings which he did not have.

One has, therefore, to accept without reservation the conclusion that forces itself upon one's mind through both pictorial and written evidence — namely, that Akhnaton loved his consort ardently.

As we have said before, he had not chosen her, but had been wedded to her when about ten years old or less. The marriage was, no doubt, the work of Queen Tiy; and if Nefertiti was, as Sir Flinders Petrie maintains, the daughter of Dushratta, king of Mitanni, it was perhaps chiefly prompted by political motives. But as it often happens in the case of child-marriages, the little prince and little princess soon grew tenderly attached to each other and, as years passed, they unconsciously stepped from affection to love. In the inscriptions on the boundary-stones of Akhetaton, which were erected between the official foundation of the City and the time the king and court came to settle in it — between the sixth year and the eighth year of the reign — one, and sometimes two of Akhnaton's daughters — Meritaton and Makitaton — are mentioned. The third one, Ankhsenpaton, was born, according to Weigall, just before the departure of her parents from Thebes. Three others at least — Neferuaton, Neferura, and Setepenra — (and perhaps four, if Weigall and other authors are right) were born in the new capital. All six (or all seven) were Nefertiti's children. And there is no allusion of any sort to other children, or to "secondary wives," in the existing documents concerning the royal family; so that, as far as history knows, Akhnaton, in contrast with most kings of antiquity, and of his own line, seems to have been contented all his life with the love of one woman, given to him to be his chief wife while still a child.

Not that he had, apparently, any prejudice against the customs of his times regarding marriage, still less against polygamy as a human fact. And it would be absurd to attribute to him the mentality of a modern European bourgeois on this much-debated subject of private morality. In this matter, as in many others, he seems to have been well in advance of our times — not to speak of more prudish ages.

And if he possessed but one wife, as repeated evidence suggests, this was not because he had any moral objection to polygamy, but simply because he loved that one woman with deep, complete, vital love.

If we judge him through the pictures his artists have left of him, Akhnaton was far from being one of those austere thinkers who shun pleasure as an obstacle to the development of the spirit or even as a meaningless waste of time and energy. He seems, on the contrary, to have believed in the value of life in its plenitude, and the paintings that represent him feasting, drinking, listening to sweet music, caressing his wife, or playing with his children, apart from their merit as faithful renderings of everyday realities, had possibly a definite didactic significance. In practically every one of them the lofty symbol of the Religion of the Disk — the Sun with downward rays ending in hands — radiates over the scene depicted, so as to recall the presence of the One invisible Reality in the very midst of it, and to emphasise the beauty, the seriousness, nay, the sacredness of all manifestations of life when experienced as they should be, in earnestness and in innocence, and considered with their proper meaning. Whether they stand together in adoration before His altar, or lie in each other's arms, the Sun embraces the young king and queen in His fiery emanation; His rays are upon them, holding the symbol ankh — life — to their lips. For life is prayer. One who puts all his being in what he feels or does — as he who “lived in truth” surely did — already grasps, through the joyful awareness of his body to beautiful, deep sensations, a super-sensuous, all-pervading secret order, source of beauty, which he may not be in a position to define, but which gives its meaning to the play of the nerves. And he is able above all to acquire, through the glorious exaltation of his senses in love, a positive, though inexpressible knowledge of the eternal rhythm of Life — to touch the core of Reality.

In allowing a few scenes of his private life to be thus exhibited to the eyes of his followers — and of posterity — was it Akhnaton's deliberate intention to teach us that pleasure, when enjoyed in religious earnestness, transcends itself in a

revelation of eternal truth? We shall never know. But one thing can be said for certain, and this is that the instance of that perfect man, on one hand so aware of his oneness with the Essence of all things, on the other so beautifully human in his refined *joie de vivre*, is itself a teaching, a whole philosophy. And in him one can see an expounder of precisely that wisdom which our world of to-day, tired of obsolete lies, is striving to realise, but cannot; a man who lived to the full the life of the body and of the spirit, seriously, innocently, in harmony with the universal Principle of light, joy, and fecundity which he worshipped in the Sun. Whether we imagine him burning incense to the majesty of the rising Orb, or listening to the love-songs of the day in midst of merriment and enjoying them with the detachment of an artist; whether we think of him entertaining his followers of the marvellous unity of light and heat, thirty-three hundred years before modern science, or abandoning himself to the thrill of human tenderness in a kiss of his loving young queen, the same beauty radiates from his person.

And it is that beauty which, before all, attracts us to him, and, through him, to the Religion of the Disk, that glorious projection of himself in union with the Cosmos.

* * *

As we have just seen, something of Akhnaton's intimate life, perhaps also something of his general philosophy, can be inferred from the pictures that have survived the ruin of his lovely City. Of his inner life, of his thoughts and feelings during those moments of blessed solitude that doubtless followed, with him as with all spiritual geniuses, hours of intense activity, there are no records whatsoever. There cannot be. And yet one feels that nothing would bring one, so as to say, in closer contact with him, than a glance at that particular aspect of his unwritten history.

It is natural to believe that the two hymns that have come down to us — and probably many more, which are lost — were composed by Akhnaton during the hours he was alone. It is therefore, it seems, in the general tone of those poems,

as well as in the evocation of the atmosphere in which they were conceived, that one can the best hope to form an idea of the king's mind when away from the crowd of his courtiers and even from the presence of his wife and children — when free from the duties of monarchy, from the obligations of his mission, from the pleasures of love and family life.

The hymns in their details will be discussed later on as the main basis of our knowledge of the Religion of the Disk. But we can already say here, in anticipation of a more complete study of them, that the dominant idea expressed in those songs is that of the beauty of the whole scheme of things as ordained by the Sun — by Him who causes the radiant days to follow the nights full of stars and the seasons to succeed each other. They also contain the belief in an all-pervading, unfailing Love, mysteriously inseparable from the Energy within the Sun-rays; of a Love that gives each speck of life — be it the germ in the bird's egg or the embryo asleep in the depth of a woman's womb — a start on the golden road to full development in health and happiness. They contain the bold certitude of the impartiality of that immanent love, poured out with light and heat, through the life-giving Disk, to all tribes, all nations, all races, all living species, indiscriminately; the assertion of the unity of life and of the brotherhood of all creatures as a consequence of the universal fatherhood of the Sun.

But remarkably enough for one who would consider those hymns as expressing true facts of nature and nothing more, there is, in them, not the slightest allusion to the dark side of the picture of the world; not a hint at the millions of cases in which the all-pervading love of the Father seems to fail; in which the innocent speck of life — young insect, bird, beast, or baby — is mercilessly crushed before it even had time to know the beauty of light, or grows up only to drag a miserable existence; not a single word about those cries of distress which, to any sensitive and thoughtful person, so often seem to interrupt — for what purpose, no man knows — the harmony of the universal chorus.

Nobody, with even a superficial knowledge of his life, can suppose in Akhnaton less sensitiveness to suffering, less love

for creatures or less intelligence than in the average man. And the only way to explain, therefore, this total omission of all idea of evil from the picture of the Universe given in the hymns (at least in the two which we know) is to admit that they were composed during special moments of the king's experience; during moments when the very sight of the world with its incoherent mixture of joy and pain, life and death — of the world at our scale — was lost to him in a state of bliss in which he grasped nothing but the essence of things, retaining of their contradictory appearances those alone that convey the idea of joy and order.

In other words, those poems do express true facts of nature, but at the same time they reveal a plane of consciousness which is not the ordinary plane. They suggest a picture of the world as perceived by one who has transcended the ordinary scale of vision; by one who has reached the stage where he actually feels the inherent goodness and beauty of the whole play of existence behind its transient failures, suffering and death — and ugliness; by one who, above the apparent disorder of phenomenal experience, greets the majesty of everlasting laws, expressions of harmony, glimpses of a Reality which is perfect.

Left to himself in the calm of his sumptuous apartments or in the fresh solitude of his gardens, it seems, if our inference be right, that Akhnaton easily raised his soul to that stage of consciousness characterised as bliss in the absence of a more enlightening description of it. Did he reach it systematically, as a result of any physical and mental discipline, or simply as a natural development of his extraordinary sensitiveness, or as the outcome both of a powerful inborn tendency and of wilful application? It is very difficult to say; and it matters little. What is important is that, in all probability, he was familiar with the genuine experience of super-consciousness. It was to that experience that he doubtless owed his astounding insight into scientific truths which could only be proved by the combined intellectual labour of thousands of men, spread over centuries. It seems also certain that, whatever might have been the Pharaoh's deliberate efforts and the inner discipline he underwent, if any, he must have been

from the start gifted with powers of intuition out of proportion to those of the ordinary man of science, not to speak of the ordinary layman, of any age.

He would have developed those powers anyhow. And, with his uncompromising logic as a complement to insight and inspiration; with the absolute sincerity of his nature and the charm of his person, he would still have been, even in a totally different social status, one of the few great men to whom divine honours can be rendered without sacrilege. As things stand, far from having to rise to perfection in spite of his material surroundings, he used a part of the inexhaustible wealth at his command to create for himself, in Akhetaton, the ideal abode in which he could pass without effort from life in truth and beauty to the contemplation of supreme Beauty and supreme Truth. Of his City in general, and more especially of his palace with its elegantly decorated chambers, comfortable, quiet and spotlessly clean, in which every detail of architecture, every item of furniture, every minute object was a work of art; with its terraces overlooking rich palm-groves and flower-beds and avenues bordered with villas, and the great temple of the Sun nearby, and the bluish line of the distant hills beyond the sandy desert; of his palace, we say, and of the shady pavilions near the lakes in the “Precincts of Aton,” and of the “Precincts of Aton” themselves — of all the places in which Akhnaton would choose in turn to spend his moments of solitude, one could repeat the words used by the French poet to depict an imaginary land of dream and escape:

“Là, tout est ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté. . . .”¹

Clad in fine immaculate linen in the midst of those mythical splendours that we can to-day but faintly recall, the inspired young Pharaoh, half-reclining upon his ivory couch, let his mind drift its natural way. Through a restful perspective of well-shaped pillars, his eyes gazed at a patch of blue sky. Subtle perfumes were floating in the air; the breeze brought him the fragrant breath of flowers; perhaps

¹ Beaudelaire: *L'Invitation au Voyage* (Fleurs du Mal).

the subdued harmony of a distant harp reached him now and then. There was peace all around him — peace in keeping with the silence of his heart and congenial to meditation. The tranquil beauty which his eyes met wherever they looked helped him to forget every possible disturbing thought of imperfection; to detach himself from those appearances which stand in the way of the soul in quest of ultimate truth.

Thus was, as far as we can hope to picture it, the life of the king in Akhetaton, the City of God, built by him to be an island of peace in this world of strife; to be the model, on a small scale, of what he would have desired the world to become under the beneficent influence of his Teaching of truth. We have seen also something of the life of the people there. It was surely not perfect, and Akhnaton knew himself that his new capital, in spite of all his efforts, did not come up to the full expectation of his dream. But it was his dream realised to the extent it could be during the short span of his career, among average men, without the pressure of violent proselytism, without, by the way, any form of creedal proselytism at all among the commoners. It was a beautiful creation, in spite of all unavoidable shortcomings. May, one of those men whom the Pharaoh had promoted to a high position on account of his faithfulness, describes it as follows in an inscription upon the walls of the tomb prepared for him in the cliffs of the desert:

“Akhetaton, great in loveliness, mistress of pleasant ceremonies, rich in possessions, with the offerings of Ra in her midst. . . . At the sight of her beauty one rejoices. She is lovely. To see her is like a glimpse of heaven. . . . When Aton rises in her midst, He fills her with His rays, embracing in His light His beloved Son, son of Eternity, who came forth from His substance and who offers the earth to Him Who placed him upon his throne, causing the earth to belong to Him Who made it. . . .”¹

¹ Inscription in the tomb of May (Rock Tomb 14 at Tell-el-Amarna). See Breasted’s *Ancient Records of Egypt* (Edit. 1906), Vol. II, p. 412; also Arthur Weigall’s *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 176.

CHAPTER V

THE WAY OF REASON

As remarks Sir Wallis Budge,¹ it is true that all we know for certain about Akhnaton's Teaching is found only in two hymns, one short and one long, the former copied several times, partly or in whole, in different courtier's tombs at Tell-el-Amarna, the latter found written only once on the walls of the tomb of Ay, "fan-bearer on the right side of the King, and Master of the King's House." These two songs in praise of the Sun are all that is left of a probably much more considerable religious literature, the rest having entirely perished in the systematic ruin of Akhetaton and the persecution of the Religion of the Disk under Tutankhamen and especially under Horemheb.

But we believe that, if one considers the hymns closely, and in the light of all that the reliefs, paintings and inscriptions tell us, directly or indirectly, about the king's personality and about his life, then one will find that they imply far more than what Budge appears to admit. One will find that the few enthusiastic admirers of the Religion of the Disk, whom the learned but somewhat prejudiced writer criticises so bitterly, have at least as sound reasons to revere Akhnaton's memory as he himself can have to minimise the young Pharaoh's importance in the history of thought.

Of the two known hymns, the shorter one is universally recognised as having been composed by the king himself. The long one is regarded as the king's work by all authors² except Sir Wallis Budge, who attributes it to Ay (or Ai), the courtier in whose tomb it was discovered. But the authorship of the

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), Preface, p. xv.

² Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 136. H. R. Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East* (Ninth Edit. 1936), pp. 306-307.

song seems unmistakable from the text which precedes and explains it. This text, in Budge's own translation, runs as follows:

“A Hymn in praise of Her-aakhuti, the living one, exalted in the Eastern horizon in his name Shu who is in the Aten, who liveth for ever and ever, the living and great Aton, he who is in the Set-Festival, the Lord of the Circle, the Lord of the Disk, the Lord of heaven, the Lord of earth, the Lord of the House of Aten in Akhut-Aten, (of) the King of the South and the North, who liveth in Truth, Lord of the Two Lands (*i.e.*, Egypt), Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra, the son of Ra, who liveth in Truth, Lord of Crowns, Aakhun-Aten, great in the period of his life, (and of) the great royal woman (or wife) whom he loveth, Lady of the Two Lands, Nefer-neferu-Aten, Nefertiti, who liveth in health and youth for ever and ever.”¹

In all this prelude there is no mention of Ay and no suggestion of any possible author save “the King of the South and the North, who liveth in Truth, etc. . . .” The next words are: “he saith,” and then comes the hymn proper: “Beautiful is Thy rising in the horizon of heaven, O Aten, etc. . . .” If the hymn be “(of) the king,” as stated in the forward of the text, and if there be no mention of any other author, there is, we believe, no reason to suppose, as Budge does, that “He,” in the expression “He saith,” designates the courtier Ay and not Akhnaton himself.

The first thing that strikes a modern mind in those very ancient songs is the idea, expressed in them, that the Sun is the ultimate origin to which can be traced all the particular features of our earth, be they meteorological, biological, geographical, or ethnical. To look upon our parent star as the Father of all life was not a new thing. Men had done so from the beginning of the world, and this was no doubt the conception at the root of that most ancient and, in former days, most widespread of all religions: Sun-worship. But here, especially in the long hymn, there is something more. Not only is the Sun hailed as the Source of all life — the indispensable agent of fertility and growth through His heat and light — but it is He who determines the succession of the

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism (Edit. 1923), pp. 122-123.

seasons; He who causes both the rain to fall in the countries where it rains, and the Nile to overflow Egypt with its life-giving waters; He who is at the back of all differences of climate upon the globe, and subsequently, who is responsible for all differences of colour and features, of speech and of diet, among men of various countries. We read in the longer hymn¹:

“Thou settest every person in his place. Thou providest their daily food, every man having the portion allotted to him, (thou) dost compute the duration of his life. Their tongues are different in speech, their characteristics (or forms) and likewise their skins (in colour), giving distinguishing marks to the dwellers in foreign lands. Thou makest Hapi (the Nile) in the Tuat (Underworld), Thou bringest it when Thou wishest to make mortals to live, inasmuch as Thou hast made them for Thyself, their Lord who dost support them to the uttermost, O Thou Lord of every land, Thou shinest upon them, O Aten of the day, Thou great one of majesty. Thou makest the life of all remote lands. Thou settest a Nile in heaven which cometh down to them. It maketh a flood on the mountains, like the great green sea, it maketh to be watered their fields in their villages. How beneficent are Thy plans, O Lord of Eternity! A Nile in heaven art Thou for the dwellers in the foreign lands (or deserts) and for all the beasts of the desert that go upon their feet (or legs). Hapi (the Nile) cometh from the Tuat for the land of Egypt. Thy beams nourish every field; Thou risest (and) they live, they germinate for Thee. Thou makest the seasons to develop everything that Thou hast made. . . .”

We must realise how novel were, in the fourteenth century B.C., certain conceptions which seem commonplace to us; for instance, that of the identical origin of rain and rivers, both finally the product of the condensation of water that has been first evaporated through the action of the Sun; or the idea that the Nile, however precious it be to the Egyptians whom it feeds, is no more “divine” than other great rivers, and that far from having its origin in heaven, as the ancient dwellers in its Valley believed, it comes “from underground,” like the humblest streamlet, its series of mighty cataracts being not the last degrees of a gigantic celestial staircase, but simply breaks in level of the river’s course from its distant mountainous birthplace.

¹ Translation of Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 130-132.

We must not forget that many of the beliefs which we now regard as “mythology” and treat with the sympathetic smile of grown-up folk for a child’s belief in Father Christmas, were once held, by the people who shared them, as seriously as other articles of faith — no less and sometimes more absurd, but not yet obsolete — are held, even to-day, by our contemporaries. To proclaim, in Eighteenth Dynasty Egypt, that the Nile was a river like all rivers, was to issue a statement about as revolutionary (and shocking) as that of a man who, in medieval Europe, would have openly denied the Christian dogma of the Incarnation. But Akhnaton, like all sincere rationalists, cared little what reactions his beliefs or disbeliefs could start in other people, once he was himself sure that he was in possession of a tangible truth.

We cannot also fail to be impressed by that other idea, so clearly put forward in the passage we quoted, that the Sun, apart from being the condition and cause of life in general, is the ultimate regulator of each individual life — “setting every one in his place” — and also the differentiator of races and of their characteristics, features, complexion, language, etc., which are finally at the basis of all national feelings among men; in other words, that He is the maker of our globe’s history no less than of its geography.

The concept of nation, being closely entangled with a quantity of immediate human interests, is one of those which has been taking the longest time to be viewed objectively. In the days of the apogee of Egypt with which we are here concerned, a nation was that group of people who worshipped the same national gods, and especially who went to battle in the name of the same war-gods. The conception of a “God of all lands” in whose light all those local deities were but magnified men and women, if they were anything at all, was novel enough. The scientific idea that all differences among groups of men were the product of man’s physical environment — strictly geographical, and also economical — and that the physical environment was finally conditioned by the climate, that is to say, by the Sun, was amazingly in advance of Akhnaton’s times, and of many more recent times with which the general reader is more familiar. Far from merely

amounting to the exaltation of any particular sun-god, even of any sun-god “of all lands” above the traditional gods to whom each nation used to bow down, it was the plain, rational assertion that our parent star, origin and regulator of all life on this earth, is ultimately responsible for man’s collective creations — the national gods — as well as for man’s division into racial and linguistic groups; that, in one word, as a brilliant twentieth-century author¹ has put it, man is, before all, “a solar product” just as the other inhabitants of the same planet.

* * *

We have just referred to the visible Sun, the flaming Disk in the sky — Aton in the literal sense. And had Akhnaton worshipped nothing more than it, still his religion, with its most scientific view of the earth and of man purely as “solar products” would be something far in advance of most ancient and modern religions based upon dogmatic assumptions that bear little or no relation to elementary physical facts. But there is more in it.

As we have already seen in the preceding chapters, one of the names of the Sun the most widely used by Akhnaton in the inscriptions is “Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons, rejoicing in His Horizon, in His name ‘Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk,’” or “the living Horus of the Two Horizons, rejoicing in His Horizon in His name ‘Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk’” — the name under which both the hymns that have come down to us are addressed to Him.

“Shu,” as an ordinary noun, we must translate by “heat” or “heat and light,” for the word has these meanings.² In the Pyramid Texts, Shu is the name of a god symbolising the heat radiating from the body of Tem, or Tem-Ra, the creator of the solar Disk, in the indivisible trinity Tem-Shu-Tefnut — father, son and daughter; the Creator of the Sun-disk, the Heat and the Moisture; the Principle of fertility, and its indispensable agents. Whatever be therefore the interpretation

¹ Norman Douglas: *How about Europe?* (Edit. 1930), p. 173.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 80.

we give to the word, whether we take it as an ordinary noun or as a proper noun, we have to admit that “the king deified the heat of the Sun” — or the “heat and light,” as Sir Wallis Budge himself says — “and worshipped it as the one eternal, creative, fructifying and life-sustaining force.”¹

This permits us to assert with Sir Flinders Petrie that in the Religion of the Disk the object of worship was “the Radiant Energy of the Sun,”² of which heat and light are aspects.

A scarab of Akhnaton dating from the time when he had not yet changed his name, and found at Sadenga, in the Sudan, after stating his royal titles, reads: “Long live the Beautiful God, the great One of roarings (thunders?) . . . in the great and holy name of . . . Dweller in the Set-Festival like Ta-Thunen, the Lord of . . . the Aten (Disk) in heaven, stablished of face, gracious (or pleasant) in Anu (On).”³ The mention of Ta-Thunen, one of the deities that were to be proscribed by him at a later period is not more surprising than that of Horus, Wepwat, and other gods on the blocks of stone that belonged to the first temple of Aton in Thebes. And the other titles in the prayer are much the same as those found in the longer hymn to Aton: “Dweller in the (Disk), the Lord of Heaven . . .” The title “gracious in Anu” (or On, the sacred solar City of old times) confirms our conviction that the God to whom this prayer is addressed is none but the self-same Aton whom the king already worshipped before he rejected the name of Amenhotep. If this be so, the words “great One of roarings” are most interesting. Given the little we know of the scientific conception of Aton, they would point out, it seems, not to the assimilation of Akhnaton’s God to any “indigenous Sudani Thundergod,”⁴ as Budge believes, but to the equivalence of the

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 80.

² Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

³ Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 105.

⁴ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 106.

“heat and light” — Shu — within the Disk, to sound in general and thunder in particular, and perhaps also to that unknown form of energy released every time there is thunder, to that force that the king could not name but of which he certainly felt the existence — electricity. They would imply, that is to say, in his mind, the equivalence of all forms of energy.

On the other hand, it is true to say that “the old Heliopolitan traditions made Tem-Ra, or Khepera, the creator of Aten (the Disk), but this view Amenhotep the Fourth rejected, and he asserted that the Disk was self-created and self-subsistent.”¹ This statement is all the more significant because it comes from a scholar who, far from being one of Akhnaton’s admirers, has never lost an opportunity to minimise the importance of his Teaching. Here, the enormous gap between the Religion of the Disk and the old Heliopolitan cult, its historic ancestor, is emphasised without the learned author seeming to suspect what a homage he is paying, indirectly, to the young Pharaoh’s genius. For if the object of the latter’s adoration were purely “the heat and light,” or energy within the Disk, then one fails to understand why he rejected the view of the priests of On about a god separate from the Disk and creator of it — a god of whom Shu (the heat and light) is an emanation, in the same manner as Shu’s female counterpart, Tefnut, the goddess of Moisture. And if, on the contrary, the object of his worship were the material Disk itself and nothing more, then why should he have called it “Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk”? Moreover, why should he say in the short hymn: “At Thy rising, all hands are lifted in adoration of Thy Ka”? And, again, in the long hymn, speaking this time of the worship of the Sun, not by men, but by birds: “The feathered fowl fly about over the marshes, praising Thy Ka with their wings”? In the case of a living being its “Ka” designates its double, or soul; that invisible element of it which survives death; its subtle essence as opposed to its coarser visible body. The “Ka” of the Sun would therefore be the Sun’s soul, so

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 80.

as to say; the subtle principle which is the essence of the Sun, and which would survive the material Disk, were it one day to decay and pass away — the eternal Sun, as opposed to the visible Sun.

We believe that the best way to account for this apparent ambiguity is to admit that Akhnaton worshipped the Radiant Energy of the Sun as the Principle of all existence on earth, but deliberately brushed aside the Heliopolitan distinction between the god, maker of the solar Disk, and the solar Disk itself, the distinction between creative energy and created matter. To him — and in this we cannot but admire one of the traits of his far-seeing genius — there was no such distinction. To him the Disk was self-created and self-sustaining, because it was, like all matter that falls under our senses, but a visible manifestation of Something more subtle, invisible, intangible, everlasting — its “Ka” or essence. And Shu, the heat and light, the energy of the Sun, was not the emanation from the body of a god different from it, but the manifestation of that One Thing which the visible flaming Disk was another manifestation. It was the Disk itself, and the Disk was it. Visible Matter was not the product of Energy, distinct from it, nor Energy the product of Matter, distinct from it; nor were any particular forms of Energy, such as heat and light, the products of any creative power distinct from them by nature. But, as was to be suggested thirty-three hundred years later by the inquiries of the modern scientists into the structure of the atom, Matter and Energy were inseparable, and both everlasting; they were one. To maintain the distinctions put forward in olden days by the priests of the Sun in On — the distinction between the creator of the Disk and the Disk itself, and also between both these and the Heat and Light within the Disk — was to deny, or at least to hide, the secret identity of the visible and invisible Sun, of the visible and invisible world, of Energy and Matter.

That identity, Akhnaton had become aware of through some mysterious inner experience of which history has not preserved any description, and by which he transcended the human to reach the cosmic scale of vision. It is probable that

he could not explain it, as the scientists of our age do, in terms of definite patterns of energy. But he knew it, none the less, to be the objective truth. And, anticipating in a tremendous intuition the rational conclusions of modern research, he based his religion upon the three ideas that summarise them, namely:

(1) The essential equivalence of all forms of energy, including that yet to-day unanalysed (and perhaps unanalysable) form which is life;

(2) The essential identity of matter and energy, each of the two being but the subtler or the coarser aspect of the other;

(3) The indestructible existence, without beginning, without end, of that One unknown Thing, which is Matter to the coarser and Energy to the finer senses.

* * *

The “Ka” of the Sun, mentioned in the hymns, must indeed be taken to mean the soul or essence of our parent star. And it seems certain that the immediate object to which the king’s followers were invited to offer their praise was not the material Disk alone, as some critics have supposed, nor the “Ka” of the Disk regarded as distinct from it, but the Disk with its “Ka,” regarded as one; the Sun, body and soul, visible and invisible, matter and energy; the dazzling Orb itself being, as we have just remarked, but what our senses can perceive, at our ordinary scale of vision, of the enormous store of Radiant Energy that gave birth to our planet and all it contains, and continues to keep it alive.

In the hymns, it is repeatedly stated that Aton is “one” and “alone.” It is said, for instance, in the short hymn, “Thou Thyself art alone, but there are millions of powers of life in Thee to make them (Thy creatures) live,”¹ and again in the other hymn, “O Thou One God, like unto Whom there is no other, Thou didst create the earth according to Thy heart (or will), Thou alone existing.”²

¹ Translation of Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 121.

² Translation of Sir Wallis Budge: *Ibid*, p. 129.

It is true that the worshippers of every great god in Egypt had from time immemorial declared that their god was “one”¹ even while they themselves admitted the existence of different gods. We find the expression “one” and “alone” in older anonymous hymns to Amon, to Ra, to Tem, and other deities, long before Akhnaton. And it is also true that “it was obvious that Aten, the solar Disk, was one alone and without counterpart or equal.”¹ But if we see, as it seems we should, in Akhnaton’s identification of the solar Disk with its “Ka” or essence the sign of his belief in the oneness of invisible Energy and visible Matter, then the words “one” and “alone,” when used by him, become more than casual utterances. They express the only knowable attribute of that supreme entity, Substance and Power at the same time, which is at the back of all existence; they qualify the essence of all suns — the universal “Ka” — not only the essence of our Sun. For these are the same. And whether Akhnaton personally knew or not of the existence of other suns besides the one that rules the life of our earth, it makes little difference. His religion bears from the start the character of the broadest and most permanent scientific truth, embracing, along with the reality of our solar system, that of all existing systems; nay, of all possible systems.

For we know to-day that the self-same earthly varieties of what we call matter go to compose the visible bodies of all distant worlds in space. We know that the heat and light that our Sun sends us through His beams, the “Shu-within-the-Disk” that Akhnaton adored, is the self-same Radiant Energy that burns and shines in the remotest nebulae. For us, born after the invention of the telescope and of the spectroscope, the ritual worship of our Sun, coupled with the modern belief in the essential identity of Matter and Energy, is a symbolical homage. Through Him, the visible Disk, Father and Mother of the Earth and our sister planets, our adoration goes to that ultimate Unknown, Father and Mother of all the worlds that spin round and round their

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism (Edit. 1923), p. 79.

respective suns, in fathomless infinity; Father and Mother of all the suns themselves that go their way, bound by inflexible inner laws, at countless light-years from one another; to that ultimate Unknown that contains movement, and heat and light, and finally life and consciousness within it: Cosmic Energy.

To Sir Wallis Budge and to many others it may seem “inconceivable” to attribute to a man born centuries before the invention of the telescope, anything approaching our grandiose vision of millions of suns and planets evolving through the unlimited abyss of interstellar void, in a divine dance without beginning or end. But who can tell how far man’s insight can take him, even without the precise intellectual knowledge of its objects? Who can tell if Akhnaton, gazing at the glory of his clear night sky full of stars, did not conceive the idea that each of those distant lights might well be a Sun, like ours, maker of worlds over which he daily rises and sets? And who can tell how far in Egypt astronomy had actually reached, even without the help of the telescope? Much of it — like much of all sciences in antiquity — was secret and has been lost. We therefore cannot assert that, in deifying the Radiant Energy of the Sun and the Disk itself, the inspired youth did not deliberately put forward the worship of that indefinable, unknown and perhaps unknowable Reality that modern science meets both in the atom and in the systems of starry space.

But as we have already said, whatever may have been the limitations imposed upon his knowledge of the physical universe by the technical conditions of scientific investigation in his time, it remains true that the cult which he evolved is that of the only Thing which modern science can hail as the ultimate Reality — as God, if science is ever able to speak of a God. It matters little whether he could or could not appreciate his own creation from the point of view of a modern scientist, even from that of a layman of to-day with a summary knowledge of the conclusions of science. And if, with Budge and others, one suggests that this was impossible, then all one can say is that the relation of his religion to the great facts of physical existence, discovered millenniums after

him, is all the more admirable, and his genius all the more staggering.

* * *

The only materials on which we can base our knowledge of the Religion of the Disk are too scanty for us to be able to say how far its Founder was aware of the structure of the physical universe as we have learnt to conceive it. It is interesting, however, to consider how exactly certain of Akhnaton's main utterances tally with those conclusions of modern thought now looked upon as definite scientific acquisitions.

One of the points on which he insists the most, in both of the hymns which have survived, is the all-importance of the beams of the Sun. Not only does he say: "Thou sendest forth Thy beams and every land is in festival,"¹ but also: "Breath of life is to see Thy beams,"² and also: "Thy beams envelop (*i.e.*, penetrate) everywhere, all the lands which Thou hast made" . . . "Thou art afar off, but Thy beams are upon the earth"³; and again: "The fishes in the river swim up to greet Thee; Thy beams are within the depth of the great sea. . . ."⁴ The rays of the Sun play an equally prominent part in the symbol of Akhnaton's religion: the Disk with downward beams ending in hands which hold the looped-cross ankh, sign of life. As we have seen, no other image but that one was allowed in the temples, and that was not intended to portray the object of worship (which was beyond any representation whatsoever), but to remind the worshippers of the main truth concerning it — namely, that the Essence of the Sun — the "heat and light" within the Disk — is not confined to the Disk itself, but is present and active, and beneficent (life-giving) wherever the rays of the Sun reach. The

¹ Short Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 119.

² Short Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 121.

³ Long Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 124.

⁴ Long Hymn, Translation of Griffith, quoted by Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 216.

symbol is found “in every sculpture,” a fact that marks the stress that the king put upon it. And it is “an utterly new type in Egypt, distinct from all previous sculptures.”¹

Here, and more so perhaps in the hymns, we find indeed, simply and forcibly expressed, the assertion that the Sun-rays are the Sun’s energy, everywhere present, everywhere active, and that it is through them that He manifests Himself — a truth that modern science has recognised and of which modern therapy is trying more and more to make a practical use. And it is, no doubt, in considering the Sun-rays, agents both of heat and light, that Akhnaton grasped intuitively the great scientific truth which gives the whole structure of his Teaching a solid foundation of intellectual certitude so rarely found in more popular religions — namely, that he realised the equivalence of heat and light and of all forms of energy. Rightly has Sir Flinders Petrie written in 1899: “No one — Sun-worshipper or philosopher — seems to have realised until within this century, the truth which was the basis of Akhnaton’s worship, that the rays of the Sun are the means of the Sun’s action, the source of all life, power and force in the universe. The abstraction of regarding the radiant energy as all-important was quite disregarded until recent views of the conservation of force, of heat as a mode of motion, and the identity of heat, light and electricity have made us familiar with the scientific conception which was the characteristic feature of Akhnaton’s new worship.”²

Another assertion within the hymns which tallies amazingly with the modern conception of the ultimate reality, is the one previously noted: “Thou Thyself art alone, but there are millions of powers of life in Thee, to make Thy creatures live.” It is the assertion:

1st, that there is finally no other reality but the One. (Thou art alone.)

2nd, that the One contains within It infinite possibilities of life and the tendency to bring them forth into actual existence. That is the only meaning we can ascribe to

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

² *Ibid.*

the words “millions of powers of life” or “millions of vitalities in Thee.” 3rd, that, consequently, “creation” is not the miraculous act through which an agent, distinct by nature from the created things, causes them to spring out of nothingness, but the gradual manifestation into actual existence of the different possibilities, latent within the One; in other words, that the One supreme reality is immanent in all things, and that it has been and is for ever producing all the endless variety of the universe out of Itself.

If we regard that One object of worship — that essence of the Sun, which is the essence of the solar system — as the same mysterious entity that modern science calls Energy and places at the root of all existence, material or immaterial, then what we have said of it and of the meaning of creation becomes clear. That idea of the infinity of beings as transient products of one fundamental agent, Power and Substance, Essence of life as well as of so-called inanimate existence; that conception of a world in which, strictly speaking, there is no place for pure passivity, but where the inanimate is just life, so as to say, at the lowest stage, is indeed the one suggested by the boldest generalisation of our times. We may call it metaphysical, in a way. But it is no airy metaphysics; no outcome of pure fancy; no dialectical invention. It fits in with the accumulated experience of men who have learnt to measure the infinitely small and the infinitely great, and to see the universe at different scales of vision. It should perhaps as yet be called an hypothesis rather than a fact. But it is the hypothesis that explains the facts which we know: it is the philosophical projection of the science of our times. And one can only marvel at the intuition of the adolescent king who grasped it thirty-three hundred years ago.

* * *

There is still more to be said. In the longer hymn, Akhnaton addresses the following words to his God: “Thou art in my heart; There is none who knoweth Thee excepting Thy Son, Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra. Thou hast made him

wise to understand Thy plans and Thy power.”¹ Which means that, to him, the impersonal Essence of the Sun, Radiant Energy, which he adores as the One uncreated, everlasting, ever-active Principle of existence in general, is the self-same reality that he discovers at the root of his consciousness — the Essence of his own soul. And he adds to this utterance a still bolder and stranger one. Nobody, says he, knows that One Reality save he himself, “the Son of the Sun who came forth from His substance,” “like unto Him without ceasing,” as he no less boldly styles himself in other passages of the same hymn and of the shorter one.

The two statements are connected. The first, in spite of appearances, implies the second. The second, detached from the first, loses its real meaning.

The words “Thou art in my heart” can mean simply “I love Thee.” And were they addressed to a personal god they could hardly mean anything more. They can also be interpreted as “Thy Essence and my essence are one; Thou art in me.” And as they are, in this hymn, addressed to an impersonal, immanent Entity — Radiant Energy — that seems to be the main sense to give them. Their other meaning, *i.e.*, “I love Thee,” can and should be added, but only as the natural supplement of the more important idea. The main thing, for Akhnaton, appears indeed to have been to recognise, to realise, divinity in the Sun and in himself; and it was impossible, evidently, for him not to love it, once he knew it — once he had felt it.

Of the process that led him to that realisation we shall never know. He has not described it in any existing document, and it is doubtful whether he could have described it. The series of deductions by which Sir Wallis Budge endeavours to show us how the young Pharaoh came to believe in his own divinity² would surely not have sufficed to convince Akhnaton himself, were they not backed by some genuine experience of universal oneness, lived from within. It was to that experience that he implicitly referred, both

¹ Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 134.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 82. (Quoted in Chap. III, pp. 54-55.)

when he said: “Thou art in my heart” and “No one knoweth Thee save I, Thy Son.”

It is a well-known fact that all kings of Egypt were looked upon first as “sons of Ra” and later on — as the patron-god of Thebes, Amon, gradually rose to prominence and became the main god of the whole country — as “sons of Amon.” And this was no metaphor in the minds of the Egyptians, nor perhaps in the minds of the kings themselves. It was really believed that the god used to visit each queen destined to be a Pharaoh’s mother in the form of her human husband, and become, by her, the actual physical father of the future king. On many Pharaohs’ monuments is pictured the story of this divine conception. For instance, on the bas-reliefs of Queen Hatshepsut’s temple at Deir-el-Bahari one can see the god Amon, in the form of Thotmose the First — even Amenhotep the Third, Akhnaton’s father — the tolerant, easy-going Pharaoh, under whom the cult of Aton was first encouraged — allowed his mother, Queen Mutemuya, to be represented accompanying with Amon in the form of Thotmose the Fourth. Tradition was tradition. And who knows? He perhaps himself believed in the story of his divine origin as all Egypt did.

But Akhnaton never put forth any similar claim. He did, it is true, repeatedly declare himself “Son of the living Aton”; but not in the miraculous sense his fathers had claimed to be “sons of Amon.” No bas-relief, no painting, no evidence of any sort is to be found which could allow us to suppose that he regarded himself to be, physically, the son of aught but his earthly father, Amenhotep the Third. The idea of a miraculous conception is, in fact, incompatible with that of an impersonal God. And Akhnaton was too much of a rationalist not to avoid that contradiction. “Son of the living Aton,” *i.e.*, “Son of God,” he certainly did proclaim himself to be. But that was in an entirely different sense. His own divinity was, to him, a consequence of his unity with the One divine Power-Substance at the back of all

existence — an implication of his experience of a state of super-normal consciousness in which he felt his subtle self identical, in nature, with the universal Energy which he adored. In other words, we should see in this claim to divinity the expression of the innermost certitude of a self-realised soul who can say of the One ultimate Reality: “I am That,” of God: “I am He”; not merely the customary boast of a king of Egypt about his solar descent.

But the modern critical mind will ask: Why, then, that exclusive claim to the knowledge of Godhead? Why the strange sentence: “There is none who knoweth Thee excepting Thy Son, Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra” (Beautiful Essence of the Sun, Only One of the Sun)? If the God Whom Akhnaton worshipped was Radiant Energy, the Principle of all life, present even in apparently inanimate matter, then how could he claim for himself the monopoly of wisdom? A personal God, still endowed with mysterious human feelings could, for some reason beyond mortal understanding, prefer one man to all others and reveal “His plans and His powers” to him alone. But surely an immanent God of the type of “the heat and light within the Disk” could not be accused of such partiality.

To understand the king’s statement we must not forget that he had in mind the knowledge concerning the ultimate One, not the presence of it. From the reality of Cosmic Energy at the root of all things, it would be rash to infer that the knowledge, *i.e.*, the clear consciousness of it, is universal. That clear consciousness of the Essence of existence within the individual seems, in fact, excluded not only from apparently inanimate matter (from which individuality itself does not yet emerge), but also from the plants and from the lower and even higher animals, including nearly all men. Every atom of matter contains the divine spark. Every living creature is possessed with some dim awareness of it. Many men, it may be, repeating without experience the words of experienced religious authorities, think themselves more fully conscious of its presence than they really are. Extremely few are able to realise that their essential identity with the ultimate Principle of all things is not a myth, and

that, in truth, “they are That.” To those alone belong the knowledge of God and the wisdom “to understand His plans and His power.” Akhnaton was undoubtedly one of them, and he was conscious of his knowledge.

But a glance at the inscriptions in the tombs of his followers — and at their careers — will convince anyone that they did not share his enlightenment. Of the “Teaching of life,” which they praise so emphatically, they say simply nothing which shows that they actually grasped it. And many of them put such stress upon the rewards they received from their inspired Master in gold and silver and official promotion, that one gets the impression that the lust of material advantages played a definite part in their conversion to the Religion of the Disk. Others, it is true, appear to look upon the king as a god; but even if they were sincere in doing so, that would be no proof that they were able to follow him in the path of knowledge. After all, the only test of a true disciple lies in his actions; and when, a few years after Akhnaton’s premature death, the priests of Amon started persecuting his memory, then none seem to have dared — or cared — to stand openly against the tide of events; none seem to have considered their king worth suffering for, once he was no longer there to distribute honours and gifts to them. They preferred a quiet old age, with perhaps new honours, under the restored rule of the national gods and of their priests, to the glory of sharing with their Master the double curse of a self-seeking gang and of a misled nation. At least, that is what seems to have been their state of mind. For had any serious resistance been opposed to the re-installation of the traditional religion, we believe that Tutankhamen’s scribes would not have failed to report how thoroughly it was crushed. And, in absence of any such report, we may doubt the fervour of the disciples who survived the young Teacher. Moreover, we know that few of those for whom Akhnaton had caused tombs to be dug out in the vicinity of his own even cared to make use of them — a tangible mark of indifference to him and to all that he stood for.

From these various signs we can infer, with a fair amount of safety, that among the crowd of courtiers who professed to

have welcomed his rational religion, and even in the midst of the inner circle of those on whom he had thought he could rely to “carry out his Teaching,” Akhnaton realised more and more, as years passed by, that he was all alone. He could not help remarking the gap which existed already during his lifetime between the life of his followers and the pure doctrine of reason, love and truth, which he preached to them. And that, no doubt, convinced him that they entirely lacked the foundation of genuine religion which he possessed: the experience of an overwhelming truth which lay in them, but transcended them. No one indeed could understand “the plans and power” of his God — the nature of life and its meaning — unless one had that experience; unless one was, like himself, aware of the oneness of his individual essence with that of the Sun and of the whole universe.

In the passage quoted above, the king does not use the name under which he is now immortal, Akhnaton, but that under which he was generally known in his days, at least to his foreign correspondents whose letters we possess; his nesu bat name,¹ Nefer-kheperu-ra, which means “Beautiful Essence of the Sun.” This may be a mere coincidence. It may also be a deliberate symbolical choice. “There is none who knoweth Thee excepting Thy Son, Nefer-kheperu-ra,” may well mean that one could not penetrate the nature of the object of the king’s worship, the solar and at the same time cosmic Energy — and know, therefore, what one was worshipping — unless one was conscious of being, one’s self, “the beautiful essence of the Sun,” one with Him, as Akhnaton was. Experience had taught him that it was not possible to transmit that consciousness; that, however much he would preach the existence of the One Power-Substance — of the Sun-disk, identical with the Energy within the Disk — it would remain a meaningless mystery to all men save those who had realised their own innermost identity

¹ A Pharaoh had several names: his “Horus name,” his “Nebti name,” his “Golden Horus name,” his “Nesu bat name,” his “Son of Ra name.” Sir Wallis Budge (*Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism*, Edit. 1923, p. 3) gives a list of those “strong names” in the case of Tutankhamen. The name by which a Pharaoh is generally known to history is his “Son of Ra” name.

with that One Thing, their natural filiation to It; who had become aware of their being “sons of the Sun, like unto Him without ceasing.”

He knew no man who, by his life, gave signs of possessing such enlightenment. He only knew for sure that he possessed it. And his strange words, which we have just recalled, can therefore be taken to mean, equally: “No one knows Thee save I, the only one who can call myself Thy Son,” and: “No one knows Thee save that man who, as I am, is aware of his identity with Thee within his individual limitations, and who thus can be called Thy Son.” The two interpretations are correct. The second is a consequence of Akhnaton’s conception of immanent divinity, felt by him in the Sun and in himself; and also the recognition of the impossibility to transmit the knowledge of that ultimate Reality: Cosmic Energy. The first is the recognition of his own unique position in the history of the world which he knew. In his days, within his surroundings, and even among the older religious teachers, if any, whose fame had come down to him, he could see no one conscious of the great truth which he had realised. He was, therefore, “the Only One of the Sun”; and he admitted it without false modesty.

But his very conception of Godhead logically excluded any miraculous personal revelation. And it is reasonable to admit that, had he met any man having the same awareness as he of his ultimate oneness with the Principle of all things, he would not have hesitated to salute in him a true “son of the Sun” or “son of God” — one of his rare equals.

* * *

We have seen, up till now, how Akhnaton’s Teaching, as known through the hymns, is based upon an inner experience of universal unity — which real spiritual seers seem to have shared in all times and all countries — and upon an intuition of genius of which the correctness, at least as far as the material universe is concerned, has been proved nowadays, by our men of science. The first gives the Religion of the Disk that sort of certitude that lies in the concordance of

reliable testimonies. The second gives it the intellectual certitude that forces us to accept a scientific hypothesis, when it explains facts. This can be said to sum up the positive value of the Teaching from a rational point of view.

But the Teaching is perhaps as remarkable for what is absent from it as for what it contains. As we have already tried to point out in the introductory chapter of this book, Akhnaton seems to have deliberately avoided the three things of which we find one or two at least linked up, throughout history, with every successful religion: a background of supernatural stories — *i.e.*, a mythology; miracles, and a theory concerning the destiny of the dead.

It suffices to compare his hymns to the Sun with those written previously or at about the same time, or even later, in Egypt and elsewhere, to feel all the difference. Hymns like those quoted by Sir Wallis Budge from the papyrus of Ani as “good typical examples of the songs of praise and thanksgiving addressed to the Sun-god by orthodox Egyptians under the XVIIIth Dynasty”¹ need, in order to be properly understood, the study of a whole elaborate symbolism. The association of the name of the god Tem with that of Horakhti, repeated allusions to the boats Seqtet and Matet, in which Ra sails through the sky; to Nut, the sky-goddess, mother of the Sun-god; to the Lake of Testes that rejoices at the god’s passage; to Sebau, the god’s enemy, “whose arms and hands are cut off,” and many other such mythological recollections, poetic as they may be, only render the hymns obscure to all save people well-versed in Egyptian religion. Those poems, like most of the religious literature of far more widespread creeds in our own times, bear the indelible stamp of a definite civilisation at a definite epoch. By the associations they evoke, by the pictures they recall through the magic of proper names and forgotten stories, it is the whole atmosphere of ancient Egypt that they bring back to us. If, as the historian does, one seeks in them nothing else but a faithful glimpse into the past, then all the better. But if one were to read them for one’s own religious

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 136, and following.

edification, the result would be disappointing. The Egyptian religion is now dead; the proper names, however well-sounding, would stir no longer devotional associations in anybody's heart; the hymns, like all the rest of the old cult of which they were a part, are simply out of date. And in the very time they were daily sung in Egypt, they were out of tune with the religious habits and the familiar conceptions even of the Sun-worshippers of other countries. A Syrian, a Babylonian, a Mykaenian, would have had to take the trouble to learn who was Nut and who was Sebau, and what were the boats Seqtet and Matet before he could follow the trend of inspiration in a hymn to Ra — just as to-day a Buddhist has to acquaint himself with much history, much legend, and much philosophy alien to his own before he can enjoy to the full the beauty of an Easter sermon in a Christian cathedral. Any mythology is of a limited appeal, whether in time or space.

But if we now turn to the hymns which Akhnaton has left us, we can see in them practically nothing which could not be grasped in the fourteenth century B.C. by a Syrian, by an Indian — nay, by a Chinese or by a man from the forests of Central Europe — as well as, or no worse than, by an Egyptian; nothing which is not to-day able to appeal to any man, without his needing any preparation other than a heart open to beauty. The only thing that would require explanation is, in the shorter hymn, a reference to “the House of the Benben Obelisk . . . in the City of Akhetaton, the Seat of Truth.”¹ We know that the Benben Obelisk was the immemorial symbol of the Sun, worshipped in On or Anu, the Heliopolis of the Greeks, the “City of the pillar.” According to the ancient tradition reflected in the Pyramid Texts, “the Spirit of the Sun visited the temple of the Sun from time to time, in the form of a Bennu bird, and alighted on the Ben-stone in the House of the Bennu in Anu.”² In recalling the Benben stone, Akhnaton, it would seem, wished to stress how deep were the roots of his exclusive cult of the Sun in the

¹ Shorter Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 119.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 63.

most revered tradition of Egypt. The worship of Aton, as we have seen, was evolved out of that of the god of On, the age-old sacred City of the Sun. And the “House of the Benben Obelisk” meant simply the main temple of the Sun in the king’s new capital, also a sacred City. But apart from that allusion there is, in the two hymns and in the prayer composed by Akhnaton and inscribed upon his coffin, and in the references to his Teaching in the courtier’s tombs, not a word which needs, on the part of the readers, any special knowledge of Egypt and of her beliefs, in order to be understood.

The very name of the Sun which comes back over and over again in every text of the time, whether composed by the king or by his followers, is neither Ra, nor Khepera, nor Tem, nor even Horus of the Two Horizons — a name mentioned once, in the introduction to the shorter hymn — but Aton, *i.e.*, the Disk, a noun designating the geometrical shape of the visible Sun — and which can be literally translated into any language.

The symbol of Godhead was neither a human figure nor an animal with a particular history at the back of it, nor a disk encircled by a serpent (a common representation of solar-gods in Egypt¹), but simply the solar-disk with downward rays ending in hands, bestowing life to the earth (“ankh,” the looped cross, which the hands hold out, is, as we have said, the hieroglyphic sign for “life”). This symbol “never became popular in the country”²; it was perhaps, like the rest of the Religion of the Disk, “too philosophical” for the Egyptians as for many other nations. But it was a truly rational symbol, free from any mythological connections and clear to any intelligent person.

The text of the hymns refers to no legends, to no stories, to no particular theology; only to the beauty and beneficence of our parent star, to its light “of several colours,” to its universal worship by men, beasts and the

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 80 and 81.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 81.

vegetable world; to the marvel of birth; to the joy of life; to the rhythm of day and night and of the seasons, determined by the Sun; and to the great idea that the heat and light within the solar-disk, the “Ka” or Soul of the Disk, and the Disk itself, are one, and that all creatures are one as the children of the one Sun — the one God. We find here nothing but conceptions that need, in order to be accepted, only common sense and sensitiveness to beauty; and in order to be understood in their full, not a theological but a rational — and also spiritual — preparation; not the knowledge of any mythology or even of any human history, but a scientific knowledge of the universe, coupled with a spirit of synthesis.

We can only here, once more, quote Sir Flinders Petrie, to whom the world owes so much in the whole field of Egyptology. “In this hymn,” says he, after having reproduced the text of the longer hymn, “all trace of polytheism and of anthropomorphism or theriomorphism has entirely disappeared. The power of the Sun to cause and regulate all existence is the great subject of praise; and careful reflection is shown in enumerating the mysteries of the power of the Aten exemplified in the animation of nature, reproduction, the variety of races, and the source of the Nile and watering by rain. It would tax anyone in our days to recount better than this the power and action of the rays of the Sun. And no conception that can be compared with this for scientific accuracy was reached for at least three thousand years after it.”¹

* * *

Another remarkable trait of the Religion of the Disk is that it seems to have been completely devoid of that belief in miracles which holds such a place in most of the more popular religions, both ancient and modern; a belief, nay, without which the fundamental dogmas of most great world-wide religions of to-day could not be accepted by their followers.

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 218.

When we speak of “miracles” we mean any events, impossible according to the laws of nature, but of which one yet admits the occurrence, taking it to be the result of a special intervention of God, or of any other power, in the natural scheme of things. It must be noted that any conception of immanent Godhead — *i.e.*, any conception in which Godhead and Nature are not distinct from each other; in which the ultimate Power is not “outside” the universe, but bears to it the relation of the soul to the body it animates — excludes the idea of supernatural intervention on the part of God. And any rational view of the world, whether pantheistic, theistic or atheistic, excludes miracles altogether. It is therefore natural that Akhnaton never ascribed to the impersonal Energy behind the Disk (and behind all things) which he worshipped, the occasional tendency or even the capacity to break, in favour of human issues or at the request of human devotees, the immovable laws of action and reaction of which it is Itself the hidden Principle.

In reading the hymns, one has the impression that, to him, the order of nature and the mystery of life were quite marvellous enough in themselves, without man’s needing to seek, beyond them, in happenings that stagger him as unnatural (whether they really be so or not) an occasion to praise the power and wisdom of the Creator. We have already seen that he never attributed to himself a miraculous birth as other Pharaohs, formally at least, were accustomed to do. He could not see in what way even such an event as that could be more divine than the everyday mystery of a germ, nursed by the universal Life-force within the egg or within the womb, and becoming in course of time a young bird or a child.

Whether the king possessed or not the power of performing unusual deeds, in the manner of many religious teachers of all times, we do not know. In the praise of him by some of the most enthusiastic of his followers — praise of which a sample has been quoted in a preceding chapter — there is not the slightest hint that he did. It is, of course, not impossible that he did. If one is to believe a tradition persisting for

centuries after the downfall of Egypt, the technique of developing one's psychic powers beyond the ordinary credible limits was not uncommon among the priests of the Nile Valley. In it even lay, one may imagine, their unshakable hold over the minds of the people. And there would be nothing unnatural in supposing that a man who, up till the appointment of Merira, exercised in the new cult the functions of High-priest of the Sun, was able to take interest in such an art. Moreover, we know definitely that Akhnaton had assumed the age-old title borne by the High-priest of the Sun in On: Urma — the seer, or “the great one of visions”¹ — which, if taken in the literal sense, does imply some powers beyond the ordinary. But in the light of the evidence now available we should, it seems, admit that, even if he did, to any extent, possess the capacity of working feats of wonder, he made no use of it, preferring positive knowledge and the logical and beautiful expression of knowledge in his life and Teaching, to the easy task of impressing ignorant crowds. It is also quite plausible that he never endeavoured to cultivate the art of acquiring supra-normal command over the physical world, considering it as not essentially connected with spiritual development, and therefore as superfluous.

And not only does the Founder of the Religion of the Disk claim no miraculous powers for himself, but there is, in the fragments concerning his creed which have come down to us, not an allusion whatsoever to occurrences defying the laws of nature. The very idea of such seems to have been alien to the spirit of the king's Teaching.

* * *

Finally, Akhnaton appears to have given his followers no definite doctrine about death and the fate of the dead.² The custom of mummifying dead bodies, prevalent in Egypt

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 51. Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 111.

² “The Aten religion contained,” says Sir Wallis Budge, “none of the beautiful ideas on the future life, with which we are familiar from the hymns and other compositions in the Book of the Dead” (*History of Egypt*, Edit. 1902, Vol. IV, pp. 121-122). See also J. D. S. Pendlebury's *Tell-el-Amarna* (Edit. 1935), p. 157.

from time immemorial, was observed under him and in his own case. He therefore surely did not discourage it. But it is doubtful whether he subscribed to the essential ideas about the hereafter that the Egyptians associated with it. It is doubtful also whether the personal views he may have had about the mystery of death were ever preached by him as a part of his Teaching. For though the evidence on which all discussion of this subject is necessarily based is very scanty, there seem to be reasons for one to distinguish between his idea of the survival of the soul and that of his followers.

The only document which may be taken to express his own views is the prayer inscribed at the foot of his coffin, and probably composed by himself: "I breathe the sweet breath which comes forth from Thy mouth; I behold Thy beauty every day. It is my desire that I may hear Thy sweet voice, even in the North wind, that my limbs may be rejuvenated with life through love of Thee. Give me Thy hands holding Thy spirit, that I may receive it and live by it. Call Thou upon my name unto eternity, and it shall never fail."¹

It seems, from this prayer addressed to the One God, that Akhnaton believed in the survival of the individual soul after death. The "I" who speaks here is, or at least has all the appearances of being, a personal consciousness. But it is difficult to imagine personal consciousness beyond death without some sort of survival of the body. We all feel that we owe much of what we are to the characteristic constitution of our various organs. If nothing is to remain of our material self under any form, then the only sort of immortality we can expect, if any at all, is the impersonal immortality of that which is, in us, common to all beings; substantial everlastingness, rather than individual immortality. Akhnaton seems to have been aware of this, and not to have separated the survival of the individual from some sort of hazy corporeality. At least, that is what we would imagine to be implied in words such as: ". . . that my limbs may be rejuvenated with life through love of Thee."

No one can say whether those very same words also imply

¹ Quoted by Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 259.

that the Founder of the Religion of the Disk shared the age-old Egyptian belief in the resurrection of the dead. It may be he did. It may be he did not. It may be that, in his eyes, the “limbs” that constitute, in eternity, the agent of individualisation, were those not of the resurrected mummy but of some surviving “body” more subtle than the visible one. In Akhnaton’s conception, as it can be inferred from the hymns, there is, as we have seen, no clear-cut line of demarcation between the material and the immaterial — between the everlasting “Ka” of the Sun-disk and the Disk itself, and doubtless also between the immortal “ka” of a man — his subtler self — and that man’s body.

There is no mention of the rising of the dead anywhere in the solitary prayer, just quoted, which reveals to us practically all we know of Akhnaton’s own beliefs, or hopeful conjectures, on the subject of death. But one or two courtiers do express, in the inscriptions in their tombs, the wish that their “flesh might live upon the bones,” which seems to imply the hope of resurrection. As we have once already remarked, one of the most constant desires of nearly all the king’s followers was to continue to see the Sun after death — “to go out to see the Sun’s rays”; “to obtain a sight of the beauty of every recurring sunrise,” etc. . . . Many also prayed for more tangible happiness; for the unchanged favour of their royal Master in the world beyond the grave; for name and fame in this world of the living; even for a share of the consecrated food offered at the altar of the Sun, “a reception of that which has been offered in the temple”; “a drink offering in the temple of Aton”; “a libation,” spilt by the children of the deceased “at the entrance of his tomb.”¹

Arthur Weigall, in his admiration for the inspired young king, has endeavoured to present him as the most outstanding precursor of Christianity in the Pagan world. And he attributes to him, precisely for that reason, ideas of the hereafter little different from those of an honest church-going Englishman — except, of course, for the important fact

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), pp. 122-125.

that “we hear nothing of hell”¹ in his Teaching. Those ideas, whatever be their value, are much too precise, even in their necessary vagueness, to tally with the very vague references in the prayer we have mentioned, and somewhat too Christian-like to be ascribed to the world’s first rationalist. Moreover, it is noteworthy that Weigall quotes, in support of them, only extracts from the inscriptions in the courtiers’ tombs, and never the prayer which he himself holds to be “composed by Akhnaton.”² And there is a difference in tone and in spirit between that prayer and those inscriptions.

From the prayer, nothing precise about Akhnaton’s view of death can be pointed out, save perhaps, as we have said, that he believed in the survival of the individual under some much subtler state of corporeality (there is no mention of food or drink in his words) and that he considered the universal Energy within the Sun — the object of his worship — to be the principle of the new life, no less than of life under the form we know it. This seems to be the sense of “Give me Thy hands, holding Thy spirit, that I may receive it and live by it.” The words: “. . . that my limbs may be rejuvenated with life through love of Thee,” may also imply, along with the idea that consciousness is inseparable from corporeality under some form or another, that other idea that love of the supreme Reality — ultimately identical with the knowledge of It — is the condition of consciousness, in that life beyond death which Akhnaton expected for himself. Apart from these conjectures, which the text of the prayer suggests, we know nothing of his personal conception of the hereafter.

On the other hand, the hopes and wishes of the courtiers — to rise from the dead; to live and see the Sun; to enjoy food and drink offerings made to Him, and libations spilt by their descendants at their intention; to be remembered on earth and to see and serve the king in eternity — could be, more or less, the hopes and wishes expressed by any orthodox Egyptians of the time. There is nothing new in the beliefs

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 121.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 248.

that they presuppose. The only new thing is that all the paraphernalia of threatening monsters and protecting gods that was generally associated with those same beliefs, all the awe that the dead would have to face in the land of shadows, and the magical formulas, declarations, incantations, etc., to propitiate the hostile powers of the netherworld, are completely absent from the inscriptions in the rock tombs of Tell-el-Amarna. “We look in vain for the figures of the old gods of Egypt, Ra, Horus, Ptah, Osiris, Isis, Anubis, and the cycles of the gods of the dead and of the Tuat (Underworld), and not a single ancient text, whether hymn, prayer, spell, incantation, litany from the ‘Book of the Dead’ in any of its recensions, is to be found there. To the Atenites, the tomb was a mere hiding-place for the dead body, not a model of the Tuat, as their ancestors thought. Their royal leader rejected all the old funerary Liturgies like the ‘Book of Opening the Mouth,’ and the ‘Liturgy of funerary offerings,’ and he treated with silent contempt such works as the ‘Book of the Two Ways,’ the ‘Book of the Dweller in the Tuat,’ and the ‘Book of Gates.’ Thus it would appear that he rejected en bloc all funerary rites and ceremonies and disapproved of all services of commemoration of the dead, which were so dear to the hearts of all Egyptians. The absence of figures of Osiris in the tombs of his officials, and of all mention of this god in the inscriptions found in them, suggests that he disbelieved in the Last Judgment and in the dogma of reward for the righteous and punishments for evildoers. If this were so, the Field of Reeds, the Field of Grasshoppers, the Field of Offerings in the Elysian Fields, and the Block of Slaughter with the headsman Shesmu, the five pits of the Tuat and the burning of the wicked were all ridiculous fictions to him.”¹

From this negative evidence it can be gathered that Akhnaton definitely rejected all that appeared to him as irrational in the Egyptian traditions regarding death. He surely did away with all the magic intertwined with them, and he may have had, about man’s liberty and responsibility

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism (Edit. 1923), pp. 94, 95.

in general, sufficient doubts to “disbelieve” in the Last Judgment and in the dogma of reward and punishment once and for ever. If his courtiers omitted so much of the conventional funerary symbolism in their tombs, it is because he saw in it something meaningless, perhaps even harmful, and forbade it. But the positive instance of his followers’ beliefs in immortality does not necessarily indicate, in a parallel manner, what were his personal views. Nothing proves that he subscribed to all the hopes which they express in their inscriptions. On the contrary, stripped as it was of all the traditional mythology of the netherworld, their idea of life beyond death may well have been much nearer to the conventional Egyptian views than his. We are inclined to believe it was, when we think of the courtiers asking to enjoy a part of “the food deposited on the altar every day,” and libations and such. Here it seems that the old faith in the necessity of funeral offerings lingers in the believers in the new rational religion. It is noticeable that, in Akhnaton’s own prayer, there is no mention of offerings whatsoever. The love he had for Aton, the One God, was sufficient to “rejuvenate his limbs with life.”

From all this one may infer that, whatever were his personal conjectures concerning the hereafter, Akhnaton did not make them an article of his Teaching, but allowed his disciples to solve the problem of death as they liked, provided the solutions they would choose were not, in his eyes, too flagrantly childish. The mythology of the netherworld, as the Egyptians had believed in it for centuries was, no doubt, to him, a network of “ridiculous fictions.” And as Sir Wallis Budge adds, he actually gave his followers “nothing to put in the place of these fictions,”¹ because there was, indeed, nothing to give them. And as a rationalist that he was, he seems to have been much less definite about all he said, or hinted, regarding the possibilities of the next world, than he had been in his assertions about the realities of this; much less categorical, also, in his attitude towards other people’s views, when these concerned that great beyond of which he

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism (Edit. 1923), p. 95.

had no more experience than they or any man ever had.

The fact, for instance, that some of his followers ask, in their tomb inscriptions, for food and drink, does not prove that he taught them anything positive about funeral offerings, nor that, forerunning Christ who, “after his resurrection asked for food,” he believed that “material food or its spiritual equivalent would be necessary to the soul’s welfare in the next world.”¹ But it does prove that he did not brand the old belief in the same uncompromising way as he had condemned that in a multitude of local gods or in the cult of images.

He appears simply never to have pronounced himself on the problem of the hereafter, perhaps because he deemed that problems of this world and this life should be solved first, perhaps also because he felt less sure of the solidity of his own conjectures about death and after death — of which he had no direct knowledge — than of that of his positive intuition of the ultimate Essence: heat-and-light within the Sun, and world-consciousness within himself. He cancelled, in the funeral traditions of the Egyptians as in the rest of their religion, all that which struck him as definitely meaningless or absurd. He tolerated only such remnants of the past as were but harmless customs — for instance, the habit of embalming the dead — or age-old beliefs which were as difficult to disprove as to justify and which, therefore, might have contained some spark of truth. In his Teaching, he seems neither to have asserted nor denied the current Egyptian dogma of the resurrection of the flesh. It may be that he associated it, in his mind, with the idea of individual survival which would imply, it seems, corporeality. But what corporeality after death meant to him, is not clear to us. The one thing, however, which can be said, is that his uncertain attitude towards the problem of death, and the open mind which he appears to have kept with regard to several ancient beliefs and customs about which, even to-day, one cannot easily pass a decisive opinion, are perfectly consistent with that rigorous rationalism that we remarked all through his

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 124.

doctrine, along with the inspiration that fills it. They are the signs of a truly scientific spirit.

* * *

It seems right to believe, with Budge, that the fact that he put “nothing in the place” of the old fictions about the next world had the result of turning the Egyptians away from Akhnaton and his Teaching; not, as the learned author says, because “being of African origin, they never understood or cared for philosophical abstractions,”¹ but because they were men and, like most men, foolish, and craved for illusions — better than nothing — in the absence of available knowledge.

We may add that the omission of any “mythology” and of miracle-stories from the Teaching had the same immediate effect. People always wished to be entertained, moved and astonished by marvellous tales, and made to believe them. And all the great successful religions, when based originally on purely philosophical principles — as Buddhism — have seen more and more miraculous narratives creep into their sacred literature as years passed on, and as they spread to further countries. Had the Religion of the Disk not been nipped in the bud, it is probable that the same thing would have happened with it, in course of time.

But, if the absence of what makes a religion popular condemned it, from the start, never to spread of its own impetus; if its Founder himself, doubtless feeling how far too rational his Teaching was for the needs of the mob, never tried to preach it, save to a few men chosen among the first of the land, this was not without an advantage. Popular religions of Akhnaton’s time, that long held sway over nations, have died out. And they could not possibly be revived, now or in the future, precisely because of the mythology and supernatural stories and particular views about death and funerary rites which overload them and hide the amount of truth that they did contain (as all religions do) and make them

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 96.

the products of definite geographical and historical environments, the property of particular civilisations. And nearer to us, in our own world, the greatest obstacle, perhaps, to the proselytism of the well-known international religions still alive, is that they too are irremediably linked up with a particular background of history and legend, stamped with a definite *couleur locale*; also that they appear inseparable from such supernatural events as the modern mind is no longer ready to accept. Islam cannot be preached to England or Germany detached from the marvellous stories that once stirred the admiration of the medieval Arab tent-dweller. Christianity cannot be preached to India and China detached from its Jewish and Greco-Roman associations; and in Europe itself — one of its oldest fields of expansion — Renan was already conscious that, if anything would one day make people sceptical and indifferent towards it, it would be those very miracles that once made its fortune.¹

But Akhnaton's Teaching, devoid of the three things that have assured the success of other doctrines, is also free from the germs of decay contained in them. Logically, it can be revived, now and in any age to come, in any place where rational thinking is more than an empty profession. The absence of miracles, as well as of any positive answer to the insoluble question of death, makes it a religion that the critical mind can prefer to many others. Its rationality, one of the most potent causes of its failure in Egypt, in the days of its Founder, could therefore one day become the main source of its appeal to the disinterested, truth-seeking intelligentsia of all the world. This hope, however premature it might still seem, in our times, is not unjustified, considering the nature of the Teaching and the history of man's religious evolution.

¹ Renan: *Life of Jesus* (Translation by William G. Hutchinson), pp. 162-163.

CHAPTER VI

THE WAY OF LOVE

We have seen how Akhnaton's two hymns to the Sun which have come down to us suggest an idea of Godhead which, as Sir Flinders Petrie has so effectively pointed out, tallies with "our modern scientific conceptions." But that is not all. The impersonal God whom the young king worshipped — the Energy of the Universe, made tangible in the power and glory of our parent star — is no less inspiring to the heart of the mystic in search of absolute love, than to the clear intellect of the rationalist in search of logical and experimental accuracy. He is the "Lord of Love" no less than the Lord of Truth.

In the shorter hymns we find such sentences as: "Thy love is mighty and great. . . . Thy light of several colours bewitcheth all faces"; "Thou fillest the Two Lands with Thy love,"¹ etc. . . . and again, in the longer hymn, among others, the passage we referred to in the preceding chapter: "Thy rays encompass all lands. . . . Thou bindest them with Thy love," and the well-known paragraph: "Thou makest offspring to take form in women, creating seed in men. Thou makest the son to live in the womb of his mother, causing him to be quiet, that he crieth not; Thou art a nurse in the womb, giving breath to vivify that which Thou hast made. When he droppeth from the womb on the day of his birth, he openeth his mouth in the (ordinary) manner and Thou providest his sustenance. The young bird in the egg speaketh in the shell; Thou giveth breath to him inside it to make him live. Thou makest for him his mature form so that he can crack the shell (being) inside the egg. He cometh forth from the egg; he chirpeth with all his might; when he hath come forth from it (the egg), he walketh on his two feet. . . ."

¹ Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 117.

O how many are the things which Thou hast made. . . .”¹ And a little further on, after the passage about the Nile and the rain and the variety of climates and races, follows another expression of devout admiration for the solicitude of the Creator: “How beneficent are Thy plans, O Lord of Eternity!”

As Arthur Weigall says, quoting the Christian Scriptures, never in history “had a man conceived a god who ‘so loved the world.’”² But there is, between the love of Aton for the world and the love of the personal God of the Gospel, all the difference that separates a link of impersonal necessity from one of human attachment.

We must not forget the nature of Aton — the Disk, identical to “Shu,” Heat-and-Light, *i.e.*, Energy-within-the-Disk — who is neither a god in the image of man, nor even an individual power of any description, but the ultimate impersonal Reality behind all existence. The love of such a God for the millions and millions of lives which He brought forth from Himself is something different from the love of an individual parent for his offspring. True, Akhnaton calls his God the “Father-and-Mother of all which He hath made.” But if our interpretation of Aton be the right one, then that double appellation, far from containing any anthropomorphic idea, most probably symbolises the two complementary aspects of the One ultimate Essence: the active, for ever urging new forms and new lives out of dim latent possibilities, and the passive, the sensitive receptacle of all those possibilities, matrix of actual existence; the One everlasting Power of differentiation, and the everlasting and ever-differentiated Oneness. The individual parent and the offspring, however closely linked, are separate bodies with a separate consciousness. The “Father-and-Mother” of the Universe and the Universe itself are not. The latter is the visible and diversified expression of the former invisible and indivisible One — the Energy within the Disk and within the universe, of which matter is but an aspect. The love of Aton

¹ Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 128-129.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 105.

for the world is the stable unifying power that underlies all that is diverse and transient — all that is created. “Thou bindest them with Thy love” means: “Through their common relation to Thee, the One Essence of all things, they are one in their diversity — ‘bound to Thee,’ and bound together within their apparent separateness.” In another version of the longer hymn¹ we read: “Thou art Ra; Thou hast carried them all away captive; Thou bindest them by Thy love. . . .” The word “captive” would seem to indicate a link of complete dependence of the creatures upon the Creator. They are bound to Him as to the final condition of their existence.

In that link rests the secret of their link to one another. They are one in Him, because first of all they are one with Him, as children are one with a loving parent, and much more so.

* * *

But apart from this relation of fact between the ultimate Energy and all that exists, the hymns clearly point out to a relation of intention. In Aton’s love “for all He hath made,” there is something more than the bond of physical and logical unity which we have tried to analyse. There is not, of course, that personal love, which only a god in the image of man can feel for each of his creatures; but there is some immanent finality which operates, in each individual case, as if it were the sign of God’s special individual care; a tendency to well-being which nature encourages and helps; an untiring goodness, which strikes one at every step as underlying the whole scheme of things.

That seems to be the truth expressed in Akhnaton’s beautiful passages about the kindness of Aton to the child and to the young bird, mere instances of His solicitude for all creatures. The marvel of pre-natal existence — the patient evolution of a cell into a full-grown individual — is recalled, with all the finality inherent to it, in a few words: “Thou art

¹ Translation of Breasted, *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1912), p. 324.

a nurse in the womb, giving breath to vivify that which Thou hast made. . . .” “Thou giveth breath to him (the young bird) inside the egg, to make him live. Thou makest for him his mature form so that he can crack the shell (being) inside the egg. . . .” God — *i.e.*, Nature, for Aton does not stand for any supernatural entity — does His best. He “gives breath” to every young living thing; He equips it with organs marvellously adjusted; He helps it to grow, before its birth, and feeds it afterwards, for some time at least, that it may have a chance to fulfil its purpose which is to live, to enjoy the sunshine and to be beautiful, in the full-bloom of health and happiness. And though it is not said in the hymns — that are songs of praise to the glory of the Creator, not codes of human behavior — one feels, from the very tone of the king’s words, the moral truth that they imply. One feels that, in his eyes, it is man’s duty to collaborate with the universal Parent, the life-giving Sun; to love all creatures and to help them to live; not merely to do no harm to them, but to see to their welfare, to the utmost of his capacity. Life — the life of any creature — which is, in itself, such a masterpiece of divine love, is not to be considered lightly. And the welfare of anything that lives, especially of any creature that is helpless, is to be the object of our personal care. God Himself has pointed out the way to us by the example of His untiring solicitude.

It is remarkable that Akhnaton seems to give no less importance to the young bird — standing for the whole animal world — than to the human baby. The admiration he expresses for the loving care of Him Who brings the embryo to maturity and “provideth its needs” is equal in both cases. And one has the impression that the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” — his God — knows nothing of the childish partiality of the man-made gods in favour of the human species. Those gods, conceived, as some of them may be, centuries after the inspired Pharaoh, appear indeed, in the light of his, as glorified deities — which, no doubt, some of them originally were — raised by the pride of their worshippers to the leadership of a mere extended tribe, mankind,

a species among many others in the endless variety of creation.

In the hymn from which we have quoted the above passage, there is another reference in which different countries are enumerated: “Thou didst create the world according to Thy desire, Syria, and Nubia and the land of Egypt. . . .” Commenting on the fact that the two tributary nations are named before Egypt, Arthur Weigall, following the pious trend of thought that characterises his whole book, says: “Akhnaton believed that his God was the Father of all mankind and that the Syrian and the Nubian were as much under His protection as the Egyptian. The religion of the Aton was to be a world religion. This is a greater advance in ethics than may be at first apparent; for the Aton thus becomes the first deity who was not tribal or not national ever conceived by mortal mind. This is the Christian’s understanding of God, though not the Hebrew conception of Jehovah. This is the spirit which sends the missionary to the uttermost parts of the earth; and it was such an attitude of mind which now led Akhnaton to build a temple to the Aton in Palestine, possibly at Jerusalem itself, and another far up in the Sudan.”¹

Before ascribing a definite date to the religious books of the East, especially the Vedas (which is not possible), it is difficult to say whether Aton was or not the first universal God “ever conceived by mortal mind.” But if, by his international spirit, by his belief in a God who was the Father of the foreigners as well as of the Egyptians, Akhnaton was in advance of the old Hebrew idea of Jehovah, then surely his conception of Aton, as free from every kind of human narrowness (loving the little birth and the little child, and all life alike), puts him no less in advance of Christianity itself — nay, in advance of any creed which makes man, and not life, the centre of its theory of creation and the basis of its scale of values. We personally believe that it is precisely this entire absence, not merely of nationalism and of imperialism, but also of any form of anthropomorphism (both

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 166.

moral and metaphysical) which raises the young Pharaoh far above so many later religious teachers and sets him, decidedly, ahead of our present times.

* * *

The impersonal Energy which radiates as heat and light in the life-giving Disk of the Sun — Aton — loves the world and all that lives upon it. In other words, Nature is indiscriminately, impartially kind. The tragedies that we witness every day — suffering and slaughter inflicted upon creatures, and every form of exploitation of man and beast — are man's doing, not Hers. God has given, to every young individual, health and the desire to enjoy the daylight. He intended it to live its span of years, not to die miserably. Even out of destruction and death He makes life spring out again, causing tender green shoots to appear on the branches of the mutilated trees, and new trees to grow out of the roots of those that were felled. To Him, life is an end in itself. And at every new attempt He makes to bring forth a living thing, again at its birth He lavishes upon it His gifts of health and beauty, possibilities of development into the perfection of its species, promises of happiness.

Such was the essential of Akhnaton's Teaching concerning the love of God. He seems, at least from the little we now possess of his religious poems, to have ignored evil entirely; and perhaps he actually did so, for not only in the hymns, but also in the numerous inscriptions which cover the walls of his followers' tombs, "the destructive qualities of the Sun were never referred to,"¹ not to speak of all the crimes against life that are allowed to be committed under His face all over the earth. That omission, as we have already said in a former chapter,² cannot be explained by supposing the king to have been blind to the existence of suffering as a fact. That would be absurd. True, the surroundings he had created for himself were exceedingly beautiful. But he knew

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 104.

² In Chapter IV, p. 102.

that the wide world extended far beyond them, and beyond his own beneficent influence. Moreover, there never was a town on earth where people were totally free from anger and greed, cruelty and cowardice, the sources of the evil actions that produce suffering. And Akhetaton, though the “seat of Truth,” was surely no exception, for men dwelt there. And the young Prophet of sunshine and joy must have known how limited was his control over other people’s bad instincts, even at a few yards from his peaceful palace. Yet, he sang the love of God, in spite of it all. He deeply felt that there was, at the birth of every new life, equipped for happiness, the triumph of an inexhaustible Power of love, which governs the universe. The newly-born creature might not be left to enjoy the full-bloom of life for which its body and soul were made. The possibility of enjoying it was, nevertheless, the result of the whole finality of its pre-natal development, the outcome of a divine solicitude. Health and happiness were its birthright, according to the decrees of the immense immanent Love that sustains all creation, the Soul of the universe — God.

Seen in the light of the young king’s super-conscious insight into the mystery of existence, the effects of human wickedness, with all their horror, appeared perhaps as but surface ripples, hardly perturbing the calm abyss of eternal Life and infinite Love. That is possible. However it be, he did not ask the reason why such ripples exist, because he knew there was no answer to the question. It would seem that he brushed aside the problem of evil deliberately (along with the problem of death), as something which the human mind, however exalted, cannot solve. And instead of seeking in vain an explanation where there was none, he absorbed himself in the contemplation of the One unpolluted — and unpollutable — Source of health, life and love: the Energy within the Sun.

* * *

No less than the love of God for the world, manifested in the untiring beneficence of our parent star, Akhnaton has

stressed, in the hymns, the love of all living creatures for their common Father, whose heat and light has brought them forth and sustains them, generation after generation.

All men love Him and bow down to Him, whatever be their other professed gods. “They live when Thou shinest upon them . . .” says the inspired author of the hymns; “their eyes, when Thou risest, turn their gaze upon Thee. . . .” “Every heart beateth high at the sight of Thee, for Thou risest as their Lord.”¹ And also: “All men’s hands are stretched out in praise of Thy rising” . . . “O Lord of every land, Thou shinest upon them; O Aten of the day, great in majesty,”² or, in the translation of Mr. Griffith, reproduced by Sir Flinders Petrie: “Thou art throughout their Lord, even in their weakness, O Lord of the land that risest for them, Aten of the day, revered in every distant country.”³

In fact, every nation in the neighbourhood of Egypt paid homage to the Sun under a different name. And however narrow might have been their conception of the God of Light, often brought down to the rank of a local god,⁴ and however debased might have been their forms of worship, still it was to Him that went their praise. They loved Him and revered Him without knowing Him.

And distant peoples and tribes of which the king of Egypt could not possibly have heard, also rendered divine honours to the same fiery Disk at His dawning and setting. It was a fact that, while Akhnaton’s poems were sung to His glory “in the hall of the House of the Benben Obelisk and in every temple in Akhetaton, the seat of truth,”⁵ the Aryan clans, slowly pouring into India, were exalting Him in the hymns of the Rig-Veda; wild tribes from the north of Europe and Asia sang the beauty of His hazy smile over endless snow-

¹ Shorter Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 118.

² Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 131.

³ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 216.

⁴ Breasted: *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1912), pp. 13 and following; p. 312.

⁵ Shorter Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 117.

bound plains and dark forests; and at the eastern end of the earth, the primitive people of Japan — more than seven hundred years before their first recorded emperor — doubtless already hailed His rising out of the Pacific Ocean. And still farther to the east and to the south — beyond those virgin waves that it would have taken months and months to cross — men of undiscovered isles and continents praised Him, in speeches now long forgotten, with strange rites of which we shall never know.

And thus it was true that the whole world was full of His name. From the Nile to the Andes, and from the frozen beaches over which He sheds His midnight rays to the luxuriant isles that smile in His golden light, in the midst of phosphorescent seas, it was true that “all men’s hands” were “stretched out in praise of His rising.” Akhnaton probably did not know how big our planet is; nor had he any idea of the farthest lands of dawn and sunset bordering the two great oceans. Yet, with a sure insight of truth, he proclaimed his God: “Thou Aton of the day, revered in every distant land.” He was aware of the universality of Sun-worship, that oldest and most natural religion in the world, of which still to-day one could find concrete traces in the rites and customs and festivals of more intricate, more anthropomorphic — and less rational — cults. He was aware also that, if any religion could one day claim to conquer the earth and unite all enlightened mankind, it could be none but this one. The worldwide concert of man’s praise to the Sun, of which the dim echo resounded in his heart, clumsy, childish, discordant as it was, filled him with joy and glorious hopes. It was the first expression of the whole human race groping in quest of the real God. Its final expression — the religion of integral life, in which reason and inspiration, knowledge and devotion would go hand-in-hand — could be but the worship of the One Essence of all existence, Cosmic Energy, manifested in the heat and light of our parent star; the rational cult of the Sun, which he had forestalled in Akhetaton, his sacred City.

* * *

There is more. Aton is not the God of man alone. We have seen that He loves all creatures impartially and treats them with equal solicitude. It is shown in the hymns no less clearly that all creatures love and worship Him, each in the manner of its species. "Every creature that Thou hast made skippeth towards Thee . . ."; "All the beasts frisk about on their feet; all the feathered fowl rise up from their nests and flap their wings with joy, and circle around in praise of the Living Aten. . . ." ¹ "Beasts and cattle of all kinds settle down upon the pastures" . . . "the feathered fowl fly about over their marshes, their feathers (*i.e.*, their wings) praising Thy 'Ka'. . . ." ² "All the cattle rise up on their legs; creatures that fly and insects of all kinds spring into life when Thou risest up on them. . . ." ³ "The fishes in the river swim up to greet Thee." ⁴ And it is not only quadrupeds and birds, insects and fishes that take part in the general chorus of joy and praise that rises from the earth to the Sun; "shrubs and vegetables flourish" ⁵ when Thou risest upon them; "buds burst into flower, and the plants which grow on the waste lands send up shoots at Thy rising; they drink themselves drunk before Thy face." ⁶

There are two ideas, quite different from each other, expressed in these few quotations from the hymns: on one hand that all creatures rejoice at the sight of the Sun; on the other that they all worship the Sun. The first is a matter of everyday observation that many a sensitive soul would probably have stressed in a poem to the glory of the life-giving Disk; a commonplace truth which indeed has been emphasised in various antique songs of unknown date and authorship, no less than in many passages of modern literature, and which implies no special insight on the part of

¹ Shorter Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 121.

² In Griffith's version: "Their wings adoring Thy 'Ka.'"

³ Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 126-127.

⁴ Longer Hymn, Translation of Griffith. Quoted by Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 215, and following.

⁵ Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 126.

⁶ Shorter Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 121.

whoever grasps it; an obvious fact. The second idea implies the belief in the unity of all life and the brotherhood of creatures, and provides the basis of a whole religious and moral outlook.

Apart from Sir Flinders Petrie, who sees in the scientific foundation of the Religion of the Disk its greatest claim to our admiration, most authors among those who appreciate Akhnaton's Teaching seem to do so on account of his God being the God of all nations as opposed to the hosts of national and tribal deities worshipped all over the ancient world. The young Pharaoh's conception of the brotherhood of man as a consequence of the fatherhood of the one Sun; his internationalism; his kindness to all human beings, including rebels and traitors; his "conscientious objection to warfare"¹ — logical outcome of a lofty respect for human life — are the traits which appear to strike historians such as Breasted and Arthur Weigall, commentators such as the Rev. J. Baikie, and, in general, all people who can imagine no broader standards of love than those put forward in the Gospels.

But a closer reading of the hymns in a totally unprejudiced spirit would have revealed, it seems, a feeling of truly universal brotherhood much more comprehensive than that expressed, as far as we know, by any later religious teacher, west of India, with the noble exception of a few Greeks — such as Apollonius of Tyana — obviously influenced by Indian masters. The fatherhood of the Sun implied, in Akhnaton's eyes, the brotherhood of all sentient beings, human and non-human. The point deserves to be stressed.

As we have remarked, there are two distinct ideas in the hymns, with regard to living creatures. The joy of life, and the excitement that the appearing of daylight produces in all beings, from man to fish — even from man to plant — is one thing. The feeling it reveals, no doubt, in the author of the hymns, a heart open to universal understanding and to sympathy for all that lives. But that alone does not necessarily imply any religious doctrine about the unity of man and

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 200.

beast. In fact, saints full of the same tender love for dumb creatures have honoured, in course of time, religions according to the teachings of which man remains the special object of God's solicitude and the measure of all values; Saint Francis of Assisi, for instance, called all creatures his "brothers," and long before him a follower of the Prophet of Islam, Abu Hurairah, so tradition says, preferred to cut off a piece of his mantle rather than disturb a cat that had gone to sleep upon it. Had Akhnaton only spoken of the thrill that the rising Sun sends through all flesh; had even touching stories come down to us concerning his kindness to animals, yet we would not be able to say, on those grounds alone, what was the exact place of animals in the Religion of the Disk. Such evidence would have borne witness to the king's value as a man; but it would have added little to our knowledge of his Teaching.

Fortunately, he said more. Not only did he look upon the joyous demonstrations of the animal world at daybreak as marks of love for the Sun, but he also considered them as unmistakable expressions of adoration. Birds, said he, "flap their wings with joy, and circle round in praise of the living Aten." And that also is not all. One holding the general views inherited from the Bible by modern mankind — believing, that is to say, that there is a difference of nature, an unbreachable gap, between man and beast — would perhaps be inclined to concede that animals do pay some sort of homage to the material Sun-disk that shines above them, without looking up to any more subtle God, Creator and Animator of the Disk itself. But Akhnaton, following to the end the logical implications of an entirely different view of the universe, boldly asserts, in the longer hymn, that the God Whom beasts and birds worship is the self-same invisible, intangible Essence of all being, manifested in the Sun, Whom man reveres "in every distant country" — the "Ka," or Soul of the Sun; the Soul of the world. "The feathered fowl fly about over their marshes, their wings adoring Thy 'Ka.'"

Not that the young Pharaoh probably believed animals to be aware of the nature of that all-pervading supreme Reality

to which we have referred in the preceding chapter. He did not hold all men, also, or even the majority of men, to be conscious of what they really worshipped in the visible Sun. The sentence we have already quoted: “Thou art in my heart, and there is none who knoweth Thee save Thy Son, Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra . . .” (Beautiful-essence-of-the-Sun, Only-one-of-the-Sun) is sufficient to show what an aristocratic conception he had of what is, properly speaking, “religion” — an experience of the Divine within one’s self, which very few men can ever hope to obtain to the full. But just as he believed that men, of whatever country and creed, all tend to the consciousness of the One Essence and worship It in the Sun, in spite of their ignorance, so he held that beasts and birds, even insects and fishes — all living beings — dimly tend to the same ultimate knowledge, and already worship the same Principle of universal life, Cosmic Energy, without being able to conceive its nature, or even to think of it. They are, like the majority of men (and probably to a lesser degree than the average man, though of course nobody knows) vaguely aware of Something fundamental and supreme, which they feel in the heat and light of the Sun; in the magic touch of His life-giving beams. And they worship It, without knowing what It is, with movements and noises, or movements alone, each one to the uttermost capacity of his individual nature and of his particular species. That seems to have been Akhnaton’s view of the relation of animals to God. They were, in his eyes, religious beings of the same nature as man; capable of prayer and adoration, in a vaguer manner (for want of speech) but perhaps with no less elementary emotional intensity. Otherwise — had he not meant that — the word “Ka” would have no sense in the above references.

* * *

Of plants, it is not said in the hymns whether or not, in their thrill at the touch of Aton’s golden beams, there enters any element of adoration. Yet, if the leap of the fish towards the surface of the water is considered as an act of “greeting”

the rising Sun, it seems hardly possible not to see in the water-lillies that “drink themselves drunk” (of His radiance) “before His face,” living creatures enjoying, at a lower level of consciousness, the maximum of ecstatic joy that their nature permits. The king’s words, “they drink themselves drunk,” seem to imply, in their case also, a sort of religious intoxication, a holy rapture, as the warm sun-rays enter the open flowers and reach down into their hearts.

In other words, far from setting up a definite line of demarcation between man and the living world outside man, and considering our species endowed with special rights by a god who made the rest of creatures for its use; far from forestalling, that is to say, the common view of later monotheistic creeds, from that of the Jews onwards, Akhnaton looked upon all sentient beings as children of the same Father — the Sun — and co-worshippers of the same ultimate God, Cosmic Energy, made visible and tangible in the Sun; as brothers, identical in nature, different only inasmuch as the consciousness of the supreme One is more or less developed in each individual. And just as all nations were united, in his eyes, by the fact that they all revere the “Father-and-Mother” of life in various tongues and with various inadequate rites, so were all living species united to one another and to man — and man to them — by the worship of the One Cosmic God.

For such was Aton, the God of all animals (and plants) as well as of all men; the God of all men, in fact, only because He was, primarily and essentially, the God of life in general — man being only a small part of the endless scheme of life. A learned historian wrote, as a criticism of Akhnaton’s Teaching, that the hymns contained hardly any more than an assertion of the pleasure to be alive, a “cat-like” enjoyment of the Sun.¹ A true follower of the inspired Pharaoh would answer: “So much the better”; for the value of the Religion of the Disk lies precisely in the fact that it is perhaps the only religion fit for cats and all beasts no less than for men, and supermen. Its bold views concerning the oneness of matter and energy may well be understood only by a few

¹ H. R. Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East* (Ninth Edit. 1936), p. 599.

human beings, even to-day. But its visible object of worship — the Sun — is, and indeed ever will be, the only manifestation of God which beasts, and birds, and fishes, and plants, and all possible forms of life can be expected to appreciate in their own way, no less than we do in ours, and to worship, if they are to worship anything. However simple be a creed, it can be at the most extended to all mankind — not beyond. Nor can any seer, any prophet, any deified hero receive the allegiance of creatures other than men. Nor can even any idol be worshipped by dumb beasts. But the Sun appeals to all, inspires all, is loved and worshipped by all, from the philosophising devotee of intangible Energy down to the cat, the cock, the fish, the sun-flower. And the young Founder of the Religion of the Disk himself — the perfect Man in whom shone both intellectual and religious genius — would have, no doubt, seen in the movement of the beautiful sensitive feline stretching out its velvet paws with pleasure as it winks at the Sun, and in the raising of his own hands in praise of Him, two parallel gestures of worship — two expressions of the universal love of finite, individual life for the unknown, infinite and impersonal Energy, Source of all life.

* * *

The love of God for the whole world and the love of the whole world for God are thus clearly expressed in the shorter and in the longer hymns. The love of creatures for one another, especially of man for creatures (his fellow-men and others), is not referred to. The hymns are poems in praise of the splendour, power and goodness of God, nothing more; they contain but statements of fact; and the love of man for his brothers of different races and different species is not a fact, even to-day. But it is the natural feeling of whoever realises, as Akhnaton did, that all creatures, from the superman down to the meanest particle of life in the depth of the ocean, have sprung into existence out of the same divine Source — the Sun; that they are sustained by the action of the same vivifying rays and that, each one in its own way, they all adore the only God, Whose face is the resplendent

Disk of our parent star. And in that respect, one can surely say that it is implied in the hymns — nay, that it is the very spirit of Akhnaton's Teaching.

The example of the young Pharaoh's life, whenever available, reveals better than any song the practical implications of his religion. And there is sound evidence that, in various important circumstances, his action, or his restraint from action, was prompted by nothing else but that universal love, natural to a true worshipper of the Sun, which also pervaded his everyday life.

We have spoken of his love for his consort and children, nearly always represented at his side, in paintings and bas-reliefs, in the most unconventional attitudes. We have also mentioned his generosity towards his followers, on whom the contemporary artists portray him lavishing every possible mark of favour. But pleasant and instructive as they are, those scenes of idyllic married happiness and of friendly patronage should not be mistaken for instances of universal love. They no doubt show us, in Akhnaton, a delicate soul, sensitive to the innocent joys of family life and of friendship; they may add to the particular charm he possesses even apart from his Teaching; they appeal to us especially because they make of him, in our eyes, a man like ourselves; they bestow upon him the attractiveness of living life; the eternal actuality of the feelings which they betray bridges the gaping gulf of time, and makes the Founder of the long-forgotten Religion of the Disk young and lovely for ever. But there is, after all, nothing in them which deserves our moral admiration, save perhaps the perfect frankness with which the king allowed them to be rendered. Many men have loved but one woman and have lived with her a peaceful domestic life, without sharing anything of Akhnaton's greatness. And all teachers are inclined to be kind to those who seem to show a keen interest in their message. As for the young Pharaoh's affection for his little daughters, it is but natural. And if one infers, from the fondness he displays towards them, that he probably liked children in general, that is also a trait which many fathers would have in common with him — fathers who, on the other hand, seem to have little experience of that

all-embracing love of which we have spoken in the above pages.

More enlightening is the interest that the king appears to have taken in the welfare of the labourers who dug out the tombs of the gentry from the live rock, and for whom he had built the “model settlement” excavated in modern times in the vicinity of the desert hills, east of Akhetaton. We have said already a few words about that settlement,¹ adding that similar ones were possibly built nearer the City or even within its boundaries, for the men working in its famous glass factories. The main point we observed about it was the relative material comfort and the leisure given to each worker (who felt prompted to decorate his rooms according to his taste, and found time to do so), and above all the fact that the place was entirely free from religious propaganda. That suggests that Akhnaton was sufficiently broadminded to see to his people’s happiness without expecting them, in exchange, to show in his Teaching an interest of which he knew they were incapable. He was no forerunner of the dreamers who prepared the French Revolution, and he probably did not believe in the dogma of equality among men any more than the world at large did in his days, or than sensible folk do at any epoch. He knew that the individuals who dwelt in the little four-roomed houses he had built for them, on each side of the long straight streets of the labour-colonies, had hardly anything in common with him save that they were, like all creatures, happy to see the daylight and that, even in the midst of their intricate superstitions, they unconsciously gave praise to the One God, Source of life, health and joy. Yet he loved them — not with the busy possessive zeal of a missionary in a hurry to bring numbers of people to accept his doctrine, but with the disinterested benevolence of a true lover of creatures, who has no aim but the well-being of those to whom he does good, and who knows that most men cannot rise above an ideal of very concrete happiness. He loved them sincerely and wisely, fully conscious both of the weaknesses that separated them from him (and that called for his toleration) and of their

¹ In Chapter IV, p. 82.

oneness with him, in spite of all, through the common Father of Life (that called for his active interest in their welfare).

Another instance of Akhnaton's impartial love for human beings is to be found in his attitude towards foreigners — nay, towards rebels, enemies of his country and of his power — and finally in his behaviour towards his personal enemies.

What one could call the young king's "internationalism" and his "pacifism" are perhaps, of all the remarkable aspects of his mental outlook, the ones that appeal the most to many modern historians. And it does indeed stir anybody's interest to find such traits as these (which only since yesterday are beginning to gain among us some popularity) developed, and that, to the extent we shall see, in a youth of the early fourteenth century B.C.

It has been observed¹ that Syria and Kush (Nubia) are named before Egypt in the reference quoted above from the longer hymn. The detail is significant. But quite apart from it, the tone of the whole passage is in striking contrast with that of earlier Egyptian hymns addressed to the Sun-god considered as a local god,² and especially with that of such poems as the famous Hymn of Victory composed by a priest of Amon under Thotmose the Third, both in honour of the great god of Thebes and of the conqueror of Syria, and characteristic of the spirit of imperial Egypt. And the history of the king's dealings with foreigners, both friends and foes, fully confirms the impression left by his words.

The presence among his dearest disciples of a man like Pnahesi (or Panehsi), an Ethiopian — others say a Negro³ — shows that he was free from any racial prejudice in his estimation of individuals, although he was the very last man to ignore the natural, God-ordained separation of races, nay, although he considered it as an essential aspect of that

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 164.

² Breasted: *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, pp. 13-14; also p. 312.

³ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 92.

diversity within order, which characterises Aton's creation.¹ But more eloquent than all is the impartial view he seems to have taken of the rights of foreign countries.

The loss of the Egyptian empire is the object of a further chapter. We cannot here expatiate on it in detail. But we can recall the substance of the astounding tale which the well-known Tell-el-Amarna Letters — Akhnaton's correspondence with foreign kings, and especially with his vassals and governors in Syria and Palestine — tell the modern reader. When his Asiatic dominions were seething with ferments of revolt; when his loyal supporters and his officials, guardians of the "rights" of Egypt in conquered territory, were sending him desperate messages and begging for speedy help, the Founder of the Religion of the Disk deliberately withdrew from doing anything to keep Syria under his sway. When an Amorite princeling, Aziru, son of Abdashirta — what we would call to-day a Syrian "nationalist" — had managed to gather the majority of Syrian chiefs around him, and was attacking the few who had remained on the side of the imperial power, and forcing the Egyptian garrisons to surrender one after the other, then, far from trying to quell the rebellion, the king of Egypt did not stir. And when that same princeling, whom he had summoned to Egypt, appeared at last before him, Akhnaton, instead of having him summarily dealt with (as any imperial ruler would have done), received him kindly and sent him back as the practically independent master of Syria. Aziru was guilty of having had one of the most faithful supporters of Egyptian rule treacherously put to death. The Pharaoh loved the man, by name Ribaddi, who had in vain served him and died for him — so much so that he had even sent, once, a small detachment of mercenaries to his rescue, the only soldiers ever allowed, during his reign, to cross the Egyptian border. And he had written the murderer a long, stern letter, expressing plainly how highly indignant he was at the news

¹ Thou settest every man in his place . . .

Their tongues are diverse in speech,

Their shape likewise, and the colour of their skins; for, as a Divider, Thou dividest the strange peoples.

(Longer Hymn.)

of his deed. Still, he seems to have borne no grudge and entertained no desires of vengeance against him. He seems indeed to have been able to enter his spirit and to understand the ultimate motive of his action — the dream of all Syria united under the rule of Aziru's own people, the Amorites — and to have forgiven him without much effort, as one forgives a crime of which one can penetrate the psychology entirely. Such an attitude is so unusual that it bewilders the mind of the student of history.

In fact, the whole story of Akhnaton's dealings with his vassal States is amazing from beginning to end. It clashes with all one knows of the established relations between subject people of any race and at any epoch, and their natural overlord (*i.e.*, the embodiment of the power that holds them by the right of war). It cannot be explained as the result either of incapacity or of negligence on the part of a king whose administration at home appears to have been firm, and whose sense of responsibility is out of question. It can only be regarded, as we shall stress later on, as one of those material tragedies — and moral triumphs — that follow the application of the noblest principles to the conduct of the affairs of a barbaric world. It shows that Akhnaton was not the man able to keep what Thutmose the First and Thutmose the Third had conquered. But it shows, also, that the reason why he could not keep it is that he was hundreds of years in advance of his times — and of our times. For the principle which guided him, in his systematic refusal to help his loyal vassals in their struggle against the “nationalist” elements of Syria, seems to have been that of the right of the Syrians, as a people distinct from the Egyptians, to dispose of themselves and solve their own problems. He saw clearly that some of them were in favour of Egyptian domination; the majority, however, seemed to be against it. The best course for him — whose unprejudiced sympathy extended equally to all mankind — was to let them fight out the question of their future status without interfering. The interest of Egypt, of his supporters, of himself (who had all to gain from the conservation of his empire and of his prestige, and all to lose by their loss) mattered little, if opposed to that idea of

the right of all nations to live free under the same life-giving Sun, the Father of all. And it is because he loved all men impartially in his universal God of life and love that Akhnaton believed in that right, as in something fundamental.

There is still more. While so many people, even to-day, try to defend the maintenance of a status quo resulting from old wars of aggression, it is, no doubt, staggering to think of a young man proclaiming — and that, not in words, but by his deeds — the brotherhood of all nations and their right to freedom, thirty-three hundred years ago. But one might argue that Akhnaton was, as his detractors call him, a “religious fanatic,” and that such people have no feelings but for what touches their cherished doctrines.¹ The final test of his love for all men lies in his attitude towards the bitterest enemies of his Teaching, the priests of Amon.

We know that he closed the temples of their god; that he abolished his cult, and that the enormous revenues which his predecessors formerly lavished upon it he henceforth used for the glorification of the One God, for the embellishment of Akhetaton, and for different works of public utility. We also know that he confiscated the scandalous wealth of the priests and did away with their influence. But, apart from that, he caused no harm to be done to them.

Sir Wallis Budge, who seems bent on finding fault with all that Akhnaton did, compares him with the Fatimide Khalif Al-Hakim, who reigned in Cairo two thousand five hundred years later, and tells us that “it would be rash to assume that persons who incurred the king’s displeasure in a serious degree were not removed by the methods that have been well known at Oriental courts from time immemorial.”² But he himself admits, after recalling Al-Hakim’s wholesale massacres of his enemies, that “we have no knowledge that such atrocities were committed in Akhetaton,”³ so that the

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 106.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 107, 108.

³ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 107.

fact of Akhnaton being an “Oriental” king seems to be the only basis on which the twentieth-century historian puts forth his damaging assumption — a very flimsy basis indeed. James Baikie has singled out Budge’s comment as a characteristic example of what prejudice can bring a serious writer to say, once it has got the best of his good sense.¹ We add that, had any act of violence taken place, at Akhnaton’s command or with his consent, against the opponents of his rational creed, the scribes in the pay of the priests of Amon would surely not have failed to give us a graphic account of it, once the national gods had been restored under Tutankhamen. The absence of any such account suffices to lead one to believe that, beyond dispossessing them of their excessive riches, Akhnaton never harmed the men who hated him the most, though he had every power to do so. His behaviour — in contrast with that of those very same men, who pursued him with their bitter curses even after he lay in his grave — suggests that, in his eyes, the awareness of the universal fatherhood of the Sun implied a broad humanity; a sincere love extended, in practical life, to all men, including one’s foes; including those who, in their ignorance, scorn the real God in favour of dead formulas and spurious symbols.

* * *

It implied more. As we have said, it implied love towards all creatures, our brothers, which the Sun has brought into life not for our use, but for each one of them to flourish in health and beauty, and to praise Him to the utmost capacity of its species. Even the plants are created for a higher purpose inherent in their nature — ultimately, for the glorification of the One universal Energy — not for us. It is said in the longer hymn: “Thy beams nourish every field; Thou risest and they live; they germinate for Thee.”²

One would like to possess more positive evidence of Akhnaton’s personal attitude towards animals and plants in

¹ James Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 260.

² The Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 132.

everyday life. There can be no doubt that he loved them; a man who would have looked upon them just as an interesting, perhaps admirable, but yet inferior creation, deprived of a soul of the same nature as our own, would have been incapable of writing the two hymns of which the authorship is ascribed, with practical certainty, to the young Founder of the Religion of the Disk. A painting in which he is portrayed, as usually, in the midst of his family,¹ shows one of the little princesses fondly stroking the head of a tame gazelle which her sister is holding in her arms — a scene which would suggest, to say the least, that pets were welcome in the palace and that the king's children were actually brought up to love dumb creatures. Budge, moreover, tells us that “not only was the king no warrior, he was not even a lover of the chase,”² a statement which is confirmed by the fact that not a single hunting scene, not a single inscription set up in commemoration of a successful chase — as there are so many, exalting the courage and skill of other Pharaohs — has yet been discovered in the amount of pictorial and written evidence dating from his reign. And, while waiting for some more decisive proof before giving the question a final answer, one may wonder if, along with so many other things, traditionally looked upon as normal or even commendable, the action of pursuing and killing beautiful wild beasts and birds for the sake of sport was not forbidden by him who sang the joy of life in all nature, or at least if he had not expressed for that sort of amusement a sufficient repulsion for his courtiers to refrain from indulging in it, throughout his reign. Such a disgust on his part would be fully in keeping with the spirit of the Religion of the Disk as revealed to us in the hymns.

The absence of records, or the state in which the existing documents have reached us, makes it difficult for one to say anything more about the application to the king's daily life of that principle of truly universal love and brotherhood, surely implied in what we know of his religion. The paintings

¹ In the tomb of Merira II.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 92.

that portray him eating and drinking have not come down to us sufficiently well preserved for one to assert, without his imagination playing a great part in the guess, which were the items of the royal menu. And imagination always involves the habits and tastes of the author who hazards the guess. The “broiled bone,”¹ for instance, and the “joints of meat”² in honour of Queen Tiy, represented on the walls of the tomb of Huya, can as well be anything else but a “bone” and “joints of meat.” In fact, it is not easy at all to decide what the artist actually intended them to suggest.

The same thing can be said of the piles of offerings heaped upon the altar of the Sun in many a picture where the king and queen are portrayed worshipping. It is hard to make out what they represent, without a great amount of imagination. No scenes actually picturing animal sacrifices have so far been discovered, and the mere presence of bulls garlanded with flowers among the crowd that comes forth to receive the Pharaoh at the entrance of the temple of Aton, on the walls of the tomb of Merira, the High-priest, does not suffice to indicate — let alone to prove — that those creatures were destined to be slain in some solemn oblation. Nor can the fact that living victims, “both animal and human,”³ were offered to Ra in the temples built by the kings of the Fifth Dynasty throw any light on the ritual of the Religion of the Disk as regards sacrifices. Akhnaton did, in many ways, aim at a revival of very old ideas concerning the Sun, and the well-known connection of his cult with that in the most ancient centre of solar worship — the sacred city of Anu, or On — goes to support that view, no less than the strange archaisms in art that we have pointed out, quoting Arthur Weigall. But that does not mean that he accepted the old ritual as it had once been in use. We know that, merely by forbidding to make any image of his God, he suppressed a number of rites that had been essential in the cult of all the

¹ James Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 283.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), pp. 154-155.

³ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 62.

old gods of Egypt. What, exactly, he did away with, and what he kept of the past is not known. The only indication of living creatures being offered to Aton is to be found in the first inscription commemorating the foundation of Akhetaton. There, along with bread, beer, wine, herbs, fruits, flowers, incense and gold, geese, etc., are mentioned among the items offered at the ceremony which solemnised the consecration of the City's territory. Curiously enough, in the second foundation inscription the enumeration is omitted.

It is stated also — on the same boundary-tablets of Akhetaton — that the “hills, deserts, fowl, people, cattle, all things which Aton produced and on which His rays shine” are consecrated to Him by the king, the Founder of the City; that “they are all offered to His spirit.”¹ Were the geese and other living creatures enumerated in the first inscription selected simply so that the animal as well as the vegetable and mineral world might be represented in the ceremony, and “offered to the spirit of the Sun” in the same manner as the whole territory of the future City with all its inhabitants? Or were they actually destroyed according to the age-old custom? And if the traditional rites of sacrifice were observed on that solemn occasion, were they also a part of the daily worship of Aton in the new capital? One can answer neither of these questions with absolute certainty. Arthur Weigall believes that “the ceremonial side of the religion does not seem to have been complex. The priests, of whom there were very few, offered sacrifices consisting mostly of vegetables, fruits and flowers, to the Aton, and at those ceremonies the king and his family often officiated. They sang psalms and offered prayers, and with much sweet music gave praise to the great Father of joy, and love.”² While Sir Wallis Budge tells us plainly that “we know nothing of the forms and ceremonies of the Aton worship,”³ but that “hymns and songs and choruses must have filled

¹ Quoted by A. Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 93.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 108.

³ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 91.

the temple daily”¹ — the only thing that can be asserted about the external side of the Religion of the Disk, without much risk of being mistaken.²

* * *

But even if one supposes that, at least up to the period of the foundation of Akhetaton — that is to say, while the religion of Aton had perhaps retained more points of resemblance with the old solar cult of Heliopolis than it did later on — and, maybe also afterwards, on certain occasions, some oblations of living creatures were made, in the traditional manner, to the Father of Life, that would throw very little light on Akhnaton’s personal attitude towards beasts and birds. It would, anyhow, in no way disprove the belief in the brotherhood of all creatures which we have attributed to him on the basis of the hymns he composed.

Blood sacrifices, so common in the ancient world (and still in present-day India, among the Shakta section of the Hindus), shock the modern man not because they imply a murderous violence — worse cruelties take place to-day, everywhere, in the name of food, dress, amusement and scientific research — but because the modern man fails to put himself in the place of those who once offered them. He cannot realise what they represented to the minds of those people; he does not understand their meaning. We know that many interpretations of sacrifice can be given, some of which are purely practical, but some of which also, on the contrary, involve an idea of disinterested gift to God; a useless gift of what belongs to Him already, one might say, but

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 92.

² Sir Wallis Budge writes, however, in his *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1902), Vol. IV, p. 122: “. . . in its courts” (*i.e.*, in the courts of the temple of Aton) “were altars on which incense was burnt and offerings were laid, and it is possible that the idea of the altars was suggested to the architect Bek, the son of Men, by the altar which the great Queen Hatshepset had erected in her temple at Dêr-al-Bahari. It is an interesting fact that no sacrifices of any kind were offered up, either on the queen’s altar or on the altars of her successors, and it must be noted that the queen says in her inscription on her altar that she built it for her father, Ra-Harmachis, and that Ra-Harmachis was the one ancient god of the Egyptians whom Amen-hotep IV delighted to honour.”

still a gift which the worshipper offers in a spirit of sole devotion. Viewed in that particular light, a blood sacrifice, notwithstanding the gruesome action it supposes, is infinitely less repulsive than the equally or more cruel things that the modern man tolerates or encourages: butchery, hunting, harpooning of whales, and scientific experiments at the expense of sentient creatures. It does not stress the difference between man and beast, nor does it imply the childish and barbaric dogma that beasts have been created for man to exploit at his convenience. It does not sever the tie of brotherhood between the offerer and the victim. In fact, in the early days of history — and among certain Shakta sects of Hindus, still not long ago — men were chosen as victims, and rightly so, no less than beasts. The oblation of life to the interest of mankind — not to God — the standing feature of an order in which religion is free from blood sacrifices without society being innocent of the blood of beasts, is definitely the denial of the sacred unity of life and of the duty of universal love, a permanent insult to the divine Source of all life.

Whatever may have been the ritual in the temples of Akhetaton, there is one fact which invites us to believe that Akhnaton strongly stressed, in his Teaching and by his behaviour, that all living creatures are our brothers through the Sun, our common Father. This is the definite mention, in the inscription on the first boundary-stone of the sacred City, of the solemn burial of the bull Mnevis (or Mreuris) in a tomb in the eastern hills, near the king's own sepulchre and those of his nobles. "And the sepulchre of Mnevis shall be made in the eastern hills, and he shall be buried therein."

Mnevis was the sacred bull symbolising the Sun incarnate in the eyes of the priests of On. By giving him a worthy place of rest in the cemetery of his new capital, the Pharaoh, no doubt, wished to point out the filiation of his cult to that which was perhaps the oldest form of Sun-worship in Egypt, and thereby to impress in its favour a nation naturally inclined to cling to tradition. But there surely was more than that in his gesture. Akhnaton, who cared so little for success, would not, it seems, have done anything simply for the sake

of policy. There must have been some deeper religious significance attached to the honours rendered to the old bull, apart from his being the holy animal of On. The Religion of the Disk was, after all, something quite distinct from the archaic cult of the Sun in On, though it had its roots in it.

What was this religious significance is nowhere stated. But if we bear in mind the spirit of the hymns, in which man, beast, bird, fish and plant are shown in turn to be the objects of the One God's impartial solicitude, and, each one to the capacity of its nature, His worshippers, then it seems quite possible that Akhnaton desired to honour the bull Mnevis less as the sacred bull of On, traditional symbol of vigour and fertility, than as an individual beast standing for Animality in general, the mother of Humanity; standing for the sacred realm of Life, of which human reason is only a late aspect and the clear knowledge of truth the ultimate flower. By the special treatment he gave him, he might well have wished to remind his followers both of the kindness that man should show to all living beings — his brothers — and of the respect he should feel for the great forces of life at play within their dumb consciousness, more frankly and more innocently than in his own.

The inscriptions dating from the time of the great reaction against Akhnaton's work emphasise the decay in which the shrines of the gods and their estates had fallen, during his reign, through neglect. "The sanctuaries were overthrown and the sacred sites had become thoroughfares for the people," states the well-known stele of Tutankhamen in Cairo.¹ It is remarkable that not a word is said about what happened to the sacred beasts — crocodiles, ibis, ichneumons, cats, etc. — that formed such a striking feature in the cult of the local gods. A real "religious fanatic," enemy of the gods and of all that was connected with them, would probably have had those animals destroyed as living idols. But Akhnaton did nothing of the kind, or his enemies would not have omitted to mention it with pious indignation. Not only had

¹ Quoted by Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 5.

he had no quarrel with the living beings which human veneration had set apart as sacred, but perhaps even did he believe that, in the superstition to which they owed such unusual attention, there lay a solid kernel of truth. Whatever might have been the primitive state of religion with which their worship was linked, in the eyes of the mob, they perhaps appeared, in his eyes, as reminders of that great truth, centre of the real religion expounded in his own hymns, namely of the oneness of all life and of the brotherhood of man and beast, united in the common worship of their common Maker, Father and Mother — “the Heat which-is-in-the-Disk.” The silence of Amon’s scribes on their fate during the young Pharaoh’s reign inclines us to believe that they did appear as such to him, and that, thanks to his orders, they lacked neither the food nor the care that they were accustomed to enjoy.

This instance, along with the general tone of the hymns, strengthens our conviction that there was a religious meaning in the royal honours given to the Bull of On — the Beast of the Sun, that stood for all the sacred animals, perhaps as the most ancient, surely as the most exalted of them all; a religious meaning which was none other than that which we have tried to make clear.

If that be so — if our interpretation, that is to say, be the right one — then one should consider Akhnaton not merely as the oldest exponent of the rationalism of our age, the first man (at least west of India) to stress the scientific basis of true universal religion, but also as the forerunner of a world far more beautiful and better than our own; as the first prophet of a new order in which not only would there be no distinction between one’s countrymen and foreigners (and no germs of war), but in which the same loving kindness would extend alike to man and to all living creatures.

In fact, we firmly hold that, unless and until man learns to love his dumb brothers as himself, and to respect them, as children and worshippers of the same Father of all life, he will not be able to live at peace with his own species. He must deserve peace before he can enjoy it. And no society which tolerates the shameful exploitation of sentient

creatures that cannot retaliate, deserves to remain, itself, unmolested by its stronger, shrewder, and better-equipped human neighbours.

If, as we believe, and as the logical implications of his religion suggest, Akhnaton's "internationalism" and "pacifism" were but a consequence of the broader and more fundamental principle of the brotherhood of living creatures; if his love towards all men proceeded from a deeper love towards all life, then one must hail in him perhaps the most ancient exponent of integral truth — at least the oldest one west of India — and, at the same time, one whose spirit the modern world seems still unable to understand; one from whom the yet unborn generations would do well to learn the way of life.

CHAPTER VII

THE WAY OF BEAUTY

We have tried up till now to show, in the Religion of the Disk, the rare combination of rationalism and love which one seeks in vain in most revealed faiths of later times. And we have seen, in its youthful Founder, that alliance of intellectual genius and of saintliness, perhaps still more rarely witnessed at any epoch in the same individual. A closer study of the hymns and of whatever other evidence is available will further stress that, in him, both the lofty rational thinker and the lover of all life were expressions of the all-round artist, and that the keynote of that particular form of Sun-worship which he evolved — on the basis of half-forgotten memories of an antique cult, as old as the world, and of intuitive anticipations of modern thought — lay in an intense sense of beauty.

The hymns are, before all, songs of praise exalting the beauty of the visible Sun, the splendour of light. “Thou art sparkling; Thou art beautiful and mighty. . . . Thy light of diverse colours bewitcheth all faces”; “Thou vivifiest hearts with Thy beauties which are life,”¹ it is said in the shorter hymn. And in the longer hymn, common are the sentences in the same trend that magnify the Disk in heaven as lovely to look upon: “Thy rising is beautiful in the horizon of heaven, O Aten, ordainer of life.”² . . . “Thou fillest every land with Thy beauty,”³ . . . “Thou art beautiful and great and sparkling and exalted above every land.” . . . “Thou art afar off; but Thy beams are upon the earth; Thou art in

¹ Shorter Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 117-119.

² Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 123.

³ Longer Hymn, Translation of Griffith, quoted by Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 215.

their faces; they admire Thy goings”¹ . . . “creatures live through Thee, while their eyes are upon Thy beauty.”

And not only are such expressions applied to the Sun Himself, but the whole picture of the world pulsating with life and joy under His daily touch — men, bathed and clothed in clean garments, raising their hands in adoration to Him; birds circling round with thrills of joy in the clear morning sky; beasts running and skipping about in fields flooded with light; fishes, whose golden scales shine through the sunlit water as they leap up from the depth, before the rising God; and the tender lilies that open themselves to His fiery kiss and “drink themselves drunk” of warmth, of light, of impalpable effulgences, in the marshes where they bloom — that entire picture, we say, is the inspired vision of an artist which, more than anything else, Akhnaton was.

No less than the perfection of the One God, the hymns exalt the joy of life and the loveliness of the visible world. Life is sweet, in fact, because there is so much beauty all round us. It is a pleasure to have eyes and to behold graceful forms and delicate colours — the green trees and water-reeds, the rich brown earth, the reddish-yellow desert, the blue hills in the distance and, above all, the deep, transparent, boundless, radiant sky, with the flaming Orb — God’s face — “rising, shining, departing afar off and returning”²; to witness the glory of dawn and sunset. It is a pleasure to see happy four-legged creatures stretch out their bodies in the light. It is a pleasure to see a flight of birds sail through the calm, vibrating infinity. It is a pleasure to listen to the noises of life: the song of the crickets, children’s laughter, and the music of the wind in the high trees. It is a pleasure to be alive, for there is beauty in the child, in the beast, in the bird, in the trees — in all that lives; beauty in land, water and sky — in all that is. The emphasis that the young Pharaoh puts on the ravishment of the senses at the sight of daylight — and of all that daylight beautifies — is perhaps equalled only in the masterpieces of Greek literature, centuries later;

¹ Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 124.

² Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 133.

it forestalls the words so often repeated by the chorus in classical tragedies: “It is sweet to behold the Sun.”

* * *

One can say of Akhnaton’s whole life that it was an attempt to establish on this earth, here and now, the reign of perfection. His City, as we have seen previously, was to be the City of God, the model of that ideal world which he visualised in his heart and which seems to us, still to-day, so far, far away, so unreal, so impossible. And it was “a place of surpassing beauty,”¹ planned “with delicate taste and supreme elegance.”²

We have already spoken³ of its temples with their successive pillared courts open to the sky; of its fair villas surrounded with palm-groves and flower-beds; of the king’s palace, that exceeded in splendour that in which Amenhotep the Third had spent in Thebes his luxurious days; and of the peaceful gardens — “Precincts of Aton” — that lay to the south, with their colonnaded pavilions, their verdant arbours, their artificial lakes full of lotuses. The very choice of its site, in the eastern half of a broad plain cut in two by the Nile and encircled in a double horizon of mountain-ridges, had been an act of good taste. From the flat roofs of Akhetaton one could see the river shining, to the west, beyond groves and gardens and stretches of green fields. And from the opposite bank onwards, the plain — a narrow ribbon of fertile earth and a wide expanse of desert — unrolled its changing succession of pale or dark colours, finally lost in pink or blue mist, up to the distant hills behind which the Sun would set. To the east, the same broad panorama of rich vegetation, sand and sky extended up to the chalky white cliffs, honeycombed with tombs, that limited the horizon — the hills of rest. At dawn, the western mountains were the first to shine at the touch of the Lord of Rays. And at dusk, the cliffs in the east were the last to reflect the crimson after-

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922) p. 175.

² Arthur Weigall: *Short History of Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1934), p. 151.

³ In Chapter IV.

glow. Thus the glory of Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons was manifested to all the dwellers in His City, as day after day dawned and faded away over the beautiful bay where the place was built. The landscape itself was a hymn and a teaching.

The elegant architecture of the houses and villas, of the palace and temples — the sober outlines of light-coloured brick against a clear sky; the harmonious perspectives of pillared porticos and inner halls, with deep contrasts of light and shadow; the imposing profile of the pylons with their flag-staves bearing fluttering pennons of purple; and the airy splendour of the sacred courts with their single altar smoking under the bright sunshine, on a flight of steps — that architecture, we say, was in tune with its natural setting. And the fresh, shady gardens in the neighbourhood of the desert seemed all the more fresh and delightful; and the reddish-yellow sands in the background all the more austere, all the more endless and barren — full of sunshine alone; full of infinite peace. The City was not, as are so many others, a monument of man's domination over nature, and of his pride. It was but a beautiful detail added to the immense landscape, as a permanent offering to the Soul of all beings, the Sun; a monument of worship lying between the silent sands, the majestic River and the radiant sky.

* * *

But it is not only in the emphasis he put in his hymns on the beauty of the Sun-disk; not only in the choice of an inspiring site and in the building of “as fair a city as the world had ever seen”¹ that Akhnaton proves himself an artist in the full sense of the word. The arts held a large place both in his cult and in his life. As far as one can tell from the paintings and reliefs that depict him in familiar attitudes, his days were works of beauty.

As already said, we know hardly anything about the ceremonial of the Religion of the Disk; but we do know that

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 176.

music and singing — and dancing — were an essential part of it. It is written in the shorter hymn that “singing men and singing women and chorus men produce joyful sounds in the Hall of the House of the Benben Obelisk, and in every temple of Akhetaton, the seat of Truth.” In a painting in the tomb of the high-priest Merira, that represents a visit of the king and queen to the main temple of Aton, probably on a festive occasion, one can see a group of blind musicians singing to the accompaniment of a seven-stringed harp. And this is not the only pictorial evidence of musical instruments used in the temples to glorify the One God. Moreover, from the famous stele¹ in which Tutankhamen describes the state of Egypt under the “heretic” Pharaoh, it appears that Akhnaton also maintained a large number of dancers in connection with the service of Aton.²

We know, too, that the places of worship which he dedicated, be it in Thebes during the first years of his reign, be it in his sacred City, were richly adorned with frescoes and bas-reliefs and statues, some fragments of which have been found. The temple built as Queen Tiy’s private house of worship, on the occasion of her coming to Akhetaton, and named “Shade of the Sun,” contained statues of the king himself, of Amenhotep the Third, and of the dowager-queen, between the columns that stood on either side of its main court.³ There were statues of the royal couple — or perhaps of Akhnaton with one of his daughters⁴ — in front of each column at the entrance of the pillared portico which led into the smaller temple of Aton, behind the main one. And it is highly probable that, in the shrines dedicated to the memory of the king’s father and to that of his ancestors, Thotmose the Fourth, Amenhotep the Second, etc., statues of those monarchs were to be seen as well as diverse representations of them in colour and relief.

This shows that, rigorously monotheistic as it surely was,

¹ In the Cairo Museum.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 92.

³ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 158.

⁴ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 174.

the Religion of the Disk remained a religion strongly appealing to the senses; one that readily put to contribution all manner of artistic skill, and gave occasion to the greatest display of beauty. Men and women attached to the temples praised the "Lord and Origin of life" in solos and choruses, and on the harp. Sistrums were rattled and drums beaten at certain solemn moments during the ceremonies. And, no doubt also to the accompaniment of music, sacred dancers expressed, in symbolical attitudes and harmoniously suggestive movements, the succession of the seasons or the daily course of the Sun. Akhnaton, so vehemently opposed to any graven or painted representation of God, did not object in the least to the presence in temples of statues of human beings whom he wished to honour, or of fanciful figures, semi-animal, semi-human, such as that remarkable sphinx en relief in his own likeness, familiar to all students of the Tell-el-Amarna art. Any image of God, already sacrilegious in itself by its necessary inadequacy, could tempt the worshipper to forget the Unnameable and Limitless, and to carry his homage to the concrete shape. It was a lie and a danger. While in the portraits in colour or in stone of people destined to be exalted, but not adored, there lay no such falsehood and no such snare. The Pharaoh not only tolerated them, but seems to have encouraged his sculptors to produce them, for the embellishment of the "Houses of Aton." Perhaps, also, did he expect to strengthen the faith of his followers by maintaining them in contact with the long tradition of Egyptian Sun-worship, of which the upstart cult of Amon was, in his eyes, a distortion, and his own Teaching the culmination. That worship had been linked, in the minds of the people, with a religious reverence for the monarch and his line; the fact was not one to be disdained.

Be it so or otherwise, Akhnaton evidently looked upon melodious sounds and rhythmic movements, and colours and forms pleasing to the eye, as powerful means of edification; and he closely associated his rational cult with all the arts. Nothing was more alien to his spirit than that austere puritanism, enemy of dance and music, which so many

zealous reformers of various creeds put forward centuries after him, apparently with the purpose of turning the hearts of the faithful away from the world back to God. To him, the visible beauty of the world was god-like; the refined joys of the senses were uplifting to the soul. And the latter-day idea of the opposition of “the world” to God would have seemed to him impious and absurd.

What perhaps characterises Akhnaton the best, besides his uncompromising truthfulness, is the atmosphere of serene beauty in which he seems to have moved in daily life. We have sufficiently stressed the quiet splendour of his material surroundings, the place of the arts in his leisure, and his constant contact with nature, not to have to insist on those points here too elaborately. Yet we cannot help recalling the sets of reliefs in the tomb of Huya which represent the royal family and the dowager-queen feasting, while two string bands play alternately. One of the musical groups consists of “four female performers, the one playing on a harp, the second and third on a lute, and the fourth on a lyre,” while in the other can be distinguished “a large standing lyre, about six feet in height, having eight strings and being played with both hands.”¹ Nor can we refrain from quoting Arthur Weigall’s charming description of another representation of Akhnaton in the privacy of his palace — a picture indeed more eloquent than those of the banquet in honour of Queen Tiy and similar such, for it portrays the king not on any special occasion (on which an unusually lavish display of artistic decorum and extra entertainments might be expected), but simply sitting with his consort and children — and no courtiers — on an ordinary day like any other. “The royal family is shown inside a beautiful pavilion, the roof of which is supported by wooden pillars painted with many colours and having capitals carved in high relief to represent wild geese suspended by their legs and above them branches of flowers. The pillars are hung with garlands of flowers, and from the ceiling there droop festoons of flowers and trailing branches of vines. The roof of the pavilion on the outside is

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), pp. 156-157.

edged by an endless line of gleaming cobras, probably wrought in bronze. Inside this fair arbour stand a group of naked girls playing upon the harp, the lute and the lyre, and no doubt singing to that accompaniment the artless love-songs of the period. Servants are shown attending to the jars of wine which stand at the side of the enclosure. The king is seen leaning back upon the cushions of an armchair. . . . In the fingers of his left hand he idly dandles a few flowers, while with his right hand he languidly holds out a delicate bowl in order that the wine in it may be replenished. This is done by the queen who is standing before him, all solicitous for his comfort. She pours the wine from a vessel, causing it to pass through a strainer before flowing into the bowl. Three little princesses stand nearby: one of them laden with bouquets of flowers, another holding out some sweetmeat upon a dish, and a third talking to her father.”¹

Here we have one more instance of Akhnaton’s love of every form of sensuous beauty. Both the loveliness of nature and the fine arts were to him a part and parcel of ordinary life no less than of the temple services. They produced something like a rhythmic accompaniment to the simple gestures that we repeat every day; a background on which the most monotonous actions took on a decorous beauty. The sweet-smelling freshness of those pillars festooned with flowers and green leaves, the sight of fair figures and harmonious movements, the soft music, the elegant shape of the cup as well as the taste of the good rich wine, all combined to raise that most ordinary act of quenching his thirst to the level of a higher enjoyment involving the whole being — a moment of beauty. Life was to be a succession of such moments to anyone who, like him, lived it in a spirit of sincerity, of innocence and of understanding; to anyone, that is to say, who knew the value of simple things — of a fiery reflection upon the wall, of a sweet voice, of a child’s smile — as well as of the so-called great ones, and who could constantly feel, as he did, the presence of the divine Disk, with His rays stretched over the world, “encompassing all lands which He hath

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), pp. 145-146.

made,” beautifying, dignifying, sanctifying the humblest manifestations of everyday existence.

The things which, in our age of specialized activities might appear as trifles when connected with the life of a philosopher and of a prophet, did not seem so to him. From the pictures we have of him, it is visible that he brought in the care of his person, and particularly of his dress, an eagerness that numbers of later saintly teachers would have disdained. Not only was he scrupulously clean — as was all the aristocracy of Egypt — but he knew what to wear, and how to wear it. The exquisite painted relief in the Berlin Museum, in which one sees him smelling a bunch of flowers, and the picture in the tomb of Merira which shows him burning perfumes at the altar of the Sun,¹ speak eloquently of the supreme elegance of his attire. Save on very special occasions, he seems to have discarded the abundant display of jewels customary to other Pharaohs, and in those two pictures, as in many others, he is portrayed wearing none at all. His only ornaments are the soft pleats of his garment itself — a simple white skirt of fine linen, that hangs gracefully from the waist, with a long purple sash. And the garment seems to have no other function but to underline the natural grace of the body.

Commenting upon the portrait in the Berlin Museum just referred to, Professor H. R. Hall rightly remarks that there is in it a delicacy only to be found in the best productions of Greek sculpture.² We may add, turning our attention from that one among many masterpieces of the Tell-el-Amarna school to the model who inspired it, that Akhnaton’s passionate love of tangible beauty, of sunshine and of healthy joy, such as it is expressed both in his poems, in his cult and in his person, makes him, perhaps, the first illustrious individual embodiment of that very ideal of art and life which the Hellenes were to put forward, as a nation, a thousand years after him. We can say more: his ideal of integral, harmonised perfection, in which the physical side of things was not

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 143.

² H. R. Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East* (Ninth Edit. 1936), p. 305.

to be under-estimated — in which even such details as the pleats of a drapery had their importance — contrasts with the contempt of the body shown, not only by the early Christians, but by some of the most prominent Neo-platonists,¹ and also, strange as it may seem, by the bitterest and most determined champion of Hellenic culture against growing Christianity, Emperor Julian.² It may be declared, without fear of anachronism, that however great they were, those men were far less “Greek” — in the classical sense of the word — than the young king of the Nile Valley who died two hundred years before the Achaeans besieged Troy.

* * *

A lover of sensuous beauty Akhnaton was indeed, and to the utmost. But he did not stop there. From the happy awareness of colour, line and movement, of touch, of sound, of fragrance, he lifted himself, as we know, to the subtler plane of abstract relations and finally to the realisation of the all-pervading oneness of the supreme entity: the Power within the Sun.

We need not here expatiate on the great principles on which his creed was based, principles of which modern science has confirmed the amazing accuracy: the ultimate equivalence of all forms of energy, and the ultimate identity of Energy and Matter. As most if not all ideas of genius, these appear to have resulted from some direct insight into truth, which it is not possible to account for either by the data of external experience available at the time, or by the ordinary means of discursive reasoning. And what the hymns tell us plainly, and what the pictures suggest to us of Akhnaton’s extreme sensitiveness to beauty, makes us think of the fundamental connection between scientific enlightenment and artistic inspiration, put forward so forcefully, nowadays, in autobiographical essays, by eminent creative scientists.³ The knowledge which the Pharaoh expressed by

¹ See *The Life of Plotinus*, by his disciple Porphyry.

² Gibbon: *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. II (Everyman’s Library), p. 349.

³ For instance, by H. Poincaré, *Science et Méthode* (Chap. III, pp. 50-59); *La Science et l’Hypothèse*, p. 186.

calling the “Lord of Rays” also “Great One of roarings” (or thunders) and by identifying the “Heat-and-light-within-the-Disk” with the Disk itself, came to him, it would seem, as all great ideas do to their discoverers, namely, through some spontaneous intuition following a long period of subconscious preparation. And if, in most cases, the aesthetic element plays a notable part in the discovery of truth; if a particular solution of a mathematical problem, or a particular explanation of physical data, seems to draw the mind to it by its very simplicity and elegance, then we can all the more safely conjecture that the young author of the Hymns and inspirer of the Tell-el-Amarna school of art was urged to put forth his hypothesis of universal oneness partly, if not solely, for the beauty of the endless horizons it opened to his vision; for the impressive harmony it brought into his conception of things.

His preparation was that very quest for the perfect that appears to have possessed him all his life, the “perfect” being, in his eyes, primarily, that which would totally satisfy his aesthetic sense: flawless beauty. And the consciousness of the unity of all forms of energy in the intangible Soul of the Sun — of the unity of all appearances in the One Reality — seems to have come to him as the sharp, direct feeling of a perfect pattern, half-hidden by the necessary limitations of material existence. It was the vision of an immense orderly scheme, remarkable by its stately simplicity; the product of his own mind, no doubt, but destined, one day, to prove objective. It was, actually, the vision of the permanent underlying beauty of the Universe, to which an all-round artist could alone have access.

Thus Akhnaton loved the world of forms because it is beautiful, and, through it, soon grasped and loved the eternal beauty of the unseen world of essences. The splendour of the Disk that rises and sets led him to the worship of the “Ka” of the Disk, the supreme Essence. When, a thousand years later, Plato put forward, in immortal language, his famous dialectic of love — the glorious ascension of the enraptured soul from beautiful forms to beautiful Ideas, everlasting prototypes of all that appears for a while in the phenomenal

play — he expressed nothing else but that which the youthful Founder of the Religion of the Disk had once realised, lived and taught.

* * *

Not only does the king's insight into the nature of the physical world seem to spring mainly from an innate yearning for the beautiful, but his belief in the oneness of life — that truth at the back of his whole scale of values — has apparently the same origin.

The hymns tell the beauty of the Sun and the joy of all creatures at His sight. The works of the Tell-el-Amarna school — of those artists whom Akhnaton had “taught to look at the world in the spirit of life”¹ — show us what the beauty of creatures meant both to the disciples and to the Master. The happy scenes of animal and plant life, such as, for instance, those depicted on the pavements of the king's palace,² have more than a decorative value. They preach the love of living beings for the sake of that beauty which shines in even the meanest among them. They remind us what a masterpiece of the supreme Artist is a quadruped, or a butterfly; a poppy; even a blade of grass; and they prompt us to love the graceful innocent things which only wish to live and enjoy the daylight: the young calf frisking in the sunshine, the wild geese, the fish that leap up from the depth to greet the Sun, the spotless lilies. At the sight of those representations, the modern man recalls the passage which Coleridge puts in the mouth of his “Ancient Mariner,” gazing at the water-snakes:

“O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare . . .”

Those were the words of a poet who, in the midst of the tragically man-ridden world that we know too well, found in his heart a glimpse of eternal truth. But here, in the scattered evidence which enables one to rediscover the spirit

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 181.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 178.

of the Religion of the Disk, we have that same truth expressed under the inspiration of one who endeavoured to remodel the world on the basis of it, and who lost an empire for its sake.

For, as we have already stressed, Akhnaton's conscientious objection to war which brought both the end of Egyptian domination in Syria and, indirectly, the downfall of the cult of Aton in Egypt, seems to have been but one aspect of his objection to the infliction of suffering in general. And in the light of all that we know of him through his poems, we may, it seems, safely say that the main source of his love for living beings, from man to plant, and the main reason for him to wish to spare them, lay in his intense awareness of the beauty of life as such. He saw in every sentient creature, patiently brought forth from an obscure germ by the action of divine Heat and Light and graced with all the loveliness of its species, a work of art far too precious to be destroyed or spoilt for the sake of sport or vain glory — even for the sake of “national interest.” And that is apparently why we find, during his reign, neither records of chase nor accounts of battle.

It would seem that he had little time for such “grim beauty” as painters and poets have sometimes tried to bring out of scenes of horror. And that confirms our view that visible beauty, however important in his eyes, was not all to him. Beyond it — and through it — he sought that permanent harmony between fact and thought, action and ideal, existence and essence; that subtler beauty which cannot be discovered from a superficial view of things, and which is the essence of goodness. A scene of horror can only be beautiful seen in its outlines or from a distance. Once one stoops to examine the details that go to make it, one finds that it implies too much ugliness to be described as such. Nothing which presupposes the distortion of living forms through pain can be styled as beautiful, for in healthy sentient life lies the actual masterpiece of universal Energy and the supreme beauty.

Here we may remark that, for Akhnaton as for the greatest artist among Greek philosophers, more than ten centuries

after him, the Beautiful and the Good were closely interrelated, if not identical. But instead of saying, as Plato was to do, that “the Beautiful is the radiance of the Good,” it seems, from the idea that we can form of him, that the young Prophet of the Sun would have said that the Good is that which is consistently beautiful. Strictly speaking, it is correct to assert, with several modern authors, that there is no reference to morality in Akhnaton’s Teaching and that, to him, that which is was right.¹ On the other hand, it would be unfair to the Religion of the Disk not to admit that, though it put forth no list of commandments and prohibitions, it had nevertheless a close connection with action. And the practical side of it appears to have rested entirely upon an aesthetic basis. Moral values were, it seems, to Akhnaton, but the highest among aesthetic values. In other words, beauty was, in his eyes, the ultimate criterion of moral as well as of intellectual truth,² and the safest guide to the discovery of both.

* * *

We can thus characterise the Religion of the Disk as a religion of beauty. Whatever it be in addition to that, springs from that fundamental aspect of it. In particular, its three negative features which we have pointed out in a previous chapter — namely, the absence in it of any mythology whatsoever; the absence of any account of supernatural happenings; and the absence of any explicit theory of the next world, marks of rationality to be found in very few other religions if in any at all — seem partly ascribable to a consistently “pagan” spirit. Mythological symbolism was superfluous; the facts of the physical world were beautiful enough to stand at the background of any solemn cult and to inspire any sensitive soul. Nature was beautiful enough, without man craving for the supernatural. And this life, here and now, was beautiful enough for one to live it with all one’s concentrated interest, drawing from it its daily joys and its daily teachings, without seeking to pierce the mystery of the

¹ Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 120.

² See above, p. 170.

great beyond. At the most, as we have seen, we find, in the prayer on Akhnaton's coffin and in the inscriptions in the tombs of his followers, the idea of a prolongation of individual existence in a blissful state of subtler materiality in which one would still enjoy the sight of the Sun. That is all. The Founder of the Aton cult could not imagine anything more beautiful than the resplendent fact of our parent star. That was the visible expression of the One God. To contemplate it was paradise. To understand the nature of its radiance and its relation to ourselves and to all things was to experience everlasting life. To worship It in truth (*i.e.*, in the proper spirit) was to attain the goal of man — the goal of life. And through the overwhelming appeal of sensuous beauty, that goal was within our reach, and paradise was here. It was perhaps beyond the grave also; but it was here already, on this side of the eternal gates. For, to Akhnaton, bliss seems to have been nothing else but the state in which the fact of unmixed beauty fills one's consciousness — as when one beholds the Sun in the manner he did.

There is, no doubt, as we have said, much more in the hymns than a mere physical enjoyment of the Sun. But a thrill of well-being — intensely physical indeed — at the contact of light, of warmth and of happy living nature; a feeling of plenitude at the sight of the loveliness of the visible world is surely there, at the root of all subsequent idealism. The repeated praise of the sweetness of sunshine; the choice of expressions that suggest, in the most various creatures, an exaltation of all their being at the appearing of the Sun; the predominant idea of universal fecundity, expressed in different pictures of appealing beauty; all go to confirm, in those poems, that essentially pagan joy which we have mentioned above. We use here the word “pagan” in its noblest sense, suggesting thereby how much the inspired king stands, in our eyes, as an upholder of that ideal of healthy, joyful, sensuous perfection — and also of clear rational thinking — towards which Greece and the whole Mediterranean world have strived, long after him, in their days of glory; how much he appears to us, nay, as the historic forerunner of classical Hellas, at least as we imagine it.

He is, we have said, nearer to the Greek ideal, rooted in the depth of his aesthetic nature, than many of those who have claimed, in course of centuries, an unflinching allegiance to Hellenism. What is remarkable is that, from that very sensitiveness to beauty, he seems to have received the impulse that carried him far beyond the stage of experience that corresponds, historically, to Hellenism; far beyond that also, attained, in the name of Christianity and of modern humanitarianism, by people only too aware of the limitations of classical pagan culture.

The love implied in his songs is not that unjustified interest in our species before all others, preached by most of the creeds which have transcended the national and mainly ritualistic religions of antiquity. It springs from the consciousness of the brotherhood of all beings to whom the Sun gives life and loveliness. It is the truly universal love in the light of which the superstition of the chosen species appears as puerile and barbaric as that of the chosen nation; the love for the beast, the fish, the plant, no less than for man, clearly put forward by none of the living religions of the world save a few of those evolved in India or derived from Indian teachings. But while, in those doctrines, such love seems based upon metaphysical considerations or upon moral principles, it appears to be, in the Religion of the Disk, the immediate spontaneous outcome of an overwhelming sense of the beauty of life. If indeed, as for Akhnaton, beauty be the final measure of all values, then surely man is not the centre of the universe and the focus of all desirable activity; for the other children of the life-giving God are as lovely as he, if not more, in their absolute innocence.

* * *

Thus the aesthetic attitude towards life which the modern man, badly acquainted as he generally is with a remoter past, is inclined to style as "hellenic," can lead a true worshipper of beauty — as it did, in fact, lead Akhnaton — to that truly universal love which neither Greek nor Christian consciousness seems to have realised, save occasionally.

Ever since the bitter struggle between the eminently artistic and rational spirit of Hellenism and eminently humanitarian Christianity, in the early centuries of the most widely accepted western era, the best minds of the West, from the author of the “Stromata” onwards, have been yearning for the synthesis which would unite the excellences of the complementary wisdoms. Possibly also, in other areas of culture, the need of a similar synthesis has been experienced between old thought-currents, each one expressing separately the everlasting ideals of aesthetic perfection, of intellectual efficiency and of kindness that knows no limits.

The Religion of the Disk, with its joyous intoxication of sunshine and tangible beauty, finally leading to a most rational outlook on the universe and to the love of all forms of life, seems to provide an answer to the age-long yearning for something that would satisfy all sides of our nature at the same time. The inspiration that fills it is perhaps of the only sort that can lift us to heaven without detaching us from this lovely and lovable earth. And whatever be one’s opinion of him on other points, one has to admit that we do find combined in its Founder — indissolubly blended into one blissful awareness of dancing harmony, in the midst of full-blooming life — the best of the ideal Athenian, more than a thousand years before Plato, and the best of the ideal Indian, some nine centuries before the Buddha.

CHAPTER VIII

THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE RELIGION OF THE DISK

One of the most frequent criticisms brought against the Religion of the Disk by modern authors is that it is devoid of the sense of righteousness. Sir Wallis Budge writes plainly that “no consciousness of sin is expressed in any Aten text now known, and the hymns to Aten contain no petition for spiritual enlightenment, understanding or wisdom.”¹ In another passage, after comparing Aton to Varuna as described in the Rig-Veda, he adds: “But Varuna possessed one attribute which, so far as we know, is wanting in the Aten: he spied out sin, and judged the sinner.”² And J. H. Breasted, though, contrarily to Budge, he on the whole admires the Teaching, tells us that “our surviving sources for the Aton faith do not disclose a very spiritual conception of the deity, nor any attribution to him of ethical qualities beyond those which Ra had long been supposed to possess. Our sources do not show us that the king had perceptibly risen from a discernment of the beneficence to a conception of the righteousness in the character of God, nor of His demand for this in the character of men.”³ There is hardly anyone but Sir Flinders Petrie and A. Weigall who seem fully to appreciate the “great change” which marks Akhnaton’s reign “in ethics also,”⁴ and to recognise the practical value of the Teaching put forward in the hymns, in the tomb inscriptions of Tell-el-Amarna, and

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 115.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 114.

³ J. H. Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 120. Similar criticism is made by J. D. S. Pendlebury in *Tell-el-Amarna* (Edit. 1935), pp. 156-157 and p. 160.

⁴ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 218. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 152.

in the luminous instance of Akhnaton's life as a ruler and as a man.

Yet even Weigall, when comparing the Religion of the Disk with Christianity, is prompted to state that "this comparison must of necessity be unfavourable to the Pharaoh's creed, revealing, as it does, its shortcomings."¹ This opinion, so entirely different from ours, springs eventually from that idea, more strongly expressed by other authors, that the consciousness of evil is lacking in the Religion of Aton.

It is a fact that in the existing documents relating to the Teaching, there is no exhaustive list of commandments and prohibitions, no precise rules — no rules at all — for the guidance of the disciple's life, such as one finds in the sacred books of most religions. There is no mention of a distributive Justice, and it is possible, even probable, that Akhnaton disbelieved "in the dogma of rewards for the righteous and punishments for the evil-doers."² There is, indeed, nowhere the slightest hint at the existence of a positive Power of evil, age-old Antagonist of a beneficent God and master of deceit, as the Satan of the Bible; nowhere the slightest awareness of what later ethical religions have styled as "sin" — *i.e.*, the transgression of God's orders. Akhnaton's God gave no orders. He is an "amoral" God. We must remember that He is not a man; nor a being superior to man who made man in his likeness. He is the immanent Power within all things; the Source of life — not a person; the One indefinable Principle that burns in heat, shines in light, roars and sings in sound, moves through matter as electricity; the Principle that exists at the root of the ultimate unity of existence. Can such a God be reduced to our petty standards? Can He be "good" or "bad" at our scale? — be "moral" or "immoral"? No immanent God can be. To no God who bears to the physical universe the intimate relation which Akhnaton's "Shu-within-the-Disk" bears to it, can be ascribed a moral personality. His consciousness, if any, is not a personal one. His love for His creatures is as indiscriminate as the

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 127.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 95.

warmth of the Sun-beams, that radiate both over the good and over the wicked. The idea of a distributive Justice is a human idea — not God’s concern. Morality is in us; not in Him.

* * *

Should then a follower of Akhnaton take the easy course of doing just what he pleases?

The Founder of the Religion of the Disk insisted upon “life in truth.” “There is in his Teaching, as it is fragmentarily preserved in his hymns and in the tomb-inscriptions of his nobles, a constant emphasis upon ‘truth’ such as is not found before or since,” says Breasted.¹ He called himself “Ankh-em-Maat” — “the One-who-lives-in-Truth.” But what is truth? “Maat,” writes that learned scholar in hieroglyphics whom we have many times quoted, Sir Wallis Budge, “means what is straight, true, real, law, both physical and moral, the truth, reality, etc.”² By “living in truth” the king, adds he, “can hardly have meant ‘living in or by the law,’ for he was a law to himself. But he may have meant that in Atenism he had found the truth or the ‘real’ thing, and that all else, in religion, was a phantom, a sham. Aten lived in maat, or in truth and reality, and the king, having the essence of Aten in him, did the same.”³

If this interpretation of maat be the right one, then it appears that a man’s behaviour should be, in Akhnaton’s eyes, inspired by the knowledge of the few facts and the acceptance of the few supreme values which form, as we have seen, the solid background of the Aton faith. These facts were the oneness of the ultimate essence, and the unity of all life, its manifold and ever-changing expression; the fatherhood of the Sun and, through Him, of the Power within Him — Cosmic Energy — and the subsequent brotherhood of all living creatures, not of man alone; the unity of the visible and of the invisible world, of the physical — the material —

¹ J. H. Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 120.

² Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 86.

³ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 86-87.

and of the more subtle, as put forward in the identity of the fiery Disk with the Heat and Light within it. In other words, they were the few general truths which modern research is gradually confirming, and which would still satisfy, it seems, the thinking men of the remotest ages to come. The Religion was the only true religion, and “all but it was a phantom, a sham,” in the sense that it was not a particular creed, with undeniable religious appeal but, also, with necessary limitations destined to become more and more apparent as centuries would pass; not a religion among many, but the framework from which no teaching could seriously depart if it was to be absolutely universal, and to stand victoriously the test of time. It set forth no commandments; it had no catalogue of “dos” and “don’ts.” Yet it could be, and was, a guide to behaviour, for the reason that our behaviour is the outcome of what we are — that is to say, of what we know and of what we love. The Religion of the Disk was based upon the intuitive knowledge of this harmonious universe, dominated (at our scale at least) by the Sun, our “Father and Mother,” and upon the love of its beauty. He who possessed these needed no commandments in order to live according to the Master’s standards — in harmony with the beautiful world, in harmony with life, with his own deeper nature; “in truth.”

The visible universe obeys laws — those great cosmic laws, of whatever nature they be, that bring into it that majestic order of which the trained human mind can catch a glimpse; the laws that rule the course of the stars and the play of matter. The invisible world, likewise, has its laws of action and reaction, no less true. He who wishes to “live in truth” should not only think of those divine unwritten laws “both physical and moral,” and act rationally, in small things as well as in great ones, but strive to reflect, at his scale, the beauty of the sunlit earth and the impartial kindness of the Power within the Sun. He should love all creatures as himself — as He loves them, Whose rays cause them to live. He should do no harm to them under any pretext; injury to the humblest beast or bird, on the part of a rational being who should know better, is an insult to the Lord of life, a

sacrilege. But that is not enough; he should help them to live and to be happy; to enjoy the light and heat of the common Father and render praise to Him, each one in the manner of its species. He can only be fully rational — in tune with the higher ends of his nature — if he be actively loving, and beneficent to all that lives, as Akhnaton himself, judged by the spirit of his beautiful hymns, appears to have been.

One must remark that this faithfulness to a divine pattern, this feeling of the beauty and importance of life, this active, impartial beneficence were not ordered by the young king as befitting a true follower of his Teaching. They were part and parcel of the personality of whoever was fit to be a disciple. And the Teaching was wasted upon those who, by nature, did not possess a sufficient sensitiveness and a sufficient intelligence to be already inclined that way, in their better moments at least. This is perhaps one of the reasons why Akhnaton seems to have actually preached his doctrine only to a very few people. By the nature of the worship it involved, the Religion of the Disk was, as we have said, suitable to all creatures, from the superman down to the sunflower. But in its practical implications it supposed such a degree of inborn refinement that, far from being applicable to all men, it was, and probably will always remain, a Teaching for the elite. Its morality, essentially aesthetic, and therefore aristocratic, was too free and too generous for the many to understand — a reason why the Aton faith has so often been characterised in our times as entirely “amoral.”

There appears to be some ambiguity about the word “morality.” What commonly passes off as such would be better described as obedience to the rules of some definite society at a definite stage of development; to police regulations in the broader sense. According to that popular conception, what one does is more important than what one is; what one is only matters inasmuch as it cannot but determine what one thinks and feels, and ultimately what one does, when left to one’s self. And what one has to do or not to do is decided by the requirements of the community to which one belongs. In all successful religions, the list of “moral” commandments and prohibitions is intimately

linked up with the idea of community, of society; and its practical stability depends upon its susceptibility of receiving various interpretations as the conception of society changes with time and place. Its aim is mainly to make each one of the faithful the worthy member of a human group, or of several broadening human groups — family, tribe or caste, nation, race, humanity.

In the Religion of the Disk, there was no such conception of gregarious obligations. It was not a religion fitting the members of any particular group at any particular epoch; it was the Teaching suited to the fully-conscious individual, in love with the beauty of the Sun and aware, through Him, of his personal relationship to the whole of living creation. The fully-conscious individual — of which the Founder of the religion is himself a luminous prototype — has transcended the bondage of all arbitrary communities. He is actually the member of no group, save of the totality of sentient individuals of all races and species. He owes allegiance to the Father of life alone. He fulfils the “duties” that other men recognise towards their narrow groups, but not for the same reasons nor in the same spirit as they; whenever those duties do not clash with the broader and more fundamental obligation of love towards all life, he fulfils them, in the very name of that deeper obligation. In other cases he does not look upon them as duties. The natural law of his being is the only law of his conduct. And his conduct is consistent with a norm of inner beauty never approached by any group-regulations, precisely because his being has attained the elegance of natural honesty, natural courage and natural kindness. He can do what he pleases, and remain an exponent of reason and of love; nay, indeed, it is only by acting thus, according to his own law, that he is able to remain so; for love and reason are at the root of his being, and he is aware of it.

Breasted says, in his comment on the meaning of “life in truth,” that for Akhnaton “what was right, and its propriety was evident by its very existence.”¹ Surely the learned historian does not intend to say that, to the young

¹ J. H. Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 120.

Pharaoh — who himself acted so differently from others in his private and public life — all that it was the custom to do was right, simply because people did it; still less that, in his eyes, all that a man did was right, just because it had been possible for him to do it. This would be absurd. The king's life-long struggle against organised superstition, and his strange attitude in front of the political "realities" of his age, prove sufficiently that he did not accept any established tradition as a criterion of right and wrong. And his indignant letter to Aziru, on the murder of one of his most faithful vassals, preserved to posterity in his diplomatic correspondence, shows well that no action became justified, in his eyes, on the sole ground of being a *fait accompli*. To him, all that was, in the ordinary sense — all that had happened, or that generally used to happen — was not necessarily right. But what was absolutely, in the religious sense; that is to say, what was always and everywhere; what was, in the estimation of the higher consciousness, more subtle, more acute, more farseeing than the ordinary — the consciousness of cosmic truth, physical and moral — that was right, and that alone.

* * *

From the previous remarks we should, it seems, conclude that though it comprised no particular series of commandments and prohibitions as most other religions do, the Aton faith was far from being without any definite moral implications. That these concerned what one was to be, more than what one was to do; that they pointed out to the spirit in which one was to act, more than to one's action itself, only stresses all the more their truly ethical character. For if there be a fundamental difference between genuine morality and glorified police regulations, it lies no doubt in the flexibility and freedom of moral actions, compared with those ruled by written law or by custom. A really moral action — or abstention — is a work of art in which the whole personality of the agent is involved, a creation stamped with individuality. The action resulting from mere obedience to precise imperatives

is not. Anybody can blindly move according to well-formulated dictates. It is not up to everyone to reflect the serene beauty of the Father of Life; to radiate love — to live in truth. The actual saints of all religions have consciously or unconsciously striven to do so, while average men have always been impressed by the letter of moral injunctions rather than by their spirit.

The real difference between the Religion of the Disk and most other faiths is that, while the latter have provided strict rules of conduct for every person who wishes to adhere to them, Akhnaton's Teaching has not. It merely created an aesthetic atmosphere in which the sensitive soul could easily lift itself towards the everlastingly beautiful, that is both the true and the good. It set forth an object of inspiration — life; and an object of worship — the Sun, source of life — such as whoever loved these with all his senses, with all his heart and all his intellect, would automatically be the most virtuous of men. But it did not go down into details, and tell the disciple what to do or not to do in every particular circumstance of his life. That was left to his own ability for grasping moral truth: that is to say, finally, to a sort of aesthetic intuition. The Aton faith was, as we have already said, an aristocratic one. It ignored the average man with his blunt senses, his awareness to immediate gains and losses, his naturally narrow outlook. It ignored the precise, trivial, compelling necessities of organised society. Those alone could be Akhnaton's disciples who needed not explicit "dos" and "don'ts" in order to be truthful, courageous and kind; those who can be described as "the saints" in opposition to the rank-and-file "sinners"; the elite, in opposition to the general herd of mediocre liars and cowards, too weak even to be consistently bad.

This brings us back to one of our remarks in a previous chapter — namely, that the Religion of the Disk was an expression of the very essence of true religion in the most harmonious language of reason and beauty, rather than a particular creed. We can say of its ethical side something similar to that which we have said of its philosophy: it was, as put forward in the famous royal motto, "living in Truth,"

the essence of moral life, independent of man-made codes of morals, and freed from the fear of hell-fire no less than from that of human sanctions. Akhnaton gave out no commandments, just as he proclaimed no dogmas. The few who were able to enter the spirit of his Teaching needed none. And those who lacked that sort of aesthetic sense which alone enables one to grasp vital cosmic values, would not have been actually “living in truth” even if, with the help of a moral code, they had been doing all that a true disciple of the young king should do — any more than a man with no taste can become an artist just by following all the technical rules of an art.

* * *

If anything can rouse in a man that yearning to live in harmony with eternal values that dominate him, it is surely not the tedious observance of duties imposed upon him, once and for all, by law or by custom. But it may be the glowing example of a superior individual. All the great teachers of the world — the founders of lastingly successful religions — seem to have been far greater by the personal example they have set than by the precepts they have left, however sublime these be.

The absence of explicit precepts, easily applicable to every circumstance of life, was perhaps (just as the other negative features which we have mentioned in a previous chapter) one of the traits of profound rationality which prevented the Aton faith from remaining an organised religion. While the example of its Founder stands for ever to inspire all those who believe that ceremonial alone should be organised, real religion being essentially personal — and unorganisable. The ethics of the Religion of the Disk were based, we said, upon cosmic values (not merely social ones). One should add that they were based upon cosmic values as realised by one exceptional man. The historic figure of Akhnaton dominated them even still more, perhaps, than it did the other aspects of the Teaching, all of which are inseparable from it. The one duty which the disciples

readily accepted was to imitate him whom they called the “Bright Image of the Sun,” the “Son of the Living Aton, like unto Him forever.” And that would be, it seems, the only duty to propose to any man who might wish, in the future, to revive the thirty-three-hundred-year-old religion of love and reason, and make the young Prophet of the Sun, once more, a living force in our world. By imitating him we mean not servilely copying his actions, but imbibing the spirit in which he lived; developing in one’s self the characteristic features of his personality: uncompromising truthfulness, perfect sincerity, allied to the rare courage to stick to what one knows to be right, even at the cost of the highest worldly interests; and along with that, loving kindness, extended to all creatures.

In the tomb of Ay, one of his nobles, one finds in an inscription the words: “He” (Akhnaton) “put truth into me, and my abomination is to lie.” It is difficult to say, in the light of Ay’s subsequent career, how far this assertion was genuine on his part. But it does express the ideal attitude of a disciple of the young king. All wrong, in Akhnaton’s eyes, was but a lie under some form or another; a denial of the positive law of eternal life, which is love; a denial of man’s deeper self, which is in tune with the Cosmos, not at war with it. The follower of the Religion of the Disk had really but to seek the truth of his deeper self, and to live up to it in full sincerity. The example of the Master showed him how beautiful could be the life of a man who did so.

* * *

The importance of Akhnaton himself as a living illustration of his Teaching cannot be overestimated. He was, it seems, fully conscious of it when, in his hymns, he gave to posterity such sentences as the following: “I am Thy Son, satisfying Thee, exalting Thy name. Thy strength and Thy power are established in my heart; Thou art the living Disk; eternity is Thine emanation (or attribute). . . .” “He” (*i.e.*, Aton, the One God) “hath brought forth His honoured Son, Ua-en-ra (the Only One of the Sun) like His own form, never

ceasing so to do. The Son of Ra supporteth His beauties”¹; or when he wrote the significant passage already quoted: “Thou art in my heart. There is no other who knoweth Thee except Thy Son Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra (Beautiful Essence of the Sun, Only One of the Sun). Thou hast made him wise to understand Thy plans and Thy power”²; or the following words, still more strange at first sight: “Every man who (standeth on his) feet since Thou didst lay the foundation of the earth, Thou hast raised up for Thy Son who came forth from Thy body, the King of the South and the North, Living in Truth, Lord of Crowns, Aakhun-Aten, great in the duration of his life (and for) the Royal Wife, great in majesty, Lady of the Two Lands, Nefer-neferu-Aten Nefertiti, living (and) young for ever and ever.”³

These bold statements of his relationship to God cannot be understood in their proper sense unless one replaces them in their context, that is to say, in the whole system of ideas at the basis of the Religion of the Disk; especially unless one connects them with that hardly less bold assertion that the “Heat-and-light-within-the-Disk” and the Disk itself — Energy and Matter — are one. This having been proved correct as a result of modern scientific speculations (correct, at least, in the manner of an hypothesis which does actually account for the known facts) cannot be called “dogma.” Yet, religiously speaking, as we have previously tried to explain,⁴ it argues the substantial unity of God (an impersonal God, of course) and Nature, visible and invisible; the existence of the same unchangeable Thing — divine Energy — at the bottom of all things visible and invisible, material and immaterial, which change everlastingly. In other words, for as much as one is able to infer from the hymns — his only surviving works — Akhnaton’s Teaching seems to have been founded on an implicit if not explicit pantheistic monism.

¹ Shorter Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 120.

² Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 134.

³ Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 135.

⁴ In Chapter V.

As we have already endeavoured to make clear in a former chapter,¹ the young king's claim to be the Son of God (without his pretending, as other Pharaohs, to have been miraculously conceived from any particular deity) was nothing but the expression of the total consciousness he had of the presence of the ultimate Essence of all things within him; the assertion, repeated at various epochs, by the author of the Chandogya Upanishad and by the fully "realised" souls of all the world, that he "was That."

What we wish to stress here is that, though he found nowhere around him anyone who possessed, like him, the knowledge of the Unchangeable within the transient, of Godhead within nature and within man, he was aware that this direct, sensuous, so as to say, experience of oneness was the goal of created life. And he was aware that he himself, who had reached it, stood apart from the average man — as far apart from him, indeed, as he from the crowd of still less awakened sentient beings, if not further; apart from him, and yet linked up with him, as each definitely superior species is linked up with the less conscious ones that precede and condition its coming into being. He was a man — physically conceived and born as all men — and yet more than a man. He was, not merely in name but in fact, the Beautiful-Essence-of-the-Sun, since he felt that Essence, that indefinable Energy, running through his nerves; the Only-One-of-the-Sun, since he alone was aware of the real nature of the fiery Disk, while other creatures, though worshipping It, knew It but dimly or not at all; Akhnaton — the Joy of the Sun — since every new step towards more complete consciousness brought new joy (experience had taught him that), and since the Soul of the Sun, which is the Soul of the Universe — the One without second² — became fully conscious of Itself within him; the Son of God, Who was alone to know His Father. As the visible Disk and the invisible, intangible "Heat and Light," the Energy within it, were one, so was he one with that same all-pervading Radiant Energy experienced within him. And he knew it. His

¹ Chapter V, pp. 119-120.

² "Ekam adityam" in the Sanskrit Scriptures.

nerves knew it. His body — an atom of matter finally tracing its origin to our parent star (like all matter on earth) — was aware of the Power within its depth; of its soul, which is none but the Sun's own Essence, which is God. God and created nature were one in him, Akhnaton, precisely because he was not, by a miraculous birth, set apart from nature, but was a man naturally conceived and born and reared. They were all the more one because he was, also, a man who, with both his exceptional intellectual gifts and his clear insight into eternal truth beyond the reach of pure intellect, lived to the full the happy natural life of all creatures. On the other hand, he could and he did live the natural life of the body and of the mind in perfect beauty and "in truth," only because he fully knew the higher meaning of it; because he was a "realised soul," a perfect Individual — a Son of God.

* * *

Now, perhaps, we can venture to explain what appears to be the strangest of those assertions of Akhnaton's divinity, to which scholars hardly ever refer in their comments on his religion save, at most, like Sir Wallis Budge, in a spirit of biased criticism which misses the point. The statement we are thinking of is the last one quoted in a preceding paragraph: "Every man who (standeth on his) feet, since Thou didst lay the foundation of the earth, Thou hast raised up for Thy Son who came forth from Thy body, the King of the South and the North, living in Truth, etc. . . . and for the Royal Wife, great in majesty, Lady of the Two Lands, Nefer-neferu-Aten Nefertiti, living and young for ever and ever."¹

Taken literally, this would seem to indicate that Akhnaton believed all men to have been born and to have lived for himself and for his consort, from the dawn of the human race onwards, which is obviously not what he intended to say. But if, as we have tried to show above, the young Pharaoh was aware at the same time of his divinity as a

¹ Longer Hymn, Translation of Sir Wallis Budge, *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 135.

fully conscious centre of Cosmic Energy and of his humanity as one who had human parents; and if, in his eyes, to reach that total consciousness of the divine within one's self was to exhaust the highest possibilities of our species (becoming one's self, so as to say, the culmination of it), then the amazing passage appears in a new light. It has a meaning, and a lofty one, too. It signifies that since the time, far-gone indeed, when God did "lay the foundation of the earth," the whole scheme of life has been steadily tending towards the creation of its supreme type: the God-conscious and therefore godlike human being — the Son of God. It means that every individual man was born with latent possibilities of Godhead which he would generally not feel at all, or feel more or less dimly; which he would perhaps try to express, in art and life, but which the fully conscious superman alone — the cosmic Individual, God and himself in one — was destined to carry to their utmost realisation. And that Individual, aware of his real nature and "living in Truth"; that eternal Man in whose heart were "established" the "strength and the power" of the living Disk, was himself, the "King of the South and the North, Lord of Crowns" — Akhnaton of Egypt, son of Amenhotep Neb-maat-ra, a very definite figure in time and space. He knew none who had, in his days or before, attained to a similar consciousness of their identity with the Soul of the Sun. And we, who have heard the names of several very ancient sages said to have realised Godhead within themselves, know not if they actually flourished before or after him, for their lives are not dated. It may be that some of them indeed preceded him in time. It may be that many more, of whom nobody has heard, preceded them. It may be also that Akhnaton was, in fact, the first man to realise "in his heart," to the full, the presence of that same hidden Energy which radiates in the Sun-disk — that he was the forerunner, in a way, of a new species, superior to man. He is, at least, the first such one whose life can be followed step by step, with historical certitude, and dated with an approximation of but a few years.

That idea that he was the culmination of an evolution

which had begun with the “foundation of the world” was perhaps at the root of the public honours the young king seems to have rendered to his ancestors. We know that, among those to whom he erected shrines in his newly-founded sacred City, Akhetaton, were the great warrior-like Pharaohs of his dynasty, Thutmose the Third and Amenhotep the Second, the builders of the Egyptian empire — staunch worshippers of the national gods, above all of Amon, to whom they consecrated the spoils of their conquests. No man could have been more alien than they to the gentle king who preached the doctrine of one nation, the earth, united in the love of one God, the Sun. And yet, they had their shrines, “each of which had its steward and its officials”¹ in the City of the One God. Arthur Weigall tells us that it was Akhnaton’s desire to show, in this manner, “the continuity of his descent from the Pharaohs of the elder days and to demonstrate his real claim to that title of ‘Son of the Sun,’ which had been held by the sovereigns of Egypt ever since the Fifth Dynasty, and which was of such vital importance in the new religion.”²

But in the light of our comments on the true meaning of that title (which the Founder of the Aton faith would have claimed anyhow, because he had every right to claim it, even apart from his royal birth), it would seem that those temples to the memory of the dead Pharaohs were erected in quite a different spirit. An unbroken filiation to royal ancestors of a “solar line” two or more millenniums old could not add much weight to the claim to divinity of one who had experienced, through his nerves, the presence in him of the Soul of the Sun. While, on the other hand, if “all men” had gradually developed their possibilities only in order that he might finally appear, in the full-bloom of his individual Godhead — if they had all been “raised up” for him, as he says himself — then surely his own immediate forefathers were, in a still much more direct and effective manner, responsible for his coming. Whatever might have been the

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 171.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), pp. 171-172.

gap between them and him — between their world and his, between their gods and his — yet it remained a fact that they and not others had given him that body in the depth of which was rooted his true solar consciousness (not that of historical or legendary connections with any particular deity, but that of vital identity with the Radiant Energy of the One Sun — the One God). They deserved their shrines, not for justifying any dynastic claims of his, but simply for being the human progenitors that had given birth to him, the godlike Individual, the Sun in flesh and blood.

* * *

One more point, however, clearly referred to in the passage quoted a few pages above¹ from the Longer Hymn, seems to need explanation, and that is the place given by Akhnaton himself to “the Royal Wife . . . Nefer-neferu-Aten Nefertiti” in the Religion of the Disk.

There can be no doubt that the person here mentioned is actually the Pharaoh’s consort, the beautiful young queen whose portrait-busts in the Berlin Museum are perhaps the most widely admired of all the masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture. Her titles — “great in majesty, Lady of the Two Lands, living and young for ever and ever” — only confirm her identity. And no explanation of any kind can be put forward to account for this allusion to her, save that the Founder of the Aton cult wished to say that which he said, *i.e.*, that he believed the evolution of man to have culminated in himself (the only man he knew to be God-conscious) and in her. The question is therefore: on what grounds was she, in his eyes, entitled to such an exalted position in the hierarchy of creatures that “every man who standeth on his feet” since God “did lay the foundation of the earth,” had been “raised up” for her, no less than for him? In other words, of what significance was she in his Teaching, and in what light should she be looked upon by those who wish to be his followers?

¹ p. 197.

From all available written and pictorial evidence it appears, as we have already seen,¹ that Akhnaton and Nefertiti loved each other dearly. If the young king had taken no “secondary wives,” as had been the custom with his fathers, it was simply because, in this one queen of his and in the children her love had given him, “his heart was happy,” as he himself declares in so many inscriptions. The extraordinary importance he seems here to give his consort may be just a proof of how deeply he felt all that he owed to her. From what one knows of his earnest and sensitive nature, one may infer that he understood better than any other man the supreme value both of tenderness and of pleasure. It is difficult — and it would be perhaps indiscreet — to attempt to say more. Akhnaton is one of those rare characters so admirably balanced and beautiful that they should be felt rather than discussed. And average imagination, which dissociates the spiritual from the physical and the emotional planes instead of comprehending them in their organic continuity, will probably always remain unable to conceive what that sacred intimacy with his queen (faintly reflected in a few attitudes upon the bas-reliefs of the time) actually meant to him, whose body and soul were in tune with each other and with the silent music of Life. The young Pharaoh knew how profoundly the woman who loved him and whom he loved was one with him. And just as he had ordered her features to be represented upon the monuments along with his, and on the same scale, so did he bring in her name and titles, along with his, in the bold statement that he was the Man for whom “all men” had been “raised up” from the beginning of the world. He could not conceive of himself apart from her. We may think that he would have been anyhow the perfect individual whom he was. But he probably believed that, without her, something vital would have been missing in his life. He had needed the warmth of love she had given him, and all the knowledge he and she had acquired together, in their love, to become complete. And therefore, in none of his highest claims did he consider himself alone. He was “he and she.” In him, the perfect

¹ In Chapter IV, pp. 98-100.

Individual reflected and expressed the godlike Couple, for ever one, in divine union on all planes.

This is one interpretation of the meaning of the place given to Nefertiti in the above quotation. There is another. The “Lady of the Two Lands” may perhaps be considered here not only as the Wife, inseparable from Akhnaton himself — “one flesh” with the conscious flesh of the Sun — but also as his best disciple, the model and prototype of all those who wish to follow him. And “all men,” it may be suggested were “raised up” for her in the sense that her approach to eternal truth, through the simplicity of a loving heart, corresponded to an essential stage which they all had to reach before being able to experience within themselves the immanent Soul of the Sun.

Very little, it is true, is known of the extent to which she “understood” her lord’s religion. When the king instituted Merira as high-priest of the Disk, he is supposed to have addressed him as his “servant who hearkeneth to the Teaching” and with “all the works of whom” he was satisfied. At least, those are the sentences put into his mouth in the inscription on the walls of Merira’s tomb. Other courtiers similarly claim to have understood the Pharaoh’s “Teaching of Life”; to “hearken to his words,” etc. We shall never know how far such statements, even when attributed to the king himself, expressed his actual opinion of his nobles or were merely boasts on the part of officials competing with one another in loyal zeal. But from the little history tells us and permits us to guess about what happened in Egypt only a few years after Akhnaton’s death, one can safely say that most of the Pharaoh’s followers (including the high-priest Merira) were not the fervent disciples that they had consistently pretended to be during his lifetime. On the other hand, without the protestations of faith in him and in his Teaching which one reads on the walls of their tombs; without, indeed, any outward claim, it is possible, even probable, that Nefertiti had imbibed more of the spirit of the Religion of the Disk than any of them. That she was the “Royal Wife,” his beloved, was perhaps a reason, but could surely not have been a sufficient reason for the young king

to have her standing at his side and officiating with him in most if not all the ceremonies in honour of his God, had she not shown an earnest attachment to the new faith, and had she not grasped the essentials of it through the path of devotion if not also through that of knowledge. And the fact that, in spite of her being a woman, he committed to her charge the temple of the Setting Sun — the “House-of-putting-the-Aton-to-rest” — argues at the same time his utter disregard for custom and his recognition of the queen’s genuine zeal for his Teaching.

Not enough is known of Nefertiti for one to say if she was or not a disciple as “intellectual” as some others might have been — one who could have explained the Teaching rationally, or even written philosophical comments upon it. But she certainly was one who accepted it wholeheartedly and put it at the centre of her life, both because she deeply felt its beauty and because she deeply loved its inspired Promoter. Devotion had doubtless led her to the very gates of knowledge, if not to knowledge itself.

And, in stating that from the beginning of the world “all men” had been “raised up” for himself and for her, Akhnaton has perhaps simply wished to stress how far advanced in the human evolution is the real Disciple — the devotee who gets a glimpse of ultimate truth through his (or her) absolute love for a God-conscious being and for the Sun, God’s visible Face, if not for the divine impersonal Energy that resplends, though in a different manner, in both of these. Of those who had attained the higher stage of complete consciousness of their identity with the Essence of the Sun, he knew none but himself. He has said so: “Thou art in my heart and there is none who knoweth Thee save Thy Son, Neferkheperu-ra Ua-en-ra. . . .” But he knew at least one whose sincerity and wholeheartedness contrasted with the lip-homages of most of his followers, the superficiality or actual indifference of many of which he was probably beginning to become aware; one who, through intense devotion, had transcended herself and was, even without having his direct knowledge of the supreme “Heat-and-light-within-the-Disk,” nearer to him and nearer to It than any other. And that one was his consort —

the same individual whose love had perhaps played its part in the awakening of his own deeper consciousness.

It is possible that by declaring “all men” to have been “raised up” for her as for himself, he was alluding to her devotion as typical of a true disciple’s; of one, that is to say, who is on the way to attain the goal of man that he had attained. It is also possible that he simply meant that she was inseparable from himself, the God-conscious Man. But we believe that, still more probably, the two interpretations can be put forth at the same time as complementary. The former may, in a way, be the consequence of the latter in the particular case of Queen Nefertiti who was first Akhnaton’s consort and then only his devout disciple. The latter, in turn, is not independent of the former, in the sense that the beautiful “Lady of the Two Lands” was perhaps such a perfect wife precisely because she was her lord’s disciple and collaborator — one with him on all planes, as we have said. And that oneness on all planes with a God-conscious Teacher is perhaps the highest stage which can be reached by all those to whom is not given, here and now, the direct experience of Godhead within life. The world is therefore “raised up” for the few who reach it, as well as for the fewer still who, like Akhnaton, go further beyond.

* * *

We can now try to sum up the essential features of the Teaching which we have termed the “Religion of the Disk,” and which Akhnaton regarded as the universal religion, and preached as such.

Based upon its Founder’s intuition — we should say, it seems, on his direct awareness — of the equivalence of all forms of Energy, of the identity of Energy and of what appears to the senses as matter, and of his own substantial oneness with that same Energy that is at the root of all existence, it represents, philosophically, as we have stated, a variety of pantheistic monism hardly different (if different at all) from that of the Indian seers who, some centuries later, wrote the Upanishads. It stands apart from other

purely speculative systems, inasmuch as it was a cult as well as a philosophy. In it, the immanent Soul of the Sun (and of the Cosmos), “Heat-and-Light which is in the Disk” — Radiant Energy — was the object of a stately public worship comprising music and dancing¹ and the singing of hymns, along with the ritual offering of food, drink, flowers, and incense. The only visible form, however, which the worshipper was allowed to consider, apart from the resplendent Face of our Parent star in heaven, was the image of the Sun-disk with rays ending in hands, symbolising the power radiating from the Sun down to the earth on which we live.

Akhnaton himself occupied a prominent place in the religion² as the “Son of the Sun” or “Son of God,” that word designating not a man miraculously conceived (the young king never put forth that irrational claim), but the Man who, while conceived and born like all creatures, had exhausted the highest possibilities of human nature by becoming directly conscious of the presence of the Soul, or Essence of the Sun — immanent Cosmic Energy — within his nerves.

Queen Nefertiti, both as the Wife who was a part of himself and as the true Disciple who had wholeheartedly accepted him and his Teaching, through love, was second only to him. And it is probable that, had the Religion of the Disk survived, it would have centred round these two figures — especially round its Founder, looked upon (and rightly, too, in the sense which we have made clear) as divine. Along with the intellectual worship of universal Energy, it would have become the devotional cult of the Perfect Individual — the only one to deserve, by his own right, the name of “Son of the Sun.” And any imaginable attempt to revive it would, it seems, if successful, result in the same; so inseparable is the Teacher from his Teaching.

The philosophical conclusions which can be drawn from

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 92.

² “Taken together they (the tombs of El Amarna) only reveal one personality, one family, one home, one career, and one mode of worship. This is the figure, family, palace and occupations of the king, and the worship of the Sun — which also was his. . . .” — Norman de Garis Davies, *The Rock Tombs of El Amarna*, pp. 18-19.

the hymns (and from minor sources¹) — the equivalence of heat, light, sound, electricity and all manifestations of energy, and the substantial identity of energy and matter — have been, as we have said, confirmed by the general tendency of modern science to resolve matter into atoms, atoms into centres of power, and qualitatively different kinds of power into outward expressions of quantitative differences (in length of wave, etc.). They can therefore to-day be called positive knowledge, though they were, originally, the result of one man's apparently unaccountable intuition. It is to them that Sir Flinders Petrie refers when he calls the Religion of the Disk a religion which could have been “invented to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions.”²

The idea of his own oneness with the supreme immanent Reality — solar Energy, *i.e.*, Cosmic Energy — was the result of Akhnaton's inner experience — an experience as compelling and, to the person who lived it, by no means more “irrational” than any sensuous apprehension of facts, and shared by all those whom we call “realised” or “God-conscious” souls.

That other all-important idea of the unity of all life and brotherhood of all living creatures is based, at the same time, upon the general substantial pantheism of the Religion of the Disk; upon the fatherhood of our parent star, nourisher of all beings — a fact; and upon the response of even the meanest of living things to His beneficent heat and light — another fact.

Akhnaton's Teaching can therefore in no way be compared to any of those faiths based upon the supernatural revelation of a personal God through miraculous happenings. It is connected with no miracles, save the everyday miracle of birth and growth, and that miracle of perfect beauty: the life of its Founder. It is rational in the sense that its fundamentals express a human experience: that of universal oneness (an experience reserved, indeed, to a very few individuals, but of which the implications are confirmed

¹ Such as the scarab found at Sadenga, in which Aton is called “great one of roarings (or thunders).” See Sir Wallis Budge: Tutankhamen, *Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 104-105.

² Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

by science), and facts of this earth, such as the happy reaction of all creatures to the warmth of sunshine. But it draws its inspiration from the beauty of the Sun and of the natural world, and from the joy of life, more than from any precise theory of the universe, however objective, however “scientific.”

At least to the extent to which we know of it, it puts forth no definite views about death and the destiny of the dead. Though a prayer, inscribed upon Akhnaton’s coffin, suggests that he personally believed in the survival of consciousness in a much subtler state of corporeality, it seems as if, in his Teaching, the “problem of death” as well as the problem of suffering were deliberately left aside as insolvable when considered at our general human scale, and automatically solved for those who, here and now, live “in truth.”

Ethically, the religion was of the highest standard, implying absolute sincerity in thought, speech and action — sincerity towards one’s self as well as towards others; above all, towards one’s deeper nature — and love, not for man alone, but for all living creatures considered as our brothers. This fact of its being by no means man-centred but “life-centred” places it, in our eyes, far above the later monotheisms that a few modern authors — one serious archaeologist at least, Arthur Weigall; and one famous psychoanalyst, Sigmund Freud himself — have endeavoured to put in parallel with it,¹ or to point out as positively derived from it.² The god who has a “chosen people” and the god who is the father of all men but not, it would seem, of the rest of creatures which he gave man the right to exploit, are equally alien to the all-pervading “Heat-and-Light within the Disk” — immanent Energy manifested through the Sun. And both are but puerile and barbaric tribal gods, compared with that truly universal Father-and-Mother of all life, Whom the young Pharaoh adored.

To be truthful to the bitter end, with courage — with heroism if necessary — and to love all creatures and be kind

¹ Arthur Weigall (*Life and Times of Akhnaton*, New and Revised Edit. 1922, pp. 101, 127) stresses the resemblance of the Teaching to Christianity.

² S. Freud (*Moses and Monotheism*) sees in Moses an Egyptian, follower of Akhnaton, whose Teaching he tried to give to the Jews.

to them (not only do them no harm, but to do them positive good; to all of them impartially, as our Father, the Sun) is therefore the sacred duty of anyone who looks upon Akhnaton as his Master.

A very definite line of conduct in everyday life, and no less definite reactions to all forms of hypocrisy, cowardice and cruelty; the condemnation of the revolting exploitation of animals and men — especially of that of the more helpless animals — which has kept on dishonouring mankind from before the dawn of history, is logically implied in the admission that we are all brothers in the Sun; co-worshippers, at different levels of consciousness, of the One same Principle of all Life. Equally implied in it is the respect, as far as possible, of trees and plants which are, also, in their own way, happy to thrive in the sunlight — a whole practical philosophy in which the God-conscious Individual in tune with life as a whole (and not man as a chosen species exploiting at will the rest of the living) is the centre, the purpose, the culmination of creation on earth. And this remains true, whether those who once called themselves Akhnaton's disciples lived up to their faith with all its consequences or whether they did not.

Yet, it is correct to say that the Religion of the Disk seems to have comprised no explicit commandments and prohibitions. It logically implied certain actions; it excluded certain others. It ordered nothing; it forbade nothing. It was not a device to keep the average man out of mischief, but a "Teaching of life" addressed to those few whom their rational mind, their straightforward nature, and above all their sensitiveness to the beauty of the living sunny world predisposed to receive it and who, having imbibed its spirit, would naturally live up to its practical implications. It was — it is — as we have said, in one sense the only religion for all living creatures, and in another, a religion only for the elite of men.

Sir Wallis Budge tells us that "the Atenites adored and enjoyed the heat and light which their god poured upon them, and . . . sang and danced and praised his beneficence, and lived wholly in the present. And they worshipped the triad

of life, beauty and colour. . . .”¹ This is true in a sense, but there is more to say. That joy of life, here alluded to — and which is at the root of the Aton worship — was not, as Sir Wallis Budge seems to suppose, a superficial and sterile gaiety. It was a deep and elevating experience, an inspiration which led the worshipper as near the God-conscious King, true Son of the Sun — *i.e.*, as near the perfected End of human growth — as the limitations of his individual nature permitted him to reach.

We have just now spoken of the practical implications of the Teaching in the disciple’s daily life. What we have yet to see of Akhnaton’s unusual career illustrates the application of its principles by its very Promoter to a problem of all times: the problem of war; in particular, of war in connection with one’s colonies.

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 96.

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Part III

TRUTH VERSUS SUCCESS

CHAPTER IX**UNREST IN CONQUERED LAND**

In order to realise all the importance of what Akhnaton did — or abstained from doing — when the hard “necessities” of war were thrust upon him, one should first keep in mind the most exalted position which he occupied in the world of his days.

As we have stressed at the beginning of this book, the Egyptian empire was, when he took it over by hereditary right, the greatest empire existing. It could certainly not be compared, either in extent or organisation, with what the Roman empire was one day to be, or with what the British empire is at present. Far from it. But still, with its frontiers stretched from the banks of the Upper Euphrates and the Amanus Mountains — the extreme north of Mesopotamia and the south-eastern limits of Asia Minor — down to and even beyond the Fourth Cataract of the Nile; with the terror of the thirteen victorious campaigns of Thotmose the Third, the conqueror (and of the ruthless punitive expeditions of his successor), fresh in every man’s memory; and with the blessings of local freedom coupled with a firm administration and the security of trade which it gave to the small vassal states that mainly composed it, it surely commanded, in the fourteenth century B.C., from the Black Sea to Abyssinia and from the Grecian mainland to Arabia and the Persian Gulf, much of the prestige that the British empire enjoys to-day all over the globe.

It cannot be called the oldest empire of the world: some twenty-five centuries before,¹ Sargon of Agade had once united under his sceptre all lands from the Mediterranean to Baluchistan. But one can say, with Breasted, that “the administration and organisation” of this Egyptian empire “represent the earliest efforts of government to devise an

¹ According to others, at a much less early date; see Chap. I, p. 13.

imperial system.”¹ Without perhaps being as efficient as in a modern state of the same size, they were surely thorough enough to render the domination of Egypt practically unshakable for many hundreds of years, provided the succeeding Pharaohs would not lose the active interest of their fathers in foreign possessions, nor give up their good old warrior-like traditions and hesitate to take action at the slightest signs of disloyalty.

Akhnaton was now the emperor of those vast and various countries; the distant divine Pharaoh to whom the wild chieftains of the Far South — Nubians and even Negroes — no less than the princes of the Orontes and of the Upper Euphrates looked up as “the King, the Sun of the lands.” He was the most powerful man on earth. And the richest. The inexhaustible resources of the Sudan and of the faraway tropical forests — gold and ivory, slaves and precious woods — were his. Syria, a land of “abundant honey, wine and oil,”² of rich flocks and harvests, of ivory,³ cedar wood, precious stones, copper, lead and silver,⁴ was his — without counting Egypt herself, in all times “the granary of the East.” Taxes were collected efficiently, and the tribute of the subject princes (of which the amount, though not known to us, must have been considerable) poured in regularly, at least up to the twelfth year of the Pharaoh’s reign. And if we add to this all the wealth already amassed before his accession as the spoil of war, “the beautiful and luxurious products”⁵ of Syrian industry wrested from the palaces of vanquished kings and from the temples of vanquished gods by generations of conquering Pharaohs; if we add the fabulous treasures patiently accumulated by the priests of Amon, and the enormous revenues of their estates, all confiscated by Akhnaton himself, then we may expect, perhaps, to imagine the amount of gold and silver and mercenary manpower of

¹ Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 87.

² S. Cook: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 328.

³ S. Cook says that “elephants were hunted at Niy,” *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 328.

⁴ S. Cook: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 329.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 328.

which the young Prophet of the Sun could easily dispose, if he liked. It is indeed no wonder that the envious foreign kings who kept on begging for presents from him in their letters, assert so emphatically, on every occasion, that “verily, in the land of Egypt, gold is as common as dust.”

We have seen previously what riches Akhnaton lavished upon his new capital, especially upon the great temple of Aton and the other most important buildings. We have mentioned the magnificent decoration of his own palace. And if the kings of Babylon, of Mitanni, of Assyria, and of the Hittites show, as they do in their letters, that they were hardly ever satisfied with the presents he sent them, we must not, it seems, with Sir Wallis Budge,¹ rush to the conclusion that he lacked the royal generosity of his father. Knowing as we do that many of his correspondents asked for “more gold” in order to achieve some “new temple” which they had begun to build, we should rather see, in the Pharaoh’s alleged “parsimony,” a refusal to contribute with his wealth to the embellishment of the shrines of foreign local gods — false gods such as he had suppressed in his own country for drawing men’s attention away from the One universal Sun. It was not “parsimony.” It was a matter of principles. Whenever he thought it necessary (or harmless) to spend money, the Pharaoh did so without hesitation, in as kingly a manner as any of his predecessors. And even after the building of Akhetaton, even after all the costly works which he undertook all over the empire, to the glory of the One God — the foundation of new cities as centres of His cult, the erection of numerous temples — he still had enormous sums at his command; more than enough to defend his Asiatic dominions, if he chose to do so.

* * *

As we have said, the Egyptian empire, especially the northern half of it, was a conglomeration of innumerable small vassal states. Every Syrian or Canaanitish town of little importance had its “king,” who acknowledged himself as the

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 98.

“servant” of the faraway Pharaoh and paid tribute to him. The whole country was under the immediate supervision of a “governor of the northern countries” or “vice-roy of the North.” A man of the name of Yankhamu was then the holder of that title.

The coastal towns, Amki, Arvad, Simyra, Ullaza, Byblos, Beirut, Sidon, Tyre, Accho and, farther south, Ashdod and Askalon (to name only a few of them), carried on with Egypt a flourishing trade. Some, like Byblos (called Gebal or Gubla in the tongue of its people), had always been more loyal to Egypt than others. In the interior, Niy, not far from the great bend of the Euphrates and the Mitannian border, Aleppo, Tunip (or Dunip), Hamath, Kadesh, Damascus, Megiddo, Shunem, Taanach, Jerusalem, were the principal “cities of the king,” some of them definitely loyal — such as Tunip, Megiddo, Jerusalem — others much less so. Kadesh seems to have been among the permanent centres of disturbance.

The limit of Egyptian conquests lay, as we have stated previously, somewhere above the Amanus Mountains. The kingdom of Mitanni, ruled by an aristocracy of probably Indo-Aryan origin, bordered the empire to the north-east. Its kings had been giving daughters in marriage to the Pharaohs ever since the days of Akhnaton’s grandfather. They also often received Egyptian royal maidens as their wives. And Queen Nefertiti, whose parentage is much disputed among scholars, may possibly have been, as Sir Flinders Petrie believes, a Mitannian princess (with an Egyptian mother and grandmother, which would explain her particular features). “Behind Mitanni,” and farther to the north-east, “the friendly kingdoms later known as Assyria were the limits of the known world.”¹

The Egyptian possessions were limited to the east by the desert, which lay between them and the territory of the Kassite king of Babylon; while to the north-west, beyond the Amanus Mountains, stretched the “Great Kheta” or Hittite confederation, of which the distant capital, Hattushash

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 198.

(modern Boghaz-Keui), stood not far from the present site of Ankara. The Hittites were a warrior-like set of people, and their king, Shubbiluliuma, a crafty and ambitious monarch. It is he who seems to have been at the bottom of all the troubles in Syria throughout Akhnaton's reign.

It is difficult to say how far the Syrian vassals of the Pharaoh had already, under Amenhotep the Third, "grown thoroughly habituated to the Egyptian allegiance."¹ However much this might have been, they were not all so loyal as to remain deaf to the various incitations of Shubbiluliuma's agents, eloquently depicting to them the advantages of independence and promising them Hittite support in order to win it. Foreign rule, after all, never was a pleasant thing; and the chieftains of Syria and Palestine, even after having been educated in Thebes (as most of them were) could not all have enjoyed it. As we shall see, those who did seem to have been a minority, while the others, however outwardly loyal, disliked it, apparently, as thoroughly as the native leaders of any subject people generally do.

It happened in this particular case, that foreign rule was Akhnaton's rule — the rule, that is to say, of the "first prophet of internationalism,"² the only man in his days to consider men of all races in the same light (as children of the same Father), and perhaps the only one, if any, capable of understanding the grievances of subject races if set before him. But they did not know him. They knew the distant impersonal king-god (a Pharaoh like any other) whom they had never seen, and quite a number of Egyptian officials and pro-Egyptian local dynasts — the latter, their personal rivals — of whom they had seen too much. And it is likely that they were, also, more often than not, impatient to replace Egyptian domination by their own personal tyranny over the people. The Hittite king, on his side, was endeavouring to use them in order to bring all Syria, if possible, under Hittite domination.

¹ Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 96.

² Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, pp. 127-128.

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All that is known of the unrest in Syria and Palestine in Akhnaton's time can be gathered from a collection of some three hundred and fifty clay tablets — the famous "Tell-el-Amarna Letters" — discovered in 1887 and 1891 on the site of the Pharaoh's ruined capital. These tablets, covered with cuneiform writing, represent what is left of the diplomatic correspondence of the young king and of his father. What was exactly the situation cannot be described with full accuracy of details; nor can one follow its evolution step by step, for the date of many of the Letters is uncertain. Moreover, a great number of precious tablets have been completely destroyed through mishandling. "What has been preserved is therefore but a wreck of what might have been, had any person equal to the occasion placed his hand on them in time."¹

It can, however, be stated that "a great concerted anti-Egyptian movement,"² in which the Hittites were playing the local enemies of Egypt, repeatedly referred to in the letters from northern Syria — and the "Habiru" — the plundering tribes of the desert who joined the rebellion in Canaan — were attacking the loyal vassals of Egypt from the borders of the Euphrates (near the Mitannian frontier) down to the south of Palestine. They were fighting under the leadership of a growing number of chieftains of different races, if we judge by their names. The most prominent of these were, in the North, Itakama — "the man of Kadesh" — the Amorite Abdashirta, and, especially after the death of the latter, his ambitious and unscrupulous son, Aziru; and in the South, Labaya (or Lapaya) and his sons, along with Tagi, soon allied to Milki-ili, his son-in-law. The movement seems to have had two principal centres: the land of Amor, in Northern Syria, and the Plain of Jezreel, in Palestine.

The chiefs who fought most wholeheartedly in the interest of Egypt were Abi-Milki of Tyre, Biridiya of Megiddo (once a centre of resistance to the Pharaohs' northward advance; now a pro-Egyptian city), and, above all, the indefatigable

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 259.

² S. Cook: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 303.

Ribaddi, king of Gebal (Byblos) and Abdikhipa, the faithful governor of Jerusalem. There seem to have been many more sincere supporters of Egyptian rule at the time the troubles started. But as years passed, nearly every new letter from the theatre of war announced the defection of some new “king” — or “kings” — formerly loyal. Even Abi-Milki, for long faithful to his Egyptian allegiance, finished by joining the Sa-Gaz — when tired of waiting in vain for the Pharaoh to help him against them. But all the vassals, including the most notoriously disloyal ones, protest of their loyalty in their correspondence with Egypt. It would appear that the more treacherous they were, the more vehemently they asserted their submission. “To the King, the Sun, my Lord, speaks Abdashirta, the dust of thy feet,” wrote the Amorite agitator to Akhnaton. “Beneath the feet of the King my Lord, seven times and seven times I fall. Lo, I am a servant of the King and his house-dog, and the whole of the land of Amor guard I for the King, my Lord.”¹ And his son, by far the most able and determined enemy of Egypt after Shubbiluliuma himself (of whom he was the tool), wrote in the same tone, while begging the Hittite king to help him to shake off the Pharaoh’s domination and while inciting Zimrida, king of Sidon, and other local princelings to break their old bonds of allegiance and become his allies.

It was surely very difficult for any contemporary observer to distinguish, under the conflicting statements all those chieftains and governors of cities, who was actually loyal and who was not. The Egyptian officers on the spot often made mistakes, as did Turbikha, Yankhamu’s envoy, who unnecessarily hurt the feelings of the Pharaoh’s true friends in Irkata²; or Pakhura, whose mercenaries attacked Ribaddi’s loyal troops, with whom they should have collaborated.³ To march, himself, into Syria, at the head of an army, would not perhaps have helped Akhnaton much in knowing the

¹ Amarna Letters, K. 60, quoted by James Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 353.

² Letter of the Elders of Irkata, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 360.

³ Letter of Ribaddi, K. 122, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 365.

hearts of his vassals, but it would have put an end to the Syrian squabbles and “saved the situation”; for at the mere news of his approach, every outward sign of unrest would doubtless have disappeared. The very name of Egypt, associated with that of its great conquering kings, was still feared. The crafty old monarch in Hattushash would also have changed his policy, had he been under the impression that his opponent was prepared to fight. Akhnaton seems to have been well aware of Shubbiluliuma’s enmity. He severed diplomatic relations with him — a fact of which the Hittite, whose double game had thus come to an end, complains in a letter which has come down to us.¹ But he did not wish to fight. He did not wish to be feared. And though he perhaps did realise, more than many modern authors seem to believe, that nothing would have stemmed the disintegration of the Egyptian empire but “a vigorously aggressive policy,”² he did not wish to adopt such a policy.

* * *

The troubles, which appear to have regularly increased all through the young Pharaoh’s short reign, had definitely started under Amenhotep the Third, as proved by the letter in which Aki-izzi of Katna reports to that king an alliance of the Hittites with several chieftains of the Upper Orontes with an aim to attack the plain of Damascus³ (and Katna, which was on their way southwards). Other letters of the same period report attacks on Amki,⁴ at the mouth of the Orontes, and we also learn that shortly before Akhnaton’s accession, a small Egyptian force had been despatched to Syria under an officer named Amenemapet, who recovered Simyra — an important seaport — from the hands of Abdashirta. But from the whole series of appeals for help addressed to Akhnaton himself by his loyal Syrian vassals — especially by Ribaddi, the author of more than fifty of the

¹ Amarna Letters, K. 41.

² J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 354.

³ Letter CXII (W. 139), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 281.

⁴ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, pp. 280-281; Letters CVII (W. 132) and CX (W. 125).

“Amarna Letters” — it is clear that, though the confusion had already begun to spread by the time he came to the throne, a very little help to the supporters of Egyptian rule would have been sufficient to save the empire — provided it were sent speedily. At this stage of the war, Ribaddi, menaced in his stronghold of Gebal by Abdashirta and his sons, entreats the king to send him “three hundred men” so that he may “be able to hold the city.”¹ In another despatch he writes: “May it seem good to my Lord, the Sun of the lands, to give me twenty pair of horses.”² But this slight help was never sent.

Abdashirta was killed in some skirmish, and the anti-Egyptian movement, for a time, seemed to slacken. But it soon regained a greater impetus than ever under the ablest of the Amorite leader’s sons, Aziru, who then began, in the words of a modern writer, his “amazing game of mingled cunning and boldness against the greatest empire of his world.”³ War rapidly spread all over the country, and the despatches of the loyal vassals grew more and more disquieting. The Amorites, under the command of Aziru and his brothers, were again hammering at the gates of Simyra. They were now in alliance with Arvad — another seaport, north of Simyra. And the faithful Ribaddi wrote to Akhnaton, his lord: “As a bird in the fowler’s snare, so is Simyra. Night and day the sons of Abdashirta are against it by land, and the men of Arvad by sea.”⁴ While the elders of Irkata, a small coastal town to the south of Arvad, wrote in a no less appealing letter, “Let not the breath of the king depart from us. The town-gates have been barred until the breath of the king shall come to us. Mighty is the enmity against us; mighty indeed.”⁵

But not a word of encouragement came from the distant overlord in whom they had put all their hope. It was as

¹ Letter K. 93, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 352.

² Letter K. 103, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 352.

³ J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 359.

⁴ Letter CLXV (W. 84), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 292.

⁵ Letter CLIX (W. 122), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 290. Quoted by J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), pp. 360-361.

though their distressed appeals did not reach him, in his sacred City, or as though they were incapable of touching his heart.

War in Syria continued raging. Ribaddi, in a pressing message, announced that Zimrida of Sidon, Yapa-addu, and other dynasts had joined the rebels, and he begged for troops,¹ for “only Simyra and Irkata” were left to him, and he had to defend them. “Let troops be sent with Yankhamu,”² he repeats, in another despatch. In another he complains that he cannot send ships to Zalukhi and Ugarit (right in the north of Syria) because of Aziru, and tells the king that the Hittites are plundering the lieges of Gebal.³ In another, he explains how acute the food problem has grown in Gebal itself⁴; in yet another, he informs Akhnaton that “the sons of Abdashirta” hold Ullaza, Ardata, Yikhliya, Ambi and Shigata, and asks again for succour, that he might still rescue Simyra from the besieging Amorites. If Simyra surrenders, he fears the fate that is likely to befall him.⁵

At about the same time, among many other increasingly pathetic calls for help, was despatched to Akhnaton from “the citizens of Tunip” in north-east Syria, what is surely one of the most moving official documents of all times. It shows what memories the great warrior-like Pharaohs had left in Syria. It shows, also, to what pitch of disappointment, verging on despair, the apparent indifference of the ruling king had brought the loyal section of the Syrian people, especially in the remoter parts of the empire, where impending danger threatened them on all sides. “Who could formerly have plundered Tunip without being plundered by Menkheper-ra?” (Thotmose the Third), runs the letter; “The gods of Egypt dwell in Tunip. May the king our lord ask his old men (if it be not so). But now we no longer belong to Egypt.” “. . . Aziru has captured people in the land of

¹ Letter CLVIII (W. 78), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 289.

² Letter CLVI (W. 87), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 289.

³ Letter CLII (W. 104), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 289.

⁴ Letter CLXI, Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 290.

⁵ Letter CLXII (W. 86), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 291.

Khatat. Aziru will treat Tunip as he has treated Niy; and if we mourn, then the king of Egypt will also have to mourn. And when Aziru enters Simyra, he will do to us as he pleases, and the king will have to lament. And now, Tunip, thy city, weeps, and her tears are flowing and there is no help for us. For twenty years we have been sending to our Lord, the king of Egypt, but there has not come to us a word from our Lord — not one.”¹

But again no troops were sent. The Pharaoh answered Ribaddi’s letters, but only to tell him to “defend himself,” as it is obvious from the Syrian prince’s reply: “Why has the king, my lord, written to me saying ‘Defend yourself, and you surely will be defended’? Against whom shall I defend myself? If the king would defend his servants, then would I be delivered: but if the king does not defend me, then who will defend me? If the king sends men from Egypt and from Melukhkha, and horses . . . right speedily, then I shall be delivered so that I may serve my lord the king. At present, I have nothing at all wherewith to obtain horses. Everything has been given to Yarimuta to keep life in me.”² This last sentence is evidently an allusion to the precarious food situation which the prince of Gebal was facing; he had had to deprive himself and his people of all other commodities that he might buy grain from the stores of Yarimuta, north of Gebal.³ The tone of the letter shows Ribaddi’s bewilderment at Akhnaton’s attitude, which he fails to understand.

The next event — which Sir Flinders Petrie calls a “landmark” in the history of the loss of the Egyptian empire — was the fall of Simyra. Its helpless defender wrote to the king: “Simyra, thy fortress, is now in the power of the Sa-Gaz.”⁴ The town was completely destroyed by Aziru and his allies. Tyre fell shortly after Simyra.⁵ Abi-Milki, its king,

¹ Letter CLXX (W. 41) quoted by Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, pp. 292-293; quoted also by A. Weigall, *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 205.

² Letter K. 112, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), pp. 363-364.

³ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 291.

⁴ Letter CLXXII (W. 56), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 293.

⁵ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 294.

had been describing his plight in every letter he sent to Egypt. But nothing had come of his efforts to attract the Pharaoh's attention upon the situation in Syria. In the end, he had let things take their course.

Ribaddi was now fighting alone against hopeless odds, for a king who seemed deaf to his cries for help and yet who could easily have supported him, had he wished to do so. It appears that, for once at least, after the loss of Simyra, Akhnaton took pity on his faithful servant. A small force of Sutu (Arab mercenaries) was sent from Egypt to Ribaddi's rescue. But that isolated help proved a disaster. For Pakhura, the officer in command of the reinforcements, mistaking friend for foe — or perhaps secretly won over to Aziru and the rebels — attacked the "Shirdanu" troops upon whom Ribaddi was relying for his defence, and made a great slaughter of them.¹ The people of Gebal immediately threw all the responsibility for this misdeed upon Ribaddi himself, whose position in the city soon became untenable. "Since that time," says he, in one of his messages to the Pharaoh, "the city has been exasperated against me; and truly the city says: 'A crime such has not been committed from eternity, has been committed against us.'"² Already his own brother was at the head of the anti-Egyptian faction, and his wife and his whole household (as he tells the king in another letter) were bringing pressure upon him to sever his allegiance to Egypt and "join the sons of Abdashirta."³ At one time we see that he was forced to leave Byblos, and that he found its gates closed against him.⁴ He managed, however, to re-enter it, seriously fearing he would be driven out

¹ Letter CC (W. 77), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 297. J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 365.

² Letter K. 122, quoted by J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 365.

³ Letter CCVIII (W. 71), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 209. Letter CCXVI (W. 96), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, pp. 299-300. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 213. J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 365.

⁴ Letter CCXVI (W. 96), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 300. J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 366.

for the second time if his messengers again returned from Egypt without help. His last pathetic letters, despatched from the midst of a starving city over which he was daily losing control, are worth quoting in extenso. In this summary review of the Syrian unrest, we shall at least give one or two extracts from them. In one message, Ribaddi compares his present plight as a faithful vassal of Egypt with what his position would have been in the days when the Pharaohs' power was feared in conquered land: "Once," says he, "at the sight of an Egyptian, the kings of Canaan fled from before him, but now the sons of Abdashirta despise the people of Egypt and threaten me with their bloody weapons."¹ His position had even been much stronger in the beginning of the Amorite rebellion: "When Abdashirta formerly came out against me, I was mighty, and behold, now my people are scattered and I am small. . . ."² And letter after letter brings us always that same entreating appeal to Akhnaton to intervene vigorously and save his Asiatic dominions: "Let not my Lord the King neglect the affair of these dogs!"; and always the same unfailing loyalty, firm to the bitter end; that loyalty that found its expression even while Aziru and his men were battering at the walls of Gebal. "So long as I am in the city, I guard it for my Lord, and my heart is right towards my Lord the king, so that I will not betray the city to the sons of Abdashirta. For to this end has my brother stirred up the city, that it may be delivered up to the sons of Abdashirta. O let not my Lord the king neglect the city! For in it there is a very great quantity of silver and gold, and in the temples of its gods there is a great amount of property of all sorts."³ And finally, the last words of a gallant soldier keeping his master informed, to the end, about a situation henceforth hopeless: "The enemy do not depart from the gates of Gebal."⁴ Meanwhile, Ribaddi's son, who had been sent to Egypt to beg for help, waited over three months before he could obtain an audience from the king.

¹ Quoted from *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, pp. 305-306.

² Quoted from *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 306.

³ Letter K. 137, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 366.

⁴ Quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 366.

Gebal was stormed, as so many other cities had been. Ribaddi fell alive into Aziru's hands, and the rebel leader gave him over to his colleagues, the Amorite princes, to be put to death, probably not without torture. With him disappeared the sincerest champion of Egyptian rule in North Syria.

The news of the fall of Gebal must have been a blow to all those who felt for the greatness of Egypt. For not only did the city contain "a great quantity of gold and silver," but it had maintained an unbroken connection with Egypt for long centuries. Montet's excavations in 1921 brought to light on its site the remains of an Egyptian temple dating back to the time of King Unas, of the Fifth Dynasty — one thousand five hundred years before the conquests of Thutmose the Third. Another temple had been built there during the Twelfth Dynasty, and the local god and goddess — the "Lord and Lady of Gebal" — had been identified with Ra and Hathor. So that Ribaddi was right when he wrote to his overlord in Akhetaton: "Let the king search the records of the house of his fathers and see if the man who is in Gebal is not a true servant of the king."¹

But Akhnaton seems to have been more grieved for the death of the faithful vassal who had struggled and suffered for his sake with the bitter feeling of being abandoned, than for the loss of all his possessions. He had probably been for long aware of Aziru's duplicity, and one would think that he only half accepted the clever excuses which the rebel leader put forth each time he was asked an explanation of his behaviour. He had commanded him to rebuild Simyra.² He had summoned him to Egypt to give an account of all the fighting in which he had been involved — perhaps also to answer the accusations brought against him by Abi-Milki, Ribaddi and others. He had sent Khani, a special envoy,³ to see what he was doing, and possibly to bring him back with him to Akhetaton. The Amorite had always very carefully

¹ Quoted by J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 349.

² Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 211. J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 369.

³ J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 370.

avoided the issue, now begging for a delay,¹ now running away from his headquarters in order not to meet the king's messenger.² And Akhnaton had taken no step against him. He did not insist on knowing more about his intrigues. He probably held Aziru to be an ambitious princeling, impatient to aggrandise his territory — like most dynasts, when they could do so. But he does not appear to have judged him capable of having a helpless prisoner done to death in cold blood. The news of that deed came to him as a painful revelation. And the long letter he wrote to his treacherous vassal on that occasion shows a sad amazement in front of the darkest side of humanity suddenly thrust before him by hard facts. "Dost thou not write to the king thy Lord: 'I am thy servant like all the former princes who were in Gebal'? Yet hast thou committed this crime? . . ."³ Then comes the story of how Ribaddi was handed over by Aziru to the Amorite confederates; and Akhnaton continues: "Didst thou not know the hatred of those men for him? If thou art indeed a servant of the king, why hast not thou arranged for his sending to the king thy Lord?"⁴

To send Ribaddi to Egypt, so that his accusing voice might be heard there, was the last thing which the traitor could have been expected to do. But Akhnaton was too good even to suspect such an amount of deceit and cruelty as that of his unworthy vassal.

* * *

Already before the fall of Byblos — perhaps even before the fall of Simyra — troubles had broken out in Palestine where

¹ Letters K. 160 and K. 164, quoted by J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 369. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 211.

² Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), p. 124. Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 212. J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 370.

³ Letter K. 162, of Akhnaton to Aziru, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), pp. 370-371.

⁴ Letter K. 162, of Akhnaton to Aziru, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 371.

Labaya (or Lapaya) and his sons, and Tagi, had greatly succeeded in bringing the wandering desert tribes — the Habiru — to assist them in a general uprising against Egyptian domination.

From the beginning, the letters of the few loyal dynasts to the Pharaoh had been — like those of Aki-izzi of Katna, of Abi-Milki of Tyre, and of the faithful Ribaddi, in Syria — repeated warnings against increasing danger. “Verily,” had written, for instance, Biridiya of Megiddo, “I guard Megiddo, the city of the king, my Lord, day and night. Mighty is the enmity of the people of the Sa-Gaz, in the land: therefore, let the king my Lord have regard to his land.”¹ Yashdata of Taanach, another loyal chief, soon forced to fly for his life and seek refuge at Megiddo, had also written from there in the same tone. But just as in the case of Syria, no help seems to have been sent.

Labaya, captured by the supporters of Egypt, but allowed to escape by Zurata of Accho, a dynast who was playing a double game, was finally killed at Gina (the En-Gannim of the Bible). But his sons, like the sons of Abdashirta in North Syria, led the anti-Egyptian movement after his death. They did all they could to stir up the other local chieftains, using threats where persuasion failed. “Thus have the two sons of Labaya spoken unto me,” wrote one of these, named Addukarradu, to the king of Egypt. “‘Show hostility to the people of Gina,’ said they, ‘because they have slain our father. And if thou dost not show hostility, we shall be thine enemies’; But,” added he speedily, “I answered them: ‘The God of the king my Lord forbid that I should show hostility towards the folk of Gina, the servants of the king my Lord.’”²

But all were not as firm in their loyalty, and from the Plain of Jezreel, where it had probably begun, the disaffection and civil strife spread, on both sides of the Jordan, and soon reached as far south as Gezer. We get from all sides reports of aggression upon towns which still retain their allegiance to Egypt, and news of robbery along the trade-routes, on the part of the Habiru. In one of his letters, Burnaburiash, king

¹ Letter K. 243, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 377.

² Letter K. 250, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 379.

of Babylon, complains to Akhnaton about the plunder of one of his caravans in Egyptian territory, with loss of life, and asks for compensations.¹ The aggressor was none other but Shutatna, the son of that Zurata of Accho, who, in collaboration with one Shumaddhu (Shamu-addu), also a vassal of Egypt, had helped Labaya to escape. On the other hand, Addu-dani (of Gath?) writes that “Beia, the son of Gulati,” has “plundered the city and laid a heavy ransom upon its captives”²; Dangatakala,³ another local dynast, a queen named Ninur,⁴ who styles herself as the Pharaoh’s handmaid, and several others, write entreating despatches, asking Akhnaton for help against the Habiru. Time passed, and no help came. Finally, Jerusalem itself was threatened.

The governor of that city, Abdikhipa, seems to have been in Palestine what Ribaddi was in Syria: a wholehearted supporter of Egyptian rule, taking the Pharaoh’s interests as though they were his own. He had at first allied himself with Shuwardata of Keilah, Zurata of Accho, Milki-ili, and other dynasts and appealed, along with them, to Yankhamu to intervene against the increasing rebellion. But soon those men whom he had trusted proved false, and the situation changed entirely. The governor of Jerusalem wrote to Akhnaton telling him that Milki-ili was siding with his father-in-law, Tagi — one of the chiefs heading the rebellion, and that he had attacked him.⁵ In a subsequent message he announced that, “through the intrigues of Milki-ili and the sons of Labaya,” Gezer, Askalon, and Lachish had become hostile to Egypt; that the royal mail had been robbed in the fields of Aijalon — only fourteen miles from Jerusalem — and that, if no troops came speedily, nothing would be left of the

¹ Letter CXXIV (W. 11), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 285. S. Cook: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 313.

² Letter K. 292 (W. 239); Letter CCLX in Sir Flinders Petrie’s *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, pp. 308-309.

³ Letter CCLXIII (W. 216), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 309. A. Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 210.

⁴ Letters CCLXV (W. 173), CCXLVI (W. 174), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 309.

⁵ Letter CCXXXII (W. 186), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 303; also *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 315.

king's lands.¹ We learn from another correspondent that Lachish had seized Mukhrashti, its eastern neighbour,² and again from Abdikhipa, that Milki-ili and Shuwardata had "hired men of Gazri (Gezer), Ginti (Gath), and Kilti (Keilah), and seized the land of Rubuti (Rabbah)"; that "men of Kilti" (Keilah) had taken "Bit-Ninib, a city of the king" in the territory of Jerusalem, and that if no troops were sent the whole land would fall to the Habiru.³

In the meantime, Shuwardata protested of his innocence — "Let the king ask," wrote he, "if I have ever taken a man, or an ox, or an ass from him"⁴ — and even accused Abdikhipa of disloyalty.⁵ Tagi, the rebel leader, who, like Aziru in Syria, never lost an opportunity of reasserting his allegiance to Egypt, even managed to obtain a personal interview from the king. As in Syria, the Egyptian officers on the spot seem either to have lacked insight or to have been, perhaps, themselves, of doubtful loyalty to Akhnaton. They often favoured the disloyal dynasts, and it is perhaps on the report of some of them that Abdikhipa did not obtain from the Pharaoh as ready a hearing as the double-faced Tagi. He complained bitterly of this in his letters. "By the life of the king my Lord," wrote he, "because I spoke thus to the officer of the king my Lord: 'Why dost thou love the Habiru and hate the regents?' therefore I am slandered before the king my Lord. Because I say: 'The lands of the king my Lord are being lost,' therefore I am slandered before the king my Lord."⁶

As time passed, things fared worse and worse for Egypt. The territory north of Jerusalem was now lost as well as the hill country to the west of the city and the entire sea-coast. "Now," wrote Abdikhipa, "the Habiru occupy the cities.

¹ Letter CCLIV (W. 180), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 307.

² *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 315.

³ Letter CCLVI (W. 183), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 307. Also *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 315.

⁴ *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, pp. 315-316.

⁵ *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 315. Letter CCLI (W. 165), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 306.

⁶ *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 315. Letter K. 286, quoted by Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), pp. 379-380.

Not one prince remains; all are ruined.”¹ No longer able to defend himself against the rebel chiefs, let alone to guarantee the safety of the trade-routes without the Pharaoh’s help, he stuck however to his post, as long as he possibly could: “The king has set his name upon the land of Jerusalem, for ever,” wrote he in one of his despatches, “therefore I cannot forsake the land of Jerusalem.”²

The same insistence upon the emergency of the situation and the necessity of immediate action is repeatedly found in all the faithful governor’s letters, to the end. “The whole land of the king my Lord is going to ruin; send Yankhamu to care for the king’s land,” or “If no troops come this year, all the lands of the king my Lord will be lost.” Such sentences reappear as a leit-motif in nearly all the despatches from Jerusalem. Moreover, Abdikhipa, who seems to have been personally acquainted with Akhnaton’s cuneiform scribe, often added to his messages a “post-scriptum” addressed to him. And the post-scriptum was the same as the message itself — a desperate warning: “To the scribe of the king my Lord, thus speaks thy servant, Abdikhipa: Bring clearly before the king my Lord these words: ‘All the lands of the king my Lord are going to ruin.’”³

But no help was sent.

Finally, Palestine seems to have become too unsafe for any man openly loyal to Egypt to remain there. “Turbatsu was slain at the gate of Zilu,” writes Abdikhipa; “and Yaptiaddi” — another supporter of the Pharaoh’s rule — “was also slain at the gate of Zilu. Send troops to Jerusalem or all will be lost.” And he adds: “If there are no troops this year, let the king my Lord send an officer to fetch me and my brothers, that we may die (in Egypt) with the king my Lord.”⁴

There is no evidence that any step was taken by the king of Egypt, at the last moment, in order to recover even a part of his lost territories, or at least to save Jerusalem, which

¹ Letter CXXXIV (W. 181), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, pp. 303-304.

² Quoted by J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 383.

³ Letter K. 286, quoted by J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 381.

⁴ Letter CCXXXIV (W. 181), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, pp. 303-304. Letter K. 288, quoted by J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 381.

appears to have been his last important stronghold in Asia. From the boundaries of Asia Minor and Northern Mesopotamia down to the Sinai Desert, Egyptian domination now became a thing of the past; a thing, nay, that was never to be again — for though warrior-like Pharaohs were soon to enter again into Canaan and resume the old northward march at the head of their armies, they were to recover and retain but a small portion of the provinces which Akhnaton had allowed “to go to ruin.”

* * *

In the preceding pages we have tried to give, from the Amarna Letters, a rough sketch of the main developments in Syria and Palestine under Akhnaton. We purposely avoided all comments so that the reader might get a faithful picture of the unrest and nothing more. But that picture itself is not complete unless one visualises what horrible realities often lay under the few brief sentences that have come down to us in those thirty-three-hundred-year-old official despatches from the Pharaoh's correspondents. The details given in a few letters are sufficient to help one's imagination. For instance, in his complaint mentioned above about the plundering of one of his caravans, King Burnaburiash informs Akhnaton that, apart from several merchants having been killed by the robbers, “Shumadda has kept one of the Babylonians with his feet cut off; Shutatna has taken another as his slave. . . .”¹

Reports such as this show that man was no better in the fourteenth century B.C. than he is to-day. And if, to the gratuitous atrocities committed by chieftains in no way different from ordinary cut-throats and by the ferocious tribesmen who were in their pay, we add the well-known brutalities inherent to warfare — and especially to civil warfare — in all times, we shall begin to form some idea of the true story told by the Amarna Letters. We shall realise that behind the mention of a single word, the casual reference to

¹ Letter CXXIV (W. 11), Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899, Vol. II, p. 285).

a new place to which war had spread, lay the fact of villages reduced to ashes in the midst of devastated fields and vineyards. We shall feel that every enumeration of a few towns “fallen to the Sa-Gaz” — every line that is, for most modern readers, but a list of picturesque names — covers all the horrors of a series of sieges: furious assaults repelled at the point of the sword; burning missiles setting on fire whole clusters of men and beasts (we have a hint of what it was in the desperate letters of Abi-Milki of Tyre and of Ribaddi of Gebal); then, wild men, half-soldiers, half-brigands, maddened by the lust of violence, rushing through the breaches in crumbling walls; pillage, murder, outrage; children and young maidens torn from their frantic mothers; whole populations driven away and sold in the slave-markets of Syria — a natural consequence of ancient warfare which we tend to forget.

And that is not all. We must picture to ourselves, fleeing in terror before the Sa-Gaz and the Habiru, the endless lines of Egyptian, Syrian and Canaanite refugees who had lost all they possessed; men, women and children, pouring into Egypt across the Sinai Desert, by hundreds and by thousands, ragged and dirty, exhausted, sick, half-starved — some of them half-insane — with recent scenes of rape, slaughter and torture still vivid before their eyes; the people of whom an Egyptian officer in charge of them said: “They have been destroyed and their towns laid waste, and fire has been thrown (into their grain). . . . Their countries are starving; they live like goats of the mountains.”¹

All this could easily have been avoided. A few war-chariots and a few hundreds of mercenaries sent in time would have sufficed; and Akhnaton had at his disposal, as we have seen, the man-power and resources of the greatest empire then existing. Moreover, he seems to have known the danger that was threatening his dominions; he knew it, perhaps not to the extent the modern historian knows it (with the account of the aftermath of the rebellion open before him), but he knew it enough to feel the necessity of taking

¹ Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 125.

some immediate measures if he did not wish to see “the whole land” lost to him. We have recalled that he was suspicious about Aziru’s behaviour; that he summoned him to Egypt and even sent a special messenger to inquire of his dealings — a messenger whom the intriguing Amorite did all he could not to meet. In the letter which he wrote to his faithless vassal, the Pharaoh reproached him for having eaten a covenant meal with the “man of Kadesh” — Itakama — who was an enemy of Egypt, and for having allied himself to him.¹ This proves that he knew all about Itakama’s collaboration with the Hittites. He was probably more aware of the situation than a few modern writers seem to believe. And he wanted peace: “Know thou,” wrote he to Aziru, “that the king desireth not that the whole land of Canaan should be in turmoil.”² And he was fully conscious of his own power to enforce it: “I am very well,” wrote he again, “I, the Sun in the heavens; and my chariots and soldiers are exceedingly numerous; and from Upper Egypt, even unto Lower Egypt, and from the place where the Sun riseth even unto the place where He setteth, the whole country is in good cause and content.”³

And yet he did not send help to the faithful vassals who only begged for the privilege of keeping the empire whole in his name.

* * *

It is easy to imagine the bewilderment of the messengers from Syria and Palestine when they found no response to their cries for military aid in the new capital of Egypt; no reaction to their indignant tales of aggression, save perhaps, in the young king’s large dark eyes, a depth of sadness that they were utterly unable to understand — instead of the expected anger and lust for revenge; no preparation for war, in answer to their desperate warnings.

It is easy to put one’s self in the place of Ribaddi’s son, running all the way from beleaguered Gebal with the one

¹ Akhnaton’s Letter to Aziru (already quoted).

² Akhnaton’s Letter to Aziru (already quoted).

³ Akhnaton’s Letter to Aziru, quoted by A. Weigall, *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 196.

fear that he might reach Egypt too late, only to find himself waiting over three months for Akhnaton to grant him an audience; and then, once in the sacred presence of that mighty monarch in whom he had put all hopes, recalling before him the horrors of the siege of Gebal only to get from him, for all answer, the assurance that he felt for the sufferings of his people but that he did not wish to keep by force a land in which so many princes seemed to be opposed to his rule! The young man probably realised that the king was thoroughly sincere; that the sympathy he expressed was not a mere lip-sympathy. He had seen his face darken with immeasurable sorrow all the time he had spoken to him. He had perhaps even seen a tear roll down his pale cheek. No, this was no hard-hearted king who did not care what happened to those who were struggling for him far away. And we can imagine the son of Ribaddi slowly walking down the steps of the palace with one question troubling his mind: “Then, why no help for us? Why? Why?”

The bearer of the pathetic letter from the elders of Tunip had in vain tortured his brains in search of an answer to the same question. The bearers of all the despatches addressed to Akhnaton by the few vassal princes and governors of cities who remained loyal to him — of all those despatches that “even now move the reader”¹ — had done the same. Anyone can imagine their feelings.

Thirty-three hundred years later, modern authors were to condemn Akhnaton’s “supineness and apathy”² in the name of their sympathy for the loyal people of Syria and Canaan. “All the letters tell the same story of successful revolt on the part of the subjects of Egypt, and the capture and plundering and burning of towns and villages by the Khabiri, and the robbery of caravans on all the trade routes,” writes Sir Wallis Budge. “And whilst all this was going on, the king of Egypt remained unmoved and only occupied himself with the cult of his god.”³ It is easier to condemn a man — and

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 209.

² J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 375.

³ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), p. 102.

especially such a man, far in advance of his own times and of ours — than to try to analyse his motives.

* * *

Just as we can realise the distress of the Syrian envoys when returning home without any promises of help, so we can also picture to ourselves what the crafty Aziru probably felt when, after crushing all his opponents, he at last decided that he could now go to Egypt and see the king, who had summoned him there years before. He sailed up the Nile in gaudy apparel, expecting, no doubt, to impress the Egyptians. But he was himself dazzled at the sight of the City of the Horizon of Aton, and still more so at that of Akhnaton's splendid palace. And though the secret supporters he had at the Egyptian court — a nobleman named Tutu, to whom he had been writing regularly, and others, too — had told him that he had nothing to fear from his overlord; though they had spoken to him of the strange new God in Whose eyes the friends and enemies of Egypt were equal, yet he could hardly believe the Pharaoh's leniency. With such wealth at his disposal, he, Aziru, son of Abdashirta, would have hired soldiers from all countries and built an empire for himself, thought he, as he gazed in amazement at the magnificent temples of Akhetaton, or as he walked through the glittering audience hall of the palace, with its over five hundred columns of gold and lapis lazuli. And this monarch had done nothing even to keep the lands his fathers had conquered! What sort of a king was he? A weakling, afraid to fight, or a fool whom the Amorite's clever lies had deceived? The Pharaohs of old would have sacrificed such a fellow as himself, Aziru, their enemy, to the battle-god Amon, with their own axe. Aziru knew it well. But the present king treated him kindly. He reproached him, it is true, with the murder of Ribaddi and of several other loyal princes. But he did not punish him for it. And the Amorite, merely recognising the suzerainty of Egypt as a matter of courtesy, went back to Syria as the ruler of a practically independent State — quite content with himself. His plans had

succeeded — so he believed. He had all along deceived that impossible dreamer who now held the throne of the conquerors of Syria. At least, he thought he had. He was incapable of feeling what an amount of suffering there was in Akhnaton's words when he had recalled Ribaddi's capture, betrayal, and death. He still less realised what conceptions of international justice, far beyond his age and many ages to come, lay behind the king's attitude towards himself as the head of the Amorite rebellion — the "Syrian nationalist," as we would say to-day. He saw Akhnaton; he spoke to him; yet he remained as alien to him and as ignorant of him as ever: an exalted savage, in presence of "the first man in whose heart was no trace of barbarism."¹

We can also, to a very great extent, imagine the comments of the victims of the Syrian war, the hungry, ragged, tired men who poured into Egypt by thousands across the border of Canaan and the Sinai Desert. The king, thought they, was the cause of their plight. He had abandoned them. He was now doing his best to relieve them, feeding them, housing them, clothing them, making the best possible arrangements to comfort the sick and bury the dead, to the utmost capacity of his officers. But could he give them back what the Sa-Gaz and the Habiru had burnt and destroyed? — and their dear ones who had been killed? — and all that their homes had meant to them? Why had he not sent troops to protect them, when it was still time?

The agents of the priests of Amon and of the other national gods — the enemies of the king — would go and tell them "why." They were many; they had never ceased being at work in Egypt; and possibly they had played a part in the Syrian rebellion itself, stirring up the vassals against their overlord. The king, they told these distressed people, was an apostate, a "heretic," an enemy of all the gods. How could one expect him not to be an enemy of men also? The wrath of Amon and of all the gods was upon Egypt and her people because of him. Amon had made Egypt great. He had guided the armies of her kings to victory. He would have helped

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 251.

them for ever to maintain peace and order in a flourishing empire. But the present Pharaoh had raised his hand against the “king of gods.” He had sought to destroy him. And now Amon was taking his revenge upon him and upon the nation that still tolerated him. And the unfortunate folk believed what they were told, for they feared the priests and feared the gods of Egypt. And so they grew to hate the best of kings, who loved them.

As for the priests of Amon themselves, they so loathed Akhnaton’s rule that they welcomed anything that would put an end to it. Outwardly full of patriotic grief at the news of Egypt’s disasters, they rejoiced in their hearts, counting the days of him whom they already called “that criminal.” Every new blow to the Pharaoh’s prestige prepared the day when they would again seize power and dominate both the king and the country more strongly than ever.

Finally, we can imagine the gradual disaffection of the courtiers — even of many of those who, at first, had enthusiastically “hearkened to the king’s Teaching” — when they saw where the principles of the Religion of the Disk were leading the country. More and more Akhnaton must have discerned that the homages paid in his presence to his God were considered by numbers of those who rendered them as merely a part of the court etiquette. He must have realised, as time passed, and as things went worse in Syria, that he was more and more alone — out of touch with his people, out of touch with his nobles, out of touch with his age, with the tradition of his country, with the tradition of the world; with the present and the past; perhaps out of touch with the future, too, for ever; a man without roots in any soil, without a hold over any other men; an isolated Individual, in tune, it was true, with the everlasting Soul of the Sun, but without a place anywhere in the human world.

A time probably came when nobody loved him apart from his devoted queen and a handful of faithful friends. And even those were too far below him to understand him to the end. Their love was soothing. But still he was alone. He had always been alone, as one who lived on the plane of eternal truth in the midst of admirers and enemies who all lived in

relative truth, if not in falsehood — in time. He only realised it, perhaps, to a greater extent than ever, now that his truth of all times and all lands — the brotherhood of living creatures, and therefore of men — came into open clash with the belief of his age: the necessity of defending an empire on the existence of which was based his own world-supremacy as king of Egypt.

Let us examine, in the light of what we know of the Religion of the Disk, that conflict between the God-conscious, eternal Individual — above country and above time¹ — that Akhnaton was, and the average man, carrying even into the most exalted states the prejudices of his environment, that his contemporaries wanted him to be. We shall perhaps then understand what motives more powerful than self-interest, and more powerful than pity, gave the young Pharaoh the strange courage to set aside the heart-rending letters of his loyal vassals (even those of Ribaddi, of Abdikhpa; even that of the elders of Tunip), and watch his empire go to pieces without interfering.

It may appear less easy to picture to one's self his reactions to the Syrian events than those of either his vassals (loyal or disloyal), his courtiers, his enemies, or his lesser subjects. But to try to do so is essential, for only thus can we hope to understand the value of Akhnaton's example, and the everlasting actuality of his forgotten Teaching.

Breasted, speaking of Aziru's being granted a year's delay, when the king could easily have insisted on his appearing before him at once, says that this "shows the astonishing leniency of Akhnaton, in a manner which would indicate that he was opposed to measures of force such as his fathers had employed."²

There can be no doubt that there was, at the root of the Pharaoh's behaviour towards the men seeking to wreck his empire (or opposing his reforms in Egypt) a spontaneous

¹ The real key to Akhnaton's strange "pacifism" lies precisely in the fact that he was a man "above Time" who endeavoured to impose his lofty ideals upon this Dark Age (both his and ours) without taking into account the fact that violence is the law of any revolution within Time, specially in the Dark Age. (The Kali Yuga, of the Hindus.)

² Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 124.

propensity to kindness. Akhnaton was the last man to be harsh, even to his declared enemies. He realised too well what suffering meant to inflict it or have it inflicted, under any pretext, upon man or beast — even upon a traitor as a punishment; and violence — let alone cruelty — was altogether out of keeping with his tender, sensitive nature.

But that would not be enough to explain his apparent apathy throughout the Syrian unrest. The appeals from Irkata, from Simyra and from Tunip, from Byblos and from Jerusalem for immediate succour, were sufficiently distressing, sufficiently pathetic to move the most callous overlord to prompt action. The sufferings of his faithful supporters must have been at least as painful to Akhnaton as those of the discontented cities that welcomed the rule of Amorites (and finally that of the Hittites) in place of his. His attitude was not dictated by mere sentiment. Had it been so, it is probable that, in spite of his reluctance for bloodshed, he would have thrown in all his might on the side of the helpless vassals who begged for his “strong hand” to deliver them. To answer the cry: “Tunip, thy city, weeps . . .” he perhaps would have gone to Syria himself. But it was not a matter of feelings alone. It was a question of principles. “Marshalling the material available for the study of this period of history,” writes Arthur Weigall, “one can interpret the events in Syria in only one way: Akhnaton definitely refused to do battle, believing that a resort to arms was an offence to God. Whether fortune or misfortune, gain or loss, was to be his lot, he would hold to his principles, and would not return to the old gods of battle.”¹

A very important question arises — a question which, as far as we know, has not yet been put forward by any of the writers who exalt or condemn Akhnaton’s “pacifism” — and that is whether or not the young Founder of the Religion of the Disk would have resorted to arms in order to defend Egypt herself, in the eventuality of foreign aggression. No answer can be given, for in his days Egypt was not attacked. Still the point remains; and it is an interesting point. Had

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 202.

the enemies who stood before him been, not the Amorites, the Habiru, the Sa-Gaz — the natives of Syria and Palestine fighting to chase out of their own country its Egyptian overlords and their local supporters — but people from a foreign land rushing across the desert to seize and lay waste his lovely Nile Valley; to destroy the splendid City which he himself had built to be the centre of a world-religion of beauty, the question (even if history can suggest no reply to it) can at least be put: would then Akhnaton have stood back and watched the disaster without trying to prevent it? Would he have tried to prevent it by means other than a resort to armed force? And if those means failed, or were unthinkable (as in the case of an inroad of barbaric hordes that force alone can stop) would he, then, have fought with that self-same indomitable courage that he actually exercised in order to remain inactive?

He undoubtedly believed in a religion of universal love which, even if superficially practised by governments as well as by individuals, would make international relations friendly. Did he believe, however, that in a world in which aggression is an impending possibility, a nation should always be, even in peacetime, prepared for war, with up-to-date armaments in sufficient quantity? One would think so, from the few sentences of his letter which we have quoted above.¹ But he never used that power to defend his dominions, to keep conquered land under his sway. Again, would he have done so to protect his native soil?

We leave the reader to think of these questions to which, in the present state of our knowledge, no definite answer can be given on a sound historic basis. The point we wished to stress in raising them is that the immediate problem to which Akhnaton, by his non-intervention in the Syrian unrest, gave the boldest practical solution ever put forth, is not that of war accepted for the defence of one's own country, but that of war waged to defend one's foreign possessions — to keep one's colonies and vassal States under control. And the solution provided by him for the first and, it would also seem, for the last time in history, consisted of nothing less

¹ See p. 225.

than to watch the struggle of the conquered country's nationalists (as we would call them to-day) against the local supporters of foreign rule, without interfering; to allow the "disloyal" elements to become the masters in their own land, if they really commanded a sufficient following; to let the princes and people of a restless empire fight out their own conflicts, solve their own problems, and create their own history. Furthermore, it consisted of nothing less than to allow even foreign powers to take the upper hand in the affairs of the disaffected land, if such was the consequence of the policy of its successful leaders. In the particular case under study, the one actually to benefit from Aziru's machinations against his Egyptian overlord was ultimately neither Aziru himself nor his people — the Amorites — nor any Syrian impatient of foreign domination, but Shubbiluliuma, king of the Hittites. And Hittite rule was to prove far more exacting, far more ruthless, far more unbearable than the Egyptian. Yet Akhnaton contented himself with severing diplomatic relations with Shubbiluliuma; at least, Shubbiluliuma's written grievances would tend to prove that he did so. But he did nothing to prevent the advance of the Hittite troops and their union with the forces of the local anti-Egyptian princes. He did nothing either to help his loyal vassals, or to help the movement for independence, of which he probably foresaw the gloomy aftermath.

He acted — or better, abstained from acting — as though the land conquered by his fathers were not his. In other words, from the time he understood that a number of Syrian and Canaanite local dynasts did not want his rule, he ceased to consider himself as their overlord. He styled himself as such, it is true, in the letters that he sent even to such disloyal princes as Aziru. But that was because Aziru and all the others, however wildly anti-Egyptian, maintained a pretence of loyalty in their official correspondence with him. In fact, he never treated them or endeavoured even to treat them as an overlord desiring to stress his rights would have done.

* * *

One must not imagine that Akhnaton's position as an absolute "non-imperialist" at the head of an empire was an easy or a pleasant one. He suffered, in order to maintain it, and to leave the world the unique example which he left, even in what appeared to be an all-round failure. The modern commentators of his history seem to forget this fact, when they hasten to tax him with "supineness and apathy." He suffered; and no man having a heart can remain unmoved at the idea of the superhuman courage with which he stood to the end, in the midst of increasing disaster and hatred, firm in the truth which he had realised.

It is true that, far from experiencing the greed of a conqueror, he was alien to that particular pride which many great rulers seems to have drawn from the tranquil possession of other people's territory. Even his own territory he regarded first as "his Father's" — as the domain of the Sun, where man and beast were to thrive in love and happiness; not as the property of any earthly monarch. "Hills, deserts, embankments, high-lands, low-lands, islands, villages, men, beasts . . . all things which the Aton produces, and on which His rays shine, they shall be for the Father, the living Aton . . ." had he said in one of the boundary-inscriptions when he had laid the foundations of his sacred City — the model of a world governed by his spirit. And one may believe, from his attitude towards his dominions, that he regarded them, too, from the beginning, not as his personal property, nor as an annexe of Egypt, but as lands of the Sun — as were, in his eyes, all lands on earth; as countries that existed, not for a few Egyptians to draw profit out of them, but for them themselves to flourish and be happy, with all the creatures that the One Sun of the whole world nourished upon their surface. To believe in the "rights" of one nation over others would have been to him (from all we know of his religion) a return to the idolatrous worship of local gods. He did not, he could not, regret the loss of Syria and Palestine in themselves.

But he could not lightly brush aside his feelings for his subjects who struggled and suffered there, in the midst of the turmoil of civil war, supporters of Egypt against the supporters of Amor or of the Hittites. His vivid imagination, of

which we have a proof in his poems, must have brought before his eyes, so as to say, all the horror of the battles and sieges which the messengers described to him with the eloquence of despair. And he knew he could put a stop to that horror, and bring back peace and normal life to Syria whenever he liked, with one single order. Only that order would have implied that the loyal vassals fighting for him had more the right to rule Syria than the disloyal ones, fighting for themselves (or, unknowingly, for the king of the Hittites); that Syria was his, because his fathers had conquered it, before being, like all the world, the free land of Him Who made it and fed it — the Sun's. Such an order he could not give. The universal fatherhood of the Sun meant, to him, the universal brotherhood of nations no less than of individuals. To him there could not be two standards of behaviour: one for individual men and the other for States. One nation could not overrule another, unless the people of that other were happy to remain under its domination. One man — even he; nay, especially he, the conscious Son of the Sun — could not assert his suzerainty over others against their will as clearly expressed as was the will of the Syrian and Canaanite princes in their long-stretched anti-Egyptian agitation. Such overlordship bred hatred, even as conquest itself bred hatred. It was an expression of separateness; a denial of the world's unity. He, Akhnaton, Son of the Sun, and one with the One Father of all life, could not go against the law of love which was the great law of life, revealed to him from within.

On the other hand, he could not abdicate — run away from the pressing empire problems. He could not say: "I have not conquered the empire; it is no concern of mine." The facts were there; he had to face them, if his lofty religion was to be of any meaning in the living, struggling world. By remaining in constant and painful touch with the realities of a widespread colonial revolt — the consequence of conquest, that is to say of greed, that ultimate source of all wars — and yet by refusing to keep his empire by force; by retaining to the end a non-imperialistic attitude, he had to demonstrate that the law of love and freedom, in which he believed,

should be and can be the basis of international relations. He had to remain deaf to the cries of distress of those who loved him and wanted his rule, in order to allow all the princes of Syria to have their say and play their part in the affairs of the land of their fathers, and to put, once for all, an end to the situation which had led to the anti-Egyptian unrest — to the injustice and hatred resulting from the Egyptian conquest. In order to be true to the Sun, his Father, Who made all lands and favours none, he had to take the course which he took.

But it was not a pleasant course — far from it. Akhnaton stood aloof from the war that was raging throughout his Asiatic dominions; he did not remain unmoved. On the contrary, one cannot but believe that the desperate letters he received from his faithful servants were to him “as so many sword-thrusts,” and “one may picture him praying passionately for strength to set them aside.”¹ He gladly sacrificed the riches of Syria to the central idea of his religion and to the consistency of his life. He accepted the loss of the cities which, like Byblos, contained “a quantity of gold and silver and a great amount of property of all sorts.”² It was less easy for him to forsake, even in the name of the same high principles, the men who were dying for the cause of imperial Egypt on the ramparts of those cities, with the love of his name in their hearts. Those alone who can realise the depth of his love — and they are not many — can hope to realise something of that “very Agony”³ which he suffered when reading the lamentable despatch from the people of Tunip, or Ribaddi’s last messages from the midst of a starving city. And what added to his suffering was, no doubt, the fact that it was impossible for him to make anyone understand the motives of his apparently strange attitude. Nobody, not even those who professed to be his followers, could, it seems, make out why his devotion to Aton, the One Sun, the One God, should clash with his imperial “duties.” For

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 209.

² Letter K. 137, quoted above.

³ Arthur Weigall: *Life and Times of Akhnaton* (New and Revised Edit. 1922), p. 207.

they could not realise what the One Sun meant to him. They thought that he who had built in Syria a town destined to be, like Akhetaton itself, a radiating centre of the new faith, would naturally do anything in his power to keep Syria under control, that he might win it over entirely to his God. They could not realise that Akhnaton's impersonal God, the Energy within the Disk, was not one to whom worshippers can be brought by a show of force; that knowledge, genuine religious experience, the vivid consciousness of universal unity and universal order were at the basis of his cult, and that the hatred generated by conquest and kept alive in the conquered people by measures of violence, was utterly uncongenial to the creation of those conditions. The far-sighted logic of his attitude was alien to them. Even his beloved queen, Nefertiti, could probably not follow him. She just accepted what he did, out of personal devotion to him, without judging him, and kept her confidence in his mission, till the end, because she loved him.

And if his closest friends and disciples could not transcend with him the deep-rooted imperialism of their time (and of many a time to come), how was he to justify his attitude in the eyes of the men who were fighting for him in faraway Syria, most of whom still clung (as their letters show) to the national gods that he had abolished? How was he to tell the messenger who brought him the distressed letter from Tunip, why he was sending him back without a promise of help? How was he to explain to Ribaddi's son why he could send no troops to his father or to anyone? (That is perhaps the reason why he kept the young man waiting three months and a half before deciding to speak to him.)

Still, he himself could not help seeing both sides of the conflict. He felt sympathy for his faithful vassals; he could not help feeling sympathy also for the "unfaithful" ones who were seeking to overthrow his rule, as his fathers had once overthrown the rule of the foreign Hyksos kings in Egypt. He could not help knowing that, at the root of all the trouble, lay the hatred that conquest always generates in a conquered people.

The One Father — the Sun — had made all nations "distinct

in speech and in the colour of their skin,” and He poured His life-giving rays over all of them. All were to live, happy and beautiful, and at peace. Conquest, the fruit of greed, was, like all forms of outrage, conceivable only to those who did not love the One Sun enough to love all His creatures impartially. And he, the Son of the universal Father — he who felt His divine Energy vibrating through his own nerves — could not lend himself to the holding down of a restless conquered land. He could not prolong a state of things which ignorance, self-pride, and greed had once created. He was to have nothing to do with “imperial duties” that were in contradiction with the principle of impartial love. It was not for him, who lived in Truth, to defend an order based upon falsehood.

* * *

Akhnaton died prematurely. And it is possible that the grief he felt for those whom he appeared to be abandoning hastened his death. “With him,” writes Breasted, passed away “such a spirit as the world had never seen before,”¹ and we add: such as was never to reappear since. Eleven hundred years after him, India’s great emperor Asoka was one day to renounce war in the name of the Buddha’s message of universal love. But the question did not arise for him to retain or to lose for its sake the lands he had inherited from his fathers. He was allowed to die leaving his vast dominions prosperous and whole. Akhnaton seems to be the one king in history who, for the sake of a philosophy which logically excluded the support of any form of aggression, actually lost a great empire. The tragic circumstances which we have tried to recall and, on the other hand, the tremendous might and wealth that the young Pharaoh could have used to defend his imperial rights, make his sacrifice all the more remarkable.

And his message of love as a basis of international relations, in the place of the time-honoured law of violence; his refusal to subscribe to conquest as a fait accompli of which the

¹ Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 127.

advantages to the conquering nation should be maintained anyhow — an attitude too modern for most rulers of men in our times — are all the more impressive precisely because they were proclaimed, not from a demagogue's platform by a handful of hungry mob-agitators, but from a throne, by the hereditary owner of the greatest empire of his days; by an absolute monarch, fully conscious of his immense wealth and power; by an emperor, whom his subjects were taught by tradition to look upon as divine — without their realising how truly godlike he actually was.

CHAPTER X**THE REWARD OF WAR**

It is clear from the evidence of the Amarna Letters that, had he consented to use violence, Akhnaton could easily have stemmed the tide of events and saved the Egyptian empire, thus giving a different direction to the whole political evolution of the Near East for many centuries.

Several modern writers have criticised him for not having done so, some indeed with as much bitter vehemence as though they saw in his “pacifism” a dangerous example to the present-day owners of foreign empires. But none seem to have noticed that, apart from all political considerations, the very history of civilisation in the Near East — and subsequently in the West — would probably have been much altered had the young Pharaoh cared to quell rebellion in his Syrian dominion in the fourteenth century B.C.

However useless it may appear to ponder over possibilities which have never materialised, yet we may be excused for doing so if the sheer vision of such possibilities helps us to realise more completely the true meaning of an extraordinary man, and to interpret his decisions with a keener knowledge of their remote consequences.

* * *

So let us suppose for a moment that, unlike himself, Akhnaton had yielded to the supplications of his few loyal vassals and sent them timely help against the Amorite chieftains and their supporters. Let us even suppose that he had marched in person into Syria, with archers and chariots and all the awe-inspiring apparel of war, as any of his fathers would have done.

It is highly probable — practically certain — that in such a case the “sons of Abdashirta” would have been utterly

defeated from the start, and the Syrian rebellion nipped in the bud. In spite of long years of peace, Egypt was still a first-rate military power and, moreover, the aid that was needed to re-assert her prestige was, in the beginning, extremely slight. (Let us remember Ribaddi's letter to Akhnaton, before his position in Byblos became tragic: "May it seem good to the king my Lord to send me but three hundred soldiers and twenty pair of horses, and I will hold the city. . . .")

The youthful Founder of the Religion of the Disk would have returned in triumph to his capital, and the new City of the Horizon of Aton would have gazed upon one of those impressive displays of warrior-like pomp such as Thebes had witnessed in former days. And the bitterness and resentment caused by the erasure of the name of Amon from every stone and by the king's other decrees, and by his whole struggle against the national gods, would have been forgotten in a cry of victory; and Egypt would probably have accepted the rational worship of Aton, the One and Only God, without further murmurs.

Not that the people or even the nobles would have understood it, or felt its beauty, any better than they actually did. But they would have accepted it, as the expression of the sweet will of a popular king. The fact that, in spite of his revolutionary decrees, not a single rising is reported against his government in Egypt during all his reign, proves that Akhnaton was popular enough among his subjects, although of course hated by the priests. The only thing the Egyptians could not bring themselves to do for his sake was to renounce their traditional objects of worship in favour of a higher one. The only force that could have — and probably would have — led them to forsake even their beloved gods, at the command of him whom they still regarded as a god incarnate, was the prestige of victory added to that of royalty.

The orders of a monarch who has brought an empire to ruin, even if he be of divine descent, do not indeed carry the same weight as those of a triumphant king. There is, in armed success, a magic that commands respect, whatever be the personal views of the lucky warrior. One has seen in

modern times, nay, in our own days, men inferior by far to Akhnaton in genius and in character succeed in stamping their will upon a reluctant nation, just because they had, first, led that nation to victory upon the battlefield. And we believe that nothing would have reconciled the unwilling Egyptians to the new order installed by their inspired ruler as the knowledge that he had saved them and their empire from imminent danger. And if it be true, as some have suggested, that shadowy elements of treason lurked at the very court of Akhetaton,¹ then nothing would have confounded the hopes of the king's enemies at home so much as the sight of their Syrian accomplice, the crafty Aziru, led in chains through the streets of the capital, with some hundreds of other captives of rank.

The more we think of the situation created in Egypt by Akhnaton's zeal for truth, the more we are convinced that brilliant military achievements beyond the Sinai Desert were the one and only means for him to secure the lasting success of his reforms at home.

* * *

The enduring success of Akhnaton's religion in Egypt would have meant more than a change of cult. It would have meant new standards in art and in behaviour; sincerity of thought, freedom of expression, a critical, disinterested, truth-loving attitude in all walks of life; in one word, a new life.

What is left of the Amarna sculpture and painting shows us the beginning of an amazing return to personal inspiration in art, to naturalness, to freedom. With the failure of the Religion of the Disk, the artistic movement linked with it was stifled to death at its very outset. What it would have been, had it lived, is difficult to say. But one may imagine, from its earliest creations, which are well known to us, that it would have anticipated ideals of beauty that we now call "modern," putting far greater stress upon expression than upon lines,

¹ J. Baikie: *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 362.

and striving to reveal the inner nature, the “meaning,” so as to say, of things, rather than their exact or embellished physical likeness.

We can somewhat picture to ourselves the subsequent development of Egypt had her art, henceforth, been inspired by the Amarna standards, had her religion remained that which Akhnaton preached, and had there appeared, from time to time, especially among her ruling classes, true disciples of the One-who-lived-in-Truth, who would have modelled their lives upon his; had, in one word, her whole civilisation retained, even to a faint degree, the double mark of rationalism and of universal kindness and the essentially aesthetic outlook on life that characterised her only truly divine king. Then, even making the indispensable allowances for human wickedness and stupidity, the country, merely by seeking to walk in the trail of such a man as Akhnaton, would have put itself far ahead of all the neighbouring nations. It would have been a modern country in the midst of the Ancient World — but a modern country retaining all that was lovely in ancient life; a modern country without the horrors that our world of to-day has brought into existence by the import of greater technical efficiency combined with less reason, less inspiration, and less love.

* * *

But Egypt was not alone concerned. She occupied in the world, then, the position of a great power. Her gods, like those of all leading nations, were worshipped beyond her boundaries. It is possible, even probable, that the cult of Aton had not reached, in Akhnaton’s days, the limits of the Egyptian dominions. The elders of Tunip do not seem to have heard of it, otherwise how could they write to the king that “the gods of Egypt” dwell in their city? But there is little doubt that, had it once been able to establish itself firmly in the Nile Valley, the Religion of the Disk would have spread throughout the empire and even to allied countries; to all lands where the power of the Pharaoh was dreaded and his name held in reverence. From Napata to

Carchemish, over a stretch of twenty degrees of latitude, the name of Aton, the God above all gods, would have become familiar to people of the most various races; to the sturdy mountaineers of the regions bordering Assyria; to the subtle, mystic, pleasure-loving people of Syria; to the fair Northerners of Aryan descent who ruled the land of Mitanni, as well as to the dusky Nubians and Ethiopians, and to the Negroes of the farthest South.

How little those myriads of men would have grasped of the true spirit of Akhnaton's Teaching it is useless to say. But even a partial and altogether outward knowledge of it would have sufficed to impress upon them the idea of the excellence of a natural worship, of cosmic significance, over their thousand and one man-made cults of local scope. It would have sufficed, also, to inspire all those who were susceptible of some refinement with the feeling of the beauty of the world and of the unity of all life.

And possibly Egypt and the adjoining countries would have remained, to this day, faithful to the cult of the One God manifested in the Sun. It seems indeed doubtful whether any later monotheistic creed would have found adherents among thinking people already acquainted for centuries with Akhnaton's Teaching.

* * *

And that is not all. The worship of Aton, had it remained the State-religion of Egypt — of a victorious Egypt, mistress of her empire — would have undoubtedly influenced the whole evolution of Western thought and culture.

Even in her decline, after every sort of originality had been killed in her priest-ridden people, Egypt, which had sunk to the level of a third-rate nation, still exerted a lasting influence upon Greece. What would that influence have been, had Egypt remained powerful a few centuries longer, and had the simple and rational Sun-worship preached by Akhnaton continued to hold sway over her, instead of the more and more formal, the more and more fossilised cult of her primitive gods? A glance at these possibilities will be

enough to show what Akhnaton could perhaps have done, had he but consented to utter a word in favour of war.

As we have already many times remarked, the whole of the young king's Teaching is characterised by an unusual rationality, allied to an overwhelming sense of beauty. It is probable that, in the days of its Founder — two hundred years before the Trojan War — no account of it reached the shores of Greece. And had, by chance, some exiled Egyptian ever carried it there, we do not know what impression it would have left upon the people of Tiryns and Mykaenae. But had the scientific-minded leaders of Grecian thought come in contact with the Teaching some centuries later, at the time Greece was ready to enter the maturity of her classical age, then, we believe, the history of Western civilisation would have been different.

The sceptical Athenian mind, while continuing to pay a customary allegiance to "the gods of the city," would have welcomed that rational creed that put stress upon nothing which is outside the reach of man's experience; that related no incredible deeds, no childish fables. The few who aspired to something more than intellectual certitude would have recognised the truth in a Teaching that implied the oneness and sacredness of life. And the Greeks at large would have felt in Akhnaton's worship — and in his hymns, and in the story of his life, also — a thing of beauty unsurpassed even in their own land of light and harmony.

And slowly the time would have come for a great change in the consciousness of the ancient world; the time when, tired of conflicting philosophies as well as of rites and mysteries of which they had forgotten the sense, the Greeks would have begun to aspire to Something unknown which they could neither define nor invent; the time when, in one word, the need of a broader and kinder outlook even than that of the best Athenians would have begun to be felt throughout the Hellenised world. Then, instead of turning her eyes to any new creed, perhaps Greece would have simply drifted from the worship of her many gods to that of the Only One revealed to men and to all creatures through the flaming Disk of the Sun. And without sacrificing anything

of her passionate love of life and visible beauty, without also forcing herself to accept any dogmas “beyond reason” or “above reason” — or against reason — perhaps she would have made the fourteen-hundred-year-old Religion of the Disk the creed of her people for all times to come.

There would have been no conflict between an “old” and a “new” order, but merely a gradual absorption of the popular religions of Greece and Rome into the decorous simplicity of a more rational, more spiritual, and more ancient one, already held in regard by the elite of the Greek-speaking East.

And slowly but steadily, along with the culture and learning of the Mediterranean, the antique worship of Aton would have spread over barbaric Europe, replacing the popular cults of the North after those of Asia Minor, Greece and Italy. On the borders of the Danube and of the Rhine, on the misty shores of the Baltic and of the North Sea, temples containing no image but the Sun Disk with rays ending in hands would have been erected in honour of the One God — Cosmic Energy.

And one day, the Spanish caravelles would have carried the lofty symbol across the Atlantic, and the Religion of the Disk would have become the religion of the West.

* * *

Would the West, then, have been any better than it is? Probably not. Since with all the overwhelming loveliness of his living personality Akhnaton could not, in his days, improve human nature, it is doubtful whether his surviving Teaching — somewhat distorted, as might be expected, by clumsy interpreters — would have been able to accomplish that miracle.

Most probably the same passions would have disturbed the peace of the world. But they would not have been fanned by religious fanaticism, and that alone would have made an enormous difference. The opposition of the different national polytheisms to the universal worship of such a God as the Sun would never, it seems, have taken the form of such a

ferocious conflict as witnessed in the first centuries of the Christian era between the same old national cults and the Gospel preached by Paul of Tarsus. The adoration of light is a thing so natural — and, in its crude forms, so universally spread — that it would have been easy to convince both philosophers and barbarians of its excellence. The Emperor Julian would have been the first one to encourage a creed more rational and no less aesthetic than those of his Greek masters. And the Western world would never have known such atrocities as the ghastly murder of Hypatia or the mass-massacre of the Saxons. There would have not been any equivalent of the Crusades, or of the wars of the Arabs for the conversion of Infidels, or of the Holy Inquisition. Greed and cruelty would have remained, but in order to gratify such base passions it would hardly have been possible to exploit a religion free from puerile hopes no less than from superstitious fears, and whose Founder had never made a duty of proselytism.

No doubt, one day, the newly-discovered hemisphere would have been overrun by the same merciless adventurers in search of gold; and the same battles would have raged in Mexico, in Guatemala and in Peru, around the last bastions of American independence. But they would have been battles frankly fought for the possession of earthly goods, not for the triumph of the Faith, not for the salvation of souls, not “for the greatest glory of God.” The interview of Pizarro and Atahualpa would have been different. In the God of the Inca, “Who lives for ever in the sky,” the Spanish conqueror would have recognised his own God. And both he and the Peruvian king would have felt that, whatever be their behaviour towards each other, they — and their people — had in common something vital. And, while subjugated by a superior science of arms, the fortunate people of the New World would have learnt to link what was the best in their own traditions with a purer and more rational worship of the Sun.

And that is not all.

It seems probable that, had it become and remained the religion of Europe and America (and Australia), the Religion

of the Disk would have largely contributed to bridge the gap between East and West and to hasten the day of universal understanding.

However different may appear the pre-eminently dynastic Sun-cult of modern Japan from the essentially universal, non-political cult of Aton, the fact remains that it is still Sun-worship. And a disciple of Akhnaton would not feel himself out of place amidst a group of pilgrims devoutly greeting, from the top of one of Japan's sacred mountains, the rising in glory of the One eternal "Lord and Origin of life." And, as for the Hindus, their highest conception of Sun-worship (expressed in the Gayatri Mantra, that every true Brahman recites at dawn, his folded hands lifted in praise to the rising Sun) is practically identical with that upheld by Akhnaton. It is the adoration, not of the material Disk, but of the Energy within the Disk. And if there be a country in which the Egyptian king's Teaching still gives, to the very few who know of it, the impression of something entirely familiar, that country is surely India.

Now let us for a while try to imagine what the relations of Europe with the East would have been — nay, what the relations of India and the Far East would have been with the people of West Asia — had the timely success of the Religion of the Disk rendered the expansion of any later monotheism unnecessary and therefore impossible. The oppositions that lie at the bottom of the great conflicts of the Middle Ages — opposition of Christian Byzantium to Zoroastrian Persia; of Christian Europe to the growing power of Islam; of Islam, both to Christian Europe and to the older cultures of Persia and India — would never have existed, and the history of the Middle Ages would have been entirely different. Later on, European merchants and adventurers might well have aimed at political and economic domination over the technically less developed nations of Asia; but the idea of cultural domination, brought about through religious proselytism, would have occurred to nobody. At most, the people of Persia, of India and of further Asia might have learnt to look upon the Founder of the Western Sun-worship as an equal of their own greatest teachers, and his name,

already revered from Abyssinia to Iceland and from Peru to the Arabian Desert, would have become familiar to the limits of the earth. And the people of Europe and America would have considered with friendly sympathy foreign religions of a naturalistic, non-dogmatic character, if not always similar to their own, at least less different from it than they appear now to be.

In spite of the same colonial wars, prompted by the same lust for riches and power, there would have been more understanding, more cultural unity — or, in a way, less opposition — between East and West. And the world to-day would have been, if not more peaceful, at least better prepared to realise its fundamental unity within everlasting diversity. On the whole, it would have been, it seems, a better world.

* * *

This retrospective vision of centuries of would-be history is staggering. Yet we believe it is not the projection of a pure fancy. That gigantic dream of ours was, thirty-three hundred years ago, a living possibility. That more rational, more harmonised, more beautiful world, united under the symbol of the Sun-disk with rays ending in hands could have, and probably would have become the reality of to-day, had then the one man with a clear vision of the truth used his wealth and power to keep the empire of his fathers, and to force his will upon his people and upon men at large.

That better world — and that far-shed glory; that praise of men from ocean to ocean and from pole to pole, for ever — was the possible reward of a short and successful punitive expedition against a handful of agitators. Less than that; it was the reward of an order to Horemheb, or to any other of his generals, to march into Syria, without the king even taking the trouble of going there himself; the remote consequence of a mere word.

But, for the reasons we have seen — and perhaps for others, too — that word was never uttered.

While the distressed letters from his loyal vassals came

pouring in from Syria, Akhnaton quietly continued to greet the rising and setting Sun as though, to him, nothing else counted. He read the pathetic messages one after the other — in what spirit and with what reactions he alone knew. And he spoke not. He refused to set in motion the long series of events that would have given him, perhaps, in course of time, uncontested spiritual domination over the Western World.

CHAPTER XI

THE PRICE OF PERFECTION

There can be little doubt that, as time passed on, and as hard facts forced themselves upon him, Akhnaton became more and more aware of the difficulty of the task he had chosen. The strongly organised opposition of the priests that he never succeeded in breaking,¹ and above all the indifference which he detected, under a show of courteous sympathy or even of praise, in the greater number of those upon whom he had relied, taught him that there was nothing to expect from persuasion. And it seems impossible for him not to have understood, with his keen intelligence, that the only way to lasting religious domination left to him was that of immediate violence.

The common people of Egypt — like the common people of all countries in all times — were to be led like a flock of sheep. They would listen to the priests as long as there were priests to be listened to. Akhnaton knew it. The one and only way to put an end to the influence of Amon's servants upon the ignorant folk was to have them exterminated. But, as we have already seen, the king did nothing of the kind. He was content to confiscate the scandalous wealth of the priests; and he let their persons go uninjured. As for the educated and well-to-do Egyptians, who knew what the greatness of Egypt and her empire meant to them in riches and prestige, their permanent adherence to the new Teaching depended largely upon its value as a national creed. There are reasons to believe that even such a man as Merira, the High-priest of Aton, on whom the king had founded great hopes, failed to stand by his Master when he realised that the Religion of the Disk was costing Egypt her empire. Akhnaton knew that also. And a time must have come when he beheld, with desperate lucidity, the choice set before him:

¹ Breasted: *Cambridge Ancient History* (Edit. 1924), Vol. II, p. 126.

either to wage war upon Aziru and his allies, to re-assert the right of Egypt to be the leading nation, and to win for himself, in return, the triumph of the cult of Aton; or else, to continue following the path he had taken, and to end in disaster, in anathema, and finally in oblivion.

* * *

The religious success that the Pharaoh could contemplate as the reward of a compromise would surely seem small to us, compared with that staggering domination of more than half the globe that we have tried to describe in the preceding chapter. It was, however, no less impressing to him who considered its possibility. To Akhnaton, the country that contained the unknown sources of the Nile, and the mysterious lands that lay beyond the pale of Hatti, of barbaric Assyria and of distant Elam, may have seemed to be the limits of the earth. But knowing, as he certainly did, what a force Egypt represented in the midst of the surrounding nations, he must have clearly realised that, if successful at home, his religion would have spread even to the farthestmost regions that he could imagine. And the triumph which he thus anticipated must have appeared to him as universal. It was the triumph of reason, the triumph of truth; the beginning of a kindlier and more beautiful world. It was the fulfilment of his lifelong struggle, which had so far seemed fruitless; the magnificent reward that would outweigh for all times to come the bitterness of the few years in which he had stood alone, misunderstood or hated — it was his triumph.

If we recall the foundation of Akhetaton, the new capital of Egypt, in the midst of solemn festivities, it cannot but strike us that, once at least in his short career, Akhnaton had desired success. An inscription, carved out on one of the boundary-stones of the City, and relating to the king's burial, reflects his joyous hopes. "And there shall be made for me a sepulchre in the Eastern hills," runs the writing; "my burial shall be made there in the multitude of jubilees that Aton, my Father, hath ordained for me, and the burial

of the queen shall be made there in that multitude of years.” Obviously, he then visualised the life that spread before him, as a long succession of radiant years in which the truth that he felt so deeply would triumph through him. He had the self-confidence of youth, the unhesitating optimism of intense desire allied to boundless power. It was his will to change the face of things; he had no doubt that he would do so. And he was too human not to feel the thrill of coming glory.

And now, that glory was at hand, if he so wished. The words inscribed upon stone at his command, ten years before, could still be true. At the cost of a slight compromise — so slight that nobody would ever find it out — his name, otherwise destined to be cursed and to perish, could still be honoured “in a multitude of jubilees,” not during his lifetime (his health was ruined, and he knew his end was near), but during the countless centuries the world had yet to live. If he so wished, the future of mankind could still be brightened by his light, and marked with his sign.

The few sincere disciples he still retained at court — with probably the admirable exception of his consort — were impatient to hear him utter the word that implied compromise and success; to hear him give the order to save the empire.

Why then did Akhnaton remain silent?

* * *

Surely the young Pharaoh did not thrust aside the responsibilities of his position out of sheer carelessness, as some of his malevolent modern detractors have tried to insinuate. To suppose such a thing would be to ignore the unquestionable seriousness of his whole life.

As we have said, there seems to have been, at the back of Akhnaton’s attitude towards the Syrian events, an innate repulsion for bloodshed. The idea of war, like that of persecution, was repugnant to his sensitive nature. The brutalities inherent to any punitive expedition seemed to him too irredeemably ugly even to be tolerated as a necessary evil.

But it would not be doing full justice to his memory to look upon the king of Egypt as the Bronze Age equivalent of our modern pacifists. Akhnaton was neither a Christian nor a democrat. His religion was, as we have seen, before all, an aesthetic one. His morality sprang from his all-pervading sense of beauty. His conscientious objection to war was not the product of any narrow, uncritical love confined to the human species, but the logical consequence of his serene understanding of universal harmony. He desired to see the behaviour of intelligent beings (and especially his own) reflect, as far as possible, the beautiful inner order of the Cosmos. And he hated all forms of cruelty — the worst conceivable expressions of moral ugliness.

And the instance of history would tend to point out that, among these, there were some that shocked him more than war did. For it may be remembered that, in his new City consecrated to Aton, he built shrines to the memory of his ancestors, Amenhotep the Second and Thutmose the Third, who were among the foremost warriors of the ancient world, and that he did, at least once — after the fall of Simyra — allow an Egyptian officer to go to Ribaddi's rescue, with a small force of mercenaries. And, a little later, in the long indignant letter which he addressed to Aziru after Ribaddi's tragic death, he threatened his treacherous vassal in words that show clearly enough that he was perfectly conscious of his rights as an imperial sovereign and that, whatever his distaste for violence, he was the last man to consider it sinful to chastise a scoundrel and reaffirm the dictates of justice. "If thou, for any cause, wishest to do evil," says he to the Amorite, "or if thou even settest words of evil in thy heart, then wilt thou die, together with thy family, by the axe of the king thy Lord."¹

On the other hand, in glowing contrast with the annals of other Pharaohs and of kings of various countries, before and after him, there has not yet been found, among all the documents of Akhnaton's reign, a single record of chase, as we remarked in a previous chapter. And it may be inferred

¹ Letter K. 162, quoted by J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), pp. 371-372.

that he condemned that cruel sport far more uncompromisingly than he did the more gallant fighting of man against man — an assumption which fits well with all that we know of the king through his hymns.

We therefore think it would be a mistake to suppose that the sole cause of his inaction in the Syrian affair was Akhnaton's belief in a creed condemning war indiscriminately. Had it been so, such a consistent man as he was would never have allowed Pakhura to go north with his soldiers; nor would he, in the only letter of his which we possess, have spoken as a monarch instead of speaking as a preacher. It is much more probable that Akhnaton's attitude to war was a negative one; an attitude of non-interest, rather than one of systematic opposition.

The Founder of the Religion of the Disk seems to have seen both sides of the problem of violence. All atrocities disgusted him, whatever were the "higher motives" that urged men to commit them. And he was aware — as the most intelligent among our modern "conscientious objectors" — that war leads nowhere in the long run. He saw things, not from a national point of view, not even from a human point of view, but from that of Cosmic reality. And therefore it mattered little to him whether Egypt had an empire or not. He was not prepared to encourage the brutalities which he repudiated in his heart, just for the sake of securing for his people the undisturbed possession of Syria's resources. It was his concern for Ribaddi, whom he personally loved, not the lust for territorial greatness, that urged him once to permit help to be sent to him, and another time to write to his murderer with the sternness of a judge. But he knew all the time that the horrors of war were unavoidable as long as man did not change his heart. And his life-long struggle against superstition, greed and deceit had made him aware that such a change is not easy, perhaps even not possible on a broad scale — a thing which our modern pacifists too often forget. He knew that, with all the power inherited from generations of king-gods, he could do nothing to stop the fighting going on within his realm. The only reasonable course left to him was indeed to keep himself aloof from it,

serene and alone as he had always been. And that is precisely what he did.

* * *

But what astonishes the modern man perhaps more than Akhnaton's total absence of "imperialism" is his apparent indifference to the success of his religion, which largely depended, as he knew, upon his own prestige as a "strong" monarch, in the worldly sense. If he so loved his faithful servant, Ribaddi, as to allow, at least once, some troops to be sent to his rescue (and that, in spite of his personal distaste for war) then, how did he not consider it worth while despatching more substantial help to all his loyal vassals, including Ribaddi, and, if necessary, marching into Syria himself, if not to defend the interests of Egypt, at least to secure, through the glamour of victory, the adherence of Egypt to his Teaching?

The only answer is that he probably cared less for the success of his Teaching than for its purity. And he knew that success and purity seldom go together. He was not over-impressed by numbers, as lesser men often are. He knew their futility in the long run. What he wanted was that those who would "hearken to his Teaching" should mould their lives upon it — "live in truth," as he did. And experience had made him aware that very few were able to do so.

When, followed by more than eighty thousand people,¹ he had left Thebes and laid the foundations of his new capital, he may have for a time rejoiced at the idea of his Teaching spreading to the limits of his dominions and beyond. If not, one could hardly explain why he took the trouble of founding at least two other centres of rational Sun-worship, one at each end of his vast empire. But at the time the Syrian rebellion had reached its climax, Akhnaton had probably become conscious of the uselessness of all efforts to make his religion a success among men, if it was to remain as beautiful and as rational as he had conceived it. He knew that, in spite of all the care he had taken to make it accessible

¹ Arthur Weigall: *Short History of Ancient Egypt* (Edit. 1934), pp. 149-150.

to the most intelligent of his courtiers, he had no true disciple, except perhaps his loving consort. And there is a note of pessimism in the well-known verse of the hymn to Aton: “There is none who knoweth Thee, save Thy Son, Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra. . . .” It expresses, no doubt, as we have said before, the certitude that God, or the Supreme Reality, has no meaning but for the individual soul who feels itself identical with Him, in its essence. But it may equally well be taken as Akhnaton’s sad admission, after years of fruitless efforts, that truth of the nature of that which he possessed is uncommunicable, and that those who abide in it shall always remain alone.

In that case, what was the value of worldly success? Of name? Of fame? Even of the recognised spiritual leadership of half the globe or more? It was as nothing.

Akhnaton knew that by keeping his empire whole he could soon propagate his religion as far as the remotest countries he could think of. But he could also foresee that the cult that would perhaps, one day, unite those distant lands in the glorification of his name would no longer be the religion of Life in truth as he had conceived it, and taught it, and lived it — pure, rational, unstained by fear or cruelty, daily drawing its inspiration from the joy of the rising Sun. No. It would perhaps be something better than what men had called “religion” until then; it would perhaps even be something better than what the majority of mankind would ever accept, in the future, as a guide to a higher life. But it would never be, on a broad scale, that glorious worship he had dreamt of in his days of youthful hopes — the true Religion of the Disk.

It was certainly no use silencing his personal disgust for bloodshed, and compromising with his principles, merely to magnify, in space and time, the disappointing triumph he had already experienced during his short career. If the elite of Egypt had not really accepted his Teaching, what would the empire at large and the nations beyond the empire make of it, even if one day they could be brought to pay an outward homage to it? What would most men of the future ages make of it, when in their hearts they probably would not feel its

truth; when they would not understand it, not love it, not want it? Akhnaton saw clearly that his religious leadership, when extended to millions, would amount to nothing but the gradual reinstalment of superstition, under the cover of his name — the degradation of his dearest dreams. And he refused to give his sanction to it. We have seen already that he had never tried to spread his lofty cult among the commoners of Egypt, knowing that it would doubtless have been wasted upon them. And one may safely believe that, even if he could have imagined, as we do now, the possibility of the Religion of the Disk becoming one day the official faith of such faraway continents as America and Australia, at the cost of a compromise that could seem trifling, he still would not have stirred his little finger to promote such a success. The disappointment of triumph on a small scale and for a few brief years was enough.

* * *

We should say more. A compromise with what appeared to him as ugly or irrational was, in Akhnaton's estimation, nothing but a lie in disguise, and could therefore never be overlooked as a trifle. The young Pharaoh understood more vividly than any man the joy of all creatures to live and see the beauty of the Sun. If he could do nothing to stop the bloodshed in Syria, at least he would do nothing to encourage it. (Perhaps even the threat he formulated in his letter to Aziru was but a verbal intimidation, destined to make the Amorite give up his treacherous intrigues.)

As we have already remarked, Akhnaton does not seem to have shared the contempt affected by some of our contemporaries for all conquerors. But he knew how different the implications of his own Teaching were from those of the creed of his ancestors, who worshipped national gods. For them, to glory in their conquests had been natural. But for him, to be responsible for a war would have been to lie to himself. And neither the repeated warnings of his governors that his empire was going to ruin if he did not intervene speedily, nor the tears of the men of faraway Tunip, who

still blessed his name in their distress, nor the more lofty consideration that victory would extend far and wide the sway of his religion of love and reason, could move him to subscribe to such a lie. Akhnaton was not one of those who justify the use of any effective means provided they forward a “higher end.” In his eyes, the mere fact of introducing falsehood into his own life would have killed for ever the spirit of the Religion of the Disk. It was better to sacrifice, then and there, its chances of worldly domination. In consequence, no answer came to the call of the loyal vassals of Egypt in Syria and Canaan. And, in the words of Abdikhipa, governor of Jerusalem, “all the lands of the king” were actually lost.

* * *

From the moment Akhnaton refused to bend his uncompromising logic to the exigencies of ordinary colonial policy, the fate of his beautiful Sun-worship, at least as a State-religion, was sealed. No later compromise could henceforth be introduced, by subtle casuistry, to make it “fit in” with the accepted conceptions of national grandeur, or with the accepted opinion that any course of action is good which leads to the attainment of a “higher goal.” The Founder of the Religion of the Disk — unlike that of more than one other religion — had once and for all barred the possibility of such convenient adjustments, by the bold example of his own solution of the problem of religion and State. He had made it clear that, to him, there was no higher goal than that of “life in truth,” which is another word for individual perfection.

It is to the ideal of individual perfection that he sacrificed both his existing empire and his possible spiritual domination over a still much greater area of the globe.

There are portraits of him which show us a thin, sickly face, with deep wrinkles each side of the mouth, and bones jutting out: the face of a young man worn out by sorrow and possibly also by some wasting disease. These portraits bear little resemblance to those of his early youth, except for the

unbending determination that can be read in the king's features. Given every allowance for the exaggerations and distortions that seem to have been part of the "style" of several artists of the court, there can be no doubt that they reveal to us something of the appearance of their royal model at some stage of his life, probably at the last stage. If so, they help us to some extent to visualise, so as to say, Akhnaton's heroic stand to the bitter end.

He was still very young — at an age when most great men have not yet begun to do the work for which they are born; but he was a physical wreck, and conscious that his end was drawing nigh. He had no son to succeed him; no disciple capable of continuing his work. He had married his eldest daughter, the heiress to the kingdom, aged twelve, to a young man of royal blood, Smenkhkara, who was devoted to him and to his cause, and whom he was soon to associate to the throne. Out of reverence and gratitude, Smenkhkara had taken, in official documents, the title of "beloved of Akhnaton." But the king knew that, with all his good intentions, that prince would not for long be able to postpone the fierce reaction that was to break out. He knew that the dispossessed priests of Amon were gathering more and more strength as news of national disaster rapidly spread throughout Egypt. He knew that, in the very near future, the Religion of the Disk would be swept out of the land, perhaps never to be revived again anywhere in any age. He knew that the uncommunicable truth he had cherished all his life would never again be made to inspire the conduct of a State. And he had no grounds to imagine that the scientific principles that underlay his Teaching — and that he had grasped intuitively — would receive, in three thousand three hundred years to come, an illuminating demonstration, and become the basis of what is to us modern science. To him it must have seemed as if his whole mission had been a complete failure.

Yet he knew that his Teaching was true, and that truth cannot be destroyed. His name might be forgotten, but the fundamentals of the religion of order and love which he had discovered within the Sun and within himself would endure

for ever. Sooner or later, the human mind would have to rediscover them. And if one day some accident should bring his Teaching to light again, then, at least, it would be unmarred by any practical compromise. And the most enlightened and the best of men would be able to love it without reservation. One day, perhaps, in many, many years to come, a few among the wise, truthful, and strong would revere him precisely for his refusal to tamper with truth. The unknown devotion of one of those few would be enough to outweigh the loss of an empire, the failure of a life of struggle, and millenniums of oblivion.

And even if those one or two obscure disciples were never to be born; if the Teaching for the sake of which he had lost everything were never to bear fruit, even in the heart of a single man; if the world to come would always listen to the priests of its national gods and never to him, the Priest of the universal Sun — the One real God — if he, Akhnaton, were to remain for ever a useless dreamer, not even dangerous enough to provoke the wrath of more than a few fanatics, then what of it all?

The Sun would nevertheless continue to follow, day after day, His glorious course, and it would still be true that “breath of life is to see His beams.” Light and heat, and the spark that produces life, would still be the manifestations of the One Energy — the Soul of the Sun; rhythm would still remain the principle of the Universe, whether man cared to know it or not. Akhnaton’s Teaching would still be true, and his life a thing of beauty for ever. Had the king of Egypt, in a moment of weakness, sacrificed the logic of his being to the lure of success, the future of mankind would perhaps have been, as we have seen, less gloomy, on the whole, than it actually was. But Akhnaton’s personal history — an indestructible fact in the infinity of time, whether remembered or not — would not have been that flash of beauty which it is. The world would have been poorer of one perfect Individual.

And that was enough to make any loss worth while. His contemporary Egyptians — even many of those who professed to be his disciples — seem to have preferred his empire

to himself. But we prefer him to all the empires of the earth. And provided they be sufficiently sensitive to the real value of man, which lies in the individual, the men of ages to come will feel as we do.

* * *

Akhnaton died in the twenty-ninth year of his age which was the eighteenth year of his reign. We know nothing of his last days or of the circumstances of his death. We can only try to imagine them. We can think of him gradually thrusting aside the burden of government after the elevation of Smenkhkara to the rank of co-regent, and living in retirement in his summer-house, in the midst of the beautiful gardens that lay to the south of his City. Nefertiti, who was to survive him, waited upon him till the end. From his sickbed, Akhnaton gazed at the deep blue sky — light and peace — and his heart was happy. We like to imagine his dying in beauty, as he had lived, in a last effort to lift his enfeebled hands in praise to the rising Sun.¹

* * *

His lofty religion was swept out of Egypt.

After the ephemeral reign of Smenkhkara, the priests of Amon regained great power. Akhnaton's second daughter, Makitaton, had died while yet a child, during her father's lifetime. The priests now forced his third daughter to change her name from Ankhsenpaton to Ankhsenpamon and to marry an insignificant young noble, Tutankhaton, renamed

¹ Profane history does not disclose whether Akhnaton had a natural death, or a violent one at the hands of the Amon priesthood. Rosicrucian (AMORC) tradition, however, does relate the incident of his transition. We quote in part from the archives of the Order in this regard: “. . . The untimely departure of . . . Beloved Past Master Amenhotep IV (Akhnaton) whose transition occurred on July 24, 1350, B.C. (based on the current calendar) . . . on the memorable day of his transition he forsook all earthly things and found joy in the Holy Sanctum adjoining his bed chamber in his palace. Here in the midst of meditation he was inspired to evoke the law of. . . Raising both his hands in meditation to . . . he pronounced the lost word. Then as peace and quietness came to his hungry soul, he knelt in prayer. . . In this position he finally vowed his obligations to God and to all his fellow men who preceded him for the knowledge they had given to the world, and then raised both arms to the Cosmic that it might reach down and raise him to heights sublime.”

Tutankhamen, whom they placed upon the throne and used as a puppet. In the name of Tutankhamen, the local gods were definitely restored. The court returned to Thebes. . . .

Akhnaton's City was pulled down stone by stone, and ruined so completely that men forgot where it had once stood. His body, torn from the tomb in the Eastern hills where he had desired to rest, was reburied in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, near Thebes. His name was effaced from the monuments, from his own coffin — even from the ribbons of gold foil that encircled his mummy, so that his soul, henceforth anonymous and deprived of the customary prayers and offerings, might wander for ever in hunger and agony.

In the pride of their recent triumph, the priests composed the exultant hymn of hate now preserved upon an ostrakon in the British Museum:

“Thou findest him who transgresses against thee;
Woe to him who assails thee!
Thy city endures,
but he who assailed thee falls.
The sun of him who knows thee not goes down, O Amon!
But as for him who knows thee, he shines.
The abode of him who assailed thee is in darkness;
but the rest of the earth is in light.
Whoever puts thee in his heart, O Amon,
Lo, his sun dawns.”¹

And the world was once more, apparently at least, as though Akhnaton had never been born.

¹ “. . . Little more than a howl of savage joy at the downfall of Akhnaton and all his works.” — J. Baikie, *The Amarna Age* (Edit. 1926), p. 398.

CHAPTER XII

AKHNATON AND THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

With Tutankhamen began for the Western World an era of spiritual regression which is lasting still.

Sincere and serious as it is, this opinion of ours may at first sight appear as a mere paradox. But it is not so.

Whatever one may think of Akhnaton's Teaching, one has to concede at least three points concerning it. First, the Religion of the Disk was a universal religion, as opposed to the former local or national religions of the ancient world. The supreme Reality round which it centred — call it the Soul of the Sun, the Energy within the Disk, or give it any other name — was not only Something worthy of the adoration of all men, but also Something actually worshipped, knowingly or unknowingly, by all creatures, including plants. And all creatures, brought forth and sustained by the One Source of life — the Sun — were one in Him. Never in the world west of India had the idea of universal Godhead been so emphatically stressed, and the brotherhood of all living beings more deeply felt. And never were those truths to be stressed again more boldly in the future.

Secondly, it was a rational and natural religion¹ — not a dogmatic one. It was neither a creed nor a code of human laws. It did not pretend to reveal the Unknowable, or to regulate in details the behaviour of man, or to offer means to escape the visible world and its links. It simply invited us to draw our religious inspiration from the beauty of things as

¹ "Its strength" (of Akhnaton's religion) "lay in its nearness to obvious truth and obvious blessings. It compromised happily between crude material idolatry and a mysticism which had no connection with life. Its deity was so supermundane that no taint of earth or materialism clung to it, and yet so visibly the creative and regulative Power of all that is mundane that its worship was in touch with the most insistent realities. . . . It achieved a happy success in a direction where most of them (*i.e.*, the great religious systems) have signally failed — a basis in reality instead of speculation, and a natural rather than induced piety." — Norman de Garis Davies, *The Rock Tombs of El Amarna*, p. 47.

they are: to worship life, in feeling and in deed; or, to put it as an outstanding nineteenth-century thinker¹ has done, to be “true to the earth.” Based as it was, not upon any mythology, nor any metaphysics, but upon a broad intuition of scientific truth, its appeal would have increased with the progress of accurate knowledge — instead of decreasing, like that of many a better-known religion.

Finally — and this was perhaps its most original feature — it was, from the very start, a Teaching that exalted the individual perfection (life in truth) as the supreme goal, and at the same time a State-religion. Not only the religion of a State, but a religion for the State — for any and every State — no less than for the individual. It was a Teaching in which (if we may judge by the example of its Founder) the same idea of “truth” that was to inspire personal behaviour through and through was also to determine the attitude of a monarch towards the friends and foes of his realm, to guide his decisions regarding peace and war; in one word, to dominate international relations. It implied, not the separation of private and public life, but their identity — their subjection to the same rational and aesthetic principles; their common source of inspiration; their common goal.

Such was the message of Akhnaton, the only great religious Teacher, west of India, who was at the same time a king; and perhaps the only undoubtedly historic originator of a religion on earth,² who, being a king, did not renounce kingship but tried to tackle the problems of State — particularly the problem of war — in the light of religious truth.

* * *

The thirteen years of Akhnaton’s personal rule were but a minute in history. But that minute marks a level of perfection

¹ Nietzsche.

² Many will rightly remark that the deified Indian hero, Krishna, was a king, and that he not only put forth the doctrine of warrior-like action performed in a spirit of complete detachment (as expressed in the Bhagavad-Gîta), but applied it himself to politics, throughout the Kurukshetra War. However, such an enormous amount of legend now surrounds the person of Krishna, that it is practically impossible to assign him a place in history — to say nothing of giving him even an approximate date.

hardly ever approached in subsequent years (save perhaps in India, during the latter part of the reign of Asoka, or under Harshavardhana, or again, after many centuries, in the latter part of the reign of Akbar).

From the far-gone days of Tutankhamen down to the time in which we live, the history of the Western world — that is to say, roughly, of the world west of India — presents an ever-broadening gap between the recognised religions and rational thought; a more and more complete divorce, also, between the same recognised religions and life, especially public life.

When, under the pressure of his masters, the priests of Amon, Tutankhaton, renamed Tutankhamon, signed the decree reinstalling the national gods of Egypt in their former glory, he opened an era of intellectual conflict and moral unrest which has not yet to-day come to an end. Before Akhnaton, the world — the Western world at least — had worshipped national gods, and had been satisfied. After him, it continued to worship national gods, but was no longer fully content with them. For a minute, a new light had shone; great truths — the universality of the supreme Essence; the oneness of all life; the unity of religious and rational thought — had been proclaimed in words, in song and in deeds, by one of those men who appear once in history. The man had been cursed, and it was henceforth a crime even to utter his name. He was soon forgotten. But there was no way to suppress the fact that he had come. The old order of blissful ignorance was gone for ever. Against its will, the world dimly remembered the light that the priests had sought to put out; and age after age, inspired men of various lands set out in search of the lost treasure; some caught a glimpse of it, but none were able to regain it in its integrity. The Western world is still seeking it — in vain.

* * *

To make our thought clear to all, let us follow the evolution of the West from the overthrow of Akhnaton's work to the present day. By "West" we mean Europe, Europeanised

America (and Australia), and the countries that stand at the background of European civilisation — that is to say, Greece and a great part of the Middle East.

With the earliest “physiologi” of Ionia — eight hundred years after Akhnaton — rational thought made its second appearance in the West. And this time it did not wither away after the death of one man, but found its mouthpieces in many. Generations of thinkers whose ambition was intellectual knowledge — the logical deduction of ideas and the rational explanation of facts — succeeded one another. Among them were such men as Pythagoras and Plato, who united the light of mystic insight to the clear knowledge of mathematics, and who transcended the narrow religious conceptions of their times. But the Greek world could never transcend them; and Socrates died “for not believing in the gods in whom the city believed” — the national gods — though there had been no more faithful citizen than he. Those gods, adorned as they were with all the graces that Hellenic imagination could give them, were jealous and revengeful in their way. They would have been out of date (and harmless) had men accepted, a thousand years before, the worship of the One Essence of all things, with all it implied. But they had not; and the conflict between the better individuals and the religion of the State had begun. Rational thought was left to thrive; but not so the broad religious outlook that was linked with it. Theoretically — intellectually — any universal God (First Principle, supreme Idea of Goodness, or whatever it be) was acceptable. But the conception of Something to be loved more than the State and worshipped before the national gods was alien to Greece, to Rome, and in general to all the city-minded people of the Mediterranean. Seen from our modern angle of vision, there was a strange disparity between the high intellectual standard of the Hellenes of classical times — those creators of scientific reasoning — and their all-too-human local gods, in no way different from those of the other nations of the Near East.

There appears, also, to have been in their outlook a certain lack of tenderness. One can find, it is true, in the Greek

tragedies, magnificent passages exalting such feelings as filial piety or fraternal love. But the other love — that between man and woman — they seem to have conceived as little more than a mainly physical affair, a “sickness,” as Phaedra says in Euripides’ *Hippolytus*. And their relation to living nature, outside man, seems to have been confined to an aesthetic interest. Bulls being led to the sacrifice and horses carrying their youthful cavaliers in the Panathenaic procession are admirably sculptured on the frieze of the Parthenon. But apart from some really touching verses in Homer (such as those which refer to Ulysses’ faithful old dog, who recognises him after twenty years’ absence) there is hardly an instance, in classical Greek literature, in which a friendly feeling for animals is expressed — not to speak of attributing to them yearnings akin to ours.

Christianity is the next great wave in the history of Western consciousness. And one can hardly conceive a sharper contrast than that which exists between the clear Hellenic genius and the spirit of the creed destined to overrun Hellas, Europe, and finally America and Australia. It was originally — as preached by Paul of Tarsus, the Apostle of the Gentiles — an irrational and unaesthetic creed, fed on miracles, bent on asceticism, strongly stressing the power of evil, ashamed of the body and afraid of life. But its God was a universal God and a God of love. Not as universal, it is true, as might have been expected from a supreme Being proposed to the adoration of a rationally-trained people; nor as impartially loving as a follower of the long-forgotten Religion of the Disk would have imagined his God to be. It was a God who, in fact, never shook off entirely some of the crude attributes which he possessed when worshipped by the Jews as their tribal deity; a God who, of all living creatures, gave man alone an immortal soul, infinitely precious in his eyes, for he loved man in the same childishly partial way as old Jehovah loved the Jewish nation; a democratic God who hated the well-to-do, the high-born, and also those who put their confidence in human intellect instead of submitting to the authority of his Gospel; who hid his truth “from the wise and the learned, but revealed it to the children.”

Still, with all its shortcomings, the mere fact of Christianity's being a creed to be preached "to all nations," in the name of a God who was the Father of all men, was an immense advantage over the older popular religions. The element of love and mercy that the new worship undoubtedly contained — however poor it might be, compared, for instance, to that truly universal love preached in India by Buddhism and Jainism — was sufficient to bring it, in one way at least, nearer to the lost religious ideal of the West even than the different philosophies of the Hellenes (if we except from them Pythagorism and Neo-Pythagorism).

And it had over them all — and over the antique Teaching of Akhnaton himself — the practical advantage of appealing both to the intellectually uncritical, to the emotionally unbalanced, and to the socially oppressed or neglected — to barbarians, to women, to slaves — that is to say, to the majority of mankind. That advantage, combined with the genuine appeal of a gospel of love and with the imperial patronage of Constantine, determined its final triumph. From the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean, it slowly but steadily spread, as one knows, to the whole of Europe and to all lands that European civilisation has conquered.

But the Western world could not definitely forget centuries of rational thought. Nor could it renounce for ever that avowed ideal of visible beauty, of strength, of cleanliness — of healthy earthly life — that had been connected with the various religions of the ancients. As far as it was possible — and many more things are possible than one can imagine — it soon re-installed Greek metaphysics and polytheism under a new form in the very midst of Christianity. And later on, the Greek love of song and pleasure, and the deification of the human body, in the plastic arts as well as in life, prevailed in the spiritual capital of Christendom and throughout most Christian countries. The Western man gradually came to realise what an amount of inconsistency there was in that mixture of Hellenic and Hebrew thought (and remnants of popular myths, much older than Greece and Moses) which composed his traditional religion. He then grew increasingly sceptical, and Christianity remained for him

little more than a poetic but obsolete mythology, in some ways less attractive than that of Greece and Rome. The tardy reaction of the bold critical spirit of classical Hellas against judeo-scholastic authority had come; and modern Free Thought — the triumph of Euclid over Moses — had made its way.

* * *

Eight hundred years before the Renaissance, and twelve hundred years before Darwin, a very different, but equally important reaction had taken place in the eastern and most ancient portion of the Western world. And that had given birth to Islam, which one could roughly describe, we believe, without any serious misinterpretation, as Christianity stripped of its acquired Pagan elements — especially of its Greek elements — and brought back to the rigorous purity of Semitic monotheism.

The fact that Islam appeared and thrived long before the rebirth of critical thought (and of classical taste) in Europe, and that its whole political history seems to run quite apart from that of most European countries, must not deceive us. If we consider the Western world as a whole (Europe and its background), and not only the small portion of it which one generally has in mind when speaking of “the West,” then we have to include in it the countries of the Bible — Syria, Egypt, Arabia, Iraq — no less than Greece; for they are the geographical and cultural background of Christianity, the religion of Europe for centuries. And if this be so, we have, in this outsketch of the history of culture, to take account of Islam as one of the most important religious upheavals of the West, however paradoxical this coupling of words may seem.

Like Free Thought — its latter European parallel — Islam (at least, as we understand it; we may be mistaken) was a broad movement brought about by the incapacity of Christianity to fully satisfy the exigencies of the human mind. But the weaknesses of the Christian faith that the two reactions were destined to make up for were not the same ones. Free Thought was essentially an intellectual reaction against the

dogmatism of the Christian Church and the puerility of the stories (of whatever origin) that go to make up the Christian mythology. Its growth was naturally slow, for man takes time to question the value of his cherished beliefs on intellectual grounds. Only in the nineteenth century did it begin to affect the bulk of the people, and still to-day its influence remains confined to those countries in which elementary scientific education is granted to many individuals.

Islam, on the contrary, was a definitely religious movement — a wild outcry against every form of polytheism under whatever disguise; a reassertion of the continuity of revealed monotheism through Abraham, Moses, and Jesus of Nazareth; a reaffirmation of the brotherhood of all men, that basic truth taught already by Christ to the Jews, but less and less remembered by the Christians. It appeared more rapidly and more suddenly, for the evils against which it rose were more shocking to the simple sincere man in search of the One God, and therefore easier to detect than logical fallacies or historical inaccuracies — even than physical impossibilities. It was easier — not perhaps, recently, for us, but then, for a man of strong beliefs, fed on Jewish tradition — to detect idolatry under every form of image-worship than to feel, for instance, how ridiculous is such a tale as that of Joshua causing the Sun to stand still.

* * *

But the two reactions — the early medieval and the modern, the religious and the intellectual, the one of Semitic origin and the other started by thinkers mostly of Aryan blood and speech — failed to give the world west of India the feeling that a goal had been reached. They failed even to give it, for more than a century or two, the impression that it was on its way to reach a state of intellectual and emotional equilibrium preferable to that attained in a relatively recent past.

True, for many generations, the Islamic portion of what we have broadly called “the West” seems to have enjoyed through all the vicissitudes of its political history, the mental

peace that a few definite, simple, overwhelming religious convictions bring to people in whose life religion holds the first place. True, the problem of religion and State — that the Free-thinkers of Europe never had the opportunity (or the power) to tackle in a practical manner — was for a short time solved, to some extent, under the early Khalifs. But rationalism, strengthened by the fact of modern science, even when it has not altogether shaken the basis of their faith, seems to be influencing more and more many an educated Muslim of the present day in a sense similar to that in which it influenced so many Christians, from the sixteenth century onwards. The result of that influence upon the most liberal of the contemporary Turks, Persians, Egyptians, and even some of the Muslims of India, is obvious. On the other hand, the solution of the problem of religion and State as put forward by the Khalifs, in the early days of Islam, is too closely linked with a particular religious faith to be extended, at the present day, to all countries. It rests upon a somewhat strictly theocratic conception of the State, and upon a rigid line of demarcation between all men who have accepted the revelation of the Prophet — the faithful — and the others. And, rightly or wrongly, the modern world seems evolving in the sense of the separation of the State from religious questions of purely dogmatic interest.

* * *

Now, if we turn to the latter reaction against the shortcomings of Christianity — namely, Free Thought — we find that it has left the people who have matured under its influence in a state of moral unrest far greater than that of those Mussulmans whom their inherited medieval outlook on life no longer satisfies.

Thanks to the undeniable influence of Free Thought, the conclusions of intellectual investigation are not to-day subordinate to Christian theology as they once were. When a scientific hypothesis concerning the texture of atoms or the origin of man is put forward, it matters little whether it tallies or not with the narrative of the Genesis. Even good

Christians are ready to accept it, provided it explains facts. Moral questions, too, have been nearly completely freed from the overshadowing idea of a supernatural imperative. Right behaviour is valued because it is thought to be right — no longer because it is the behaviour ordained by God.

But that is about all the difference between the modern “rationalist” outlook and the Christian outlook before the Renaissance. Theoretically, it may seem considerable. In life, it is hardly felt. Important as it is, the fact that, in the field of pure knowledge, thought is now independent from clerical or scriptural authority, plays little part in the formation of the spirit of our times. Thoughts, opinions, intellectual conclusions are, indeed, constructive only to the extent they determine our reactions in the field of behaviour. And there we fail to see how the old authorities have ceased to hold their sway. Except for sexual morality — in regard to which the modern man has become more and more lenient because it suits his fancy, but has not yet, however, outdone the magnificent toleration of many a cardinal of the sixteenth century — the behaviour styled as “right” is precisely that which is in accordance with Christian standards; that which approaches the charitable, democratic, and somewhat narrow ideal of the Christian Gospel; that which obeys the Commandment: “Love thy neighbour as thyself.” The builders of the Parthenon had not gone even as far as that, it is true. But modern rationalism has never gone further than that. It may have, to some extent, taught the present-day Westerner to think in terms of Cosmic Realities. But it has not yet taught him to feel in terms of cosmic values. It has denounced Christian metaphysics as obsolete; but it still clings to the no less obsolete man-centred conception of right and wrong. It no longer maintains that man alone has an immortal soul, and it has forsaken the naïve idea that the world and all it contains was purposely created for man. But it seems to see no harm in man’s exploiting, destroying, or even torturing for his own ends the beautiful innocent creatures, animals and plants, nourished by the same sunshine as himself in the womb of the same mother earth. For all practical purposes, it seems to consider them no more

worthy of attention than if they were, indeed, created for him — by that very God who caused the fig-tree in the Gospel to wither in order to teach a lesson to Christ's disciples, and who allowed the evil spirits to enter the Gadarene swine in order to relieve a human being from their grip.

There are, of course, free-thinkers who have personally gone beyond the limits of Christian love and embraced all life in their sympathy. Many a broad-hearted Mohammedan saint, also (such as Abu-Hurairah, the "Father-of-cats"), has shared the same conception of truly universal brotherhood. But these individual cases cannot blind us to the fact that neither of the two great movements that sprang up, so as to say, to supersede Christianity, has actually emphasised that fundamental truth of the unity of all life (with its practical implications) which the Christian Scriptures had omitted to express. There are, no doubt, remarkable Christians — for instance, Saint Francis of Assisi — who have grasped that truth and lived up to it. Still, in the omission of the Gospel to put the slightest stress upon it lies, in our eyes at least, the main weakness of Christianity compared with the great living religions of the East — Vedantism, Buddhism, Jainism — and also, nearer its birthplace, with the lost Religion of the Disk. The only two large-scale attempts ever made west of India to restore to men the consciousness of that all-important truth were Pythagorism (and, later on, Neo-Pythagorism) in Antiquity, and nowadays Theosophy — both movements that owe much to direct or indirect Indian influence. The interest shown for the latter by many of our educated contemporaries points out how much ordinary Free Thought — a scientific conception of the world, plus a merely Christian-like ideal of love and charity — is insufficient to meet the moral needs of the most sensitive among us.

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There is more to say. Modern Free Thought has completely dissociated, in the minds of most educated people, the idea of positive knowledge — of science — from that of

worship. Not that a man of science cannot be, at the same time, a man of faith — he often is — but he considers the two domains as separate from each other. Their objects, he thinks, cannot be interchanged any more than their aims. One does not know God as one knows the data of sensuous experience or the logical conclusions of an induction; and however much one may admire the supremely beautiful picture of visible reality that modern science gives us, one cannot worship the objects of scientific investigation — the forms of energy, the ninety-two elements, or such.

And the tragedy is that, once a rational picture of the world has imposed itself upon our mind, the usual objects of faith appear more and more as poetic fictions, as hidden allegories, or as deified moral entities. We do not want to do away with them altogether; yet we cannot help regretting the absence, in them, of that character of intellectual certitude that makes us cling so strongly to science. We feel more and more that moral certitude is not enough to justify our wholehearted adoration of any supreme Principle; in other words, that religion without a solid scientific background is insufficient.

On the other hand, there are moments when we regret the lost capacity of enjoying the blessings of faith with the simplicity of a child — without the slightest mental reservation, without strain, without thought. We wonder, at times, if the men who built the Gothic cathedrals were not, after all, happier and better men than our contemporaries; if the tremendous inspiration they drew from childish legends was not worth all our barren “rational” beliefs. We would like to experience, in the exaltation of the “realities” which we value, the same religious fervour which they used to feel in the worship of a God who was perhaps an illusion. But that seems impossible. Men have tried it and failed. The cult of the Goddess Reason put forward by the dreamers of the French Revolution, and the cult of Humanity, which Auguste Comte wished to popularise, could never make the Western man forget the long-loved sweetness of his Christian festivals, interwoven with all the associations of childhood. How could one even think of replacing the tradition of

Christmas and Easter by such dry stuff as that? Science, without the advantages of religion, is no more able to satisfy us than religion without a basis of scientific certitude. Prominent as some of them may be, the men who nowadays remain content with Free Thought are already out of date. The twentieth century is growing more and more aware of its craving for some all-embracing truth, intellectual and spiritual, in the light of which the revelations of experience and faith, the dictates of reason and of intuition — of science and religion — would find their place as partial aspects of a harmoniously organic whole. The evolution that one can follow in the outlook of such a man as Aldous Huxley is most remarkable as a sign of the times.

* * *

Along with the divorce of religion from science, we must note the divorce of religion from private and public life. As Aldous Huxley timely points out in one of his recent books,¹ the saints proposed to our veneration as paragons of godliness are rarely intellectual geniuses; and the intellectual geniuses — scientists, philosophers, statesmen — and the artists, poets, writers who have won an immortal name are hardly ever equally remarkable as embodiments of the virtues which religion teaches us to value. So much so that we have ceased to expect extraordinary intelligence in a saint, or extraordinary goodness in a genius according to the world, and least of all in a political genius. For nowhere is the separation of religion from life more prominent (and more shocking) than in the domain of international relations.

The much-quoted injunction of Christ to “render unto Caesar that which is Caesar’s and unto God that which is God’s” illustrates — as it is generally interpreted — a division of duties which has survived the belief in dogmatic Christianity. Whether he be a Christian or a Free Thinker — or a Mussulman, in one of the modern Islamic States that have undergone the influence of European ideas — the Western man, as a man, is guided, in life, by certain principles different

¹ *In Ends and Means* (Chapter on Education).

from, and sometimes in contradiction with those that lie at the basis of his outlook as a citizen. Caesar and God are more often than not in conflict with each other. And when this happens — when there is no way of serving both — then the Western man generally serves Caesar first, and offers God, in compensation, some scraps of private piety. But more and more numerous are growing those who denounce this duality of ideals as a sinister product of deceitful casuistry.

In the ancient world, as long as religion was a national concern, and connected with practices rather than with beliefs, its actual separation from life was impossible. In one way, that may seem better than what we see now. And the bold ideologists who, in recent years, in Europe, have endeavoured to wipe out altogether the spirit if not the name of Christianity and to raise the Nation — based on the precise physiological idea of race — as the object of man's ultimate devotion, those ideologists, we say, may seem wiser and more honest than their humanitarian antagonists. If religion indeed, does not, as it is, respond any longer to the needs of life, it is better to change it. It is far better to openly brush aside two thousand years of errors (if errors they be) and to come back to the national gods of old, and to be true to them to the bitter end, than to keep on rendering divine honours to the Man who said: "Love thy neighbour," and to wage a war of extermination upon men of rival nations whom one has not even the excuse of considering as "infidels" or "heretics." There is no hypocrisy in the votaries of the religion of Race, as in those of the religion of man. The only weakness one could point out in their creed — if the latter be artificially separated from the Religion of Life, of which it is, fundamentally, and remains, in the minds of its best exponents, the true expression — is that it has been transcended, and that therefore it is difficult to go back to it, even if one wishes to. The religion of man itself has been transcended long before its birth. The truth is that both are too narrow, too passionately one-sided, too ignorant of great realities that surpass their scope, to satisfy any longer men who think rationally and who feel the beauty

and the seriousness of life, unless they be integrated into the Religion of Life.

To frankly acknowledge a moral ideal still narrower than that of Christianity or humanitarian Free Thought will not ultimately serve the purpose of filling the gap between life and religion. The higher aspirations of the spirit cannot entirely be suppressed. The gap will soon reappear — this time between the religion of race, nation or class, and the life of the better individuals; a sad result. That gap will always exist, under some form or another, as long as a religion of integral truth, transcending man, and of truly universal love is not acknowledged, in theory and in practice, by individuals and groups of individuals.

Moreover, the mystic of race (or of nation, or of any entity with a narrower denotation than that of “man”) is, nay, under its narrowest and least enlightened aspect, unassailable, unless and until the ideology of man, inherited by Free Thought from Christianity, is once and for ever pushed into the background in favour of an ideology of life. For if, indeed, one is to believe that living Nature, with all its loveliness, is made for man to use for his profit, then why should not one admit, with equal consistency, that the bulk of mankind is made for the few superior races, classes or even individuals to exploit at will?

Ultimately, one has to go to the limit, and acknowledge cosmic values as the essence of religion, if religion is to have any universal meaning at all. And if it is to be something more than an individual ideal; if it is no longer to remain separated from the life of States; if truth, in one word, is ever to govern international relations as well as personal dealings, then one has to strive to put power into the hands of an intellectual and moral elite — to come back to Plato’s idea of wise men managing public affairs, makers of laws and rulers of men, uncontested guides of reverentially obedient nations.

* * *

We have just seen how, in the world west of India, one great thought-current has succeeded another from the days

of Tutankhamen onwards, without defining the relation of religion to science and to politics; without giving birth to a creed that all of us, including the most rational-minded and the kindest, could look up to and admire without reservation; without suggesting to us an ideal approach to such questions as that of imperialism and war by the example of any exalted “precedent.”

And there is, at the same time, all through the history of that vast area, an underlying yearning for such a perfect creed as would fulfil all the aspirations of its successive cultures — a yearning for rationality in religion, for love extended to all living things, and for a conception of international relations based on the same principles as those which should guide individual behaviour.

Expressed more or less emphatically in the lives of the best individuals of each epoch, that craving for an all-round perfection has never found its mouthpiece in any of the great historic thought-currents of the West themselves. Each of the successive waves of consciousness that we call Hellenic thought, Christianity, Islam, and modern Free Thought, has put stress upon one or another point — on logical reasoning and on beauty; on the love of man; on the oneness of God; on scientific certitude — striving to realise one side of an ideal Teaching which none of them could conceive in its whole.

One or two schools of Hellenic philosophy, such as Pythagorism and Neo-Pythagorism, strongly influenced by the East, have probably come nearer to that lost ideal of total truth than any other expression of Western thought. What we know of the life and teachings of Apollonius of Tyana — that “god among men,” as a modern author¹ has called him — is sufficient to support this statement. But it is doubtful whether the doctrine of his sect, or that of any other remarkable Greek school, could be revived to-day in its integrity. No doctrine which is too precise concerning questions about which knowledge is not definite can be “a possession for ever.” And the Pythagorean theory of numbers, for instance, many not appear satisfactory to the

¹ Mario Meunier: *Apollonius de Tyane, ou le séjour d'un dieu parmi les hommes*, Paris, 1936.

modern mind as it did to the disciples of old. For, if it has not been disproved, as the cosmogony of the Stoics or so many other particular theories linked with ancient philosophies — if it even be irrevocable in some of its aspects, as the mathematical side of Plato's philosophy is said to be by some writers¹ — it has at least been surpassed in an ever-broadening mathematical outlook, and cannot, therefore, be considered to-day as sufficient.

Apart from that, there is one point which none of the great doctrines of the past three thousand years have touched, and that is the question of the application of their own principles to the practical life of nations, and to international relations. The reason for this is probably that, with the one exception of Akhnaton, none of the initiators of new thought in the West were kings, like some of the most popular Indian teachers; none even ministers of state, like Confucius. Plato himself, for whom the best government is that in which the ruler is a lover of wisdom, had personally no voice in the direction of Athenian policy.

* * *

Let us now look back to Akhnaton's Teaching, of which we have recalled the main features at the beginning of this chapter. The more we examine it, in the light of thirty-three hundred years of history, the more we are convinced that it is the perfect religion in search of which the Western world is still groping without being able to re-imagine it.

It has, over whatever other creed has been invented, west of India, as an answer to the higher aspirations of man, the advantage of being simple and complete. It is perhaps indeed the simplest among the lofty teachings of the whole world; a framework, suggesting an attitude towards the possible problems of individual and public life, rather than a system offering solutions of those problems once and for all. It is not only free from all mythology, from all metaphysics, from affirmations of any sort about things that are not known for certain, but it has hardly any tenets. To call it a creed is

¹ D. Néroman: *La Leçon de Platon* (Niclus Edit., Paris, 1943).

nearly a misuse of the word. It comprises no “theory,” even about the world of facts. It is not a doctrine concerning science — which could grow out of date. Yet, it is based upon a bold scientific intuition which has not only been proved correct, but is broad enough to contain and sum up, after so many centuries, the essential of man’s positive knowledge of the universe, and which thus confers upon the whole of it the permanent strength of intellectual certitude. It has no catalogue of imperatives, and makes no mention of right and wrong. Yet, the fervent love expressed in Akhnaton’s hymns implies the noblest behaviour towards all living things — even towards one’s enemies — and historic events have shown that the implication was not an empty one.

Finally, the fact that the promoter of the Teaching was the ruler of a first-rate military power, with foreign possessions and vassal States — colonies and protectorates, as we would call them nowadays — and that he put the spirit of his religion in action on an international scale, is of great importance. For the time has come when the world feels that religion cannot remain foreign to burning questions of international interest such as that of war. No teaching which ignores those questions can therefore really appeal to modern consciousness. If God and Caesar are in conflict with each other — as we see they so often are — then they cannot both claim our allegiance. If we do not deify the Nation and sacrifice God, renouncing all values beyond the national ones, then we must consider the problem of war and conquest in the light of the highest religious values and, if necessary, sacrifice the interest of the Nation. No great Western teacher has done so, save Akhnaton. None could do so, for none had the power to make peace and war. And the few among our modern pacifists who boast of doing so now, put forward their claims from an armchair, for none of them has any say in the decisions of his country’s government.

If, by taking the unusual course which he did, Akhnaton lost an empire, he at least left the world an example for ever which was worth its while. In all simplicity, without theorising on right and wrong, he showed us in what direction is to be sought the solution of the war problem, if one does not

want to sacrifice truth (that is to say, God) to the State.

Sir Flinders Petrie was already aware of the undying value of the Religion of the Disk when he wrote in his *History of Egypt*, at the dawn of the present century: “If this were a new religion invented to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions, we could not find a flaw in the correctness of his (*i.e.*, Akhnaton’s) view of the energy of the solar system. . . .” “He (Akhnaton) had certainly bounded forward in his views and symbolism to a position which we cannot logically improve upon at the present day. Not a rag of superstition or falsity can be found clinging to this new worship, evolved out of the old Aton of Heliopolis, the sole Lord of the Universe.”¹

Petrie puts special stress upon the scientific accuracy of the Teaching and upon its rational value. We add that the truly universal love it implies is equalled only in the religions originated in or borrowed from India. So much so that — putting together the kindred seers of the East, sons of one same civilisation, and taking them as a whole — the great idea of the unity of all life and brotherhood of all creatures seems to have had two parallel exponents in antiquity, and the world two everlasting teachers: India and Akhnaton.

* * *

There is still more to say. Since the discovery of Eastern thought by the Europeans, in the eighteenth century — that second Renaissance, less dazzling, but no less if not more important than the sixteenth century one — the world has been increasingly craving for something in which the East and West could meet and feel themselves one in spite of all their differences.

We are living now in a period of transition between an old and a new spiritual order, bearing to the world of yesterday a relation somewhat similar to that of the Hellenistic period to classical antiquity; an epoch in which, for the second time, the East and the West — India and Greece, to take the two countries that have had the greatest influence

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie: *History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

upon the culture of man as a symbol of the two halves of mankind — have come in contact with each other, and are trying to know and understand each other and to create together, if they can (this time on a world-wide scale), a work of truth and beauty unparalleled in the history of their separate achievements.

They feel the need of a common faith that would become the basis of their future collaboration, the foundation of a really universal fraternity of souls, and perhaps also, one day (if men grow less foolish, and less numerous, too), of a world-wide commonwealth of free nations, at peace with one another.

None of the living creeds professed west of India to-day is sufficiently comprehensive for a thoughtful Hindu to look upon it as fit to be ranked with his own religion or with any of those that sprang from it. None can match Buddhism and Jainism in the preaching of universal kindness; none can match Vedantism, in the conception of divine Reality. That is probably why there are people who suggest to reverse the out-dated activities of the Christian and other missionaries, and to preach to the West the main general tenets of Indian religion. And it is to be noted that, contrarily to the crowds of ignorant Easterners converted to the religions of the West, mostly for purely social reasons, the few Euro-Americans who have adhered to Eastern creeds are mainly men above the average, who have done so for religious or moral reasons alone.

Still, we believe that the attempt, successful as it may be in individual cases, and infinitely more justified than that of the Western missionaries, cannot easily be generalised. The faith of the world cannot be any particular faith linked up with a definite tradition, a given theology (or given metaphysics) to be found in a more or less elaborate literature of sacred texts and learned commentaries. Races differ in their genius. If any creed is to unite them all to some extent, that must be an extremely broad one, with which none of man's deeper aspirations will clash, and which will need, on the part of each individual, no difficult adaptation to a trend of thought alien to his own.

The religions of India, apart from the intricate metaphysical

speculations intertwined with them (and which it is difficult to detach from them without altering them profoundly) seem to have in common a more or less marked tendency to ascetic renunciation. It would, of course, be easy to find texts in which the importance of life and action in the world is stressed to the utmost. But the ultimate goal remains to transcend individuality; to drown personal consciousness in the realisation of an unnameable Infinite, beyond all imaginable thought or even feeling. If not ascetic life, at least an ascetic outlook on life, an awareness of the transience and therefore of the inanity of the visible world, is commended at every stage of man's evolution. And it is this, perhaps, above all, that makes it so difficult for most Westerners to grasp the essence of Indian religion. They understand the Hindu (or Buddhist) point of view, intellectually; they cannot really make it theirs, for their outlook on life and on the visible world is quite different. They may, for instance, accept the doctrine of reincarnation — that basic belief of the East. But they will find it hard, in general, to desire not to be reborn as individuals. It is perhaps only in the higher stages of mystic experience that the two ideals of salvation in eternal life and of “deliverance” from all individual existence meet and merge into each other. But that experience is beyond most people's reach.

We therefore think that it is difficult to make the East — namely, the spiritual sons of India — and the West — the spiritual sons of West Asia and Greece — meet on purely Eastern religious grounds. The common faith in which the two can walk hand in hand is to be sought elsewhere.

Why not try to revive the forsaken Religion of the Disk among the elite of all countries, and make it the basis of the new spiritual order uniting East and West?

If one takes “the West” in the broad sense that we have given to that word, then Akhnaton's Teaching seems, as we have stated above, the one product of the Western mind that can stand in parallel with the great teachings of India, both for its lofty conception of the Energy-within-the-Disk — hardly different from the central idea of the Gayatri mantra of the Hindus — and for the love of all living creatures which it implies.

Far from looking upon it as anything alien to her own religious genius, India could therefore see in it another proof of that essential oneness in man's highest inspiration, which she has never ceased to proclaim through the mouth of her greatest sons; something so akin, indeed, to her own oldest recorded contribution to religious thought that some authors¹ have hastily supposed it to be a result of Indo-Aryan influences upon its Promoter.

On the other hand, it differs from the great Eastern teachings of world-wide scope precisely in that it is not a teaching of renunciation. It emphasises the joy of life, the sweetness of sunshine to all beings, the loveliness of the visible world. And the only few lines through which we can hope to form an idea of its Founder's own conception of the hereafter express a joyous confidence in the coming of a new individual life, presupposing even, perhaps, some sort of subtle corporeality. In this attitude of his to personal existence and to the beautiful world of forms and colours which he transcends without ceasing to feel their infinite value, Akhnaton remains a child of the West, whom the West can understand.

It seems difficult indeed to find a historic figure uniting, to the same degree as he, the complementary qualities of what we may call the two poles of human perfection: uncompromising logic, and boundless love; rationality, and the intuition of the divine; the smiling serenity of Greek wisdom, and the fiery earnestness of the East; the love of glorious life in flesh and blood and, at the same time, the tranquil indifference of the saint to every form of worldly success. No man deserves more than he the double homage of the two great sections of mankind: the undivided admiration of the West; the respect of the East.

And the one powerful country of the world in which dynastic Sun-worship is still to-day the State-religion — Japan — could hardly fail to recognise the supreme beauty of a nature-loving, Sun-centred Teaching, preached by a king of one of the oldest solar dynasties of the past. Among the Western cults, old and new, the Religion of the Disk

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism* (Edit. 1923), pp. 113, and following.

might perhaps be the one which, if only better known, would appeal to the heart of that proud nation, stirring in it, beyond and above its age-long devotion to symbols of national Godhead, a holy fervour towards the truly universal Sun, God of all life.

* * *

In January, 1907, a skeleton — all that remained of the world's first rationalist and oldest Prince of Peace — was discovered by Arthur Weigall and Ayrton in a tomb in the royal necropolis near the ruins of Thebes. At the foot of the coffin was inscribed the prayer, previously quoted, most probably composed by the dead king himself, in praise of the One God for the sake of Whom he had lost everything.¹

On the top of the coffin were the name and titles of the Pharaoh:

“The beautiful Prince, the Chosen-son of the Sun, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Living in Truth, Lord of the Two Lands. Akhnaton, the beautiful Child of the living Aton, whose name shall live for ever and ever.”

The name had been erased, but the titles were sufficient to reconstruct the inscription in its whole.

The tomb had once been that of Akhnaton's mother; and the body of the young Pharaoh had been brought there from Akhetaton, after the desertion of the sacred City by the Egyptian court, under Tutankhamen, and laid next to the remains of the deceased queen. But soon after, the priests of Amon, restored to power, had found it proper to remove Queen Tiy's mummy to another place; and Akhnaton's body, wrapped in its double sheets of pure gold, had been left alone in the sepulchre. Century after century it had remained there, forgotten. And as the priests had not cared to seal the entrance of the lonely chamber properly, the

¹ “I breathe the sweet breath that comes forth from Thy mouth; I behold Thy beauty every day. It is my desire that I may hear Thy sweet voice, even in the North wind, that my limbs may be rejuvenated with life, through love of Thee. Give me Thy hands holding Thy spirit, that I may receive it and live by it. Call Thou upon my name unto eternity, and it shall never fail.” (Quoted in Chapter V, p. 132)

dampness of the air had penetrated it and had slowly caused the embalmed flesh to decay. So that, after three thousand and three hundred years, when human eyes once more beheld the young king who had sung the glory of life, nothing was left of his mortal form but dry bones.

The discovery was a subject of discussion among scholars for some time. Apart from that, it remained unnoticed. After examining the skeleton, Professor Elliot Smith declared that the Pharaoh could not have been more than twenty-eight or twenty-nine when he died. A learned German scholar, Professor Sethe, supposing him to have been older, doubted that the bones were actually his. A great deal was written about the matter, until it was practically proved that they were.¹ Arthur Weigall, a few years later, published his beautiful book, *The Life and Times of Akhnaton*, in which he asserts himself as a genuine admirer of the Pharaoh and of his Teaching.

But no such interest as was roused, in 1922, by Lord Carnarvon's discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen, was stirred among the public at large. There were no articles written for lay people in the Sunday editions of the daily papers about the most perfect man whom the Western world had produced; no romantic history for popular consumption came forth overnight; no lectures were given in literary and semi-literary circles; no tea-table talk took place around the Pharaoh's name. For little had been found of those treasures which impress the imagination of crowds: no jewels (save a beautiful golden vulture, with wings outstretched); no gems; no gilded furniture; nothing but the skeleton of a god-like man who had died, rejected and cursed thirty-three hundred years before.

Yet that man was the one the world had been unconsciously seeking all the time, through centuries of moral unrest, disillusionment and failure.

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury (*Tell-el-Amarna*, Edit. 1935, pp. 31-32) still maintains, however, that Akhnaton's mummy was probably destroyed by his enemies, and that the remains found by Arthur Weigall in 1907 were therefore not his.

* * *

Confident in their suddenly re-acquired power, and maddened by the joy of revenge, the priests of Amon had decided to wipe out every trace of Akhnaton's memory for ever. The temples of the various gods were restored and their cult reinstalled in all its former splendour. And a curse was proclaimed throughout the land against him who had dared to forsake the traditional path and preach the Way of the One God.

Let us remember the hour of his defeat. Let us think of the national cult; let us picture to ourselves the huge affluence of pilgrims from all parts of the empire, assembled there to see the old order begin again; to hear, as before, the old prayers and the old songs in honour of the god of Thebes — of the god of Egypt — who had made Egypt great, and who would have helped her to remain so, had it not been for the “apostate” king, who had risen against him; let us imagine the smoke and fragrance of incense, the music of the holy instruments amplified through the successive halls of granite; the flame of the sacrifice, reflected upon the dusky faces, and upon the golden hieroglyphics shining in the darkness in praise of Amon, king of gods. And in the midst of all this, echoing from hall to hall, telling the world of that day and the world to come that the “criminal of Akhetaton” had been vanquished, and that Egypt was herself once more, the song of triumph and of hate:

“Woe to him who assails thee!
Thy city endures,
but he who assailed thee falls.”

the song of the victorious crowd led by its cunning shepherds — of the Nation, of all nations; of the average man, walking in the footprints of his fathers — over the dead body of Him Who, being one with the Sun, walked in His own light; of the divine Individual:

“The abode of him who assailed thee is in darkness,
but the rest of the earth is in light. . . .”

In that crowd from all parts of the empire, there were men who had known King Akhnaton in the days of his glory; men

who had received from him gifts in gold and silver, and to whom he had spoken kind words, and on whom he had relied, believing them to be faithful. But not one of them stirred as he heard the frenzied hymn of hate. The priests of Amon had what they wanted. The world obeyed them — not Him. And it has continued obeying them ever since, cherishing its manifold superstitions and paying homage to its tribal gods. To the present day, no man has yet raised his voice and openly challenged their triumph in the name of the Child of Light whom they persecuted beyond death.

But there is one thing that the priests could not do, and that was to keep the world from groping in search of the dream — or the reality — for which he had lived. They could not stop the evolution of the spirit, nor put an end to the quest of truth.

While Akhnaton's memory was rapidly being effaced, the quasi-universality of Sun-worship was a fact. However wanting were the different conceptions of the Sun held in different countries, still it was to the fiery Disk that all men rendered praise, in some way or the other, justifying the words of the inspired king. And no force on earth could keep that unanimity from meaning what it did.

And as time passed, the better men of the Western world began to feel the limitations of their man-made religions; to crave for a faith that should be founded solely upon the facts of existence; a faith that should include the whole scheme of life, and not man alone, within its scope; a faith that should also find its practical application in questions of international interest (mainly in the question of conquest and war) no less than in the private behaviour of individuals; and at the same time, a faith that should be simple, extremely simple — the world is tired of intricate metaphysics, of sterile mental play centred around ideas that correspond to nothing important in living life. In other words, as one imperfect creed after another rose and thrived, and decayed in its turn, leaving behind it disillusionment and doubt and moral sickness, the better men have been unknowingly seeking for the lost truth preached by King Akhnaton.

Deprived of name and fame and of the love of men, the

royal youth lay in the desecrated tomb in which his enemies had put his body, while centuries rolled on. And no one knew that the light that the best ones were still seeking was his light. The discovery of his bones was no more noticed than any other archaeological discovery. In all appearance, his persecutors still held their sway. Only they could not silence the yearning of Western consciousness for a truly rational religion in tune with life, uniting the scientific spirit to all-embracing love. Nor could they suppress the need of the whole world for a permanent understanding of East and West, on the basis of an extremely simple faith in which the two could recognise the expression of their complementary ideals.

The discovery of Akhnaton's remains, thirty-seven years ago, was hardly spoken of, save in very restricted scholarly circles. But times were already beginning to ripen for the recognition of his Teaching as the Gospel of a new and better world — for his long-delayed triumph. Sir Flinders Petrie had proclaimed the eternal actuality of the Religion of the Disk in the early eighteen-nineties. Less than ten years later,¹ one of the greatest artists of the modern West, the Greek poet, Kostis Palamas, referring to the unending conflict between the Pagan and the Christian spirit — the conflict at the centre of European culture — had written:

“A day will come when you will walk hand in hand,
Pagans and Christians, with your eyes open,
nourished with the herb of Life.
Fantasies will appear to you as fantasies,
and you will stretch out your hands so that, of all that is vital,
you, too, might hold something. . . .”²

¹ The poem was composed, as the author himself says in his preface, between 1899 and 1906.

² From *The Twelve Discourses of the Gypsy*, 2nd Edition, Athens, 1921, p. 84.

He did not suggest what particular Teaching could supersede the conflicting wisdoms, and make them appear as “fantasies,” as “illusions” to their followers. And we do not know if he was at all acquainted with Akhnaton’s religion. But his verses are none the less prophetic. They express the increasing awareness of the Western world that the time has come for the triumph of some true faith of life which will give it, in one whole, all that the Athenian miracle — the miracle of reason and beauty — and the equally beautiful “folly of the Cross” — the miracle of love as the West knows it — have given it separately, and still more.

We believe that no faith could respond to this expectation better than Akhnaton’s worship of Cosmic Energy, Essence of Life, through the beautiful Disk of our Parent Star in which It radiates as light and heat.

After killing the Religion of the Disk and thrusting their country back into the path that was to lead it to slow decay, the priests of Egypt believed that Akhnaton and his Teaching were dead for ever. They were sure no man would ever rise in favour of him whom they had condemned, and they departed content from the great temple where his doom had been solemnised. And we have seen that, for three thousand three hundred years, their unholy verdict held good. One can think of no other historic instance of hatred being successful for such a long time.

But the hour has come for the age-old injustice to end. It is the duty of the modern man to challenge the judgement of the priests of the outdated local deity, and to undo what they have done; to answer their hymn of hate, and to proclaim the glory of the most lovable of men; to teach the children that are growing up to hold his name sacred, to look up to him as to their own beloved King and, above all, to live in accordance with his Teaching of life.

May we consider that duty also as a privilege — perhaps the greatest privilege of our troubled times — and may we feel proud to accomplish it without failure. And then, even as the Sun reappears in the East after a long night, Akhnaton, His High-priest and Son, “who came forth from His substance,” shall rise again from the dust of dead history, in

youth and beauty, and live in the consciousness of our times and of all times to come, and rule the hearts and lives of the elite of the world, “till the swan shall turn black and the crow turn white, till the hills rise up to travel and the deeps rush into the rivers.”

Calcutta, May 1942 — New Delhi, 24th January, 1945.

HYMNS OF AKHNATON TO THE SUN

LONGER HYMN

Thy appearing is beautiful in the horizon of heaven,
 The Living Aten¹, the beginning of life;
 Thou risest in the horizon of the east,
 Thou fillest every land with thy beauty.

Thou art very beautiful, brilliant and exalted above earth,
 Thy beams encompass all lands which thou hast made.
 Thou art the sun, thou settest their bounds,
 Thou bindest them with thy love.
 Thou art afar off, but thy beams are upon the land;
 Thou art on high, but the day passes with thy going.

Thou restest in the western horizon of heaven,
 And the land is in darkness like the dead.

They lie in their houses, their heads are covered,
 Their breath is shut up, and eye sees not to eye;
 Their things are taken, even from under their heads, and they know it not.

Every lion cometh forth from his den,
 And all the serpents then bite;
 The night shines with its lights,
 The land lies in silence;
 For he who made them is in his horizon.

The land brightens, for thou risest in the horizon,
 Shining as the Aten in the day;
 The darkness flees, for thou givest thy beams,
 Both lands are rejoicing every day.

Men awake and stand upon their feet,
 For thou liftest them up;
 They bathe their limbs, they clothe themselves,
 They lift their heads in adoration of thy rising,
 Throughout the land they do their labours.

¹ The name of the Solar Disk is written Aten by some authors, such as Sir Flinders Petrie, Sir Wallis Budge, Griffith, etc., and Aton by others, such as A. Weigall and J. Breasted. All through this book we have written Aton.

The cattle all rest in their pastures,
 Where grow the trees and herbs;
 The birds fly in their haunts,
 Their wings adoring thy ka,
 All the flocks leap upon their feet,
 The small birds live when thou risest upon them.

The ships go forth north and south,
 For every way opens at thy rising.
 The fishes in the river swim up to greet thee,
 Thy beams are within the depth of the great sea.

Thou createst conception in women, making the issue of mankind;
 Thou makest the son to live in the body of his mother,
 Thou quietest him that he should not mourn,
 Nursing him in the body, giving the spirit that all his growth may live.
 When he cometh forth on the day of his birth,
 Thou openest his mouth to speak, thou doest what he needs.

The small bird in the egg, sounding within the shell,
 Thou givest to it breath within the egg,
 To give life to that which thou makest.
 It gathers itself to break forth from the egg,
 It cometh from the egg, and chirps with all its might,
 It runneth on its feet, when it has come forth.

How many are the things which thou hast made!
 Thou createst the land by thy will, thou alone,
 With peoples, herds and flocks,
 Everything on the face of the earth that walketh on its feet,
 Everything in the air that flieth with its wings.

In the hills from Syria to Kush, and the plain of Egypt,
 Thou givest to every one his place, thou framest their lives,
 To every one his belongings, reckoning his length of days;
 Their tongues are diverse in their speech,
 Their natures in the colour of their skin.
 As the divider thou dividest the strange peoples.

When thou hast made the Nile beneath the earth,
 Thou bringest it according to thy will to make the people to live:
 Even as thou hast formed them unto thyself,
 Thou art throughout their lord, even in their weakness.
 O lord of the land that risest for them.

Aten of the day, revered by every distant land, thou makest their life,
 Thou placest a Nile in heaven that it may rain upon them,
 That it may make waters upon the hills like the great sea,
 Watering their fields amongst their cities.
 How excellent are thy ways!

O Lord of eternity, the Nile in Heaven is for the strange people,
 And all wild beasts that go upon their feet.
 The Nile that cometh from below the earth is for the land of Egypt,
 That it may nourish every field.
 Thou shinest and they live by thee.

Thou makest the seasons of the year to create all thy works;
 The winter making them cool, the summer giving warmth.
 Thou makest the far-off heaven, that thou mayest rise in it,
 That thou mayest see all that thou madest when thou wast alone.

Rising in thy forms as the living Aten,
 Shining afar off and returning.
 The villages, the cities, and the tribes, on the road and the river,
 All eyes see thee before them,
 Thou art the Aten of the day over all the land.

Thou art in my heart, there is none who knoweth thee, excepting thy son Nefer . kheperu . ra . ua .
 en . ra;
 Thou causest that he should have understanding, in thy ways and in thy might.

The land is in thy hand, even as thou hast made them;
 Thou shinest and they live, and when thou settest they die;
 For by thee the people live, they look on thy excellencies until thy setting;
 They lay down all their labours when thou settest in the west,
 And when thou risest, they grow. . . .
 Since the day that thou laidest the foundations of the earth,
 Thou raisest them up for thy son who came forth from thy substance,
 The king of Egypt, living in Truth, lord of both lands, Nefer . kheperu . ra . ua . en . ra,
 Son of the sun, living in Truth, Akhenaten, great in his duration; Nefer . neferu . Aten
 Nefer . iti, living and flourishing for ever eternally.

Translated by Griffith, quoted by Sir Flinders Petrie in *A History of Egypt* (Edit. 1899),
 Vol. II, pp. 215-218.

SHORTER HYMN

A Hymn of Praise to the living Horus of the Two Horizons, who rejoiceth in the horizon in his name of “Shu, who-is-in-the-Aten”-(*i.e.*, Disk), the Giver of Life for ever and ever, by the King who liveth in Truth, the Lord of the Two Lands, NEFER-KHEPERU-RA UA-EN-RA, Son of Ra, who liveth in Truth, Lord of the Crowns, AAKHUNATEN, great in the duration of his life, Giver of Life for ever and ever.

(He saith)

Thou risest gloriously, O thou Living Aten, Lord of Eternity! Thou art sparkling (or coruscating), beautiful, (and) mighty. Thy love is mighty and great . . . thy light, of diverse colours, leadeth captive (or, bewitcheth) all faces. Thy skin shineth brightly to make all hearts to live. Thou fillest the Two Lands with thy love, O thou god, who did(st) build (thy)self. Maker of every land, Creator of whatsoever there is upon it, (*viz.*) men and women, cattle, beasts of every kind, and trees of every kind that grow on the land. They live when thou shinest upon them. Thou art the mother (and) father of what thou hast made; their eyes, when thou risest, turn their gaze upon thee. Thy rays at dawn light up the whole earth. Every heart beateth high at the sight of thee, (for) thou risest as their Lord.

Thou settest in the western horizon of heaven, they lie down in the same way as those who are dead. Their heads are wrapped up in cloth, their nostrils are blocked, until thy rising taketh place at dawn in the eastern horizon of heaven. Their hands then are lifted up in adoration of thy Ka; thou vivifiest hearts with thy beauties (or, beneficent acts), which are life. Thou sendest forth thy beams, (and) every land is in festival. Singing men, singing women (and) chorus men make joyful noises in the Hall of the House of the Benben Obelisk, (and) in every temple in (the city of) Aakhut-Aten, the Seat of Truth, wherewith thy heart is satisfied. Within it are dedicated offerings of rich food (?).

Thy son is sanctified (or, ceremonially pure) to perform the things which thou willest, O thou Aten, when he showeth himself in the appointed processions.

Every creature that thou hast made skippeth towards thee, thy honoured son (rejoiceth), his heart is glad, O thou Living Aten, who (appearest) in heaven every day. He hath brought forth his honoured son, UA-EN-RA, like his own form, never ceasing so to do. The son of Ra supporteth his beauties (or beneficent acts).

NEFER-KHEPERU-RA UA-EN-RA (saith)

I am thy son, satisfying thee, exalting thy name. Thy strength (and) thy power are established in my heart. Thou art the Living Disk, eternity is thine emanation (or, attribute). Thou hast made the heavens to be remote so that thou mightest shine therein and gaze upon everything that thou hast made. Thou thyself art Alone, but there are millions

of (powers of) life in thee to make them (*i.e.*, thy creatures) live. Breath of life is it to (their) nostrils to see thy beams. Buds burst into flower (and) the plants which grow on the waste lands send up shoots at thy rising; they drink themselves drunk before thy face. All the beasts frisk about on their feet; all the feathered fowl rise up from their nests and flap their wings with joy, and circle round in praise of the Living Aten. . . .

LONGER HYMN

A hymn of praise of Her-aakhuti, the living one, exalted in the Eastern Horizon in his name of Shu-who-is-in-the-Aten, who liveth for ever and ever, the living and great Aten, he who is in the Set-Festival, the Lord of the Circle, the Lord of the Disk, the Lord of heaven, the Lord of earth, the Lord of the House of the Aten in Aakhut-Aten (of) the King of the South and the North, who liveth in Truth, Lord of the Two Lands (*i.e.*, Egypt),

NEFER-KHEPERU-RA UA-EN-RA, the son of Ra, who liveth in Truth, Lord of Crowns, AAKHUN-ATEN, great in the period of his life (and of) the great royal woman (or wife) whom he loveth, Lady of the Two Lands, NEFER-NEFERU-ATEN NEFERTITI, who liveth in health and youth for ever and ever.

He saith:

Thy rising (is) beautiful in the horizon of heaven, O Aten, ordainer of life. Thou dost shoot up in the horizon of the East, thou fillest every land with thy beneficence. Thou art beautiful and great and sparkling, and exalted above every land. Thy arrows (*i.e.*, rays) envelop (*i.e.*, penetrate) everywhere all the lands which thou hast made.

Thou art as Ra. Thou bringest (them) according to their number, thou subduest them for thy beloved son. Thou thyself art afar off, but thy beams are upon the earth; thou art in their faces, they (admire) thy goings.

Thou settest in the horizon of the west, the earth is in darkness, in the form of death. Men lie down in a booth wrapped up in cloths, one eye cannot see its fellow. If all their possessions, which are under their heads, be carried away, they perceive it not. Every lion emergeth from his lair, all the creeping things bite, darkness (is) a warm retreat. The land is in silence. He who made them hath set in his horizon.

The earth becometh light, thou shootest up in the horizon, shining in the Aten in the day, thou scatterest the darkness. Thou sendest out thine arrows (*i.e.*, rays), the Two Lands make festival, (men) wake up, stand upon their feet, it is thou who raisest them up. (They) wash their members, they take (their apparel), and array themselves therein, their hands are (stretched out) in praise at thy rising, throughout the land they do their works.

Beasts and cattle of all kinds settle down upon the pastures, shrubs and vegetables flourish, the feathered fowl fly about over their marshes,

their feathers praising thy Ka. All the cattle rise up on their legs, creatures that fly and insects of all kinds spring into life when thou risest up on them.

The boats drop down and sail up the river, likewise every road openeth (or showeth itself) at thy rising, the fish in the river swim towards thy face, thy beams are in the depths of the Great Green (*i.e.*, the Mediterranean and Red Seas).

Thou makest offspring to take form in women, creating seed in men. Thou makest the son to live in the womb of his mother, making him to be quiet that he crieth not; thou art a nurse in the womb, giving breath to vivify that which he hath made. (When) he droppeth from the womb . . . on the day of his birth (he) openeth his mouth in the (ordinary) manner, thou providest his sustenance.

The young bird in the egg speaketh in the shell, thou givest breath to him inside it to make him to live. Thou makest for him his mature form so that he can crack the shell (being) inside the egg. He cometh forth from the egg, he chirpeth with all his might, when he hath come forth from it (the egg) he walketh on his two feet.

O how many are the things which thou hast made!

They are hidden from the face, O thou One God, like whom there is no other. Thou didst create the earth by thy heart (or will), thou alone existing, men and women, cattle, beasts of every kind that are upon the earth, and that move upon feet (or legs), all the creatures that are in the sky and that fly with their wings, (and) the deserts of Syria and Kesh (Nubia) and the Land of Egypt.

Thou settest every person in his place. Thou providest their daily food, every man having the portion allotted to him, (thou) dost compute the duration of his life. Their tongues are different in speech, their characteristics (or forms) and likewise their skins (in colour), giving distinguishing marks to the dwellers in foreign lands.

Thou makest Hapi (the Nile) in the Tuat (Underworld), thou bringest it when thou wishest to make mortals live, inasmuch as thou hast made them for thyself, their Lord who dost support them to the uttermost, O thou Lord of every land, thou shinest upon them, O ATEN of the day, thou great one of majesty.

Thou makest the life of all remote lands. Thou settest a Nile in heaven, which cometh down to them.

It maketh a flood on the mountains like the Great Green Sea, it maketh to be watered their fields in their villages. How beneficent are thy plans, O Lord of Eternity! A Nile in heaven art thou for the dwellers in the foreign lands (or deserts), and for all the beasts of the desert that go upon feet (or legs). Hapi (the Nile) cometh from the Tuat for the land of Egypt. Thy beams nourish every field; thou risest up (and) they live, they germinate for thee.

Thou makest the Seasons to develop everything that thou hast made:

The season Pert (*i.e.*, November 16 to March 16) so that they may refresh themselves, and the season Heh (*i.e.*, March 16 to November 16)

in order to taste thee. Thou hast made the heaven which is remote that thou mayest shine therein and look upon everything that thou hast made. Thy being is one, thou shinest (or, shootest up) among thy creatures as the LIVING ATEN, rising, shining, departing afar off, returning. Thou hast made millions of creations (or, evolutions) from thy one self, (viz.) towns and cities, villages, fields, roads and rivers. Every eye (*i.e.*, all men) beholdeth thee confronting it. Thou art the Aten of the day at its zenith.

At thy departure thine eye . . . thou didst create their faces so that thou mightest not see . . . ONE thou didst make . . . Thou art in my heart. There is no other who knoweth thee except thy son Nefer-kheperu-Ra Ua-en-Ra. Thou hast made him wise to understand thy plans (and) thy power. The earth came into being by thy hand, even as thou hast created them (*i.e.*, men). Thou risest, they live; thou settest, they die. As for thee, there is duration of life in thy members, life is in thee. (All) eyes (gaze upon) thy beauties until thou settest, (when) all labours are relinquished. Thou settest in the West, thou risest, making to flourish . . . for the King. Every man who (standeth on his) foot, since thou didst lay the foundation of the earth, thou hast raised up for thy son who came forth from thy body, the King of the South and the North, Living in Truth, Lord of Crowns, Aakhun-Aten, great in the duration of his life (and for) the Royal Wife, great of Majesty, Lady of the Two Lands, Nefer-neferu-Aten Nefertiti, living (and) young for ever and ever.

Translated by Sir E. Wallis Budge, in *Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism*, London, 1923, pp. 116-135.

LONGER HYMN

Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of the sky,
 O living Aton, Beginning of life!
 When thou risest in the Eastern horizon,
 Thou fillest every land with thy beauty.
 Thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high above every land,
 Thy rays, they encompass the lands, even all that thou hast made.
 Thou art Re, and thou carriest them all away captive;
 Thou bindest them by thy love.
 Though thou art far away, thy rays are upon earth;
 Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day.

When thou settest in the western horizon of the sky,
 The earth is in darkness like the dead;
 They sleep in their chambers,
 Their heads are wrapped up,
 Their nostrils are stopped,
 And none seeth the other,
 While all their things are stolen

Which are under their heads,
 And they know it not.
 Every lion cometh forth from his den,
 All serpents, they sting.
 Darkness . . .
 The world is in silence,
 He that made them restest in his horizon.

Bright is the earth when thou risest in the horizon.
 When thou shinest as Aton by day
 Thou drivest away the darkness.
 When thou sendest forth thy rays,
 The Two Lands (Egypt) are in daily festivity,
 Awake and standing upon their feet
 When thou hast raised them up.
 Their limbs bathed, they take their clothing,
 Their arms uplifted in adoration to thy dawning.
 (Then) in all the world they do their work.

All cattle rest upon their pasturage,
 The trees and the plants flourish,
 The birds flutter in their marshes,
 Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee.
 All the sheep dance upon their feet,
 All winged things fly,
 They live when thou hast shone upon them.
 The barques sail up-stream and down-stream alike.
 Every highway is open because thou dawnest.
 The fish in the river leap up before thee.
 Thy rays are in the midst of the great green sea.

Creator of the germ in woman,
 Maker of seed in man,
 Giving life to the son in the body of his mother,
 Soothing him that he may not weep,
 Nurse (even) in the womb,
 Giver of breath to animate every one that he maketh!
 When he cometh forth from the body . . . on the day of his birth,
 Thou openest his mouth in speech,
 Thou suppliest his necessities.

When the fledgling in the egg chirps in the shell,
 Thou givest him breath therein to preserve him alive.
 When thou hast brought him together
 To (the point of) bursting it in the egg,
 He cometh forth from the egg
 To chirp with all his might.

He goeth about upon his two feet
When he hath come forth therefrom.

How manifold are thy works!
They are hidden from before (us),
O sole God, whose powers no other poessesseth.
Thou didst create the earth according to thy heart
While thou wast alone:
Men, all cattle large and small,
All that are upon the earth,
That go about upon their feet;
(All) that are on high,
That fly with their wings.
The foreign countries, Syria and Kush,
The land of Egypt;
Thou settest every man into his place,
Thou suppliest their necessities.
Every one has his possessions,
And his days are reckoned.
Their tongues are diverse in speech,
Their forms likewise and their skins are distinguished.
(For) thou makest different the strangers.

Thou makest the Nile in the Nether World,
Thou bringest it as thou desirest,
To preserve alive the people.
For thou hast made them for thyself,
The lord of every land, who risest for them,
Thou Sun of day, great in majesty.
All the distant countries,
Thou makest (also) their life,
Thou hast set a Nile in the sky;
When it falleth for them,
It maketh waves upon the mountains,
Like the great green sea,
Watering the fields in their towns.

How excellent are thy designs, O lord of eternity!
There is a Nile in the sky for the strangers
And for the cattle of every country that go upon their feet.
(But) the Nile, it cometh from the Nether World for Egypt.

Thy rays nourish every garden;
When thou risest they live,
They grow by thee.
Thou makest the seasons

In order to create all thy work:
 Winter to bring them coolness,
 And heat that they may taste thee.

Thou didst make the distant sky to rise therein,
 In order to behold all that thou hast made,
 Thou alone, shining in thy form as living Aton,
 Dawning, glittering, going afar and returning.
 Thou makest millions of forms
 Through thyself alone;
 Cities, towns, and tribes, highways and rivers.
 All eyes see thee before them,
 For thou art Aton of the day over the earth.

Thou art in my heart,
 There is no other that knoweth thee
 Save thy son Ikhnaton¹.
 Thou hast made him wise
 In thy designs and in thy might.
 The world is in thy hand,
 Even as thou hast made them.
 When thou hast risen they live,
 When thou settest, they die;
 For thou art length of life of thyself,
 Men live through thee,
 While (their) eyes are upon thy beauty
 Until thou settest.
 All labour is put away
 When thou settest in the west.

Thou didst establish the world,
 And raise them up for thy son,
 Who came forth from thy limbs,
 The King of Upper and Lower Egypt,
 Living in Truth, Lord of the Two Lands,
 Nefer-khepru-Re, Wan-Re (Ikhnaton),
 Son of Re, living in Truth, lord of diadems,
 Ikhnaton, whose life is long;
 (And for) the chief royal wife, his beloved,
 Mistress of the Two Lands, Nefer-nefru-Aton, Nofretete
 Living and flourishing for ever and ever.

Translated by J. H. Breasted, in *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, Chicago, 1912, pp. 324-328.

¹ The King's name is given different spellings by different Egyptologists. Sir Flinders Petrie writes it Akhenaten; Sir Wallis Budge, Aakhun-Aten; J. H. Breasted, Ikhnaton; and Arthur Weigall, Akhnaton, the spelling which we have adopted in this book.

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A
WARNING
TO THE
HINDUS

by
Savitri Devi

Calcutta
1939

Dedicated to
Divine Julian
Emperor of the Greeks and Romans

* * *

May future India make his impossible
dream a living reality, from
one ocean to the other

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Foreword

Thought-currents are the makers and unmakers of nations and peoples. Regenerating, invigorating, enabling and aspiring ones raise them while degenerating, emasculating and self-deluding ones bring ruination upon them.

In all walks of life, for a very long time, the Hindus have been fed on inertia-producing thoughts which disabled them to act energetically for any purpose, in life, other than “moksha,” that is to say escape from this world — where to? God knows. And this is one of the causes of the continuous enslavement of our Hindu Rashtra, for centuries altogether.

Inspite of this state of things, time and again the undying vitality of Hindu manhood has asserted itself so vigorously as to make the enemies of Hindudom tremble before its “Nrisingha” nature. But it was *inspite* of the extraordinarily heavy pressure of the most unhealthy mental apathy towards worldly things that this outburst of the manly spirit was witnessed.

This unworldly mental attitude of the Hindu mind kept the nation from being conscious of its Hindu nationhood.

In the meantime, circumstances forced the Hindus to think in terms of nationhood, but, unfortunately, instead of the right one, they conceived a perverted idea of

nationality. They tried to forget their collective self in order to bring foreign elements within the orbit of what they considered to be the “nation” — a strange “nation” indeed, in which men of foreign culture and foreign interests are given the upper hand, while the true children of the soil (faithful to its civilisation), are being reduced to helotry. And thus the Hindus encouraged the foreign elements, namely the Moslems, to foster the anti-national ambition of establishing their supremacy in India, either allied to the British or of their own.

As a result, the very existence of the Hindus as a nation has been increasingly threatened. Day by day, the situation is becoming more and more serious, and a time is almost at hand when, it is feared, it will be quite an impossible thing to think of the Hindu nation being saved. Anyhow, an herculean effort is needed to, save it, and the first and most important step towards such an effort is to produce an extraordinarily forceful thought-current through the collective Hindu mind; a thought-current which will, inspite of their still apathetic mental condition, create, among the Hindus, the positively assertive attitude of Hindu nationalism.

With the knowledge of this diagnosis, a few people have come forth who are doing their best to enable the once glorious and now unfortunate Hindu nation to come out of these critical times victoriously. And the authoress of this little book may safely be given due credit for producing the most necessary thought-current and thus, for rendering the most urgent service to this Hindu nation of ours.

She has one advantage over the usual workers from within the Hindu fold. She was Greek by nationality. It is owing partly to her appreciation of Hindu art, thought

and “dharma,” and partly to deeper reasons that she was drawn to our society and that she adopted what we call “Hindutwa” for the rest of her life. But naturally, being a European, she could, though from within, study the condition of the Hindus in a detached manner. And this book contains the mature and thoughtful conclusions drawn by her, conclusions which, in no case, can be taken as the outcome of that partial attitude which one of the born-Hindus may be said to possess.

This highly inspiring and thought-provoking book will make the Hindus realise where they stand, and what dangers are threatening their very existence as a nation; it will put them on the right turn of national thinking. And this new attitude, if whole-heartedly adopted throughout the length and breadth of this country, will raise them, and help them to assert their national existence which the world shall not be able to ignore.

After this much, I introduce this book to the Hindu readers, and take leave of them hoping to be excused for having stood in the way between them and its valuable contents.

G. D. Savarkar

Sree G. D. Savarkar has given a translation of this book in Marathi language.

Preface

These pages were written after a year and a half work with the Hindu Mission (headquarters: Kalighat, Calcutta) in Bengal and Assam. They express a very old national outlook on religion, in the light of recent personal experiences. The Hindus who have a long and continuous experience among their countrymen, both in the social and political field, are humbly requested not to take offence of any such statements of a junior worker, which may seem premature to them.

The last chapter of the book, concerning the Hindu militia and the cultivation of the art of self-defence among the Hindus, reflects mainly the ideas preached by Srimat Swami Satyananda, the President of the Hindu Mission, and given by him a beginning of application in Assam, with the collaboration of the physical trainer and leader of the Hindu volunteers in Shillong. These same ideas are at the back of the vast youth movement started by Dr. Moonje and the Hindu Maha Sabha.

Rather than of a Hindu militia, we would have preferred to speak of an *Indian* militia, that is to say, not of a body trained for the protection of the Hindus alone, but of a widespread organisation of young men *of all communities*, trained for the defence of India's rights, and solely aiming at the reconquest of India's freedom and the rise of India's power. We would have preferred undoubtedly, to speak

merely of *Indians* wherever we have spoken of Hindus, throughout this book, and we would have certainly done so, had all the people of Indian birth been at peace, united in the reverence of the same culture and the love of the same land.

We would be only too glad to see our brethren at peace with us, and we are sure that it is not impossible for them to unite with us in view of our highest common interest. *This is* indeed possible, provided they put India above everything, and we too; provided they are prepared, with us, to push all religious quarrels at the background and make the culture of India their culture, and the love of India their worship.

Unfortunately, the situation is such that *we are forced* to use, for our own self-defence against the communal exclusivism of many of our brothers, the precious energy which would have been much better employed, combined with theirs, against our common foes.

But I repeat: we do not hate our Indian brothers, Mohammadans, Christians, or whatever they may be; we have no grudge against them. The only thing we hate is anti-national religious fanaticism, from wherever it may come. We know that we have shared, in the past, the same eternal Indian culture with those who have since then, become the Indian Mohammadans and Christians, and, in the same spirit and with the same earnestness as we preach *India above all sects* to the Hindus, we urge those Indians who believe in so-called world-religions to put India above them. We call them back to our common national culture and civilisation, for the sake of the Nation. If they love the Nation, let them come and join us. They are welcome.

But whoever does not care for India and her culture,

whether he be born a Mohammadan, a Christian *or even a Hindu*, should have no place in the country but, at most, as a temporarily sojourning foreigner. Whoever loves any community more than India, should go out of India.

I sincerely thank the President of the Hindu Mission and all the Hindus, my co-workers and friends, who have encouraged me by their support, and also enlightened me by their experience. I thank also the President of the Hindu Maha Sabha, V. D. Savarkar, Dr. Moonje, and the other leaders and prominent members of the Hindu Maha Sabha with whom I had the honour to come in touch, for the inspiration I drew from them.

Calcutta, May 1939
The Authoress

Introductory

Discussions about “religion” often fall into confusion because “religion” is a matter that can be considered from entirely different points of view. Two people speaking about “religion” may be, in fact, though unknowingly, speaking about two, things quite apart from each other. So, what is “religion”? This is the first question to be answered.

* * *

One often considers, in “religion,” merely certain moral teachings.

Nearly every main religious book contains some sort of teaching concerning the moral conduct of man, such as: “Thou shalt not steal,” “Thou shalt not kill a man,” or: “Thou shalt not kill any living creature,” “Thou shalt not get drunk,” etc., There are, no doubt, differences in the moral scale of values in different religions. For instance, to kill an animal is a sin, from the Jain point of view; from the Christian point of view, it is not. But any *moral* teaching presupposes some sort of society. Therefore, there is a minimum of prohibitions which we find in the moral code of every possible religion. *Always and everywhere*, such actions are “sinful” that are definitely anti-social, in the place and at the time where they are forbidden. And

such actions which cannot but be anti-social (such as, for instance, murder of man for personal motives) *cannot* be commended, or even tolerated, according to any possible code of morals. They constitute the stable minimum of prohibitions, which is common to all religions considered from the point of view of “morality.”

* * *

Religions seem to differ more profoundly, when considered as metaphysical systems. Here, the very fundamentals are different, and there is not even a minimum of admitted notions, which can be taken as the common philosophical basis of all possible religions. The conception of Godhead, as well as that of creation, of soul, etc., is different, from one religious system to another. A religion can also well exist without the idea of God appearing at all, in the metaphysical outlook of its followers. Such is the case of Buddhism, of Jainism, and perhaps of other systems, less well known. The idea of salvation is also not an essential one; Shintoism has developed apart from it; and so had the national religions of Greece and Rome, long ago. Moreover, to a Christian and to a Hindu, for instance, who both put stress upon that idea, “salvation” means such an entirely different thing, that it is impossible, philosophically speaking, to call it a “common” notion of Hinduism and Christianity.

And if, neglecting to speak of different religions from a moral or intellectual point of view, one considers them merely in a spiritual light, as various paths to self-realisation, then, naturally, unity will appear. But it will not be unity among different *religions*; it will be the identity of the ultimate *result* of all religious disciplines, *as regards*

man. The place to which the various paths lead is the same, and, to the seekers of wisdom, that may be the only thing worth considering. But *the paths remain different*. In this world, religions do not meet, even as paths leading to a truer world.

* * *

But, if no unity among religions can be found on the basis either of common metaphysical notions, either of common spiritual discipline, at least, a broad two-fold classification can be made, on a psychological ground.

There are religions, such as Christianity and Islam, based upon teachings which are considered by their followers as the only *absolute truth*. These teachings are, therefore, supposed to be essentially good for *all mankind*, and it is the duty of every believer to preach them, by word and by deed, so that every man may accept them and be saved. Such religions style themselves as world-religions. The ideal of their followers is *the unification of all mankind, on the basis both of certain moral and spiritual teachings, and of certain metaphysical beliefs, looked upon as absolute truth, expressed once for all* at a certain time, in a certain place, by a certain person, and recorded in a certain sacred book to which, naturally, no alteration and no addition can be made.

Uses and customs can easily differ, from place to place, according to geographical, political, and other conditions, provided their existence is not a denial of any of the fundamental beliefs upon which the whole religious structure lies. *Culture itself can differ*, from nation to nation, as long as these common beliefs remain. What greater difference can there be, for instance, than that

between the culture of a Presbyterian Scotchman and of a Catholic Spaniard, or of a Syrian Christian, or of an Abyssinian? Yet, there is, between them, a minimum of *common beliefs*, sufficient to justify their common claim to be called “Christians.” The same thing could be said about a Mohammadan from Arabia or Iraq, compared to a Mohammadan from Java.

We call “*creedal religions*” all religions of the type of Christianity or Islam, in which the link among the faithful is necessarily common beliefs, but *not necessarily common civilisation or culture*.

* * *

But there are religions which do not rest upon any moral or metaphysical “truth,” considered as absolute. Their followers may or may not accept a certain number of common beliefs, and, if they do, still they do not condemn the many possible beliefs, in religions different from theirs, as “false,” nor do they look down upon them as “precious teachings entangled with superstition.” In fact, the followers of each one of such religions generally *do* differ from one another on the ground of metaphysics, of morals, or of religious discipline. Take the instance of the cultured ancient Greeks, followers of the same national religion but, at the same time, followers of different (and antagonistic) philosophies. There was, in that national religion of theirs, no common metaphysical system, comparable with that which we find in hellenised Christianity. Take the instance of the cultured modern Hindus, of different sects. There is very little common in their religious outlook, or in the particular discipline they may follow. One worships a personal God; one worships

God as impersonal; a third one does not believe in God at all; one practises hate yoga, another practises nothing but bhakti. Still, they are all Hindus, just as the ancient Greeks, inspite of their opposite metaphysical views, or of their personal devotion to entirely different Gods, were the followers of the same “religion.”

It is easy to see that the word “religion,” in this case, bears a totally different meaning from that which it had, while applied to “creedal religions” such as Christianity or Islam.

Here, there is no truth, whether concerning God, soul, salvation, creation, or anything else, which should be considered as *absolute* by all men. *Every truth is relative*, being the outcome of man’s experience, which is necessarily limited. And therefore, metaphysics (the common ground of religious thought, in “creedal” religions) are a matter of individual outlook. Spiritual realisation is also *individual*. The knowledge that it gives cannot be transmitted to a crowd. Even the path to realisation cannot be shown but to those who have undergone, through previous experience, a sufficient evolution.

In other words, in religions which are not creedal, there can be no conflict between “religion” and “philosophy,” no more than between “religion” and “science,” for a broad spirit of *free research* — that what is called, in modern language, *scientific spirit* — is applied there, without restriction, to every sphere of life, *including* spiritual realisation. And there can be no common beliefs commended to men at different stages of evolution. There can be no one-sided outlook on God, soul, etc., “good for all mankind,” to be preached from country to country.

Hinduism is the most perfect type of such “religions”

which we shall call, presently, for sake of convenience, “non-creedal,” until further analysis allows us to characterise them more positively.

We have said that, when one speaks of “religion,” one often speaks, in reality, of morals or metaphysics. One still more often speaks of a certain culture and civilisation, characterising a certain society.

* * *

Even the idea of a “creedal” religion is not entirely free from this historical notion of civilisation and society. The *creed* is one thing, and society is another, that is true. But a creed without any society organised upon it, stands nowhere *as a religion*, while a society, without any creedal unity, but of which the members share a common civilisation and a common culture, has a sound existence of its own, *as a society*. The great difference between creedal and non-creedal religions lies in the fact that, while the principle of unity and the sense of brotherhood are to be found, among the followers of a creedal religion, in *commonness of belief*, (and not necessarily of culture and civilisation) that principle of unity and that sense of brotherhood are to be found, among the followers of a non-creedal religion, in *commonness of culture and of civilisation*, (and not necessarily of belief).

Two Indians, of whom one believes in God and one does not, are *two Hindus*, provided they both share that culture and civilisation which is the only thing all Hindus are supposed to have in common, which is, really, “Hinduism.” While an American or a Frenchman who has accepted one of the doctrines of manifold “Hindu philosophy,” Vedantism or any other, or any special type of Hindu

devotion *is no Hindu* as long as he has not adopted such a style, not only of thinking, but also of living, by which he enables himself to become one of the units of *Hindu* society; moreover, socially speaking, he is no Hindu *as long as a sufficient portion, at least, of Hindu society, has not accepted him* as one of its members. It is in one's own hand to become a Christian. It is not in one's own hand *alone* to become a full-fledged Hindu, (or a follower of any other non-creedal religion).

Civilisation and culture are not free from geographical, as well as historical conditions. A follower of a non-creedal religion has necessarily, along with the greatest spirit of relativity, (and therefore of toleration) in every matter where his religious "philosophy" is concerned, *a geographical sense of religion*, in every matter where "religion," to him, means *society*. One can dream of unifying mankind through certain beliefs, (though this also, is an illusion) but one cannot even imagine the same civilisation, the same style of life, the same type of society all over the world. Therefore, in a non-creedal religion, no missionary activities can be conceived beyond certain geographical boundaries.

* * *

One may wonder, after this, if there is anything or not which is neither morality, nor metaphysics, nor society, but "real" religion. And if there be such a thing, what is it? Can it not be defined anyhow, except negatively?

The only thing which can, it seems, apart from all the rest, be called "real" religion, is spiritual experience.

It is clear that, however different *religions* may be, *religion* is one, if considered in that light alone. And it is

in considering spiritual experience, which ends in the *realisation* of truth, that teachers like Sri Ramakrishna were able to say that, “just as all rivers run to the sea,” so do all religions have but one goal, one end: self-realisation.

Spiritual experience certainly gives knowledge concerning certain metaphysical entities and certain metaphysical problems. But it is to be carefully distinguished from metaphysics, for it is not something which can be discussed, and reasoned upon through the power of intellect alone, as generally metaphysics are. It has to be *gone through*. (In fact, the existence of metaphysics apart from spiritual experience, is a sign of the weakness of man, who feels as if he must have ideas about what he does not know and cannot understand. And all really great metaphysical systems, which have marked their influence upon the evolution of human thought, rest upon the background of some spiritual experience.) Creedal religions, such as Christianity, are right when they say that their dogmas cannot be understood through intellect. From the point of view of real religion, (spiritual experience) these religions are only incomplete when they ask one to *believe* in their dogmas, without giving him the means to *realise* the truth contained in them, and also, when they assert that there is no salvation for whoever does not accept *those* dogmas.

* * *

But spiritual experience is *personal*. It cannot be transmitted. Even the desire of acquiring it cannot be created in everybody. And, merely intellectual acceptance of the truth contained in the words of a certain realised man, or blind faith in the writings of an “inspired” book,

cannot stand for spiritual experience — for self-realisation. That is why one can find, among the followers of creedal religions, a certain morality, a great amount of theology, but such a little real religion, (personal realisation of truth) compared to what could be expected.

What can be done is not to teach spirituality, but, through the habits of life, through customs and ceremonies, through art and culture, and daily dealings, to create an “atmosphere” in which spiritual experience appears to be the ultimate experience of man. No common creed is necessary for that. Only certain permanent influences, in certain special social surroundings, are. And that is what the Hindus have understood, from time immemorial up to the present day. The great religious value of Hinduism — manifold on the ground of morals, as well as of beliefs, but unified by culture, by artistic expression, by the “style of life” it evolves — lies in that fact.

But this is not the only reason, this is not even the main reason for which we want to preserve and strengthen Hindu civilisation, and organise Hindu society throughout India.

Apart from the high philosophies contained in the Hindu Scriptures and from the high spiritual ideal realised by the Hindu seers, we want to defend *Hindu civilisation and society*, against the increasing forces of rival proselytising societies strongly united by the consciousness of a common creed. Even if India itself were to disappear just now, the philosophical and spiritual inheritance of the Hindus would remain. Mankind would preserve it, because it is worth preserving. It is immortal, and needs no one to defend it. What *we* want to defend, we repeat, is Hindu society, the Hindu people, *the bearers*

of Hindu civilisation, whose number is decreasing every day. They are the body of Hinduism, of which the high philosophies and spiritual realisations are the everlasting soul.

Our point is that Hindu society must not perish; nor must it stagnate in its present state of weakness. We want it to live because we know it can be mighty and beautiful, and also, because it is Indian, nay, because it is India herself.

We have no other reason to defend it.

Chapter 1

Indian Nationalism and Hindu Consciousness

What we have just said about creedal and non-creedal religions, leads us to the statement which can be considered as the main thesis of this essay: Hinduism is the national religion of India, and there is no real India besides Hindu India.

We know, there are people in India, nowadays, (and, unfortunately, not merely among the non-Hindus) who are ready to criticise this statement. They tell us that “religion is a personal concern; why should not every Indian follow the one he pleases? That has nothing to do with his national feelings.” They tell us that “in all civilised countries, nationality and religion are two separate entities.” They tell us that, “in Japan, for instance — the most progressive country of Asia — people of the same family may frequent different temples, belong to different religions, and yet be united.” And they add: “In India, why should it not be the same?”

All these remarks presuppose the same fundamental confusion of the two entirely different meanings of the word “religion,” that is to say, creed and culture. They are perfectly justified as long as one speaks of “religion” as a *creed*. They do not hold,

when “religion” means a *culture and a civilisation*, without any special creed, which is the case with Hinduism.

Religion is a personal concern. That is true if, by “religion,” you mean a spiritual path. No Hindu will deny that paths leading to the realisation of one’s soul are infinite in number. None either will deny that creeds also may be contrary, and yet all true, for truth has contrary aspects; that, in the same family, one can worship a personal God, another, a number of Gods and Goddesses, and a third one, no God at all, and yet, all three may be united in the most perfect brotherhood. It is only those who believe that one only creed is true, while all the others are false and harmful, who can insist on forcing the same faith upon the whole world. But the Hindus never shared this belief.

As far as religion means a path to salvation, to “realisation of one’s inner self,” to “Godhood,” etc., not only it should be, but *it always is*, in fact, separate from nationality, and beyond the interference of State. Even in the case of a religion supposed to unite all its followers on the basis of a common creed, the *spiritual path* that each one takes, is different, and outside State control; for it is psychologically impossible for different people to “realise” the truth, expressed by the same dogmas, in exactly the same way. The most an autocratic State can do, if it must poke its nose into religious matters, (“religious” meaning spiritual, or even merely metaphysical), is to force unto the people the *exterior acceptance* of the same dogmas, under threat of punishment. That is what Christian States have tried in Europe, during

the days of the Holy Inquisition. And that is the limit of what can be tried. It has proved a failure; for never an entire nation of so-called Christians has been united in the same faith, (in the same creed), not to speak of the same inexpressible realisation of God. If you only just examine the personal faith of a few Christians of the same nationality, you will easily be convinced of the truth of this statement.

In the “civilised” countries where “religion” and nationality, *Church* and *State*, are supposed to be separate, *creed* and nationality are separate, and always were, inspite of infructuous efforts to establish State dogmas. But *culture and nationality are not separate; civilisation and nationality are not, and never will be.*

Nowadays, a Frenchman who is a Catholic and a Frenchman who is a Theosophist, and another one who is a Seventh Day Adventist, are all three Frenchmen, not merely because they all speak French and have the same French ancestors, and live on the same soil. They are all three French because, inspite of minor differences (the Theosophist may be a vegetarian and the Catholic a meat-eater; their opinions may also differ, concerning the nature of God), they share common daily thoughts, common habits; a common way of dressing, of sitting, of furnishing their houses; some common standardised ideas about literature, art, music, science; in one word, that what we call “French culture” and “French civilisation.”

French culture is not a religion, for sure. But it is an aspect of the broader and more complex “European culture” and “European civilisation” which is that

culture and civilisation that developed in the West of Europe, under the double influence of Christianity and Rationalism. We cannot call it Christian culture and civilisation, for Christianity alone has not produced it. And though the part played in its development by Christianity is great, no doubt, it is difficult to determine. Christianity being a “creed” before anything else, could not be the only factor in this huge creation of this world.

The fact that “religion” means (at least in the modern East), *culture and civilisation* as well as personal creed, misguides us when we bring forth, as an example of progress, the countries where “Church and State” are separate. If “Church,” if “religion,” is taken in its later sense, that of civilisation and culture, then, religion and State, or, better say, religion and society, are separate nowhere, not even in the West. Just try to imagine the case of a Frenchman who would live entirely, in his daily life, according to Mohamman lines! The case is not impossible. But the gentleman, in spite of his European face and of his ancestry, would no longer *be* a Frenchman. He would be some sort of non-European, exiled in France.

The example of the credal toleration of Japan, is as fallacious as that of the modern States of Europe. It may be that, in some Japanese families, *from the point of view of creed*, two brothers are Buddhists, a third one Christian, and a fourth one, a faithful observer of Shintoic rites (which implies no creed). That is to be said about the four men, as spiritual beings or as thinkers: two believe in the Buddha, in the Law, and in the Community; one, in Christ; and

the other one may be an agnostic, or anything else. But, *as social beings*, they all live in the same way, think according to the same standards, share the same culture; *as Japanese*, they can all four be said followers of Shinto. Theirs is the smiling and heroic civilisation that Shinto thought and custom have brought forth. The sanctity of the Emperor is as great to the so-called Christian as to the faithful observer of the national rites. Moreover, the Christian himself will not hesitate to take part in a public function, performed according to Shinto rites, *as a member of the nation*. And, just as the rest of his compatriots, Shintoists, Buddhists, or whatever they may be, he bears *a Japanese name* — not a “Christian” one, which would be a foreign one, whether imported from Portugal or from America, or directly from the Bible, that is to say, from Palestine.

* * *

Variety of faiths is no hindrance to the formation of nationality, or to the solidity of national unity. And we repeat: in no civilised nations do all the citizens understand religion in the same way exactly, even if they profess the same creed, (religion meaning a path to spiritual knowledge).

But *no nation can grow out of the patch-work binding together two or more civilisations. The very idea of common nationality, and the idea of pertaining to different cultures and civilisations, are contradictory*. We cannot say: a French Catholic and a French Theosophist are both French, *therefore* why should a Hindu Indian and a Musulman Indian not be

two Indians? This presumption of an analogy between the two cases, is as fallacious as the statements referred to above, about "Church and State." *There is* such a thing as French civilisation and culture, which is neither Theosophical, nor strictly Catholic. But *there is no such thing* as an Indian civilisation, which is neither Hindu nor Musulman. And just as France, just as Japan, just as any nation in the world, *if India is to be a nation*, she must have one civilisation, one culture, not half a dozen.

And the only civilisation for all India is Hindu civilisation. The only culture for all India is Hindu culture. Indian national consciousness is nothing else but Hindu national consciousness, strengthened, enlightened, broadened.

Why?

We have said that, in no country which is really a nation, two or more civilisations *coexist*. But it is undeniable that some (and even most) nations, have gone through two or more civilisations, *one after the other*. Christian Catholic Italy is not the Italy of the Caesars, however, she may be proud of all what Pagan Rome was. It is Italy still, *to us*, who have not known the former Italy directly. Nobody can tell what an ancient Roman would think of his country, if he came back. Nobody can tell what Hypatia would think of her Greeks, if she came back. In her days of struggle between the old Greek civilisation, with its Gods and its philosophies, and the new one, based upon Byzantine Christianity, the Pagans alone were honoured with the name of "Hellenes," that is to say: "Greeks," and of "Ethnikoi" that is to say: "nationals." The Christians were simply called Christians,

without any distinction of race or country. Now, the inspired champion of Hellenic Paganism would find that “Hellen” and “Christianos” have become synonymous. Byzantine Christianity, (or, better say, Byzantine Christian civilisation, grown in the union of State and Church) has given Greece a new national consciousness.

But a new national consciousness, based upon a new civilisation, with a new mythology at its background, can only grow, in a nation, when the old one *is dead*. The old one must die *first*. Take the case of Greece: not until the last man bearing witness of the greatness of Greek Paganism had passed away, styled by his Christian countrymen as “Greek” and as “National,” could the Christian Greeks feel themselves Christians *and* Greeks, and boast of their Church as of a national Church, and forget that their religion had come from a foreign land.

In the same way, even if we admit, for sake of argument, that there *can be* a genuine Indian national consciousness with Islam at its background, we must remember that it is not until the last Hindu Indian comes to pass away, that such a consciousness can rise.

The least one can say is that this possibility is very remote.

* * *

It is one thing to read about one’s former national religion in a text-book, and it is quite a different thing *to see it*, living all around, with sounds and colours, in daily life.

Christian Italy and Christian Greece can easily have a national consciousness of themselves as “Christian” countries. Their people know about their beautiful ancestral Paganism through two things only: through books and through ruins. But no written description and no gorgeous remains whatsoever eloquent, can be as eloquent as living life.

Indian Mohammadans and Christians have the sight of the national Paganism which they have forsaken, daily before their eyes; not in books and works of art alone, but in the millions of Hindu brethren in the midst of whom they themselves move about. In vain their Indian ancestry and their Indian tongue remain important factors, which could, under other circumstances, create in them an Indian nationalism. What is India? And who is an Indian? Above the entrance of one of the great libraries of Athens, one can read these words: “Are Greeks, those who share our culture.” Are Indians also, first of all, those who share Indian culture and Indian civilisation. And, as long as there is a single Hindu family performing, to a certain extent, the ancient rites, living according to Hindu lines, and creating, wherever it is, a Hindu atmosphere, non-Hindu Indian nationalism is inconceivable. The Hindus, however few they may be, will keep on saying to the non-Hindus, by the fact of their very presence: “We represent India; not you. Therefore India is *ours*, not yours.”

And they will be right. India is theirs, because they alone are India.

The Indian Mohammadans themselves can realise, half-consciously, the fact of Hinduism being the only

Indian civilisation and culture. That is perhaps why they like to imagine that their ancestors were all immigrants from Persia or Arabia. This claim is absurd. The Mohammadan population of only one district in Bengal (Mymensingh) is more than half the total population of Arabia. In fact, practically all the Musulmans of India are the descendants of converts from Hinduism. They are Indians by blood, no doubt. But to feel: "We are Indians" would mean, to admit that beautiful Hindu culture is *theirs* also. Then, perhaps, many would feel like coming back to the still numerous fold, and sharing the national life once more, with their Hindu brethren. But their religion, being a creedal one, is naturally intolerant. Non-Musulmans must be looked upon as "heathen," and everything "heathen" must be rejectable — everything, including Indian nationalism, that is to say, the consciousness of unity with "heathen" people, on the basis of a common "heathen" civilisation and culture. Moreover, the Hindu brethren will not take them back in their society. So it is better for them, to say, like the fox in the fable, that "the grapes are sour;" it is better to call themselves the descendants of Arabs and Persians, and to feel themselves one with the Mohammadan countries outside India. There is a lesser possibility for some of them to be tempted, sooner or later, to prefer India to Islam; and a lesser possibility also, for those who may be tempted already, if any, to fall into temptation, and meet with bitter disappointments in daily life.

* * *

Hinduism, taken not as any particular Hindu philosophy, neither as any particular spiritual path, but as Hindu culture and civilisation as a whole, is not merely India's national religion ("religion" meaning, here, both culture, civilisation and cult), but it is also the only religion which can remake India a strong glorious nation — a World power. It is the only religion which can become, more and more, the very expression of Indian nationalism.

First of all, Hinduism has developed *in India*. All its immense mythology (the most important part of it, for those who are not merely intellectuals; and how many are intellectuals wholesale?) is closely linked with the Indian soil. Its Gods and Goddesses are, no doubt, world-forces, *philosophically*, but practically, *socially*, *they are Indians*. Most Indians cannot realise yet what an advantage it is for them, as a nation, to be the compatriots of their Gods and Goddesses.

Every country is sacred to those who love it. But India is the field of worldly play, (*lila kshetra*.) of all those Gods, Goddesses, Rishis and Incarnations, whom the Hindu Scriptures speak about, of whom the Hindu children know the names and the marvellous stories; to whom incense is burnt, and flowers offered, in the Hindu temples, shrines, and homes. And this gives to India's sacredness a religious sanction. The love of an Indian for his soil (if that Indian be a Hindu), is not an ordinary patriotism, like that of an Englishman or a Frenchman. It is also reverence for the land of the Gods.

An Englishman may certainly love his England. But if he is a Christian, he must be feeling that Palestine, where his Lord was born, and preached,

and died, is still more holy than England can ever be. If he would go on a religious pilgrimage, it would be to Jerusalem, outside England, not to any place in England. The same with a Frenchman, or any modern European. But just as an ancient Greek used to have his sacred places *in* Greece, a modern Hindu has still his sacred places within the boundaries of his motherland. Wherever he may go on a pilgrimage, may it be to Benares, to Mathura, to Gangotri or to Rameswaram, he will remain *in* India, in contact with his own soil. An Indian Mohammadan has to look abroad, to the most sacred spots on earth. So has an Indian Christian. A Hindu enjoys the privilege of regarding his own India, not only as the most beloved or as the most beautiful, but also as the most holy Land on earth.

* * *

Secondly, it is through Hinduism alone that one can realise India's unity, as a territory and as a civilisation.

So many different provinces, which are, each one, large enough and different enough from one another to be separate nations. So many different languages, each one with its own evolution, its literature and its pride. So many different sceneries, and different climates, including both equatorial and polar. But, broadly speaking, one type of society, one common civilisation; the same festivities, the same sacred language, the same places of pilgrimage within the limits of the same great India.

Several have said, nowadays, that it is the

Europeans who have taught the Indians nationalism, indirectly; that India had never felt herself a nation, before the late struggle undertaken against British domination. This is difficult to believe, in the light of Hindu legend. Long centuries before any foreigner had settled in India, the unity of the country was materialised in symbols. What more suggestive story than that, for instance, of Sati, Siva's wife, whose body, divided, after her death, in fifty-one pieces, is lying still in fifty-one different places, therefore revered as "tirthasthans," throughout the Indian Peninsula? One lies near Peshawar, one in Kamakhya, not far from India's eastern boundaries; one in Benares, one in the very extreme South, others here and there. Fifty-one pieces, but *one* body; fifty-one "tirthasthans" in the name of the same Goddess, scattered over the same territory. Indeed, among the different interpretations that can be given of the legend of Sati, one can take it in this light: Sati is India herself, personified; India's soil, sacred from end to end, is, with all its variety, the actual body of one great Goddess.

The consciousness of Indian unity is nothing else but this feeling. And Indian nationalism means: devotion to this great Goddess.

That is why, besides the Hindus, no one can share it. Whoever really shares it *is* a Hindu.

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For, last but not least, there is no other religion which can be used as a basis of Indian patriotism, like that of the Hindus; no other religion which can create and

magnify nationalism in an Indian heart. And, as nothing is more necessary to India, today, than a strong national consciousness and national pride, we add: nothing is more necessary, today, than to revive, to exalt, to cultivate intelligent Hinduism, throughout the length and breadth of India.

No doubt, the Christian nations of Europe are full of patriotic pride. No doubt also, the spirit of war is not what is lacking in them. Yet, they are supposed to be Christian.

But they *are not* Christian, in spirit. Christianity is a creed for the uplift of individuals; not a civilisation upon which nations can be built. No nation built upon real Christian doctrine could live, in the midst of historical conditions. It is in collaboration with Christian *Churches*, that are organisations of this world, and not with Christianity, which is spiritual, that the so-called Christian nations have thrived. And their whole history is in flagrant contradiction with the spirit of Christianity.

Not merely Christianity, but any religion which is based upon a creed, supposed to be “truth” for all men, is in conflict with nationalism.

Greeks are Christians, and so are Bulgarians. They even belong to the same Church. And Christians are supposed to love one another. Yet, if war breaks out between Greece and Bulgaria, the Greek Christian priests will bless the arms which are to carry death among the Bulgarians, and the Bulgarian Christian priests will also bless the arms which are to kill the Greeks. French and Germans are also Christians. Yet, if war breaks out between them, each nation will pray to the same God — a God of love — for its victory

over the other. Nothing is more inconsistent, because they are supposed to be Christian nations. Had they not been so, nothing would have been more natural. But Christianity itself is not natural. And the growth of Europe, with different Church-civilisations at its background, has taken place *inspite of Christianity, not according to Christianity*.

Any Christian who feels himself nearer to an Atheist of his own country than to a Christian from a foreign land, is not a *real* Christian. Nay, any follower of a creedal religion who is a nationalist at the same time, is utterly inconsistent. One cannot serve two masters. One cannot put God first, and also one's Nation *first* . . . unless the religion he professes is of such a type, that Nation and God can be taken as the same. This is not the case with Christianity and Islam. But this is the case with Hinduism. Therefore, it can be said that Hinduism is not only the religion which has developed *in* India, and which gives a living illustration of India's unity in variety. It is also the religion which, owing to its very outlook, to its very tenets, gives India the basis of a consistent nationalism, entirely in harmony with the spirit of its cult.

* * *

To a pantheistic minded Hindu, God (if He exists) not distinct from Nature, from what we call the visible world. The visible is only a relative expression of the Invisible. And therefore, every path leads finally to God. Through everything we love and worship, we, in fact, love and worship God. Nothing

else can possibly be loved but God, through various forms, and names, and symbols.

There is a lovely story concerning Sri Ramkrishna Paramhansa. One day, a childless widow came to visit the great saint. She asked him what to do to actually see Lord Krishna, for whom she professed a great devotion. The saint asked her whom did she love the best *in this world*. And when she answered: “My brother’s young son,” he said unto her: “Keep on loving him, and love him still more. Keep his sight constantly before your eyes; serve him and love him. And soon, in that little child, you will actually see the One who used to play, years and years ago, in the fields of Vrindavan.” She did what she was told and *saw* Krishna, in the garb of her little nephew.

In the same way, among the Hindus, all fundamental natural feelings are magnified, exalted, sanctified through religion. Love and service to one’s husband is love and service to one’s God. A husband *is* God, visible and tangible. Love and service to one’s own mother is love and service to the Mother of the Universe. Every mother is Mother Kali, personified.

What is, then, more natural for a Hindu, than to consider his greater mother — Mother India — as another broader and more lasting expression of the Dark-blue Goddess? What is more natural than to feel that love and service to India, is love and service to that infinite Mother worshipped in temples? What is more natural than to erect temples, like that “Bharat-Mata ka Mandir” of Benares, where incense is burnt in front of a map of India?

On the Diwali day, the girls of the Arya Kanya Maha Vidyalaya of Jullundur (Punjab) draw a large

map of India upon the ground of the school courtyard; they set lights in a row, all along its outlines, and then, standing around it, they sing “Vande Mataram,” and other patriotic songs. They are right, and perfectly consistent with the spirit of the national religion. And no cult, besides Hinduism, can promote in India that beautiful *devotional nationalism*, that revival, on an immense scale, of the spirit of “Ananda Math,” which is *the thing*, the only basic thing that present India needs to uplift herself as a nation, and become free, and great once more.

Chapter 2

The Human Value of Hinduism

Free Scientific Thought Applied To Religious Matters

We defend Hinduism, because it is India's very self-expression; and we love India, because it is India.

But, along with the fact that it is the soul of a great nation, and a nation-building force, Hinduism is to be examined in the light of its human value. India is great to the eyes of the intelligent world, because of what she stands for.

It is the custom, nowadays, to say that India stands for "spirituality," and to put an immense stress upon that word. It seems that, by doing so, one opposes India to "materialistic" Europe and America; and, as what is "material" is supposed to be inferior to what is "spiritual," the consciousness of this opposition is a great consolation to many Indians. They seem to think that down-trodden India becomes less down-trodden, if only she can be proved superior to her present rulers, in one thing at least.

We think this is a blunder.

Even if we admit that the Indians are all saints and that their present rulers are all devils, this does

not change the condition of India. It only makes it still more shocking than it is, if more shocking can be, and therefore, is no consolation. But, in fact, the Indians as a whole, are not more “spiritual” than other people. There are giants of real spirituality, in present India, no doubt. But the average Hindu, when they boast of their “spirituality,” are not true to themselves. Nor are they doing justice to their country, and to their religion.

Hindu thought and culture (what is commonly called, Hindu religion), is, by no means, superior to other religions because of the famous spirituality that shines in the Hindu religious giants, saints and seers. Saints and seers, realised men, are to be found also among the followers of other religions. Are they greater or lesser in number? It is difficult to say. And it does not matter.

Hinduism is really superior to other religions, not for its spirituality, but for that still more precious thing it gives to its followers: *a scientific outlook on religion and on life*. Hindu spirituality is a consequence of that very outlook.

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We consider it useless to oppose: India to the “West,” as “spiritualistic” opposed to “materialistic.” Hindu superiority lies elsewhere; not in the opposition of Hindu thought to European thought, but in the fact of its greater consistency than that of European thought, of its greater faithfulness to life, of greater harmony between life and it; in the *universality* of the Hindu’s scientific outlook,

compared to that of the Europeans.

From those very days the Europeans abandoned their various non-creedal Aryan cults to take to Christianity, inconsistency in life, and restlessness of mind, among those who, in Europe, think freely, have two main sources:

(1) The opposition of Christian religion, in its essence, to out and out nationalism.

(2) The opposition of Christian religion to free scientific thinking in *all* matters.

On the ground of nationalism, Europe has tried to solve the problem by a compromise, and tried to settle the compromise upon the authority of the Gospel: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God, the things which are God's." Church and State, religion and politics, must be separate.

Church and State can be separated, but religion and life cannot. And to many, at least, politics are nothing, if not an aspect of life. Nationalism is a concern of life, and one of the strongest ones. The Europeans may say that they are Christians as religious beings (as men, anxious about their salvation) and that, at the same time, nothing prevents them from being nationalists, as citizens of ephemeral countries of this world. It is easy to say; not so easy to live up to. For the Christians' kingdom is not of this world, and circumstances are sure to turn up, in which the full-hearted service to one's nation appears like the service of Mammon, opposed to that of God. It is written: one cannot serve both God and Mammon. A real Christian has to choose.

In fact, Europe has chosen Mammon, since long

ago. But she continues professing a nominal allegiance to God, allegiance which, to a devout Christian, must seem the most shocking, wherever nationalism is the strongest.

We have shown how Hindu India, owing to the very nature of her religion, is forever free from such an inconsistency.

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On the ground of science, the clash with Christianity seems at first easier to avoid; we are, here, in a realm of thought, not of action, are we not? And thought is very subtle.

After many a struggle during those dark days, where to express one's free thinking in *all* matters was to risk one's life, Europe has come to a compromise neither better nor worse than the one referred to above. Like politics and religion, science also, and religion, reason and faith, must be separate.

No need of them quarrelling; let them just keep quiet, each one in its corner, each one in its compartment. In all "religious matters," all what is concerned with one's salvation, there is the authority, if not always of the Christian Church *and* Scriptures, at least of the Christian Scriptures, of the holy Bible. Read the Bible, and believe like a little child. Let your reasoning power aside, when you open the sacred book. Interpretation is a dangerous game; it can lead to many errors. Therefore, do not interpret; do not discuss, but *accept, believe*, and you will be saved.

That is, “in religious matters.” But in every sphere of worldly knowledge, in every branch of science, believe nothing at all on the authority of anyone. Believe not, but suspend your judgement, *doubt*. Doubt, and dispassionate curiosity, are at the origin of all scientific knowledge. *Accept not, but experiment, examine, criticise, find out for yourself*. No miraculous grace can inspire you with the knowledge of what water is made of; analyse it. Scientific knowledge is not to be given and accepted. It wants to be conquered.

The result? Either a modern European is an out and out “free thinker,” who does not trouble about religious matters at all, or else, he is a man who has established a separation, in his thought and life, between the “things of the world” and the “things of faith,” that is to say, a man who, however intelligent he may be, uses his reason and his experience in certain matters only, while in others (which are supposed to be vital), is contented with the authority of a book.

Christians will say that there is an experience of the truth of the Bible, in Christian life. We do not deny it. But it is not an experience that can be taught and transmitted, like a scientific one. It is no “proof” of Bible truth. Moreover, its possibility does not shut out the possibility of other equally sound religious “experiences,” in non-Christian lives. The “jealousy” of the Christian God, that is to say, the exclusive attitude of a faithful Christian towards all what, as a religious teaching, is proposed to mankind besides Christianity, is the thing which cannot but bring inconsistency, wherever Christian faith and

scientific thought are to be found together. The fact, often recalled, that many great scientists have been, at the same time, faithful Christians, does not lessen that inconsistency. Wherever arbitrary separations are set up, restlessness of mind sooner or later arises, with the growing consciousness of a “false position.” Life is one, in its complexity, and impossible to divide into compartments. The weakness of reasonable men who follow a creedal religion (whichever it may be; we took the case of Christianity merely as an instance), lies in the implicit denial of that fact. It is always possible to point out, either their want of true simple faith, either their wilful or unwilful absence of elementary criticism.

* * *

When we speak of the superiority of Hinduism as a “scientific” religion, we first put stress upon the absence, among the Hindus, of any sort of inconsistency due to the separation of the “things of this world” and the “things of the spirit.” No watertight compartments, here, one for “reason” and the other for “faith.” No “nature” and “super-nature,” to be dealt with in different ways. But one broad life, at different stages; one broad nature, with various aspects; one, and only one method of knowledge: experience.

The Hindus also say: believe nothing on mere authority, but experiment, *realise*; go through it “sadhana;” *find out for yourself*. Knowledge is not to be given to you by grace. *It wants to be conquered*.

But the difference is that this knowledge is not merely, the ordinarily called “scientific” knowledge, concerning the phenomena of matter; it is *every knowledge*, including the highest (or subtlest) knowledge of what is at the background of all phenomena, of all existence: the Absolute. In other words, every knowledge must be scientific, otherwise it is no knowledge at all.

As one can see, far from being opposed to so-called “materialistic” European thought, Hindu thought is exactly of the same nature. *Thought*, in fact, is neither European nor Indian, nor “materialistic” nor “spiritualistic;” it is thought, and no more, unless it is nothing. The superiority of the Hindus lies, not in the different nature of their thought, *but in its consistent and universal application to all realms of life*, including the realm of spiritual development, while European thought stops where begins, either blind religious faith, or else (more and more nowadays), systematical agnosticism.

A Hindu as well, can be an Agnostic (and many are, and always were, in all times). But his agnosticism is never systematical. *He* does not know, say, what is beyond the world revealed to him by his senses and by his intelligence. *He* has no experience of an “Absolute.” But he will not deny the possibility of having one. To the “sadhak,” who asserts “his” experience, he will not say: “It is nothing but imagination.” He possesses the real scientific mind, which is dogmatic about nothing, but open to everything.

* * *

That scientific character of Hinduism should be looked upon by the Hindus as their strength, not as a weakness, like some seem to believe. The man of one book and of one creed may be strong, for the time being; but in the long run, it is a strength (and the greatest of all strength) for a religion, to have no particular founder, no particular book, no particular creed, settled once forever; to be just a continuous flow of thought, in search of knowledge, on the basis of a continuously renewed experience.

While free thinking can (and *does*) injure the prestige of creedal religions, and will do so more and more; while different political and social creeds, whose international appeal is as great as that of any religion, nowadays, are daily detaching the faithful from their old Prophets and books, calling them to give allegiance to new ones, no force can ever break down such a religion as Hinduism. For Hinduism is, philosophically speaking, nothing else but infinitely various human thought itself, in continuous evolution. No end to the list of its prophets and seers, no end to the list of its books, until the end of mankind; but ever open possibilities to new experiences, and new expressions of truth.

No intelligent man would believe that *all* what can be said about such an apparently easily knowable thing as water, has been said once forever. Still, many people believe that *all* what is to be said about God, has been said, and that there is nothing to add to it. There are in Europe and America “scientists,” who accept this inconsistency. Scientists they may be; but their scientific attitude remains confined to a

narrow sphere of knowledge. A true Hindu, whether he knows even how to read and write or not, keeps (or, at least is expected to keep) a scientific attitude in *every* sphere of life. He keeps, wherever he may be, that smiling spirit of relativity, which was the ornament of the refined ones, in ancient Greece. Give him self-consciousness and self-assertion, and he will be like one of them.

Chapter 3

The Human Value of Hinduism

Indian Paganism: The Last Living Expression of Aryan Beauty

Another, and perhaps a more expressive word for Hinduism would be: Indian Paganism.

The Christian missionaries call “Pagans” all those who are neither Christians, nor Mohammadans, nor Jews, that is to say, all those whose religious tradition has no connexion with the Bible and tradition of the Jews. We accept the word, because it is a convenient one. It points out some sort of similarity between all non-creedal religions of the past as well as of the present day.

Once, practically all the world was “Pagan.” Now that half its people have been converted either to Christianity or to Islam, the number of Pagans is less. That is no proof of the lesser value of different Paganisms, compared to the great creedal religions. It is surely an advantage, to be numerous; but it is no virtue. And therefore the number of its followers has nothing to do with the value of a cult.

* * *

We have remarked that among the so-called Christians, there are more and more people who are no total believers in the Bible at all, but “free thinkers.” And we have said that free thought in *all* matters, including religion, is a feature of Hinduism. This does not mean that we consider all the free thinkers of the World as Hindus.

Philosophically, Hinduism is an attitude of mind, and an outlook on life. But it is not *only* that. It is a number of *cults*, among which one may choose. And, whatever cult it may be, *it is a cult*, one of the immemorial Pagan cults, surviving in the midst of the modern world. The Hindus are one of the few modern civilised people who are openly Pagans.

The Japanese, with their official Shintoic ritual, are another of these people. And they being one of the leading nations of the modern world, their example is priceless. They show magnificently that, even if it be indispensable to adopt any new mechanical inventions, in order to compete with other nations, and live, yet it is not necessary to adopt the religion and the civilisation of the inventors, wholesale. Aeroplanes and war-tanks, and modern banking business on a broad scale, can perfectly go together with the existence of a Solar dynasty of king Gods, *in whose Godhood everyone actually believes*, as well as an Egyptian did, six thousand years ago. When India, freed from internal weakness and foreign yoke, will become again a world power, then she will, still better perhaps than Japan, stand as a witness of such sort of truth as this.

In the meantime, she remains the last great country of Aryan civilisation, and, to a great extent,

of Aryan tongue and race, where a living and beautiful Paganism is the religion both of the masses and of the intelligentsia.

* * *

We like this word “Paganism,” applied to the Hindu cults. It is sweet to the ears of more than one of the fallen Aryans of Europe, accustomed to refer to “Pagan Greece,” and to “Pagan beauty” as the most perfect expressions of their own genius in the past. That is also why we use the word, preferably to any other.

* * *

India has perhaps never enjoyed yet, even in the days of her glory, the world-wide popular fame she enjoys nowadays. This world-wide fame is greatly due to the repeated assertion of Hindu “spirituality,” and to the philosophy of non-violence, preached by Mahatma Gandhi.

Very few people have grasped the spirit of Christ as well as Mahatma Gandhi, and several other prominent Hindus of the present day and of the last century. And among the few Europeans who have been sincerely attracted by Hinduism, practically all have sought, in it, if not a doctrine, at least a moral creed, or, better say a *moral attitude* of love and kindness — the very same thing they could have found in Christianity, if only they took the trouble of separating the simple and luminous personality of Christ from all theological and heretical

entanglements. In other words it is, generally, the dream of a better Christianity that brings fair people from across the seas to “serve mankind” in the Ramakrishna Mission, or to express their pure devotional love as inmates of some Vaishnava Math.

The Hindus of the present day like such admirers. Many of them also like the idea that there is more true Christian spirit among outstanding Hindus, than among most Christians. There is nothing to say about these likings, if not that they are, to a great extent, a subtle expression of unfortunate India’s deep-rooted inferiority complex.

Pure spirituality (realisation of one’s soul), naturally transcends creed, as well as ceremonies. So a realised Hindu will look like a realised Christian. That is true. It is true also that, in such a complex set of teachings as those contained in the innumerable Hindu books (including Jain, Buddhist, Vaishnava etc., scriptures), there are many elements which are to be found also in Christianity. Others will say that there are a great deal of Hindu elements (or Buddhist elements) which have crept into Christianity, and there are theories to prove this influence of Indian thought. And one may safely assure that the failure of Christian preaching among the educated and fully conscious Hindus, is mainly due to the existence of these elements. A religion of love is not a new thing to India, as it must have been to the people of ancient Europe.

But all this does not lessen the fact that the Hindu religion, both as a set of philosophies and as a cult, has also the characteristics which Aryan Paganism had, before it was overcome by Christianity in the

West. We find here, like in ancient Greece, contrary philosophical tendencies, with a very few main common ideas between them (such as the idea of transmigration of souls, for instance, and one or two others). And, what is more, we find in Hindu cult, *in Hindu life*, that essential thing, which is the only one worth living for: Beauty.

* * *

Visible beauty leads to the invisible, says Plato.

Nowadays, when people speak of India, they seem to speak too much of its invisible beauty, and to ignore the visible. "Spirituality, spirituality...." They all talk of it, those who know something about it, and those who know nothing. It is the fashion. One does not look like a friend of India, if one does not put stress on that point. Nor does one feel like a true Indian patriot.

But nobody puts stress upon the physical beauty of the Hindu people. Yet *they* are Hinduism, *they* are India, more than all the philosophies put together; and the first qualification, for a nation as well as for an individual, is the beauty of its body. No mean soul can reside in a really beautiful body. The body expresses, *reflects* the interior self. And a beautiful race is a noble race, with high possibilities. People speak of Hindu culture as of an abstract entity, as if it could have grown anywhere and everywhere. They forget to say that those who live it, as a nation, are amongst the most beautiful races of mankind. There is, no doubt, a mysterious identity between that culture and them.

To a great number of Hindus, the Hindu ritual has a great symbolical value. To the large majority of the Hindus, it is practically everything. Yet, nobody puts stress upon the visible beauty of the Hindu daily “puja,” of the Hindu festivities, of the Hindu ceremonies. Many educated Hindus seem to think it below their dignity to praise, in their religion, what appeals to one’s eyes and ears, what is “exterior.”

But it is not possible to deny the attraction of beauty.

We have mentioned the burning regret of the past, among some Western Aryans, who seem to have a retrospective consciousness of what their race was, and an idea of what perhaps it could have been still, had their ancestors been faithful to the old national cults of Europe. This nostalgia for the past is not a new thing in the Christian West and Near East. It begins sixteen hundred years ago, with the desperate attempt of the Emperor Julian to restore the religion and society of the “Ancient World” to their former splendour, and it increases, in the heart of the few, as the “Ancient World,” seen from a greater distance of time, seems more and more lovable.

This Ancient World had its shortcomings. It had its vices also, which brought its down-fall. But its wise men were the pride of human intelligence. And above all, it is lovable for what Europe and the Near East have never known since: the open cult of Visible Beauty.

This cult is to be found nowhere, nowadays, except in to last sunny home: Hindu India.

* * *

It is said that, one day, Julian tried to organise a procession through the streets of Constantinople, in honour of Dionysos, the God of impetuous Joy, and overflowing Life.

But it was already too late, and the attempt proved a failure. The procession was but a ridiculous show, and when returning, at evening, after it was finished, Julian was as sad as if his eyes had embraced the whole gloomy future of the Mediterranean World. It is said that he was sitting in the gardens of his palace, in front of old blocks of marble, half-hidden with ivy, when a faithful friend, guessing the cause of his sadness, asked him: "What else did you expect? These are the days of our death. What was your aim, in ordering this procession? *What did you want?*" The Emperor looked at him silently; then, pulling aside the ivy, he pointed out to him what was behind: a master-piece of some artist of the ancient days: a procession in honour of Dionysos, carved out in white marble; a smile of the World's youth; a thing of beauty: "This is what I wanted."

* * *

This was at the time when the great Samudra Gupta was ruling over India.

Oh! if only Julian could have seen what a display of beauty, in daily life and in festivities, and in processions in honour of Gods and Goddesses much akin to his, was going on, over there! If only he could have seen that Aryan Paganism would live and flourish forever, in that luxuriant land; that India would preserve the World's youth from age to age,

through an endless future!

Then, certainly, he would have blessed the great country, with tears of joy.

Just go to Madura or to Rameswaram, nowadays, and see a real Hindu procession there, with elephants bearing immemorial signs of sandal and vermilion upon their foreheads, and draperies of silk and gold flowing over their backs, down to the ground; with flutes and drums, and torches reflecting their light upon the half-naked bronze bodies, as beautiful as living Greek statues; with chariots of flowers, slowly going around the sacred tank. Just see the pious crowd (hundreds and thousands of pilgrims, gathered from all parts of India), throwing flowers, as the chariots pass. And above all this, above the calm waters, the beautiful crowd, the mighty pillars, the huge pyramidal towers, shining in the moon-light . . . above. all this, behold the one, simple, phosphorescent sky.

Just watch an ordinary scene of Hindu life: a line of young women walking into a temple, on a festival day. Draped in bright coloured sarees, sparkling with jewels, one by one they come, the graceful daughters of India, with flowers in their hair, with flowers and offerings in their hands. In the background: thatched huts, among the high coconut trees and green rice-fields all around — the beauty of the Indian countryside.

One by one they come . . . like the Athenian maidens of old, whose image we see upon the prize of the Parthenon. The lover of Beauty, Julian, the Sunworshipper, if only he could have seen them, would have said, beholding the reality of his own

dream: “This is what I wanted!”

* * *

But it is not through the forms and colours of popular Hindu cult alone that Hinduism is a religion of beauty. Its conception of God, creative *and* destructive, is the expression of a broad artistic outlook on life and on the universe.

In creedal religions, the centre of interest is man; the background, man’s short history, man’s misery, man’s craving for happiness; the scope, man’s salvation. God, man’s Father, has a particular, and somewhat partial tenderness towards this privileged creature of His.

In intelligent Hinduism, this anthropomorphic view has no place. The centre of interest is this eternal universe of Existence, in which man is only a detail. God is the inner Force, the deeper Self, the Essence of that Existence — the “Greatest Soul.” (Paramatma).

No personal likings and dislikings, in Him. No special favour to any of the creatures that appear and pass away, in the course of time. Nothing but an endless succession of infinite states, of infinite expressions of the unknown Thing, which is the reality of all things; a dancing succession of birth and death and rebirth, over and over again, which is never the same, and yet, is always the same; a play, (*lila*) which has no beginning nor end, nor purpose, but *which is beautiful*, whatever may be the temporary fate of any particular species, in its course.

The fate of all species, of all individuals, is to grow

slowly more and more conscious of the beauty of the Play, and, at end, to experience their substantial identity with the Force which is playing-playing with its own Self. Nobody knows what this Force is, except those who have realised it in themselves. But we all adore It, and bow down to It. We do not bow down to It because we know It, and because It is God. *It is because we bow down to It, that we call It God.* And we bow down to It and worship It, in its millions and millions of expressions (those which destroy us, as well as those which seem to help us), because, in its millions and millions of expressions, *It is beautiful.*

* * *

Creation is only half the Play of Existence. Men thus generally worship only one side of God. But the Hindus praise Him all round, for the beauty of His Play. They praise Him in Destruction, as well as in Creation. They praise His Energy (Shakti) in Mother Kali, in Durga, in Jagaddatri, in Chinnamasta, continuously destroying and recreating Her own Self; in all the ten “Mahavidyas,” who are one and the same. They praise Him in the Dancing King (Nataraj), whose feet are over-treading life, and destroying it in a furious rhythm, . . . while His dispassionate face, expressing Knowledge, is as calm as the smiling sea.

Creation and destruction are one, to the eyes who can see beauty.

And the greatest praise to India is this: not only are her people beautiful; not only are her daily life and cult beautiful; but, in the midst of the utilitarian,

humanitarian, dogmatic world of the present day, she keeps on proclaiming the outstanding value of Beauty for the sake of Beauty, through her very conception of Godhead, of religion and of life.

Chapter 4

The Defence of Hindudom

A Danger Signal

The last stronghold of living Aryan Paganism: India.

But how long is India going to last? That is to say: how long is Hindudom going to last in India?

To one who lives in the South, near one of those gorgeous temples that are India's pride, in the midst of the most intense Hindu life, such a question must seem strange. What is the danger? A few Untouchables who are every day becoming Christians, and who generally remain, in society, as Untouchable as before? They do not count. Mohammadans? They are three per cent, four per cent of the whole population. And they do not look as if they are increasing. They have no power, and create no trouble. Hindudom can last forever.

One who lives in Orissa, where Mohammadans are two per cent, can think the same: In Bihar, Mohammadans are ten per cent; they are thirteen per cent, in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh; less than five per cent in the Central Provinces, six per cent, in some parts of West Bengal (such as Midnapur district). There also, one can think the same.

But what about Punjab, the cradle of Aryan culture

in India? And what about Bengal, the home of Indian culture in the present day, if we except its western districts? Punjab, at least, has got the Sikhs who, in case of trouble, will stand like one man and fight for Hindudom. Bengal has no equivalent of the Sikhs yet, and its condition is worse.

As far as a census report written in India can be correct, the latest figures, which are supposed to give a picture of Bengal in 1931, are impressive. In West Bengal, the Hindus are in majority; but in North and East Bengal they seem to be, according to the tragic words of a Bengali author, “a dying race.”

Just see their proportion, compared to the Mohammadan population, in a few districts:

<i>District</i>		<i>Hindus</i>	<i>Muslims</i>
Rangpur	(roughly)	746,000	1,836,300
Bogra	”	178,000	905,000
Pabna	”	332,000	1,112,000
Mymensingh	”	1,164,000	3,927,000
Dacca	”	1,100,000	2,200,000
Faridpur	”	847,000	1,507,000
Tipperah	”	750,000	2,356,000
Noakhali	”	366,000	1,339,000
Chittagong	”	392,000	1,326,000
Barisal	”	812,000	2,135,000
Nadia	”	574,000	944,000
Jessore	”	634,000	1,035,000

The whole Hindu population of Bengal is, roughly, 22 millions. The whole Mohammadan population, 28 millions. And if one adds to that the Mohammadans of the Bengali speaking border district of Assam (Sylhet district), one gets a figure approaching 30 millions, which is, practically, one half of the whole Mohammadan population of British India (not including the Indian States).

The Mohammadan population of Bengal alone is more than the double of that of present-day Turkey. And the Mohammadan population of just one of the districts of Bengal (Mymensingh district) is more than half that of whole Arabia.

But however impressive figures may be, the sight of the Bengali countryside is much more impressive.

There are regions where one can walk miles and miles without meeting a single Hindu. There is no racial difference between the boat-men on the rivers, the peasants in the fields, and the boat-men and peasants from other parts of Bengal. They speak Bengali; they are Bengalis. If not for their beard, and the coloured "lunggi" they wear, instead of a white "dhoti," you would never take them for anything else but Hindus. Yet, their collective consciousness is not that of the Hindus. Their diet differs. Their outlook differs. They are firm believers in an undiscussed so-called absolute "truth," in an international creed, fixed, once forever, in a book. And they are ready to believe that their ancestors have come from the country far away, where the Book was first given by God to mankind.

You reach a village — one of those lovely villages of East Bengal, made of huts of bamboo, scattered

amidst a thick green jungle and a few tanks full of pink and white lotuses — and you inquire of its name. The name will be Krishnapur, Kalipur, Sitarampur, or some other Hindu name like that. But how many Hindus are there in the village? Not one. Or perhaps, yes, there may be a few: half a dozen fishermen, a barber, a washerman, who through ignorance, through need, and through the pressure of the environment, will be Musulmans, in a generation or two, or less than that.

The “zamindar” and the, money-lender were and are still generally Hindus. But their position in the village is growing more and more precarious.

* * *

An object of admiration for an outsider, in a Bengali village, are the learned Brahmans (the “Pandits”) and in general, the educated men, among the high caste Hindus. They may not know much more of the wide world outside, than the literate villagers of France or England do. But they are so much more refined, cultured, in the deep sense of the word. It is a pleasure to argue with pandits, for long hours, on some abstract subject, and hear them come out, every now and then, with a harmonious quotation, in Sanskrit, from the Holy Scriptures. (They seem to know the Scriptures by heart). They will entertain you in the open, under a bunch of high trees, or else, in a little room, with walls of bamboo, where there is nothing else but a mat to sit upon, and several old books. They have the sweet temper and amiable manners of people who have

been aristocrats since the beginning of the world. They are poor, and spotlessly clean. And by coming in contact with them, one feels like discovering an untouched spot of ancient India.

When one has been walking for miles and miles, or sailing for hours and hours along the broad streams of Bengal, crossing places with Hindu names and ninety percent Mohammadan population, it is refreshing to stop in a village where there are, at least, one or two pandits, and have a talk with them. There is such an atmosphere of serene Hindu life all about them, that one takes to hoping once more. They may also tell you, in their beautiful language, with Sanskrit quotations from several "shastras", and commentaries upon the shastras, that Hinduism is eternal ("Sanatan Dharma").

You will learn, at the same time, that during the last month, a "namasudra" of the village, and two "malis," from a village five miles away, have become Mohammadans. But it seems that the loss of those low-caste people does not injure Hinduism's eternity.

* * *

In towns, the proportion of Hindus is undoubtedly greater than in villages. Yet, there are quarters in Dacca and in Chittagong, where the number of bearded men that you cross in the streets, wearing a red "tupi" upon their head, makes you feel as if you were in Cairo or in Bagdad, not in India.

The educated Hindus, who are numerous, keep Hindu tradition and Hindu culture alive in their homes. While sitting with them, you feel you are in

India; in fact, you are in India still. But the masses are getting day by day more Mohammadanised.

And if you speak of this to the educated Hindus of Dacca or of Chittagong, they may also tell you, like the learned village Brahmans, that another name for Hinduism is "Sanatan Dharma." They are accustomed to see bearded men walking about the streets, with red "tupis" upon their heads. They have never seriously inquired to what extent the number of these men is increasing. Nor have they ever troubled to find out, by what mysterious mental process a Hindu (one of their own people), suddenly makes up his mind to grow his beard, and wear a "tupi," and call himself a Musulman; by what mysterious mental process he *actually becomes* a Musulman, with a full-grown Musulman consciousness, ready to stand against the Hindus, at the first call.

They will tell you that those Musulmans are nothing but low caste Hindus converted once upon a time to Islam; which is *generally* true. They will tell you that *quality* is to be sought more than quantity, which is always true; but which is not the *only* truth about the Hindu-Moslem problem in India, and specially in Bengal — far from it.

* * *

The old controversy of "quality" versus "quantity, and the idea of "eternal" Hinduism, are brought in owing to the same fallacy. In both cases there is, at the back of the mind, a confusion between two planes: one, concerning ideas as such (the plane of "truth,"

which is beyond time and space) and the other, concerning action and success, that is to say, our ordinary historical plane, in which time and space are everything.

Truth is eternal, no doubt. It does not depend upon the number of those who accept it. An increasing number of those who accept it, does not prove *it* to be *more true*. Nor does the display of their spirit of sacrifice or of any other qualities of character; it bears witness in *their* favour, as strong and faithful men, *but adds nothing to, and alters by no means the "truth" (or untruth) of what they profess*. A martyr never *proves*, by his death, that *truth* for which he dies; he only proves his own personal consistency, and that is all he can do.

Beauty, perfection, and all other abstract entities of the same sort, are equally eternal. So it is mere waste of time to defend *them*; they take care of themselves. "Eternal" Hinduism (that is to say, *the truth* expressed in the innumerable "shastras" and "sutras," etc., the wisdom of the Upanishads, the splendour of the Vedic hymns) will, in the same way, take care of itself. No need defending *it*. Would all India profess Islam, tomorrow; would it even disappear wholesale, in some formidable cataclysm, that would make no difference: the enlightened world would preserve the Hindu Scriptures, because they are worth preserving.

And even if it did not preserve them, it would slowly rediscover the truth contained in them. So, in anyway, it is no good troubling about the fate of the tenets of Hinduism. *They are not in danger*.

It is *the Hindus, as a nation, who are in danger of extinction*, at least in certain parts of India. It is Hindudom, not Hinduism, that *we defend*. For if Hinduism is “sanatan” (eternal), nothing proves that Hindudom is also. The numerical and political strength of Hindudom would not add anything to *the value* of Hinduism as such, no doubt. But reversely, the value of Hinduism will not save Hindudom, if Hindudom is not strong, numerically and politically.

The truth contained in Plato’s writings is still true. But it did not keep the ancient Greek society and civilisation from passing away. The beauty of Hypatia’s life did not save Pagandom in Alexandria.

* * *

When one goes about in the North and East of Bengal (not to speak of the other places in India where the Hindus are less than 25% of the total population), one realises, to a great extent, what a fully conscious Greek Pagan must have felt like, in his own country, during the early Middle Ages, when Christendom was growing to power day by day.

Because Christianity has finished by winning, people, nowadays, speak a lot of the persecutions against the first Christians, and do not speak so much about the oppression of the last Pagans by the Christians. Works of art destroyed, festivities stopped, schools of philosophy shut down, wise men exiled: all this marked the rising of Christianity to the dignity of a State religion, from the days of Constantine the 1st to the days of Justinian. But, however bitter it may seem to us, who look upon these

facts from a distance of fifteen hundred years, all this must have been nothing, compared with the growing tyranny exercised by the Christians (day by day more numerous, and stronger, owing to government support as well as to their number), upon the decreasing minority of Pagans, in the towns and villages of Greece, Asia-Minor, Egypt, Italy, etc.

The fate of learned and virtuous Hypatia, barbarously put to death by fanaticised Christian monks, fills us with indignation. But Hypatia was not the only one, certainly. There must have been frequent Christian-Pagan riots, in those days, on the occasion of public teaching of Grecian philosophy, or of peaceful processions in honour of the Gods of old, until every free voice was finally made silent, and every public manifestation of Pagan life stopped forever.

To stop Pagan life was not an easy thing. To a certain extent, Pagan life and Pagan festivities continued in the garb of Christianity. (A look at the Christian Church will tell you that.) But apart from this, it is said that, in remote villages of Greece, and in Crete, there were still, in the eleventh century A.D, a few people who openly professed their ancient national religion; and “the last of the Neo-Platonicians,” Gemistos Plethon, was living in Greece in the fifteenth century A.D. (Distant Northern Europe, less conscious of the possibilities of its warrior-like Paganism, accepted the Gospel much quicker and more seriously than the Mediterranean World, though it came much later in contact with Christianity.)

It would be instructive, for the Hindus of the present day, to meditate upon the fate of the Western Aryan civilisations, in the early days of Christian power. The few learned “pandits,” who still keep on representing “eternal Hinduism,” in East Bengal villages where 90 percent of the people are Mohammadans, had their parallel in the West, eight or nine hundred years ago, in the shape of a few wise men who kept on, for a long time, representing “eternal Grecian thought,” alone in the midst of a hostile, or at least most contemptuous Christian majority.

* * *

“Grecian thought” is living still. *Grecian Paganism*, as a thing of beauty and of truth, is eternal. But Grecian Pagandom seems to have passed away forever.

In India, temples have been destroyed in many places; but Hindu life is there still.

Greece is covered with gorgeous ruins. Upon the steep promontories, there are still rows of white columns, looking over the blue sea, full of isles. There are blocks of sculptured marble, and old statues to be found even in the market place. But living life all around, runs on different lines. The national Gods have become objects of admiration in museums. Foreigners come from America to see them. But nobody worships them. There are no Panathenian processions, in pomp and glory, going up the Acropolis today.

The same thing can be said about Italy. For true Christianity's misfortune, a lot of Pagan show may have invaded the Church. But Paganism was not a mere show. There was also something else in it, which is gone, now, from Italy as well as from Greece; there was the national consciousness of Pagandom.

The same thing can be said about Egypt, the land that perhaps looked the most like India, *once*, long long ago; the land where the sacred Bull was worshipped, and where people used to regard the "Old Father Nile," whose life-giving waters flew down from Heaven, just as the Hindus look still upon holy Mother Ganges.

Nowadays, along the banks of the Nile, there are Pyramids, and temples, and huge statues of pink granite representing kings and Gods of old. But those who dwell in the very shadow of these ruins are Mohammadans; a few of them are Christians. There are some of them who work as guides, for there are many foreigners to visit Egypt. They take the Americans around, among the gigantic pillars and blocks of stone, and tell them: "This was the temple of Phtah. . . . This is the image of that God. . . . This is the image of Mout, his consort etc." They tell them which 'king built the temple. They ask them to notice the beauty of the images. They show them the glory of Egypt, conscientiously. But that glory of their ancestors is not *their* glory. *They* are the children of another nation, grown upon the ruins. The same land; but *another nation*. The same stones, but without their meaning. The same Nile, but without the Nile-cult.

* * *

We heard of a modern Pagan who visited Egypt only a few years back. The first thing he did was to walk down to the Nile, to throw a few flowers in its current, to stoop and drink a little of its water, and pour a handful of it over his head. "Old Father Nile, you are beautiful. And you give life to millions of creatures. Yet, since how many centuries has nobody bowed down to you; nobody offered you his worship? *I bow down to you, I, all by myself.*"

And while he was saying this within his mind, a thought came to him: far away beyond the burning sands, far away beyond the sea, there is a Land where they have not forgotten; there is India, who still bows down to Mother Ganges, the last of the great sacred Rivers. Glory to India!

* * *

That is Hindudom seen in its strength, from a distance.

When one sees Hindudom in its weakness, yielding every day to hostile forces, losing bit by bit its numerical advantages, losing its political rights in India, losing its place as a nation, then one becomes more sceptical. One takes to thinking that the fate of Pagan Greece, of Pagan Italy, of Pagan Egypt, today, may be the fate of Pagan India tomorrow. Of course! Take Hindudom in Bengal, for example. In Bengal, the Hindus, not many years ago, were 55 per cent of the whole population. Now they are only 45 per cent. In two hundred years' time, who knows in what proportion they will be? And, in five hundred years' time (nobody knows), there may be no Hindus left at

all. Then, one may see a Mohammadan guide (a Bengali, descendant of generations of Bengali Hindus), explaining the deserted temple of Dakshineswar to the American tourists: “This was the temple of Kali, a Goddess of the Hindus. . . .”

A swarm of mosques will be built here and there, in the place of the minor shrines. Mohammadan life and European life combined, will make unrecognisable India look much like modern Egypt. Cultured Indians will look upon their national Gods, as Christian Europeans look upon Greek “mythology.” And the Ganges will still be flowing. But there will be no ritual bathing in its waters, no pilgrims, going up and down its “ghats,” no garlands of flowers thrown into it as offerings. India, then, may be free and powerful; but she will no longer be “our” India.

Is it that, what the Hindus want?

* * *

Certainly not. But it is *that* which is coming, if there be no reaction, on the part of the Hindus, *before it is too late*.

We believe that quality is better than quantity. But quality itself cannot grow, where there is no proper atmosphere to develop it. And, with a decreasing number of Hindus, the Hindu “atmosphere” of India is in peril, in certain parts of India at least. Save it *at once* or else. . . . Hindu “quality” will become the priceless treasure of a few individuals, foreigners in their own country. It will no longer be the treasure of a living nation.

Hindudom has reached a stage where it has either to die out, or else, to react vigorously — and then, not merely to survive, but to rule. There is no third alternative.

If Hindudom were to die, India would no longer be India. But what if Hindudom were to react, and rule?

Most Hindus are not deeply interested in their vital today's problem: to live or to die, just because they cannot imagine vividly enough what it means to live. *To live, for a nation, means: to rule.* And, as the Hindu leaders repeat, *the Hindus are a nation*, not a community. They are a nation that is not conscious of its existence, but that still is a nation, just as a man is still himself, while asleep. Nobody can tell what would happen, if the Hindus were to awake.

First, future free India would be a reconquered Hindu India. But what beyond that?

Imagine a well-organised Hindu India, having in her hands all the power of a modern country of her size. Hindudom, once, used to extend over what is now Afghanistan, over Java, over Cambodia etc. The wife of Dhritarashtra was a princess from Gandahar, that is to say Afghanistan, and the remotest kings of Java, Cambodia etc. were Indian kings. Powerful Hindu India could reconquer these lands and give them back the pride of their Indian civilisation. She could make Greater India once more a cultural reality, and a political one too — why not?

And further still (who knows?), she could spread her name, assert her strength, establish her glory, wherever there are lands with a great culture that has been forsaken, lands waiting to be given back to

themselves. She could teach the fallen Aryans of the West the meaning of their forgotten Paganism; she could rebuild the cults of Nature, the cults of Youth and Strength, wherever they have been destroyed; she could achieve on a world-scale what Emperor Julian tried to do, what the Sun-God himself, through his oracle of Delphi, had declared impossible. And the victorious Hindus could erect a statue to Julian, somewhere in conquered Europe, on the border of the sea; a statue, with an inscription, both in Sanskrit and in Greek:

“What thou hast dreamt,
We have achieved.”

* * *

This all may be nothing but imagination. Any how, imagination is necessary to accomplish great things. It helps you to look above temporary distress, and fight with joy.

Between the dark picture of an India who would no longer be herself, and the glorious vision of *real* Greater India, that is to say, Greater Hindudom, let the Hindus choose, today. We say: *today*, for there is a time when things that seem impossible *are yet possible*. When that time is gone, then it is too late. Tomorrow may be too late even to save Hindudom in North and East Bengal, not to speak of rebuilding the world, through the might and inspiration of Greater Hindudom.

Chapter 5

Social Reforms

As we have said, the beauty of Hinduism, its high philosophy, the art it has developed, the possibilities it contains, nothing of all this will save Hindudom, no more than the beauty of Grecian Paganism and its wonderful growth of free thought could save the civilisation and society of ancient Greece.

The greatest gift of Hinduism to mankind is perhaps the religious sanction of free scientific thought, based, in all matters, upon experience alone. But a man can be a free thinker, and even a “realised” man, without being a Hindu. The greatest gift of Hinduism to present-day India may be the possibility, for her, of expressing her reborn nationalism through a vast national cult. But nothing proves that a *future* Indian will not be a nationalist, unless he remains a Hindu. *His* India would not be *our* India; but *he* would love it all the same, perhaps more than his religion, one day. (Are there not modern Romans, who put their nation far above Christianity? The future men of a hypothetical Mohammadan India might also put India above Islam. Nobody can tell before hand).

Therefore, to point out Hinduism as the highest synthesis of religious thought, on one hand, and on the other, as the cult of India, is not sufficient. All

this talk is well and good, when addressed to such Hindus who never even dreamt of leaving their fold. But in that case, it is useless; its only result can be to make these Hindus a little more proud of themselves.

When addressed to Hindus who have become Christians or Mohammadans, the argument presenting Hinduism as a scientific religion has no effect, for reason is seldom the motive that brings about a man's conversion. The call of Indian nationalism is also without response. To a Hindu who leaves his fold, there are things dearer than India.

Before trying to defend Hinduism by arguments, one must try to understand *why* do Hindus desert the Hindu fold.

* * *

If the Hindus who leave their fold, were leaving it for religious reasons, they would be fools, for whatever is contained in any other religion, is to be found in this vast and complex and apparently contradictory record of religious experience, which is Hinduism. A Hindu does not become a Mohammadan for the advantage of worshipping one God alone. That, he could do, while remaining a Hindu. Nor does he, for the advantage of considering God as formless; many Hindus consider God as formless, and worship without the help of images.

Nor does a Hindu become a Christian for the satisfaction of following a personal Saviour, for that he could do, while remaining a Hindu. Moreover, that very Saviour he is attracted to, Lord Jesus, he could worship and honour without leaving the Hindu fold.

In more than one Hindu home, Lord Jesus has found a place. His image is garlanded, and offered incense, among other images. Still no Hindu thinks of excluding his worshippers from the Hindu society, as long as they, themselves, do not express the desire of being excluded. One of the signs of Hindu generosity lies in this broad-mindedness. A Hindu who pays homage to Christ is still a Hindu, while a Christian who would pay homage to Lord Krishna, along with Christ, would no longer be a Christian. The God of the Christians remains the “jealous God” of the Jews, in spite of all the Greek metaphysics that have influenced Christian theology.

One may think that many ignorant Hindus leave the Hindu fold, persuaded that they are doing so for religious reasons.

It is true that ignorance is the source of all trouble, and that nothing would stop the flow of conversion of Hindus to other religions, as well as the intelligent teaching of what Hinduism *really is*, to all Hindus, including the most depressed ones, throughout the length and breadth of India. Ignorant Hindus, recently converted to Christianity, will tell you that Christ is the first one in the world to have taught love to mankind. They know nothing of the immense love of Lord Buddha, nor of Krishna; nothing of all what India had given the world, centuries before Christ.

That is true. But one must not believe that, in every case, or even in most cases, *if they had known*, then, they would not have left the Hindu fold. Even ignorant Hindus do not leave their fold *for religious reasons*. It is neither because human brotherhood was preached “for the first time” by the Prophet of Arabia,

that they become Mohammadans, nor because love was preached “for the first time” by Jesus of Nazareth, that they become Christians. It is because, to become a Mohammadan means, *to them, now*, to enjoy the advantages of social brotherhood, in a society which actually practices it; and to become a Christian means, *to them, now*, to enjoy the advantages of some charitable missionary’s love. *It is for social reasons*, and, practically, *for social reasons alone*, that thousands of Hindus have abandoned the Hindu fold.

* * *

Three main things have been, during these last centuries, the cause of an enormous numerical loss for Hindudom:

(1) The denial of elementary social rights to the majority of the Hindus.

(2) The strictness of social rules, within the Hindu fold (resulting in the too easy outcasting of transgressors).

(3) The refusal of the Hindu fold to re-accept those who wish *to come back* to it, not to speak of those who may wish to join it, without themselves or their forefathers having belonged to it before.

Unless and until these three main causes of disintegration are removed, Hindudom will not be able to face the increasing dangers to which it is exposed. And, if it cannot remove these sources of weakness, Hindudom, in spite of its value, will ultimately be crushed. This is the bitter truth that

must be spoken, and understood *at once and now*; tomorrow might be too late.

* * *

We have mentioned many times the similarity between the present state of Hindudom, wherever it is “a dying race,” and the state of Grecian and Roman Pagandom, during the days it was also dying. We may add that the causes of death were about the same.

May the Hindus of present India never forget that it is *for social reasons, and practically, for social reasons alone*, that Christianity was able to spread all over the Western Aryan World, and settle itself upon the ruins of some of the finest civilisations that mankind had produced.

During the days in which the first Christian missionary propaganda was going on, the “Ancient World” had the most remarkable personalities, and the finest schools of thought. None of the illiterate Apostles, who are said to be God-inspired, nor their learned Greek successors could compete with such men as Porphyros, Iamblikhos, or Plotinos, who were both profoundly learned and God-inspired, if there be any such thing as heavenly inspiration at all. And no Christian woman was purer than Hypatia, the embodiment of all Pagan virtues, wisdom and beauty, in a feminine shape.

Yet, the Galileans have won, not the Hellenes. Why?

(Think of this, and rebuild Hindudom in its glory.) The Galileans have won not because they were wise,

not because they were virtuous, not because they brought with them a greater and higher inspiration than that of the last Hellene Pagans, but because they called *all* men (including Barbarians and slaves) to share their brotherhood, while the Hellenes did not.

* * *

The ancient Greek and Roman society was not a complicated caste-ridden society, like Hindudom. Yet there was, in it, a tremendous gap between the free man and the slave. There was also a tremendous gap between the Hellene (or the Roman) and the so-called Barbarian. With a very few later exceptions (perhaps due to the influence of growing Christianity), the born Barbarian had no place in the social life of the Hellenes. He was a foreigner, and it was admitted that a foreigner could not be assimilated on equal terms. To take part in the games of Olympia, for instance, Greek culture was not enough; one had also to prove his Hellenic *descent*. There might have been breaches to this rule during the later days; but the principle stood until the end. And the principle was enough to prevent the wholesale assimilation of outsiders.

In the same way, the son of a slave had no share in the glory of what was Hellenism. In Athens at least, he was not illtreated. He was allowed to thrive and multiply. This is so true that, in what is considered the golden age of the city (fifth century B.C.) there were about fifteen thousand free citizens, in Athens, and about one hundred and twenty thousand slaves.

As time passed, this numerical disproportion grew greater. The free citizens would cultivate eloquence and every art, first of all, the art of being beautiful, both in body and soul; they would talk with the wise men, honour the Gods, and rule the city; they would leave philosophical systems, marble temples, and the history of Greece, for the future generations to admire. But the slaves had all the hard, weary, and dirty work to do, without feeling that the glory of the city was also theirs. The Gods of the city were theirs; but the sublime teachings of the wise men were not addressed to them; and they knew nothing, either of the value of Hellenic philosophy, or of the qualities of the Gods. They knew that they were born for servile labour, while others were born for leisure and higher thought, and all the possibilities of a more beautiful life. Slowly came a time when they began to consider their fate as a burden, and their sub-conscious mind was then prepared for revolt.

Paul and the first Christian missionaries came over, at that time, from Palestine. And, from the Jewish quarters of the Grecian sea-ports, the new teaching spread to the crowd of the slaves, throughout the Roman Empire; to the Barbarians, north and south; to all those who were denied equality: "All men are one, in our Lord Jesus Christ, the one and only Saviour."

Nobody denies the existence of people of high education and noble birth, among the early Christian converts. But they were a small minority. The victory of Christianity appears mainly as the result of a widespread non-violent revolt of the slaves, as well as of the Barbarians, against the existing social order of

the Roman Empire (including, naturally, Pagan Greece).

Had the social order been changed *in time*, and by the initiative of the privileged Pagans themselves, no doubt, then, history would have been quite different. Slaves and half-hellenised Barbarians, vividly conscious that the cultural and national treasures of Pagandom were *theirs*, would have stood like one man on the side of Pagandom. But if one had spoken of social reforms *then*, to the learned, refined and few, to the aristocracy of the Graeco-Roman World, it is probable that the few would have answered just the same as many Hindus of noble birth, in India, do today: “Are *we* to renounce our birth rights? Are *we* to allow our immemorial traditions to be spoiled by the contact of low-born people and of Barbarians? We rely upon our value, not upon numerical strength, to save ourselves and our culture.”

What is the result? They have passed away, and Western Aryan Paganism with them, wholesale. Is there anyone *now*, in Europe, who can truly trace his descent from a noble family of ancient Greece or Rome, through an unbroken thread of pure-blooded generations? Is there a single modern Roman, a single modern Greek, who can earnestly assure, *now*, that among his ancestors there are no slaves and no Barbarians? No. When the new society came into existence, then the birthrights that used to rule the old were forgotten, and all was but confusion, until new privileges and new birthrights crept in, inspite of Christianity itself.

So, what was the use of standing against the pressure of time and being crushed? To make place

for a hypocritical Christian Europe, who would first destroy half the treasures of Pagan cult, art and thought, and then, preserve the other half in its museums? That was really not worth while.

* * *

The fate of the European Pagans, fifteen hundred years ago, is the fate awaiting the Hindus of the present day, sooner or later, in all parts of India where their number is less than at least seventy-five percent of the total population. In those parts where they are less than twenty or twenty-five percent, wholesale extinction (through willful or compulsory exile, through conversion to Islam, or otherwise) is not far away if, *at once and now*, the Hindus do not make a desperate effort.

(1) *to unite into one firm, invincible bloc, trained in the art of self defence.*

(2) *to keep all Hindus, without distinction of caste or creed, within that bloc.*

(3) *to bring within that bloc all those who can be of some use to Hindudom, specially,*

the Indian aborigines,

the Indians once converted to Islam or to Christianity,

attracting them to Hinduism, as their own national cult.

* * *

We would like to make it clear that no Hindu is more sensitive than us to the value of that hereditary

refinement that has been, for centuries, the privilege of the high caste Hindus, specially of the Brahmans. There are people even outside India to recognise, in the Indian Brahmans, not merely the oldest, but still the finest aristocracy of our earth. And personally, if we had to pick out a man all round beautiful in appearance, mind, and character, to be the embodiment of superior humanity, we would, without hesitation, pick out an Indian Brahman, and most probably a Bengali, who would add to the virtues of his caste, the enthusiasm and charm of the most lovable nation existing. If India be compared to a vast lotus-pond, the Brahmans as a whole, still today, are its most beautiful, its purest lotuses. The defence of Hindudom means *their* defence. That, we entirely maintain.

But, at the same time, we remember one of the many names of the lotus: "pankaj," that is to say: born in the mud. So mud and water are also necessary; without them, the beautiful lotuses would soon dry up. So the preservation of the spotless flowers means, first of all, the preservation of the pool where they are born and grow, that is to say of the fertile water and mud.

In the same way, Brahmanical beauty, Brahmanical culture, Brahmanical ideals, will mean nothing in the future Indian society, wherever that society will be cent percent Mohammadan. And that will be the case of North and East Bengal, in a few years' time, if the flow of conversion of Islam is not immediately stopped, and a contrary current of reconversion to Hinduism, not immediately started. And this is not possible without an enormous amount

of sacrifice, on the part of the high caste Hindus; sacrifice, not in the name of “humanity,” not in the name of “justice” or of “democracy” (*we do not believe in “democracy” at all*) but, in the name *of their own self-preservation*. The alternative before the high caste Hindus — nay, before *all Hindus*, wherever they are, not an overwhelming numerical majority — is this: sacrifice caste prejudices *at once* and live, and, one day, rule India once more; or else, stick to caste prejudices, and, under the pressure of a formidable tide, growing every day, become Mohammadans in a generation or two.

Let the Hindus choose.

* * *

“*To what extent* must caste prejudices be sacrificed, to save Hindudom?” will many say. Does the sacrifice of caste prejudices mean merely to get rid of Untouchability, and open the temples to all Hindus? Does it mean that high caste Hindus should take water from every Hindu? Does it mean that they should also take rice? Does it mean that inter-caste marriages should be allowed? Where is the limit? (if there be any limit to such concessions).

There is no answer to these questions, *in detail*. Means of defence have to be in proportion with the danger to face; so everything depends upon the danger. It is certain that in Midnapur district (West Bengal) where Mohammadans are only six percent, the problem facing the Hindus is not so tragic as in Bogra district, for instance where the Mohammadans are more than ninety percent. The Midnapur Hindus

can afford to wait, uninjured, another fifty years. The Bogra Hindus cannot; nor can those of Pabna, nor of Rangpur, nor of Dacca, nor of Noakhali, nor of Comilla, nor of Chittagong etc., in one word, all those of North and East Bengal, from Jalpaiguri, down to the Bay of Bengal, and to the frontiers of Burma and Assam; nor can the Hindus of Assam, where, along with Mohammadan propaganda, a well carried on and lavishly financed Christian missionary effort is continuing for the last few decades, throughout the hill tracts; nor can the Hindus of any part of India, where a strong, conscious, casteless society has grown or is growing to existence, by the side of caste-ridden Hindudom. Whether caste-ridden or sect-ridden, or compartmented in any other way, *never and nowhere*, in history, has a divided society stood competition with an undivided one.

To what extent must caste prejudices be sacrificed? That we cannot tell; it is a matter of every day's application in every Hindu household, to be decided by the Hindus themselves, who earnestly wish to live. We can only say this much: the forces that are cooperating to crush Hindudom (if possible) are of such a nature, and the danger is so imminent, that *it is now too late for any kind of patch-work*. From what castes, considered up to this day as contaminating the purity of the higher castes, through water, will all Hindus agree, henceforth, to accept water? Such a question has no meaning. The bitterness of the downtrodden castes of Hindudom has reached such a depth, and the unconditioned equality offered to them, outside Hindudom, is so increasingly attractive, that it is not by granting them a few

scattered privileges, a few resented concessions, a few uncertain hopes, that it will ever be possible, *now*, to keep them for long within the Hindu fold.

The growing consciousness that it is the upper class Hindus who have unjustly deprived them of their rights, and outrageously exploited them, for so many years, is systematically being intensified, among them, by every democratical movement based upon common class-interest (such as labour movement, peasant movement, etc.) which has appeared in India recently.

The principles put forward in these different “movements,” were all imported through a few Indian idealists, belonging mostly to the upper castes of Hindudom. But the result of their preaching is, practically, the rapid formation of a united front of discontented lower caste Hindus and *Mohammadans*, set up, on the basis of common class-interest, to get rid of the privileged Hindus, wholesale. To the grievances of the half-starved peasant, of the tenant, of the labourer, of all the down-trodden ones, against the landlord, the moneylender, the “exploiter” in every form (who is generally known to be a Hindu) the religious fanaticism of the Mohamman masses, cleverly kindled by the Mawlvis, adds itself most naturally. Now, since class-consciousness has been cultivated among them, no less naturally, and no less easily do the feelings of the low caste Hindu peasants and labourers creep in, mingled with a bitter spirit of revolt. Kept out of contact with upper caste Hindu society for long centuries, they are now rapidly experiencing a social consciousness of their own, a social consciousness apart from what they consider as

Hindudom. That consciousness has no cultural basis; but it has an economic one, which brings, day by day, the down-trodden lower caste Hindus nearer to the Mohammadans. Wherever the Mohammadans are a majority, and specially a majority of peasants and labourers, every democratical movement in India is, finally, a Mohammadan movement.

It is not the acceptance of water, or, occasionally, even of rice, from their hands, that will bring back the awakened Hindus of the low castes to their former submissive attitude. The time of obedience is gone. Everyday, the low caste Hindus are getting more conscious of their importance and of their strength.

The sacrifice of caste prejudices, on the part of the upper caste Hindus (*in their own interest, and in the interest of Hindu culture that they represent*) must be such that the lower castes, including the so-called Untouchables, will gladly use their strength to defend the whole of Hindudom, in case of danger.

* * *

Danger is not far away; in many places already, the Hindus have experienced it in violent riots, in which they have invariably been crushed, owing to their lack of solidarity and to their un-preparedness.

But riots worse than any of those India has seen in the past, may take place in an early future. India is preparing herself for political independence. And it is a fact that no country has passed from foreign domination to free self-government, without going through a period of confusion, in which the old

government is no more, while the new one does not yet effectively exist. No legal protection; no police. Such a state of things may last a month; it may also last a year. We ask the Hindus just to try to imagine what would probably happen to them, in North Bengal, in East Bengal, and wherever they represent less than twenty-five, and sometimes, less than ten percent of the total population, if, for only three days, they were left entirely to the grace of God and to themselves, without the protection of any government or police. What would happen to them in the villages where there are five Hindu families, in the midst of five hundred Mohammadans? And what would be the attitude of the discontented lower caste Hindus *then*, under the combined effect of labour propaganda, indifference to the fate of Hindudom which they do not feel *theirs*, hunger, and the primitive impulse of destruction? Who can assure that they will not side with the Mohammadan comrades, who have the same grievances as themselves, and share the loot with them, before sharing, soon after, the brotherhood of Islam? Who can assure that, on the contrary, *they will* stand by Hindudom, lending their strength to their upper caste compatriots, for the preservation of real India?

But what is “real India” *to them*? What was real Greece and its culture, to the slaves of Greece? And what was real Rome and its glory, to the slaves of Rome?

* * *

The least one can say is that caste privileges and

prejudices, and any social beliefs or social customs should be given up, to the extent that they are, at the present stage of Indian history, a hindrance to the growth of a *united Hindu consciousness*, as well as to the *fighting capacity* of the Hindus as a whole.

As long as *all Hindus* do not feel that within their fold, they are offered more dignity, more justice, and greater possibilities of personal development than without, they will not *all* love their fold; and an increasing number of them will leave it for good. The greater number of those who remain Hindus, will be indifferent to the fate of Hindudom not moving even their little finger to defend it or help it in case of need.

As long as all Hindus do not feel a certain amount of freedom and *social toleration* within their fold, there will be an increasing number of them who will willingly leave the fold to live as they like, or unwillingly be driven out of it, for having shown too much personal independence in social matters. Whoever they may be, good or bad, they are a force that Hindudom cannot afford to lose *now*. The Hindus should remember that, among the most dangerous Mohamadan leaders, there are descendants of Hindus driven out of Hindudom, for whatever good or bad reason it may be. It may have been, and probably *was, once*, a gain for Hindudom to purify itself by outcasting "undesirable" people. But *now* that Hindudom is not the only society in India; now that there are two rival societies by its side, eager to seize every opportunity of harming it directly or indirectly, strictness in social matters only brings loss. It is too easy for an outcasted Hindu, nowadays, to increase

the number of the enemies of Hindudom.

As long as *all Hindus* do not feel that the glory of Hindudom is *their* glory, and its artistic, cultural and spiritual inheritance *their* own treasure, there will be no united Hindu consciousness, no common aim, no common interest, no common enthusiasm, no common love, no solidarity among the Hindus — and no hope for Hindudom. The upper caste Hindus feel that the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Epics, the Shastras, all are theirs. Let such a new atmosphere be created in Hindudom, that every Hindu fisherman may feel that Vyasa Deva's *Mahabharata* is also *his*, and be proud of it and of its author.

Then Hindudom will be one and strong.

* * *

As long as the hill-tribes of India (the so-called “animists” etc.) do not feel that *their* primitive forms of worship are one of the innumerable aspects of manifold Hinduism, and that *they* are a part and parcel of manifold Hindudom, their strength is lost to the cause of Hindudom. And it is a pity, for they are sturdy fighters. But they will never feel themselves Hindus unless the Hindus make them feel so, through their behaviour towards them; unless they are treated as Hindus.

In the same way, there will be no possibility of widespread reconversion to Hinduism of those who have left the Hindu fold, as long as it is not well established that, *to the eyes of the born-Hindus of every caste, a reconverted Hindu is a Hindu, just as any of themselves*. Until this is accepted, Hindudom

will remain constantly losing its numerical strength *without the possibility of ever regaining it*. A tragic position, in front of Christendom and Islam!

* * *

The reconversion of Hindus who have left the Hindu fold, is not such an easy matter as it looks.

It presupposes the possibility of accepting any outsider into the Hindu society, if proved worthy. For, the Hindu who has become a Mohammadan, giving up his traditional diet and Hindu habits, is, from the orthodox Hindu point of view, no better, no “purer” than any foreigner. It is not even proved that no mixture of blood has ever taken place, in the family of an Indian whose ancestors were once Hindus. So, logically, if Hindudom, forsaking its orthodoxy, can *take back* such a man, it should be prepared to take in *anyone* who earnestly wishes to join it.

Other religions encourage proselytism because they are *creedal* ones, of which the communal unity is based upon the acceptance of the same “truth” by all their followers. But Hinduism, we have said, is no creed. The unity of Hindudom, if any, is the unity created by a common cultural inheritance, a common civilisation, a common national existence. The principle of conversion to Hinduism would be nothing more nor less than the principle of nationalisation, accepted in all modern countries. Applied here it means: “Whoever is worthy of India *can* become an Indian (that is to say a Hindu), if he likes.” So far, apparently, no difficulties.

Practical difficulties come in with the consideration of caste. A Hindu *caste* will not take back one of its members who has spent six months as a Mohammadan. But let us, for sake of argument, suppose it did. To what caste would then a reconverted Hindu belong, whose ancestors had become Mohammadans, say, ten generations back, and who does not know which was their former caste? To what caste would belong a foreigner by birth, who admires Hindu civilisation enough to wish to share it, and who chooses to become a Hindu and an Indian?

Unless this question is answered, any movement in favour of Hindu proselytism is useless.

To give the new-comer a place in Hindu society according to his personal fitness is not even possible, as long as the born-Hindus themselves cannot get a place according to their merit. A reconverted or newly converted Hindu cannot be made a Brahman, whatever may be his knowledge, his culture, his virtues, since such a man as Aurobindo Ghosh is not accepted as a Brahman, in the present state of Hindu society.

* * *

In one word, it is not such and such a detail, such and such a practice, that has to be forsaken, but the whole *social atmosphere* of Hindudom that has to be changed, if Hindudom wishes to live, flourish and rule.

Hindudom can neither be united, nor strengthened, nor expanded, without *the whole-hearted*

collaboration of millions of people, feeling happy and proud to be Hindus, that is to say, without the suppression of all what prevents millions of Hindus from feeling happy and proud within their fold; without, also, the suppression of all what prevents, at present, millions of Indians from styling themselves as Hindus and standing by the Hindus.

We do not advocate the suppression of caste-system, but we advocate the suppression of social tyranny, whether it be enforced in the name of the sanctity of caste-system, or of anything else. And there is no doubt that caste must lose its rigidity, if social intolerance is to be got rid of, if the process of conversion of Hindus to other religions is to be stopped, and if conversion and reconversion to Hinduism is to be made possible, in the practical field.

Many Hindus are getting to appreciate the value of Hindu unity. They understand the causes of the weakness of Hindudom, and the immediate necessity of some sort of social changes. But they do not realise the *meaning* of social changes.

The basis of society is the householder's home — not the market-place, nor the tea-shop, nor the tennis ground, nor the public meeting, nor even the temple, but *the home*, the most sacred place on earth, where the Gods and Goddesses worshipped in the temple, were born as men and women. Hindu unity in public festivities, even within the compound of the temples, is no unity if it does not persist, among all Hindus, within each Hindu home. Whatever may be the social reforms necessary to check the disintegration of Hindudom, they must boldly take place *at home*, or

remain of no use. And they should take place, as we have said, *at once, and now*, at least wherever the Hindus are a minority, like in North and East Bengal or a rapidly decreasing majority, like in Assam. Threatened on all sides, Hindudom *cannot afford to wait*.

Chapter 6

A Change of Mentality Among the Hindus

The Development of Nationalism

The reasons we have just given, to show how necessary immediate social reforms are, among the Hindus, were all drawn from the consideration of the mentality of the Hindus *who leave* their fold. To understand *them*, so as to keep them within Hindudom, or to bring *them* back to it, was the main question.

But there is another side of the Hindu problem, no less important than that one; and this concerns the mentality of the Hindus *who remain* Hindus. Unless *they* change their entire outlook, social reforms are impossible; nay, any effort to defend and strengthen Hindudom, amounting to a little more than the construction of temples, “maths” and “goshalas,” is impossible, for that effort depends entirely upon *them*.

We do not deny the usefulness of temples, “maths” and “goshalas,” but we are persuaded that they are *not sufficient* to unite all the Hindus in one strong body, and to make them invincible. Moreover, the pious purpose for which they are built cannot be

better served than by the constant effort to bring back all Indians to Hindudom, and to make Hindudom a power in the world. More cows than any “goshala” can give shelter to, are saved, now and for generations to come, simply by the reconversion of one Mohammadan family to Hinduism. And cow-slaughter will not be suppressed, all over Hindusthan, unless and until the Hindus become strong enough *to rule*.

* * *

Political power (that is to say the power of law, with organised military force at the back of it) is everything in this world. It is speaking against the evidence of history to speak of religions competing on the ground of philosophy or of moral or spiritual merit. A religion gains followers when its followers get political power in hand. Philosophy, morality, and spirituality have no voice in the matter. Christianity began to be an invincible power when it became the religion of people who, for the time being, at least, were invincible: the Roman masses, the Roman State, and more and more, the romanised Barbarians. Why was it driven out of North Africa, nearly wholesale? Not because of the philosophical, moral or spiritual superiority of the Koran over the Gospel, but because of the fighting superiority of the warrior-like Arabs over the Christians. The three quarters of Spain were Mohammadan, at one time. Why are they not now?

Not because of the superiority, if any, of the Gospel over the Koran, but because of the greater military strength of the Catholic kings, makers of modern

Spain, compared to that of the last Mohammadan rulers; because political power remained, finally, in the hands of the Catholics. When you possess political power, then you can make nations do what you like, think what you like, profess whatever sense or nonsense you like, *nowadays* and in the future, as well as you could in the past. It only requires a more powerful administration, backed by more powerful war-engines, as all techniques improve with time.

We would like the Hindus to remember this, and to strive to acquire *political power at any cost*. Social reforms are necessary, not because they will bring more “humanity” among the Hindus, as many think, but because they will bring unity, that is to say power. The Hindus have been living, up till now, with less “humanity.” Many unseen dramas, many crushed aspirations, many weary, wretched lives have been the consequence of Hindu orthodoxy, enforced in daily matters with all its rigidity. But we do not speak of them. We do not advocate in favour of the sufferers, in the name of “humanity.” If, with less “humanity” the Hindu nation was growing stronger *as a nation*, instead of growing weaker everyday; if, with less “humanity,” the Hindus could organise themselves, reconquer India for themselves, and make free India a ruling power in the world, then, we would never ask them to change the slightest of their habits, nor to get rid of the grossest of their superstitions, if any. If, without the collaboration of *all* Hindus, Hindudom was flourishing and able to flourish in the future, we would not even advocate the suppression of Untouchability. There is nothing so strong as deep-rooted customs. Humanitarian views have never uprooted

them. But the pressure of a hard, undeniable necessity has, sometimes. The necessity that is pressing the Hindus, specially in the regions where they are a minority, is *to live*, first. To live, they must grow strong; *they must get political power in their hands*. We advocate social reforms, the abolition of Untouchability, liberalism in daily social matters, alliance with the sturdy Hillmen considered as Hindus (since necessary), and the recall of all Indians back to Hindudom, because we believe that these are the effective means, by which the Hindus *will get* political power, and, with it, the possibility of every kind of national glory, within India, and outside India, one day.

* * *

But the Hindus — those *who remain* in their fold, those who think that everything is well and good, and marvellously regulated by the seers of old, in Hindu society; those who perhaps will be, soon, (in places like North and East Bengal, at least) the last Indian Pagans — are not politically minded enough, or, better say, are not politically minded at all, *as Hindus*.

They may, sometimes, be religious-minded, and they are always philosophically minded. But that is not sufficient to make a *conscious* nation of them. That is not sufficient to shake off the greatest obstacle of all to Hindu enterprises: indifference, nay, inertia; the product of the combined influence of thousand years' slavery, and of India's burning climate.

It requires a tremendous dynamic uplift to remove such stagnancy as that of the Hindu society, for, as we have said, it must be removed *at once and wholesale*, at least in certain dangerously threatened regions, fear the Hindus may be swept away forever. Not slowly slowly but at once, and wholesale; for the hostile forces all around, strengthened by the very spirit of our time, by the different “democratic” propagandas which the Hindus themselves are responsible for, are rising day by day to crush the few who actually represent Hindu culture and civilisation. And history has never waited for anybody.

It is only by becoming politically minded, *and that, in the right sense*, that the Hindus can face the storm, win, and rule.

The Mohammadans, in Bengal, are strong, as Mohammadans at least, if not as Indians. They share with the Hindus the blessings of foreign domination, which are temporary, and those of a depressing climate which are permanent. Yet, they do not share their apathy. They rise like one man, whether to attack or to protest, whenever they think it necessary. They will never let anything tread upon what they call “their rights,” unless it be a material force more powerful than theirs.

The difference comes from their religion, which is strongly creedal while Hinduism is not. One must admit that a man who thinks himself in possession of such absolute truth which *alone* can save his soul, is strengthened by this belief. Moreover, that man and any men who share his firm acceptance of the same faith, his allegiance to the same living God and to the

same true Prophet, are nearer to each other than any philosophers can be, who share the more or less rational acceptance of the same hypothesis, among many others; nearer to each other even than any religious minded people can be, who follow the same spiritual path *knowing that it is one among many others*. Certainly, the undiscussed belief in whatever is written in a particular book, looked upon as sacred, is most unscientific. But it makes one strong, practically. It also makes a nation strong. It promotes action, and can lead to great things. It shakes people's natural laziness, and does not allow them to remain indifferent.

The Hindus, with their manifold and apparently contradictory beliefs, with their experimental religion and their scientific out-look, can never hope to enjoy the advantages of religious fanaticism. Not that they are always faithful to their scientific attitude *in every matter*. It would be easy to prove that they are not. But they *are not* in such matters which, properly speaking, are not religious, but social; with the result that, while Mohammadan fanaticism makes the Mohammadans strong, Hindu fanaticism, if any, only makes the Hindus weak. Mohammadan fanaticism deepens the gap between the Mohammadan fold and the rest of the world, and, at the same time, it sets aside the differences, and strengthens the ties between any two Mohammadans *within* the fold. It separates the fold from all what is not it, *and unites it*, making it conscious of its existence and might, as a whole. The Hindus' position is quite different. While their total absence of religious fanaticism makes them feel themselves one with all the world, their

orthodoxy, that is to say, their *fanaticism in social matters*, keeps them aloof from one another within the Hindu fold, not allowing them *as a whole, nay as a nation*, to be conscious of their own existence.

It is not possible (nor desirable) that the Hindus should any day become fanatical in the same way as the Mohammadans. But there is no denying that they need *a wholesale change of mentality* which will give them, as a nation, all the advantages that the Mohammadans draw from religious fanaticism; a change of mentality which will, on one hand, separate them from the rest of the world, give them self-consciousness and self-pride as a *distinct* body, and on the other, set aside all what makes one Hindu feel different from another Hindu, all what keeps them aloof from each other and indifferent to each other's interests, to each other's grievances, to each other's sufferings, within the Hindu fold; which will, in one *word, unite them*.

It is that change of mentality which is the important thing, because all resistance to hostile forces from outside, as well as all constructive work within Hindudom, depends upon it.

* * *

The way leading Hindudom to freedom, strength and greatness, can be pointed out in one word;

(1) Cultivation of *predominant Hindu nationalism* in each individual Hindu;

(2) Cultivation of strength, and of a spirit of *organised resistance* to aggression, throughout Hindudom.

Lack of nationalism is the great curse of India.

The Musulmans, who represent more than one fifth of the total population of India, feel themselves Musulmans and do not feel themselves Indians. At the most, some of them (a few) may feel themselves Indians to a certain extent. But they are Musulmans *first*. None are *Indians first, and then Musulmans* proved that Islam does not prevent their free selfassertion as Indians. None are Indians and Musulmans in the same way as a Frenchman, or an Italian, is French and Christian, or Italian and Christian, that is to say: French *first*, Italian *first*, and Christian as long as Christianity is no actual bar to the expression of his patriotism.

Among the Hindus, the immense majority have a deep-rooted caste-consciousness with a vague consciousness of Hindudom, and no Indian consciousness at all. An illiterate Hindu (a porter in the station, a peasant or a fisherman in the village) does not know what a map of India looks like. Nor has he any idea of an Indian *nation* whose glory *he* shares, whose tradition he continues, whose past, present and future *are his for the sole reason that he is a Hindu*. To be a Hindu, for him, means to observe certain social customs (to not interdine with certain people, etc.) and to take part in certain festivities on certain occasions (to gather, for instance, on such and such a fall-moon night, and beat drums together, in singing God's name). He knows that there are people living in remote provinces who worship the same Gods, hold sacred the same holy places and rivers,

and observe the same festival days as himself. All those people are Hindus; they and he share the same civilisation. He feels that, but dimly. There are so many restrictions, so many barriers between him and them, that his idea of Hindudom is not even as clear as the idea of Christendom probably was to an ignorant European, during the Middle Ages; and it cannot be compared with any such thing as a national consciousness.

Of the Hindus who actually represent Hindu culture, a very few can be called Indian nationalists. Socially, they also are the members of different castes. Apart from that, they are either free thinking philosophers with a smiling universal outlook and no particular love for anything, or else, wholesale spiritual beings in love with God, or, at least, busy with the progress of their own soul towards self-knowledge, through some particular path.

And as for those Hindus who have reinvented Indian nationalism during these last decades, who have built up the Indian National Congress, who have suffered for India and put India above everything, they too often seem to forget that India, apart from Hindudom, is no India at all. They, too often, are nationalists inspite of being Hindus, *not because they are Hindus*; nationalists just as so many European Christians are inspite of being Christians.

But Christianity, we have said, as well as Islam, is essentially international. A Christian *cannot* be a true nationalist except inspite of his Christianity. While a *Hindu can*; *while a Hindu should be an Indian nationalist because he is a Hindu*; because Hindu art, culture, life, and every kind of Hindu glory

are India's, and India's alone; and because the purest expression of Indian nationalism, the devotional cult of Bharat Mata (Mother India) can find place nowhere, can grow nowhere, can nowhere become prominent, except within Hindudom.

* * *

Musulmans are Musulmans *first*, and may sometimes be Indians *afterwards*, proves that India's interest does not come to a clash with that of Islam.

And the few conscious Hindus are either modern European-style Indian nationalists (who separate Church and State) or else, philosophers first, and Indians afterwards; spiritual beings first, and Indians afterwards; devotees of such and such a God, disciples of such and such a "guru," — sympathisers of such and such a religious movement . . . *first*, — and Indians afterwards.

Go and speak to many average educated Hindus about the social reforms needed for the defence of Hindudom. They will tell you that the important thing is to purify one's soul; all progress in social life comes afterwards, by itself. Take, for instance, the case of all those who follow the same course of spiritual training as the man who is speaking to you, of all those who are connected with the same "math" or the same "asram" as him, and who regularly pay their respects to the same "guru." There are no caste distinctions among them, will he tell you. Take the case of all those who frequent such and such a "sarvajanin" temple, built by so and so, for the good of all Hindus. They eat together the offerings set before

the God. They form a happy brotherhood. If all Hindus follow their example, then, no doubt, Hindudom will flourish forever and ever, united and strong, and full of faith. Another will say: follow the example of the Vaishnavas, and let all the Hindus actually become one huge brotherhood praising the name of Hari, Love incarnate. Another will say something else. None seem to be perfectly consistent with the true scientific Hindu attitude in religious matters, and to consider religion as an affair of purely personal experience, left to personal choice. And if there be any who do, then they seldom believe in social reforms; they have higher things to think of.

* * *

The truth is that the unity of Hindudom, if ever it has to come, is not coming through reverence payed to the same “guru,” not through praise of the same divine name, nor through partaking of food from the offerings set before the same God, by all the Hindus. First, these doings would be the exterior signs of a sort of creedal unity, and *creedal unity* of such a religious system as Hinduism, whose very essence is free experimental research in religious matters, is the greatest impossibility one can think of. Never the Hindus will be, like the Christians or like the Musulmans, the believers in one and the same creed. Their spirit is much too free, and their culture too old. But, besides that, it is too late to dream of any sort of unity realised through religious gatherings; the experiment has been attempted long ago, and without sufficient success.

For centuries, the Hindus of all castes and all provinces partake the same sacred meals, in Jagannath's temple, at Puri. But as soon as they have crossed the temple gates, they are as caste-prejudiced, as provincial-minded, and as divided in every possible way as before. And what about the unifying effect of the holy name of Hari? Nowhere in India have these blessed syllables been more often and more devoutly pronounced than in Navadwipa; nowhere have the Hindus more fervently beaten drums together, repeating the name of God in mystical frenzy; nowhere Vaishnava faith and Vaishnava love have been more flourishing than in that birthplace of Vaishnavism. And yet, what is *now* the population of Nadia district, where Navadwipa stands? Five and a half lakhs of Hindus, and . . . *nine and a half lakhs of Musulmans*. As if, indeed, the name of Allah and of his Prophet had more power than the name of Hari!

We may assert that they have not, and that nothing else but the social bigotry of the Hindus has driven away from their fold these nine and a half lakhs of Bengalis who have accepted Islam. We may also assert that, had there been no "sang-kirtans," no "mahotsavas," no repetition of the name of Hari, no Vaishnava mysticism, then, possibly, not nine lakhs and a half only, but fourteen lakhs and a half, among the Hindus of Nadia district, would have become Mohammadans. This is conceivable, though nobody can tell what would have actually happened. We do not say that the name of Hari and "sang-kirtans" and "mahotsavas" are of no use for the unification and strengthening of Hindudom; we do not say that the

experience of Hindu brotherhood, realised once in one's life, during a pilgrimage to Puri, or many times, during visits to "maths" and "asrams," is of no use. Nor do we deny the important part played, in the history of Hindu awakening in modern times, by such reformed Hindu bodies as the Brahma Samaj, the Arya Samaj, the Ramakrishna Mission, etc.

We only say that, however useful they may have been and may be still, all these things are *not sufficient* to save Hindudom *now*. Apart from the fact that it is contrary to the spirit of Hinduism to expect all Hindus to become Vaishnavas, or Brahmans, or Arya Samajists, or anything else of the kind, the beneficent influence of such movements, aiming at the unification of the Hindus on some purely religious basis, *is too slow*. Owing to their impulse, Hindu society is undergoing a serious evolution, no doubt. But the dangers of the present day are surrounding the Hindus with an excessive rapidity. They are at hand. And it is not a "serious" *but slow* evolution that can enable the Hindus to face them and overcome them. Remember history does not wait.

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The evolution of Hindu society is too slow, and the strength acquired by the Hindus *as a nation*, insignificant, *because the basis of all these movements* which we have mentioned *is purely religious*.

What is purely religious (in the sense religion means: a spiritual path) is *personal*, and also of no concern with the trifles of this material world. Hinduism may be a wonderful selection of spiritual

teachings, a complete and perfect science of spiritual life, and therefore a personal treasure for each Hindu who sincerely aspires to realise his higher self. But *Hindudom* belongs to this material world. Its existence does not depend upon religious or metaphysical “truth,” but upon strength in this world — political strength, military strength, *national strength*.

That is why it is difficult to help Hindudom by trying to unite the Hindus on a purely religious basis. As soon as such an effort takes place, the tragic social and political problems of modern Hindudom lose their proper significance. The social changes which could bring unity and strength if they took place on a broad scale, remain, at most, confined to a particular place (like the temple of Jagannath) or to a particular religious sect, to a brotherhood of disciples. Or else, they are totally forgotten in favour of quarrels about the Unknown and perhaps Unknowable, which seem of much greater interest to the metaphysical-minded Hindus.

More than a hundred years ago the Brahmo Samaj, when started, suggested to the Hindus a programme of social reforms, considered as a necessity. It was, no doubt, a necessity, to prevent the fashionable Bengalis of the last century from rushing to both Christianity and European life. But it seemed a greater necessity still, to many, to make it clear that God is formless, and that it is wrong to worship Him under a multitude of forms. They, therefore, put all the stress upon this point; with the result that the social programme, the practical contribution of the Brahmo Samaj to the evolution of Hindudom, was

automatically pushed to the background. Once the controversy was risen to the metaphysical plane, it stayed there. And the main question was no longer “How to unite the Hindus? how to bring Indian Christians and Mohammadans back to Hindudom? how to keep the remaining Hindus from becoming Christians or, Mohammadans?” but: “How to persuade all Hindus that God is formless?” that is to say: “How to make all Hindus Brahma Samajists?”

We have spoken of the Brahma Samaj just as of an instance among many. In fact, any effort for the uplift of Hindudom, if based upon a particular religious or metaphysical conception of the Unknown instead of upon a practical conception of the realities of this world, leads, and is bound to lead, to the formation of *sects*, with, generally, the rising of one or two more saintly Hindu leaders to the exalted status of “avatars.” But India has more than enough sects; and India is swarming with “avatars,” old and new. That does not help her to become *a nation*. Nor does that prevent numbers of Hindus from becoming Mohammadans or Christians.

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The great thing is to make the Hindus feel themselves not a juxtaposition of castes, nor a juxtaposition of sects, but a nation; to bring the idea that *they are India and that India is them* out of their subconscious mind into active consciousness; to create in them such a mentality that all what concerns the material, political, *and* cultural welfare of Hindudom, that is to say of India, will be *the main concern, in*

each Hindu's daily thoughts and life. And when we say: the Hindus, we mean: *all Hindus.*

This new mentality cannot grow as long as purely metaphysical considerations on one hand, and purely spiritual considerations on the other, monopolise the best of so many Hindus' energy; as long as the qualities of the Unknown appear as important as they do, even to those Hindus who are not in a position to speak of them through their own experience (and real "sadhaks" do not discuss metaphysics); as long as the preoccupation of *personal* salvation is greater, among the Hindus, than that of the freedom of Hindudom, of the strength of Hindudom, of the prosperity and glory of Hindudom *as a nation.*

It is an actual transposition of values that is needed to awaken the Hindus to the desire of life and to the acceptance of struggle in this world; to prepare them to face the crisis that is before them and to rule and be great, in the future, if only they are able to stand firm in the present. This transposition of values has two aspects:

(1) to bring the average Hindu idealism down from heaven, back to India which is part of this earth;

(2) to draw the average so-called Indian ; nationalism away from the imported idea of separation of "Church and State," back to the real Hindu Indian conception according to which "Church and State," cult and politics, cannot be separated.

In other words, *to make both those Hindus who are not nationalists and those Indian nationalists who do a not wish to call themselves Hindus, into Hindu nationalists.*

* * *

For that, as we have said, one must, first, push at the background the idea of Hinduism considered in one of its sects, or even considered as a science of universal religious investigation. *It is that*, certainly. But it is not by bearing in mind, all the time, that “it is that,” that the Hindus, as a distinct nation of broad Asia, will get strengthened.

We have recalled, among the causes of the disintegration of Pagandom in the West, the social position of the slaves and of the Barbarians in the Graeco-Roman world. There was also another cause, not social, but intellectual, and this was the cosmopolitanism of the last generations of Pagan intelligentsia. While new-born anti-national Christianity was growing stronger and stronger, many were the learned and cultured Pagans who felt themselves “neither Greeks, nor Romans, but men; citizens of the Universe,” that is to say: philosophers without any sort of patriotism. The efforts to stop the spreading of Christianity were undertaken by the State, and in the name of the State. But what can the State do, when national consciousness has grown weak among the most enlightened citizens? The use of that political power which the State possesses depends upon the ideas of those who compose the State. When those who had influence in the Roman world did no longer identify their Nation with its national Gods and national culture, and no longer loved the Nation as the greatest of Gods, then the Roman State itself accepted Christianity. Then, the cultured “citizens of the World” who stuck to the old

Gods because of their symbolical value, and to the old schools of thought because they were schools of human wisdom, were exiled or made to be silent.

Deep, sincere, passionate nationalism could have saved the “Ancient World” and its culture wholesale, had *nationalism* been able to thrive in Greece, in Egypt, in Asia Minor and other places, under Roman domination, and in Rome itself, when Rome had become the cosmopolitan center of a vast empire.

Nationalism *does* exist, in India, however few may be those who actually live up to its ideal. *If only it spread on a broad scale* it would save Hindudom, and make it powerful once more. But if the Hindus do not learn to identify India and Hindudom, and to look upon *India* as the embodiment of sacredness, the actually most beloved deity, the very image and expression of the greater Unknown (if any such Unknown be worshipped, and if any image of it be conceived) then, even a free “Indian” government would be incapable of saving Hindudom, wherever it is weak. For, wherever Hindudom is weak, if such a government came to existence it would not represent the Hindus.

* * *

When we speak of Hindu nationalism, we do not speak of an allegiance to India of the same nature as the allegiance of a Frenchman to France, for instance. India is not France. We neither forget that Hinduism means *a cult*, nor that there are treasures of love confining to *mysticism*, in the heart of nearly every Hindu.

We have said that no religion other than Hinduism can provide the basis of Pan-Indian nationalism. But what would be Pan-Indian nationalism risen upon that basis? It would be more than a mere civism, like that we find in Europe. It would be a *ritualistic nationalism*, comparable, to a certain extent, to that of Japan; an exterior *cult* of the traditional Gods and Goddesses of India, of the great natural Forces of which India is the playground (Lila kshetra) and of Mother India herself. It would also be a *devotional nationalism*; absolute, unconditioned love of each and every individual Hindu for that great Being, that Goddess India whose life and spirit are *his*, but whose existence extends far beyond his, through time and space; whose value transcends his and that of all what he can touch and see; whose glory draws him out of his personal insignificance, and magnifies him to his own eyes.

And just as the few really wise men worship God even in the humblest manifestations of life, in the same way, the millions of Hindus would see first of all a son of Mother India in one another, and treat each other likewise.

* * *

With the cultivation of sincere Hindu nationalism, many religious, social, and political superstitions, which are the greatest hindrance to Hindu unity, would disappear automatically.

Through the very fact that the Hindus, instead of subordinating nationalism to "religion" (or to moral principles, or philosophical ideologies, which comes to

the same) would subordinate “religion,” morals, principles of any sort to nationalism, the condition of India would be modified. A change in action does not always, at once, bring a change of outlook. But a change of outlook is bound to bring, at once, a change in action.

So, to begin with, many of the old institutions of the Hindus that are supposed to be settled upon the authority of the “shastras” would lose their rigidity everywhere, and even disappear, wherever the interest of the Hindus, as a nation, is that, such institutions should disappear. Take the instance of caste. Nowadays, many Hindu realise that this institution should be, if not suppressed (a very few go so far) at least reformed. But it is a religious institution, for everything social, among the Hindus, is considered to have a religious basis. To alter it means to go against the authority of the Scriptures. Fortunately, the Hindu Scriptures are innumerable. So those who wish to reform the present caste system can always find some authority to justify their attempt. Some will tell you that, “in the Bhagavat Gita,” caste, established upon quality distinctions, means something quite different from what we see today. Another will say that, “in the Vedas,” there is no mention of caste. Another, that, “in the mind of the seers of old,” caste had a purely spiritual sense. But, no less earnestly than those who support caste system as we see it, they all implicitly admit that it is some authority “of old,” and not the interest of *today’s* Hindu society, which has to guide the Hindus of the present day. And that, because they are “religious-minded,” instead of being, first of all, *nationalists*. A

Hindu who would be first of all a lover of Hindu India would say: “It does not matter so much what is written in the Scriptures as it matters what means *we* have to use, *today*, to face the special conditions in which we are placed. If the written “shastras” are not able to meet *our* needs, then, we can write new shastras. But nobody will be able to build up a new Hindudom if *we* perish.”

To consider the interest of one’s nation *first*, means to adapt one’s institutions to the necessities of time *wherever national defence is concerned*. Social institutions are instruments in the hands of a nation, for its own welfare. They were invented for the nation, not the nation for them. Old things are, no doubt, venerable, while linked with a glorious past. That does not mean that they must never be renewed, when times change. Any true Indian will look upon the sword of Rana Pratap as sacred: some of the noblest episodes of India’s past are linked with it. But no sensible, man would ask India to use similar swords *nowadays* to fight against war-tanks and aeroplanes. A real Hindu nationalist will look upon social institutions in the same light, wherever the interest of Hindudom is at stake.

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What we have just said about casteism can be said about excessive provincialism, this other drawback of Hindu society, resting also, to a great extent, upon the authority of *custom*, and enforced by caste restrictions themselves. If the future military unity of free India is to be prepared from today through a

growing united Hindu consciousness, then, whatever prevents the formation of that consciousness is to be opposed.

We know that, though they are intermingled most of the time, provincial feelings and caste feelings are not exactly of the same nature. At the back of provincialism there is the idea of language, which corresponds to a reality. Many Indian “provinces” could be taken as nations by themselves. But nowadays, we are witnessing every day the fact that minor nations cannot live while keeping aloof from the strong ones whose culture and civilisation they share. What is true in present-day Europe and in the Far East, is also true in the Hindu East, that is to say, in present-day India (in waiting for the time when one shall speak of Greater India, based upon a still broader consciousness of Hindudom). Hindu nationalism has first to create an all-India Hindu consciousness. And the legitimately proud provinces (as well as the legitimately proud castes) will ultimately be benefited. Now, the Hindus of North and East Bengal, who are under the threat of destruction, are not even whole-heartedly backed by the Hindus of West Bengal, who cannot feel the danger as a *personal* concern of theirs. Imagine what an enormous strength they would gain, if only they felt themselves actually backed by the Hindus of Madras, by the Hindus of Maharashtra, by the Hindus of Malabar, of Punjab, of all India.

* * *

With a true nationalist mentality, the Hindus would

no longer look down upon “number,” as opposed to, “value.” Everybody understands that *nowadays* perhaps more than at any stage of the past, *number means: political power*. We know that there are instances of strong modern countries, outside India, where the few are supposed to rule over the many. But the many, there, are conscious beings; how could the few, who rule over *them*, rule without their wholehearted consent? The truth is that *always and everywhere, the many, if organised, are a strength*. The Hindu “religious” mind, to which strength in this world does not seem to be an important thing, can ignore the many, and let them become enemies of Hindudom. But the Hindu nationalist mind, to which strength in this world, political power, is the first indispensable condition to build up a great Hindu India, cannot afford to act in the same way.

A nationalist Hindu will naturally call back to Hindudom *all Indians*, whoever they may be, who can help to make Hindu India (real India) strong; who can fight to defend that priceless culture of which the purely “religious” or philosophically minded Hindus merely talk, most of times.

And moreover, the best thing to do to bring back to Hindudom *all Indians*, is not to preach Hinduism as a fine selection of philosophies appealing to all men, but *to teach all Indians to put India above everything else*, and, at the same time, *to show them* (for it is a fact) *that India does not exist apart from Hindudom*.

We do not say that, in broad Indian culture, no foreign elements should be tolerated. There are foreign elements in all cultures, always. Nor do we say that every Indian must fanatically refuse his

respect to all Gods and prophets of non-Indian origin. Such a narrow view would itself be anti-Indian. But we say that, *as an Indian*, he should *first* pay his respect and express his allegiance to all what, through millenniums of living legend and history, through sculpture, song and thought, has become the symbol of India herself.

Hindus have never asked anybody to renounce his personal faith, but only to renounce his exclusivism, his fanaticism in matters of personal faith or personal experience. If the Christians of India, today, following the example of the Christians of Europe, would only *put India above Christianity*; and if the Mohammadans of India, following the example of the modern Mohammadan leaders of Persia and of Turkey, would only *put India — our common India — above Islam*, then we would have no objection to their existence in India. They would be, then, Christians or Mohammadans as religious beings in search of their personal salvation; *but, as Indians, they would be loyal Hindus*. And they would be Indians *first*, religious beings *afterwards*. They would put the cultural as well as political interest of India above their personal salvation. They would be then an actual part of Hindudom, and it would be of no use “reconverting” them.

But this widespread national mentality is still a dream. And the aim of the movement in favour of reconversion to Hinduism is not the sporadic reconversion of half a dozen Indian Mohammadans and Christians, nor the grant of Hindu initiation to a few half-conscious hill-tribes, but the creation of a genuine Rational Indian consciousness, the same as

that of Hindudom, in all the Indian Mohammadans, Christians and aborigines hillmen; not the personal acceptance of any particular religious teachings by a few people, but the reconversion of the whole nation to its own national culture, consciousness, and pride.

* * *

But *how* to make people feel and think in terms of nation and national values? It is not an easy thing. “Spiritual” values which should be the concern of individuals alone, “moral” values, which are the product of the influence of ageless rules of convenience for individuals living together, play a daily part in the formation of the Indian public opinion, while national values do not. “Principles,” a certain political philosophy, which is as “moral” as it is political, a certain innocent conception of international “right” and “wrong,” and a still more innocent hope that “right” will win, are the things that guide the judgement of an average Hindu, about national and international daily politics. *The sole idea of India’s interest* does not. The average Hindu, because of his inheritance of high “principles,” along with centuries of political annihilation, is in the habit of sympathising with all the down-trodden countries of the world without trying to know if they really are, or not, as “down-trodden” as they look, and specially without troubling to understand *what Hindudom can gain* (what *India* can gain) by their not being downtrodden. Since a year or two, to talk politics with Hindus means to exchange expressions of grief in favour of the “poor” Abyssinians, the “poor” Chinese,

and above all, the “poor” Jews. (May be, also, recently, the “poor” Czechoslovakians, the “poor” Albanians, etc.) And God alone knows how many other “poor” countries will soon be added to the list.* But what about “poor” India?

Perhaps the rapid international changes taking place each day may turn to be a blessing for her, and perhaps they may not. But this is not the point. The point is that the Hindus do not care to examine this problem. Their first thought is: “right” and “wrong,” not: “Hindudom’s gain,” and “Hindudom’s loss.” When they get to feel that the first thing, for them, is to live, ruling over a free, strong Hindu India (including Greater India) *and then only* to invent as many definitions as they like of right and wrong, there will be some hope for the Hindus.

Political training is necessary for people to think in terms of national interest.

* * *

But political training is not enough. Or, better say, political training should begin (and actually does begin, wherever it exists) long before future citizens are able to discuss what is written in the newspapers. Like all genuine education, *it begins at home, from very childhood*, and depends immensely upon the mothers of a nation.

Every great nation is a nation where the women have a strong consciousness of their country’s

* The “poor” Poles still formed an independent nation when this book was written.

greatness. Take the instance of Japan or of Germany, today. Take the instance of the Rajputs, in Indian history or of the Romans, in the days of Cornelia. Great personalities too, rise to greatness with their mother's inspiration. Example: Sivaji. Lack of political training and absence of nationalism in India is partly, and perhaps mostly due to the fact that Hindu women were, for so long, kept aloof from the preoccupation of national problems.

Hindu women embody some of the finest virtues of womanhood. They are devoted wives and tender mothers, and, inspite of many unseen sufferings, there is peace in their lives, peace from within. Still more than the essential of Hindu religious traditions, which they have been transmitting to their children, for endless generations, the silent, soothing, unconscious influence of their own personality has made the Hindus seekers of peace from within. Moreover, one can say that, if Hindudom is lasting still, this fact is greatly due to the conservative tenacity of the Hindu women.

But Hindudom is lasting, not living. For it to *live* as a nation, nowadays, conservative tenacity without consciousness is not what is needed. An interior peace, however precious, is not enough, for it is personal. For a new strong nationalist mentality to grow, among the Hindus, a new nationalist atmosphere is needed, in each Hindu home.

School and college education are now being considered as more and more necessary, by the upper caste Hindu ladies living in towns, at least in Bengal. And a spirit of so-called "imitation of the West" is consequently creeping into a section of Hindu society.

Yet, school and college education do not necessarily mean culture; and they surely do not mean nationalism, in a country where there is no national education at all. The so-called “imitation of the West” is but a bad copy of some petit aspects of a race of free men, by a batch of slaves whose mind has been made incapable of considering what essential virtues have made nations strong, in the West as well as in the East: national discipline, sense of national dignity *in each individual man or woman*, and, above all, sense of personal responsibility of each individual, man or woman, in every matter in which the nation’s welfare is concerned.

Women’s bookish education is useful, whenever it helps women to develop their national consciousness along with their character. When it does not, then it is but an ornament of the mind, and, half the time, an ornament out of place — an ornament of bad taste. What we want, in Hindu women, is strength of character (their submissive attitude is too often a result of weakness) and national consciousness, *national pride*.

* * *

In the West (we mean, in Europe) little children are taught to take interest in their nation’s greatness. Little French boys, little Germans, little Greeks, put their toy-soldiers in a row, and make them fight. One square-yard of a rotten carpet becomes a battlefield, where two nations are competing for supremacy. If the four-year-old child, the owner of the toy-soldiers, be a French boy, then the French batch always wins.

If he be a German, then the German batch is always the strongest. If he be a Greek, then he plays “Greeks and Turks,” and always gives the Greeks the advantage.

There were nations under foreign domination, in Europe: the Balkans, for instance, which were under the Turks for long centuries. During the days of Turkish rule, the children of the Balkans used to learn patriotism in their mother’s lap. The mothers were mostly illiterate (as millions of Indian women are nowadays) but they knew enough to tell their children that their country was in bondage and that it had to be made free. They used to teach them to feel slavery intolerable and to firmly and constantly keep in their hearts the *will of freedom*. They had the sense of “nation” and of national pride.

It is that which we would like to see also in Hindu women. We would like to see four-year-old little Indians playing “Indians and Mlechhas” with two batches of toy-soldiers (never mind if the game corresponds to a present possibility or not) and those who go to school showing each other, on- the map, what they would like Greater India to be, one day (never mind when). India’s freedom will not be far away when every Hindu actually feels slavery intolerable, that is to say, first, when every Hindu mother does. And India will grow to be a great world Power when, in every Hindu home, mothers and children discuss not merely how to be “good” according to current social standards, but how to be strong, how to rebecome a great nation. To rule, one day, it is not sufficient to be “good.”

We would like to see the Hindu women get into the

habit of discussing among themselves, and within their family circle, with *earnestness*, any matter concerning the nation, when it comes to their knowledge; not necessarily politics, but social matters, social problems, in the light of individual cases, which are the tragic realities of every day.

For instance, in Hindu public meetings, the fact is often recalled of the number of Hindu girls and women driven away from their society by Mohammadans. There are rowdy protestations against these daily outrages. There are rowdy protestations against many sorts of “Mohammadan injustice,” Mohammadan tyranny,” etc. in Hindu public meetings, letting aside those, against every new legislative reform which favours the Mohammadans, in a province where the Mohammadans are in power. All these protestations are of no use. The new legislative bills are passed, inspite of what the Hindus may say, because what the Hindus may say is mere talk as long as they cannot *do* anything to back it; as long as they are *weak*. “Mohammadan tyranny” continues, unchecked; and so does the abduction of Hindu girls and women. For “Mohammadan tyranny” means: Hindus’ weakness. And insult to Hindu women means: Hindus’ weakness. There is no liberty, no justice, no honour, no religion for the weak.

We would like the Hindus to realise it, and *to react*.

We would like, first of all, the Hindu women at home *to feel* personally insulted, whenever they come to know of any action that is an insult, not merely to such, or such a person, or to such or such a family, but

to the Hindus as a whole. They should feel ashamed; they should feel indignant; they should promote to action their husbands, their brothers, their sons; at least ask them: “What can be done?”; repeat to them that “something must be done.”

When they come to know that, in their own province, Hindudom is put to some new humiliation, then, we would like to see them *express* their grief in some tangible way (by fasting, for instance, a whole day, from sunrise to sunset). This would help *them* and all their family to feel that, to be a Hindu, does not mean merely to observe certain customs concerning diet and marriage, and to perform certain rites, but also to be *one* with a whole nation, to whom they belong. And *that feeling* of the women and children, if earnest and deep in every *Hindu home* (not in public meetings) would transform the Hindus out and out. Out of harmless sheep boasting of the inheritance of an old race of lions, it would remake them lions.

Last, but not least, we would like to see both *ritualistic and devotional* nationalism, of which we have spoken, flourishing *from today among the women and children, in the Hindu home*. We were told that in Maharashtra, the image of Sivaji, the national hero, is honoured and worshipped, along with those of the Gods, in the daily family “puja.” Sivaji *is* a God, since he represents Maharashtra, Hindudom — eternal India. We would like this cult of the heroes of Indian history to spread in every province, as well as in Maharashtra. We would like the Hindu women (specially those who enjoy the advantages of literacy) to become more and more

interested in Indian history, as they are in remote Indian legend; to consider it as *their own history*; to gather their children, now and then, and tell them true stories out of it, as beautiful as any tales of Gods and Demons: the story of the great king Chandra Gupta or the story of Prithviraj, the gallant Hindu knight; of Pratapaditya, or Rana Pratap, of Sivaji; of queen Padmini, of queen Durgavati, or of Lakshmi Bai. We would like to see the map of India, and beyond it, the outlines of Greater India (the picture of Hindu might in the past, and the constant recall of Hindu hopes) set as an object of cult, along with the images of the national Gods and Heroes, in every Hindu home. We would like every Hindu little boy to revere some great Indian warrior as his personal model, and every Hindu little girl to say to her mother: "I want to be like Lakshmi Bai, when I grow up."

Then, Hindu India would be a strength, that is to say, a reality.

Chapter 7

A Change of Mentality Among the Hindus

Preparation For Resistance

It becomes more and more clear that what the Hindus need, specially in the regions where they are a numerical minority, is to recover, along with their national consciousness, their *military virtues* of old; to rebecome *a military race*.

It is useless to try to analyse how and why the Hindus have become the strengthless flock which they presently are. And it is not only useless, but harmful to put stress upon their present weakness without pointing out what should be done to regain vitality and power. Mere stress upon a nation's weakness only makes it weaker and weaker, through the consciousness of its desperate position.

What must be first got rid of is that idea (as common, it seems, in India, among the Hindus, as in the West, among those who know nothing about India) that Hinduism is a religion of the meek and mild, which exalts passive forbearance as the greatest of virtues.

The present-day Hindus, as a result of centuries of humiliation, have formed the idea that there is

nothing else to do but to “grin and bear.” And longsuffering has become among them a wide-spread “virtue.” To put up with, to tolerate, to excuse, is considered as a sign of self-control (that is to say, of strength) and admired, while in reality it is, half the time, a sign of incapacity to face the cause of one’s sufferings, and check it — a sign of weakness. One puts up with everything, in Hindusthan: with the neighbours’ noise, with the dirt of the streets, and other such ordinary inconveniences, . . . and, ultimately, with “Mohammadan tyranny” and with foreign domination. Having learnt from generation to generation, that it is a “virtue” to tolerate others, one makes up his mind not to say a word, and the evil remains. At end, one does not even feel disturbed. Uncongenial material conditions of life, absence of elementary comforts, etc., should not be taken into consideration by “spiritual” people, whose “strength of mind” is enough to overcome any such unpleasant things. But the Hindus are, in fact, far from being as “spiritual” as they think themselves, and specially as interested foreigners cleverly incite them to think. So, material conditions *have* an effect upon their lives. The absence of comfort *does* depress them; and the absence of a suitable atmosphere in which they could develop themselves, physically and intellectually, *does* keep them backward as a race.

We have said that the finest human beings are to be found among the Hindus, and we believe it is true. The genuine aristocracy of India is the aristocracy of the world. But what about the rest of Hindudom? Compare the down-trodden Hindu masses, who have forgotten everything of the teachings of Hinduism

except that long-suffering is a virtue, with the self-asserting, national-minded masses of other countries. Compare a Hindu coolie with an English or a French coolie. While these are free citizens, well knowing that the strength of their country is *theirs*, and always ready to claim, their place in the country, their right to live, their right to rise above their condition, individually, if worthy, the Hindu has the inborn fear and humbleness of a beaten dog. *As a man*, he may be better than a European. There may be endless possibilities in him. But these possibilities, if any, are denied, crushed, annihilated by the lie which he and nearly all Hindudom believe implicitly: "Put up with your condition; tolerate other people's injustice; suffer silently: it is a virtue."

* * *

Long suffering may be, in certain cases, a sign of "strength of mind" in an individual. But a race, a nation to which long-suffering is taught, can never be great. You may speak of long-suffering "in daily life," but it is all the same. There is no definite landmark between the things that concern daily life, and those that are of higher interest. To put up with wretched conditions in daily life leads one to put up with no less wretched conditions in national life. Everything is but a matter of habit, and the very doctrine of forbearance is a depressing one, a philosophy for slaves.

That is why, we suppose, Christian-like Hinduism is so popular among the so-called "friends" of India who come from Western countries. Whether British,

American, or anything else, these people mostly belong to ruling races, unless they are Jews. They come out here, adopt a few easily adoptable Hindu manners, and go about praising Hinduism for its “cosmopolitan” outlook, for its “non-violent” ideal, for its “spirituality,” and for all the Christian virtues that Europe had to reject to become strong. But what is good for Europe is not necessarily good for India. Europe and India are so different! Europe was made to rule, to get rich, and to enjoy the world; India was made to be ruled over, to be robbed of her wealth, and to show the world that wealth and power have no value; to embody universal love and unlimited forbearance, offering the left cheek when slapped upon the right; to be, if not officially, at least yin spirit, *the* typical Christian nation. Is it not?

The Europeans are the last people to discourage the aptitudes of the Hindus for such a destiny. And those who are in love with Christian-like Hinduism are surely the most effective missionaries that “Christian power” has ever had in India. If they are willfully deceiving the Hindus for political purposes, then one must praise their cunningness, and the originality of their method of deceit. If they are sincere, they are still more dangerous; for then, it is *not they* who have come over, but the sub-conscious self-defence instinct of their race which has *sent them* over to India, so that the “white man” may keep on carrying his “burden” there, for a few years more at least, without being disturbed. If they are Jews, the origin of their slavish virtues is not difficult to trace, and their message of peace not difficult to understand.

Unfortunately, all these “friends” and admirers of a distorted Hinduism enjoy a great credit among the Hindus. And how could it be otherwise? The Hindus themselves have become Christianised, in practical matters, if not in their metaphysical outlook. They have become domesticated.

* * *

One will never preach enough, nowadays, that Hinduism *is not* a religion of the weak, nor of the sick, nor of the slaves. The national cult of India is a cult of strength and youth, the cult of the fair Aryan warriors, worshippers of Dawn, who settled in India ages ago.

One will never say enough, never do enough to revive in present-day India the love of bold adventures, along with the spirit of self-assertion; the will to live, not a weary scanty life, but a beautiful one; the will to enjoy all what is enjoyable on earth: wealth, pleasure, power; the will to create; and the will *to resist*, to overcome, and to crush mercilessly any force that opposes itself to Hindu self-assertion and creation.

When the Hindus recover their glory and actually get wealth and power as a nation, then, if some of them like, they can renounce these things, as the Pandavas did their reconquered throne. *But not now*. (The Pandavas did not renounce their throne before reconquering it.) *Now*, the whole nation’s preoccupation should be, not renunciation of the world and its vanity, but: “How to live and enjoy the world, as other great nations do?”; not: “How to go to

heaven”? But: “How to make India, his motherland, actually ‘more exalted than heaven’, to every Hindu;” not: “How to bear silently?” How to tolerate? etc., but: “*How to resist* any force that keeps the Hindus from expressing themselves.”

It is astonishing that with such examples in their mind as that of the warriors in the Hindu Epics; with such Gods as the Krishna of Kurukshetra, or as Siva, the Victor of Death (Mrityunjaya), the Hindus have become a race of people so full of fear. Never has it become more necessary to popularise among the Hindu masses, as broadly as possible, some of the essential teachings of the Ramayana and Mahabharata, some of the most uplifting stories of the Gods and, as a rule, all what, in Hindu legend, history and religion, can awaken in man his instinctive warrior-like virtues.

But this is not to be achieved by mere preaching. Preaching alone has never achieved anything; if there be any latent feeling, it can only bring it to consciousness. National consciousness, and the will to *resist* are what we would like to see the Hindus cultivate.

Will to resist does not appear as long as people are sure that there is no danger. And the Hindus, nearly everywhere, enjoy such a feeling of false security. There is *now* an organised government (whether foreign or not, that is not the question) and a well-trained police to protect everybody. The streets are quiet. Riots do not occur every day in the same place;

and riots that one reads about in the newspapers are not the same thing as riots around one's own house. More Hindus are, everyday, becoming Mohammadans or Christians. But they are inhabitants of remote villages, or people with whom one is out of touch, even while living in the same town. One does not hear of them. Everyday, there are new laws and regulations made to curtail the legitimate advantages that the Hindus were formerly enjoying, and, economically as well as politically, Mohamman competition is growing stronger and stronger. Everyday, the Hindus are put to some new trouble, with regard either to some religious performance of theirs (such as the immersion of a holy image) or to the percentage of jobs they will be allowed to get in public services, or to something else. But life goes on. If a Hindu cannot get any work, he will live upon his brother's income. If his brother's income is next to nothing, then, they will both live miserably, with their family. *They will put up with it* (long-suffering is a virtue) and they will feel in safety, as long as there be no violent disturbance within their immediate surroundings.

But when violent disturbance comes, it may be too late to think of what to do. In Bengal at least, in most riots, two hundred Hindus are scattered by twenty Mohammadans. Why? *For the sole reason that they are unprepared.* If you ask them, when the riot is over, how it is that they did not offer the slightest resistance, they will tell you, most earnestly: "We did not know there was going to be a riot. *Here*, there had never been any yet." Certainly not. But *elsewhere* there had been many; the Hindus should never

consider a riot as impossible, in any place where they are not themselves an overwhelming numerical majority not merely in the town, but in the whole province.

And even then, . . . who can tell? There have been riots in Benares.

* * *

The thing is that, as long as they entertain the idea of an organised government, with police and military force at hand to protect their life and property in case of need, the Hindus, never mind how miserable may be their condition, will feel secure. *That idea* should be got rid of.

In fact, it is a false idea — an illusion. For if, in ordinary peaceful times, the government can give a certain amount of security to each citizen, there are circumstances where it cannot; there are troubled times where no protection is available. The Hindus should remember that *their* fate is not the main concern of the present government. If there be any trouble, it is to protect the Treasury, the Imperial Bank and other such public buildings, that armed force would be sent *first*; then, it would be sent to protect the life and property of the Europeans, specially of the officials. If there be time, and force to spare, then only, half a dozen policemen might be sent to protect the Hindus. *But that would not be sufficient.* That has never been sufficient, in any case of widespread rioting in the recent past, where the Hindus have always been the sufferers.

Moreover, we have said, if India becomes one day an independent country (as we all hope), it may not be without assing through a more or less long period of confusion in which there would be *no government at all* worth mentioning. Nobody knows *when* such a time may come. It does not depend upon India's will alone, but also upon international circumstances out of India's control. Whenever it *comes*, what will the Hindus do if they are not prepared *from now* to meet, with organised resistance, any threat whatsoever? If, from now, the consciousness of possible danger does not shake their inertia?

The widespread feeling of false security should give place, among the Hindus, to the preoccupation of *self-defence*. Even in untroubled times, the sense of self-defence is not to be done away with. The right of self-defence is a birth-right of man acknowledged by every government, for the reason that no government, however strong, can give full and entire guarantee of protection, to each and every citizen. If such guarantee were conferred, then government would give damages to people who have been robbed or injured. Therefore, to exercise one's right of self-defence, and, first of all, *to be prepared* in view of self-defence, is nothing illegal under any government. In India, a European, although in fact he is quite safe, seldom goes out alone, unarmed. But generally a Hindu, when he goes out, does not even think of taking a stick. In the places where the Hindus are only fifteen, ten, or even five percent of the total population; in the very places where riots have occurred, a Hindu walks about with nothing in his

hand, except, perhaps a book, a newspaper or one end of his “dhoti.”

* * *

But consciousness of danger alone will not make the Hindus strong, unless there is something practical done to face the eventual danger. And this is the task of the *young* Hindus.

It is the task of every Hindu to contribute his best to the organisation of his fold. But the forces threatening them from every direction are so powerful that the Hindus, in all parts of India where they are a numerical minority, *cannot survive unless they become, rapidly, a wholesale military race* comparable to what the Sikhs were in Panjab, during the days of Guru Govind Singh. And it is the young men who first become soldiers, everywhere. The very ideas of *danger* and of *resistance* are welcomed by youth. To youth, these ideas are strength-giving.

That is why the first part of the constructive programme before the Hindus should be *the organisation of the young men*,* in pledge-bound military-like batches, with Hindu nationalism as their only ideal, with the cult of all what, in Hindu legend and history, can exalt strength, and with, as a rule of action, the determination to resist any attack, by all means and at any cost.

* All what, in these pages, concerns the organisation of Hindu youth, represents the views of Srimat Swami Satyananda, President of the Hindu Mission, Calcutta.

The pledge of each member of this Hindu militia is suggested by all what we have already said, concerning the defence of Hindudom. Among other things, each one would have to take an oath, saying:

(1) That he puts the welfare of Hindudom above his personal welfare; the interest of Hindudom above his personal interest; *the salvation of Hindudom, and the freedom and greatness of India above his' personal salvation.*

(2) That he will treat *any Hindu* just as he would a man of his own caste.

(3) That he considers himself, and himself alone, responsible for his own personal defence; that he also holds himself responsible for the defence of his family, for the defence of the Hindus of his village or of his town, for the defence of the Hindus of his province and of all over Hindusthan.

(4) That he will obey his leader without arguing, and do whatever he is told.

Wherever a few such volunteers can be gathered, whether it be within the compound of a temple, or in some grove, regarded as sacred, a unit of the Hindu militia should be started. We suggest the compound of a temple or a sacred grove as a gathering place, so that the very surroundings may constantly remind the members of the batch of the beloved culture for the defence of which they stand. Wherever there is a strong non-Hindu majority, naturally, the Students of Resistance will not take long to be suspected. It would be wise, for them, to keep among themselves, and, at the same time, to do nothing which can be, presently, judged "unlawful." In Assam, wherever similar batches of Hindu young men have been organised by

the Hindu Mission, they have been started as branches of a “Physical Culture Association.” And the name is perfectly justified, as physical training (exercises to strengthen the muscles, games, etc. and exercises in the use of knives, daggers and ordinary sticks, for self-defence) is the main thing which the young men are given, in each batch.

The main thing which is given . . . *apparently*; for the young Hindus receive, in fact, much more. They are trained in a new mentality: in *nationalism*, and in *the spirit of self-defence*; they are made to think of *resistance* as the main necessity for them; they are *prepared for resistance* physically and mentally. Physical preparation is necessary, but not sufficient. Essays are given to little boys to write: “Suppose five or six dacoits attack your house at midnight. How would you defend yourselves? What would your father do? What would your mother do? What would your little sister do? *What would you do?*”; Or else: “Is your house, as it is built, easy to defend in case dacoits attack it any time? Try to imagine what possible transformations would make it more easily and more effectively defendable.” And by writing such essays, the boys get into the habit of thinking that danger, for the Hindus, is an everyday’s concern (which it is, in so many places) and that *each one of them, individually, as a Hindu, must be always ready*; that *he* must know, beforehand, what he has to do, in case of attack, to defend himself (for there is nobody, no government, no police, to defend him) and to defend his family members, his home, . . . the Hindus of his village, who are all looking to *him* for protection; that, if danger comes, he must *do* the duty

for which he was trained. They get into the habit of feeling themselves personally responsible for the defence of the whole nation, thing which the Hindus have not felt for years, at least in Bengal.

* * *

The social reforms of which we have spoken do not require to be forced upon a batch of Hindu young men trained in the art of self-defence. The fingers of the hand, which ordinarily remain separate, suddenly unite, when the hand has to give a blow. In the same way, caste-consciousness of every sort will automatically be pushed at the background, and the now divided Hindus will become *one bloc*, when the idea of *resistance* will become predominant in each one of them.

Among the Hindus, from age to age, up till the present day, many reformers, many Incarnations appeared, who tried to do away with the evils originated from caste-prejudices. They tried, . . . but they could not. Ram Mohan Roy could not; Sri Gauranga could not; one of the two or three greatest of all men, Lord Buddha himself, could not. The result of their teachings has been the formation of different new *religious* sects, one after another, not the formation of a new lasting social order. But one of them *could* and *did* change, among his disciples, the very basis of Hindu society, for the sake of the defence of Hindudom *in this world*, and he is Guru Govind Singh, the one who saved the Hindus of Punjab from total extinction, two and a half centuries back. He was able to realise such a transformation

because he organised his disciples as a *military society*, of which their descendants still retain the spirit.

The social outlook of a civil population is difficult to change, while a *military population* automatically changes its outlook, while modifying its habits to suit the necessities of war. “What will “people” think about me? What will be the reaction of my relatives?” such questions are the last ones to appear before the mind of a soldier. Military life creates a new society, with a new type of relationship, a new brotherhood: the brotherhood of those who share the same hardships and the same dangers, who obey the same orders, and fight on the same side. Wherever that sort of brotherhood comes to existence, the conventions and prejudices of civil life are forgotten. Any ideas, habits, customs, etc., which have no meaning in the life of an army in the field, which are *of no use*, are considered as superfluous; any such ideas, habits, customs, etc., which are not only useless but create inconvenience, which are a hindrance to the army’s common action, are considered as a nuisance and deliberately dropped. It may be regarded, for instance, by many Hindus, *in civil life*, as a mark of piety to not interline with people of an inferior caste. But if Hindus of ten different castes have, any day, for the purpose of their common self-defence, to come under the discipline of organised *military life*, then they certainly will not carry ten different utensils wherever they go, to cook each one’s rice separately. It would be so *inconvenient* that they will not even think of it. And the idea of “sin” now attached to the partaking of the same food by Hindus of different

castes, will disappear by itself. *New life will create a new mentality.*

* * *

The aim of those who are trying, here and there, to organise batches of Hindu young men on military lines is, no doubt, to prepare a well-trained Hindu militia, ready to fight in case of need for defence. But it is still more to bring, through that undivided, national minded, self-relying, sturdy militia, *a new life and a new mentality throughout Hindudom*; to awaken the Hindus to resistance; to accustom them to disciplined action; to make them and to keep them, as a whole, always prepared to face any danger, *always ready* — like an army in the field.

It is natural that the military-trained Hindu boys will mark their influence, not merely upon the next generation of Hindus (that would be too late) but upon their elders of this generation and of the past one. After having learnt to march together, in a row; to eat together; to play together, to salute the flag of India together, and to obey command, they will go back to their homes. Not only will they help to organise, in every village, new units of the growing Hindu militia, but they will bring the, ideal, the principles and the virtues of the Hindu militia within the Hindu family circle. They will make their brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers understand that the defence of Hindu honour, life and property, beginning with the defence of the Hindu home, is the most important thing, the most urgent necessity; that, *will of resistance* is the greatest virtue, not will

of forbearance. They will bring the members of each Hindu household to organise themselves in view *to resist* any attack, to prevent any insult, every one of them, from old man to child, being prepared before hand and *always ready* to do whatever he or she knows to be *his* or *her duty* in case of danger. They will inspire the sense of self-reliance and self-defence even to the shy Hindu girls and women, now afraid to go from one room to the other, alone, in the dark; make every Hindu house a little fort, and the Hindus of every village a battalion of camping soldiers. *They will make the whole Hindu civil population a permanent militia.* For unless *that* is achieved, there is no hope for the Hindus, wherever they are a minority. And, in such regions as North and East Bengal, that has to be achieved *without delay*; it is, for the Hindus, a question of life or death.

* * *

By such a transformation of their life and mentality, the Hindus would acquire the two sources of strength of which the absence has been, and is still, the cause of all their disasters: *preparedness* and *unity*. Preparedness depends upon the consciousness of what the actual danger is, along with a proper military training. Unity depends upon the capacity of the Hindus to do away with all what keeps them from feeling themselves *one bloc*, specially with the rigidity of caste rules, on one hand, and with excessive provincialism, on the other.

Just as, through daily contact with a widespread young Hindu militia, the whole Hindu population

could not but be awakened to the sense of danger and to the necessity of being ready to face it, so it also could not but become more united. To become militarised means to become united. The parents, relatives, friends and acquaintances of each member of the Hindu militia, when they once let their lives be influenced by its spirit, would become new men and new women. When they get to think in terms of self-defence and of national defence (feeling the whole of Hindudom as one nation, and their non-Hindu brethren themselves as Hindus who have forgotten that they are Hindus) then their habits would change, without them even troubling to change them; their scale of values would be a different one. And, any social custom that is a hindrance to the organisation and defence of the Hindus, as well as to the acceptance, by them, as *one of theirs*, of any Indian who wishes to share once more, with them, the only real Indian culture and civilisation, would be rapidly looked upon as an inconvenience, and would die out by itself, as among the young Hindu pioneers.

Rapidly, we say, . . . if Hindu society can rapidly imbibe a military spirit, considering self-defence as its first necessity.

Most ordinary, insignificant customs, we know, are not easy to change, not to speak of those which are believed to be sanctioned by religion. But there are cases, in daily Indian life, in which *even these* are set aside with bewildering rapidity. Take, for instance, the case of a Hindu whose son has just received a scholarship to go and continue his studies in England. It is amazing how quickly the orthodox father can, then, set aside his orthodoxy, and send the boy off to

Bombay. From the very moment the young man will take his place on board the boat, it will be impossible for him to stick to his rules of life. He will, no doubt, not touch beef; but who can tell how many times beef has been served in the plates and dishes that he will have to use, wherever he goes? Still, the orthodox Hindu father sends him, for he considers it a matter of great interest, a *necessity*.

The Hindus will do away with all what is bar to united disciplined action and a hindrance to their own national defence, when *widespread military habits create among them a widespread military outlook*; when national defence (beginning with self-defence) becomes, to their eyes, the highest of duties, and united action *a necessity*. *Then* (and not before) will Hindudom be in a position to live, and take in hand its own destiny as well as the destiny of India, even in the regions where it represents, now, a numerical minority.

* * *

Now, when riots occur, often half a dozen sturdy Mohammadans, armed with sticks and stones, disperse a procession of hundred Hindus. A numerical minority, if armed and prepared, can easily overcome an unarmed and unprepared crowd. The Hindus are unarmed *because* they are unprepared, unaware of eventual danger. Nobody prevents them from using, when attacked, the very same weapons as their opponents: sticks and stones. (At present, nobody *can* use machine-guns, in India, except the British forces. Hindus and non-Hindus are equal, in that respect.) It

is not arms and ammunitions, but *unity* and *preparedness*, *military spirit*, which is lacking among the Hindus, wherever they come to a clash with such aggressors who also possess no arms worth speaking of. Number itself is a force, when readiness and unity go with it; not otherwise.

If only the Hindus, wherever a minority, would become a minority of soldiers, well-trained and always ready, then, not only could they defend themselves and survive, but, a time is coming when *they would be the actual masters of the situation*.

We have spoken of a period of confusion (possibly coming, sooner or later) during which no effective government may remain, in India, for a time, no one can tell.

The Hindus, then, even in North and East Bengal, and other such places where they are now a hopeless minority, would be *the* masters of India, if organised and ready. For then, while there may be no police, *they* would act as a police force: they would keep peace and order throughout the country; and the leaders of the Hindu militia would be, practically, the only government existing. What would happen *afterwards*, it is difficult to say, now. But one can hope, at least, that a whole nation who, in a short time, would have risen from the state of a helpless flock to the military virtues which we have tried to suggest, would not be easily subdued.

The vitality, the power, the pride acquired by the Hindus after such an experience, would be beyond conception. Not only the Indian Mohammadans and Christians, themselves protected by the Hindu militia during the unsettled transitory period, would

probably rejoin the Hindu fold in numbers, as religious fanaticism would rapidly give place to real Indian nationalism, when one would see what Indian nationalism can do, but the *world at large would respect the strong regenerated Hindu nation.*

And there would be nothing astonishing if *such* Hindus, enjoying complete independence, become conquerors, and rebuild Greater India. There would be nothing astonishing even if, through them, one day (through their direct or indirect influence) the dream of the resurrection of Aryan Pagandom in the West also, which now seems impossible, becomes a reality.

Nobody knows what *can* happen, what *might* happen. And all hopes are natural to a young nation, *if it be strong.*

Through the organisation of Hindudom, *first let us make real India strong again.*

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Akhnaton's Eternal Message: A Scientific Religion 3300 Years Old

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*The pamphlet **Akhnaton's Eternal Message** is Savitri Devi's first publication on Akhnaton. It was published in 1940 by Savitri's husband "A.K. Mukerji" (note the spelling of his last name) at 8, Esplanade East, Calcutta, the location of his office, where at the time he also edited **The Eastern Economist**. It was printed by J.N. Dey at the Express Printers, 20A, Gour Laha St., Calcutta.*

In preparing this text for online publication, I have corrected several minor spelling and punctuation errors, updated some spellings, fleshed out Savitri's citations, and added two editorial notes, which are clearly marked as such.

—*R. G. Fowler*

"Thy rays are on Thy bright Image,
the Ruler of Truth, who proceeded
from Eternity Thou givest Him Thy
duration and Thy years

As long as Heaven is, He shall be.”

—From an inscription in a nobleman’s tomb at Tell-el-Amarna

ONE of the most interesting and probably the oldest effort ever attempted by one man alone to revivify the spirit of true religion in a society stiffened by formalism—an effort much discussed by a few specialised scholars during the past thirty years, but generally unknown to the public at large—is that undertaken in Egypt by King Akhnaton, during the first half of the XIVth century B. C.

Sketch of the Movement

When, in 1375 B. C., Akhnaton ascended the throne of the Pharaohs at the death of his father, Amenhotep III, the most brilliant of all the kings of Egypt, the Egyptian empire was at the topmost of its glory. It extended from the Fourth Cataract of the Nile, southwards, up to the Upper Euphrates and the eastern boundaries of Asia Minor, northwards, and Nut-Amon, (or Thebes) its capital, with its glittering palaces, its huge obelisks inscribed with records of victories, its crowds of captives from all the surrounding nations, and, above all, with the magnificent temples of its local god, Amon, who had become the main god of all Egypt, was one of the most gorgeous cities that the world had ever seen.

But a reaction had already begun against the overwhelming power of the priesthood of Amon, in the name of a very ancient solar god, Aton (the Disk), originally worshipped at On (or Heliopolis), the oldest center of solar cult in Egypt. Queen Tiy, Amenhotep III’s chief wife, and Akhnaton’s mother, seems to have been devoted to that god. And the whole of Akhnaton’s increasing effort throughout his reign—the dedication of a temple to Aton at Thebes, the use of a new religious symbol (the Disk of the Sun, with rays ending in hands) in the place of all the old ones, the change of his own name, Amenhotep, “Amon’s delight,” to Akhnaton, “Aton’s delight,” the transfer of the Court to a newly founded capital, Akhetaton (the City of the Horizon of Aton, the famous Tell-el-Amarna of the modern archeologists), the erasure of the name of Amon and, later on, of the plural word “gods” from every inscription—the whole of that effort, we repeat, appears as an attempt to replace Amon, and finally all the other gods of Egypt and of the empire, by the one solar god Aton, raised to the status of a universal God.

Outwardly at least, the attempt proved a failure. A few years after Akhnaton’s death in 1358 B.C., everything seemed as before, except that Egypt’s Syrian dominion, sacrificed to the king’s conscientious objection to war, had become a thing of the past, and that a new sense of the relation of man to God is discernible in the subsequent Egyptian religious literature. But for this, the movement, apparently too far in advance of its time, as we will see, left no trace. Akhnaton’s name, anathematised, was erased from the inscriptions throughout the land and even from the ribbons of gold foil encircling his mummy,¹ so that he might be annihilated in the world of the dead as well as in that of the living. He was, for a time, referred to merely as “that heretic,” “that criminal,” etc., and then forgotten.

The Religious Conception of Aton

Now, what was the Aton faith—or perhaps more exactly the Aton philosophy—as it appears through the inscriptions (especially the two Hymns Composed by Akhnaton and copied, with a few variations, in the tombs of several of his nobles); through the relics of that “art of Tell-el-Arnarna” which flourished under his inspiration, and through the finest of all testimonies to its value: Akhnaton’s life itself?

Aton, as we have said, is one the most ancient solar aspects of Godhead in Egypt, raised to the status of a universal God. Had he been nothing but that, still his idea would remain remarkable as a bold logical generalisation, much in progress on the conception of the purely local gods which had prevailed up to that date. But he was *not* nothing but that. From the Hymns, as well as from the inscriptions which refer to him, one or two important conclusions can be drawn:

(1) Whatever may have been the original god of Heliopolis and the etymology of the word “Aton,” the universal God worshipped by Akhnaton was obviously *not the material* sun, nor any god with a mythology at the back of him, like the gods of Egypt. His full name, which appears already on a stele, jointly with the name of Amon, before Akhnaton’s accession, suggests a compound of several aspects of the Sun with a special stress upon solar “energy”: “Ra-Horakhti-of-the-Two-Horizons, rejoicing in his Horizon, in his name ‘Shu’ (*heat, or energy*)-which-is-in-the-Aton” (Disk).

That something more subtle and more essential than the visible sun, say, the Soul of the Sun, was worshipped under the name of Aton, is made clear by the very fact of Akhnaton’s life-long struggle against the supremacy of Amon, a god who was also identified with the Sun. It would have been meaningless to consider the whole universe as the realm of the originally local god of Heliopolis, and to try to suppress the cult of Amon for his sake, at the cost of many troubles, instead of simply proclaiming the universality of the more popular Amon, had Amon and Aton embodied more or less the same thing.

The fact that, except the symbolic Sun-Disk with rays ending in human hands holding the “ankh” (sign of life), no image of Aton whatsoever was permitted, stands also in favour of the idea that Aton was an invisible, intangible God; while in Akhnaton’s Hymns—the most conclusive instance—a remarkable insistence is displayed upon the world-wide beneficent activity and the *omnipresence* of the Sunrays, pointing to Radiant Energy, the principle of all life, the very essence of all being, as the actual object of worship. “No one seems to have realised until the present century,” writes Sir Flinders Petrie, “the truth that was the basis of Akhnaton’s worship: that the rays of the sun are the means of the sun’s action, the source of all life and power in the universe. This abstraction of regarding the radiant energy as all- important was quite disregarded until the recent views of conservation of force, of heat as a mode of motion, and of the identity of heat, light and electricity have made us familiar with the conception that was the characteristic feature of Akhnaton’s new cult”²

(2) As the Soul of the Sun is the Soul of the world, the energetic principle of life itself, so the cult of Aton is the cult of Life. And in it, Life is inseparable from love and beauty.

Aton is called, in the Hymns, the “beginning of life,” the One who “maketh all hearts to live,” the “creator of the germ in woman, maker of the seed in

man, giving life to the son in the body of his mother,” the “Lord of Life,” the God who, while *alone* and *self-existing*, has within Him “millions of vitalities,” who “vivifieth hearts with His beauties, which are life.” He is the God, also, of whom Akhnaton says: “Thou fillest every land with thy beauty, Thou bindest them by Thy love,” “breath of life is to them to see Thy beams,” “creatures live through Thee, while their eyes are upon Thy beauty.” . . . And nothing is more striking than the picture of the world palpitating with life and joy under the daily touch of the Life-giver, the living Sun: men of every land, far and near, holding up their hands, birds lifting their wings, “in adoration of His ‘Ka’ (soul, essence) beasts skipping with joy in the fields, fish leaping up before Him from the depth of the waters as He rises, and the tender lilies opening themselves to His morning kiss.” “Buds burst into flower, and the plants which grow in the waste lands send up shoots at Thy rising; they drink themselves drunk of Thy radiance before Thy face.” This vision of the world is the inspired vision of an artist, which certainly, more than anything else, Akhnaton was.

We have already mentioned the scientific accuracy of the insight which led Akhnaton to make the mysterious Power within the beautiful Sun-beams, the “effulgence of several colours” which comes from the Disk, the object of his cult, a thing which Sir Flinders Petrie, Breasted and others have marvelled at. But as most if not all ideas of genius, this one appears as a direct intuition. And what the Hymns tell us of Akhnaton’s extreme sensitiveness to beauty makes us think of the fundamental connection between scientific enlightenment and artistic inspiration—a point put forward nowadays by eminent creative scientists.³

(3) It seems hardly necessary to point out, after what has been said, that philosophically, the “One and only God, Aton” is not a transcendent God, similar to the “only” God of later religions known as monotheistic, but an *immanent* one, in consistence with a religious attitude different from theirs. He is a God from within the Universe, not from without; a God who created all existing things out of “the millions of vitalities which are in *Him*,” not out of nothingness.



(4) It is difficult to say if, and to what extent, the number of foreign and specially Indo-Aryan (Mitannian) women at the Court of his father may have influenced Akhnaton in his childhood and contributed unconsciously to his conception of a universal God manifest in a visible symbol which reminds us of one of the Sanskrit names of the Sun: "angshumalli." Without systematically denying the possibility of such early influences, it seems to us that one should not overestimate them. Parallels are easy, and any two solar symbols, if not too far-fetched, are bound to have something in common. The point is that, whatever may have been the conception of Godhead of those whom he respected, nay even of his mother, Queen Tiy, herself a worshipper of Aton, the idea of Aton as the Principle of Radiant Energy, source of all life, seems to have struck Akhnaton's intuition as a direct knowledge, revealed to him from within, by Aton Himself; as an inexpressible truth which he alone understood because he felt it. In one of the Hymns he says to Aton: "Thou art in my heart, and there is no other that knoweth Thee, save Thy Son, Akhnaton; Thou hast made him wise to

understand Thy plans and Thy power . . .” Elsewhere, he calls himself: “Thy Son, Nefer-kheperu-Ra Ua-en-Ra (beautiful Essence of the Sun, only One of the Sun), who came forth from Thy limbs,” and “Son of the living Aton, like unto Him without ceasing . . .” And these words, while spoken by one who cared as little for conventions as Akhnaton did, appear to express the inmost certitude of a self-realised soul who can say of God: “I am He,” rather than the ordinary utterance of a king of Egypt about his solar descent.

(5) The struggle to establish the cult of Aton in the place of that of Amon was not the struggle of a “jealous” deity against other deities, but that of real religion against priesthood.

Akhnaton has not only been harshly treated by his actual opponents during his lifetime and immediately after his death, but also charged with “fanaticism,” “intolerance,” etc., and criticised by some men of the XXth century A.D. with as much bitter hatred as if these gentlemen looked upon him as their personal foe. Sir Wallis Budge goes to the extent of hinting that he must have been capable of any of the crimes of later religious persecutors, on the only—and somewhat astonishing—ground that he was “an Oriental”!⁴ In reality the erasure of the name of Amon from the inscriptions throughout Egypt, the prohibition of Amon’s public cult and, later on, the suppression of the plural word “gods,” wherever found, did not imply any persecution of the worshippers either of Amon or of the other gods. Budge admits himself that there are no records to back his assumption. We add that, had there been the slightest instance of tyranny on Akhnaton’s part, the restorers of the Amon cult would have been too glad to tell us so in *their* records. Moreover, in spite of the utter revolutionary character of the steps taken against the cult of Amon—the supreme god of Egypt at that time—there is no record of any rising to oppose their execution, throughout Akhnaton’s reign.

What appears from all that one knows of the king’s character, and from the very conception of his universal God—not “a” god, but the essence of all gods, of any cult—is that it was the dead formalism of the Amon worship and the increasing arrogance of its enormously wealthy priesthood that Akhnaton intended to strike at. What he wanted was not to force onto his people “a” new religion of his own liking in the place of the old one, but to infuse into their hearts the genuine spirit of religion; to awaken them, from the routine of formulas, of symbols, of endless ceremonies, of which the original inspiration had long ago disappeared and the hidden meaning been forgotten, to the feeling of the Supreme Reality, through the rational worship of the living Sun.

To infuse the truth of life into the cult of Amon seemed—and probably was—impossible. The worship of the Theban god had become, says A. Weigall, “as intellectually low and primitive as its status was high and pompous.” Only a new God—or a very old one, from the days the world was young and more intuitive to godly things—could accomplish the miracle of regiving inspiration to priest-ridden Egypt, and nothing but a cult both scientific and simple could ever aspire to become the cult of the world. And that was the intention of Akhnaton’s life-long effort: to give—or to regive—the world, embarrassed with a host of conflicting gods and goddesses, with mythologies, rituals, elaborated mysteries, entangled metaphysics, the pure scientific essence of real religion, without any metaphysics, any mysteries, any mythology; the worship of the eternal

Principle, Cause and Ordainer of life—Radiant Energy—through the visible Sun, its universal manifestation.

The Ethics of the Aton Teaching, Akhnaton's Example

Some modern writers (with the striking exception of Sir Flinders Petrie), insist upon the fact that there is no trace of ethics in the religion preached by Akhnaton. But besides that there is probably much information about the Aton worship still lying undiscovered among the ruins of the City of the Horizon, so that any sweeping judgment would be premature (as A. Weigall and Breasted admit), it seems that the identification of Godhead with love and life, not to speak of Akhnaton's definite stress upon "truth," stand sufficiently to prove the ethical value of his teaching.

We find in the tomb of Ay, one of his nobles, the inscribed words: "He" (the king) "put truth into me, and my abomination is to lie." Similar assertions, on the part of other nobles, are common. No less eloquent is the title constantly associated with the name of Akhnaton in every record: "Ankh-em-Maat,"—"Living in Truth." But more eloquent than anything else is Akhnaton's own life, the best illustration of what "truth," "love," "religion" meant to him.

The main feature of Akhnaton's character is uncompromising truthfulness, perfect sincerity, allied to the rare courage to stick to what he considered right, even at the cost of the highest of interests. It has been said that, to his eyes, "what *is*, was right," and nothing could be better said, provided we realise the full meaning of the sentence. "What *is*," here, means what is *real*, in the religious sense what does not depend upon men's whims or men's interests what is in consistence with the eternal order of the Universe, with the laws of life which are the laws of God. And the law of God, according to Akhnaton's teaching, is love.

From what we know of it through the beautiful relics of the Tell-el-Amarna art, and through the inscriptions, Akhnaton's private life, even judged from the standpoint of the purest morality, was spotless. It was not the life of an ascetic, conscious of the power of sin in the midst of his renunciation of it, but that of a man who, by nature, seems to have had no tendency to either excess or perversion, and, at the same time, no prejudice against the innocent pleasures of life. The artists of his Court—whom he himself taught to discard the conventionally "noble" attitudes and represent their models as they saw them—have pictured him in scenes of daily life: eating, enjoying a cup of wine, listening to music, resting, or smelling a bunch of flowers held by Nefertiti, his queen, before his nose. Nefertiti is practically always represented by his side (even on state occasions), and sometimes in attitudes of touching familiarity. Often their children—six little princesses—are present in the picture. There is a statuette of Akhnaton fondling one of them in his arms. In the inscriptions, the queen's name is generally mentioned, and a common form of the royal oath is: "As my heart is happy in the Queen and her children." Moreover, there is no mention of "secondary wives" in Akhnaton's life,⁵ and though the absence of a male heir must have caused him some anxiety (for he knew that his opponents were powerful), it seems, as A. Weigall believes, that he could never bring himself to follow the time-honoured custom of polygamy, however natural it was to the eyes of all the ancient world, and put his interest before his feelings.⁶ Any action, great or small, which did not correspond to a genuine feeling, was to him a living lie, and the picture of

his family life, in the beautiful and peaceful surroundings which he had created at Akhetaton, is only one illustration of his fundamental moral features: his truthfulness, his sensitiveness to beauty, both visible and invisible, and capacity to seize it in the simplest things; his natural tenderness.

No less conclusive would be to recall Akhnaton's attitude towards men in general. Several of his courtiers mention in their tomb inscriptions the kindness with which he used to treat them and the generous presents they used to receive from him. We know now how very few were the actually faithful ones at Akhetaton, and how, as soon as the king passed away, most of those whom he had taught, and loved and rewarded, made haste to join the reaction against his whole life's work, while not one of them had the courage to walk in his footsteps, against the tide. But, no doubt, as long as he lived, they did not spare trouble to show themselves his disciples, and Akhnaton, in the genuineness of his heart, did not for a long time—if he did at all, in the end, suspect any of them of deceiving him. He gave them all, as he gave all those whom he came in touch with, the very best of himself.

Akhnaton's loving confidence in human nature can be seen even in his indignant letter to Aziru, his treacherous Syrian vassal, after it had been confirmed that Aziru had handed over Ribaddi, the loyal prince of Byblos, to his enemies, the Amorite princes. "Dost thou not write to the king, thy lord: 'I am thy servant . . .?' Yet hast thou committed this crime?" "Didst thou not know the hatred of these men" (the Amorite princes) "for him" (Ribaddi)—writes Akhnaton—and he continues: "If thou art indeed a servant of the king, why hast thou not arranged for his sending to the king, thy lord?" To send Ribaddi to Egypt, so that his accusing voice might be heard there, was the last thing which the traitor could have been expected to do. But Akhnaton was too good even to suspect such an amount of deceit, meanness and cruelty as that of his unworthy vassal, specially after all Aziru's protestations of loyalty—and his letter reveals to us his painful amazement in front of the darkest side of humanity, suddenly thrust before him by hard facts.

But the most striking example of uncompromising faithfulness to his principles is perhaps to be found in Akhnaton's determined opposition to war. What this perfect man has been the most bitterly criticised for, by modern authors, is his steady refusal to fight, or even to allow his generals to do so, exactly at the most critical juncture of Egyptian history, when the slightest military help, sent in time to his loyal vassals, would have saved an empire built up by two centuries of efforts, and apparently changed the whole course of subsequent history. From a strictly political point of view, the critics may be right—though, taking a very broad and very long view of the question, one can never say to what extent they may also be wrong. But in the light of all those who put above worldly interests that which they look upon as right, there can be no words too strong to praise Akhnaton for the example which he has left.

We do not intend to give here the history of the overthrow of Egyptian domination in Syria and in Palestine during the last part of Akhnaton's reign. We have already mentioned the name of Aziru, the foremost intriguer against Egyptian interests, and that of Ribaddi, the faithful prince of Byblos. Akhnaton had other faithful vassals—for instance Abdakhipa, governor of Jerusalem, the author of many of the "Amarna letters"—and

there was a time when, apparently, the smallest encouragement given to them would have “saved the situation.” (In one of his early letters, Ribaddi merely asks for “three hundred soldiers,” to hold his city, and in another, “forty chariots” only.) As no aid was sent, the messages from Syria became more and more frequent and more and more pathetic, not to say desperate. One cannot think of that period of history without remembering the letter addressed to Akhnaton by the citizens of Tunip: “Tunip, thy city, weeps.” It is one of the most moving official documents of all times.

But even such appeals were not able to make Akhnaton give up his conscientious objection to war, and to the bitter end he refused to use armed force against those who were undermining his authority in Syria and Palestine, with the result that he lost his Asiatic dominions wholesale. On the other hand, his letter to Aziru shows that he was fully conscious of his power, and might well have used it, had he chosen to do so. Nor was he ignorant of, the advantages that the possession of Syria gave him. Together with his new Egyptian capital, Akhetaton, he had built in Syria a second sacred City, and a third one in Nubia, hoping that from these centers of unmixed Aton worship, the name of his universal God and his simple doctrine of love would spread throughout his dominions and beyond their boundaries. Nor was such a man as he indifferent to the plight of his loyal subjects. Their distressed messages were no doubt a torture to his heart; and if we may suppose that, as a man, he has sometimes experienced the temptation to compromise with his conscience, this must have been when such pathetic cries as those of Ribaddi or of the citizens of distant Tunip reached him in his peaceful City. But he stood firm till the end, and did not compromise. The very idea of war was in contradiction with the truth which he preached, and whatever his new cult might have gained, outwardly, had he kept by force of arms the territories conquered by his fathers and lived long enough to establish a dozen other religious centers there as well as in Egypt, there is no doubt that to his eyes, any compromise would have been the denial of *the spirit* of Aton worship, and therefore the end of it all.

Akhnaton lived long enough to hear the last messenger tell him the fall of his last fortress, and probably also to foresee the coming reaction which in a few years was going to reinstall the former priesthods of Egypt, along with the hosts of national gods—Amon at the head of them—and sweep away forever all trace of what he had done. He died at the early age of twenty-nine, after a reign of seventeen years, but probably not more than thirteen or fourteen years of personal government. As we have already said, his enemies persecuted him even beyond death, and of those who once professed to love him and follow his teaching, not one cared—or dared—to stand against the tide and defend his memory. But there are few things in history as beautiful as his short life. And whatever be the lack of written evidence, it seems impossible to say that a doctrine which puts the truth of love before every other concern—a doctrine which found its expression in such a life—is “devoid of the sense of righteousness.”

It would be better to say that, no less in its ethics than in its other aspects, the Aton worship is inseparable from the personality of its promoter. Every religious teaching is so; but later “world-religions” have had the chance to live as organised bodies for a long time; the need of adaptation to various material conditions has introduced into their tradition novelties which the founders never imagined and compromises of which they would not always have approved. While the Aton cult, on account of its mere twelve or

fifteen years of existence as a public worship, remains exclusively the work of one man, whose stamp it keeps through time.

An Undying Teaching

Sir Flinders Petrie puts great stress upon the scientific accuracy of Akhnaton's view of the universe: "If this," he writes, "were a new religion invented to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions, we could not find a flaw in the correctness of his view of the energy of the solar system" . . . "he" (Akhnaton) "had certainly bounded forward in his views and symbolism to a position which we cannot logically improve upon at the present day. Not a rag of superstition or of falsity can be found clinging to this new worship evolved out of the old Aton of Heliopolis, the sole Lord of the Universe"⁷

And when we sit to think that this 3300 year old worship suitable for our own times—and still in advance on the religious views of ninety-nine per cent of our contemporary fellow men—was evolved by a youth within his teens, we cannot but recognise in that youth one of the few human beings who have the right to be regarded as incarnations of the Divine Soul.

But no less amazing, no less admirable, and perhaps still more in advance both on his time and on ours, is Akhnaton's bold stand against the law of violence which had ruled the world from the beginning and is ruling it still. No ruler of an empire at the height of its strength has ever sacrificed as much as he did to the cause of peace; nor has a religion of love, before him, ever directed decisions of vital political importance. Eleven hundred years after him, India's Asoka stands as the first instance of an "ahimshavadi" emperor, and India is probably still the only land where Akhnaton's attitude towards war would be fully understood and admired to the present day, if only it were known. But for this illustrious exception, there is not a nation, ancient or modern, which ever seriously tried to bring forth the real "new world order" that was Akhnaton's dearest dream. And could the youthful founder of the Aton cult come back to-day, among us who should have grown wiser but who did not, he would, it seems, remain as alone as he was in his far-gone days of strife—too good for this earth.

In 1942, exactly 3300 years will have elapsed since he passed away. If, tired of war, men be ready, then, to express their aspiration towards a higher ideal, no better suggestion, it seems, could be given, than that of celebrating all over the world the "thirty-third Centenary" of the oldest Prince of Peace, and teaching the future generations to love his memory "forever and ever."

Calcutta
December, 1940

¹ Savitri, probably influenced by Arthur Weigall's compelling arguments, believed that Akhnaton's mummy had been found in Valley of the Kings Tomb 55 by Theodore Davis in 1907. Later forensic examinations of the remains have, however, suggested that the individual was between 20 and 25/26 at the time of death, which is too young for Akhnaton but is consistent with what we know of Akhnaton's ephemeral co-regent and successor Smenkhara. In spite of this, some scholars, who find dubious the techniques used to estimate the individual's age of death, still maintain that the mummy is Akhnaton's.—Ed.

² Sir Flinders Petrie, *A History of Egypt*, Vol. II (London: Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1924), p. 214.

³ See Henri Poincaré's *La Science et l'Hypothese* (Paris: Flammarion, 1923).

⁴ See Wallis Budge's *Tutankhamen: Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism*

(London: Martin Hopkinson and Co., Ltd., 1923), pp. 107 and 108.

⁵ After Savitri wrote this essay, evidence emerged that Akhnaton had had at least one other wife, known as Kiya, who may have been the mother of Tutankhamen. The coffin and canopic jars found in Tomb 55 may have been manufactured for Kiya and then adapted for Akhnaton's burial.—Ed.

⁶ See Arthur Weigall's *The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt* (London: Thornton Butterworth Ltd., 1923).

⁷ Sir Flinders Petrie, *A History of Egypt*, Vol. II p. 214.





AND TIME ROLLS ON
Savitri Devi

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THE SAVITRI DEVI INTERVIEWS

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SAVITRI DEVI

AND TIME ROLLS ON
THE SAVITRI DEVI INTERVIEWS

EDITED BY R.G. FOWLER

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(née Maximine Portaz, a.k.a. Maximiani Portas),
1905-1982
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Edited with a Preface by R.G. Fowler
Includes index

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Savitri Devi Mukherji

Savitri Devi, New Delhi, 9 November 1977

To Georg and Magdlen Schrader,
Savitri's Good Friends

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

In November of 1978, Ernst Zündel, a leading publisher of National Socialist and revisionist literature, dispatched a young German associate to New Delhi to interview Savitri Devi on tape.¹ Zündel discovered Savitri through Adrien Archand, a leading figure of the pre-World War II French Canadian Right. Savitri and Zündel began to correspond in 1961 and continued to do so until her death in 1982.²

Of Savitri's books, Zündel was most impressed with *The Lightning and the Sun* (1958), claiming that its influence on his life and thought was second only to Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Her other National Socialist books, such as *Defiance* (1951), *Gold in the Furnace* (1952), and *Pilgrimage* (1958), struck him as merely "devotional" works. But he regards *The Lightning and the Sun* as, quite literally, a revelation. Zündel believes that Savitri Devi, like Edgar Cayce and Adolf Hitler himself, was a prophet, an oracle, a "channel" through whom revelations from a higher order of reality entered our world.

Savitri's goal was certainly that of a prophet. She wished to found a new religion for the White West. This religion was to be both a revival and a transformation of classical Aryan paganism. Its purpose was to replace Christianity and serve as a vehicle for the triumph of Savitri's National Socialist ideals. But there was some confusion as to what, precisely, this religion was supposed to be.

In her book *A Son of God*, written in 1943-45 and later re-titled *Son of the Sun*, Savitri makes a case for reviving the monotheistic solar religion of the Egyptian pharaoh Akhnaton.³ In *Impeachment of Man*, her pioneering animal rights book written in 1945-46, Savitri praises Akhnaton's philosophy in Nietzschean terms as optimistic and life-

¹ "Savitri Devi" is a *nom de plume* meaning "Sun Goddess." ("Savitri" = sun; "Devi" = goddess.) It may seem like undue familiarity to refer to her, for the sake of verbal economy, as "Savitri" rather than as "Devi," but "Devi" is not a surname, but a title analogous to "Saint," and just as one refers to Saint Paul as Paul for short, rather than as Saint, one refers to Savitri Devi as Savitri, not Devi. Savitri's surname, after her marriage, was Mukherji, Mukherji being a contraction of Mukhopadhyaya.

² All information relating to Ernst Zündel is drawn from an interview with the editor taped on 29 October 2001.

³ Savitri Devi, *A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt* (London: Philosophical Publishing House, 1946). Second Edition: *Son of the Sun: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt* (San Jose, California: Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC, 1956).

affirming.⁴ However, in her book *Defiance*, written in 1950, Savitri admits that her praise of Akhnaton was not entirely in earnest. It was an attempt to package elements of Aryan paganism for a war-weary and suspicious world.⁵ Furthermore, in *The Lightning and the Sun*, written between 1948 and 1956, Savitri offers a critique of the apolitical and pacifistic elements of Akhnaton's vision.⁶ In *Defiance* and *Pilgrimage* (written in 1953-54), we find Savitri communing with the old Nordic gods. In *Defiance*, she recounts worshipping the Midnight Sun and praying at the Godafoss (Waterfall of the Gods) during her year in Iceland (1946-1947).⁷ In *Pilgrimage*, she tells of her 1953 pilgrimage to National Socialist sites in Germany and Austria, which culminated in her visit to the Externsteine, where she spent a night in the initiation grave and greeted the rising sun in the Chamber of the Sun.⁸ In *Pilgrimage*, she also addresses prayers to the Germanic "Almighty Father of Light" (*Lichtvater allwaltender*).⁹ However, in *Gold in the Furnace*, written in 1948-49, she flatly denies that it is possible to revive the cult of Wotan—or any dead religion, for that matter, which would include Akhnaton's.¹⁰ In her 1939 book *A Warning to the Hindus*, Savitri praised Hinduism as the last *living* remnant of Aryan paganism.¹¹ But in *Impeachment of Man*, she offers a Nietzschean critique of Hinduism and Buddhism as pessimistic and life-denying.¹² Yet in *Gold in the Furnace*, *Defiance*, and *Pilgrimage*, we find her meditating on the teachings of the Bhagavad-Gita and praying to the Hindu deities Shiva and Kali.¹³

⁴ Savitri Devi, *Impeachment of Man* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1959), ch. 3, "Joyous Wisdom."

⁵ Savitri Devi, *Defiance* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1950), 345-46.

⁶ Savitri Devi, *The Lightning and the Sun* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958), ch. 11, "Too Late and Too Early."

⁷ On the visit to the Godafoss see *Defiance*, 495-97; on the worship of the Midnight Sun, see *Defiance*, 86.

⁸ Savitri Devi, *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958), ch. 9, "The Rocks of the Sun," esp. 348-54.

⁹ *Pilgrimage*, 33, 52. Cf. Savitri's account of her return to India in 1957 in *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess, or the true story of a "most objectionable Nazi" and . . . half-a-dozen cats* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, n.d.), 135.

¹⁰ Savitri Devi, *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952), 312.

¹¹ Savitri Devi, *A Warning to the Hindus* (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1939), ch. 3, "The Human Value of Hinduism: Indian Paganism, the Last Living Expression of Aryan Beauty."

¹² *Impeachment of Man*, ch. 2, "Pessimistic Pantheism."

¹³ For Savitri's meditations on the Bhagavad-Gita see *Defiance*, ch. 12, "The Way of Absolute Detachment"; *Pilgrimage*, 189, 199; for her prayers to Kali, see *Gold in the*

Savitri also speaks of a universal or international religion in several of her books. In *Pilgrimage*, Savitri addresses prayers to an unnamed supreme deity, “the One,” the “Lord of the Invisible Forces.”¹⁴ In *Gold in the Furnace*, she claims that the only rational international religion is the “Religion of Life,” i.e., “the spontaneous worship of warmth and light—of the life-energy,” the “supreme worship of the Godhead in Life.” She claims, furthermore, that, “nowhere can divinity be collectively experienced better than in the consciousness of race and soil.”¹⁵

Finally, Savitri speaks of National Socialism as a religion. In *Gold in the Furnace*, Savitri describes National Socialism as the form that “the everlasting religion of Life” takes on in the present Dark Age.¹⁶ She also claims that Adolf Hitler is a divine being and expresses the hope that someday he will be worshipped as such.¹⁷ In *The Lightning and the Sun*, Savitri uses the framework of Hinduism to cast National Socialism as a new religion. She plays Saint Paul to Hitler’s Jesus. Like Paul, who transformed Jesus from a prophet and/or failed political revolutionary into an incarnation of God himself, Savitri proclaims Hitler to be the ninth avatar of the god Vishnu, who entered into time in the present Dark Age (Kali Yuga) to combat decadence and usher in a new Golden Age (Satya Yuga, or Age of Truth). Hitler failed because he came too soon. He was, moreover, conscious that he would fail. But he fought anyway, in the spirit of the Bhagavad-Gita, because it was his duty. Although Hitler was not the chosen one, he blazed the way for the last avatar, Kalki, who will not fail.

Savitri’s religious vision may be completely consistent, but she nowhere offers a synoptic overview, so its consistency is hard to grasp. Therefore, Zündel sent an agent with a tape recorder to get the oracle to clarify herself. Ten hours of interviews were recorded.¹⁸

Zündel was, however, deeply disappointed with the results, which he described as “stream-of-consciousness” ramblings. He suggested that Savitri, unlike Cayce and Hitler, could not control her ability to channel. He also speculated that Savitri’s occasional repetitions and

Furnace, 110, 252, 258; *Defiance*, 390; *Pilgrimage*, 197; for her prayers to Shiva, see *Defiance*, 457-9 and *Pilgrimage*, 197.

¹⁴ *Pilgrimage*, 74, 93, 196-97.

¹⁵ *Gold in the Furnace*, 312-13.

¹⁶ *Gold in the Furnace*, 414.

¹⁷ *Gold in the Furnace*, 321, 340.

¹⁸ The completed tapes narrowly escaped oblivion. Zündel repeatedly impressed upon the interviewer that he was to keep the finished tapes on his person at all times.

constant digressions were signs of the onset of senility. But in spite of his disappointment, Zündel recognized that the interviews had documentary value and marketed them as a set of five two-hour tapes.

Zündel's reaction makes perfect sense given his aims for the interviews. But in fairness to Savitri, she may have thought that she had given adequate account of her religious beliefs in her books, and she evidently had other aims in mind. Savitri was, furthermore, a brilliant and tireless talker, and the interviewer was obviously intimidated by her. He lost control of the proceedings almost from the beginning.

I am assuming that the five tapes present the interviews in chronological order. The interviewer asks no questions after the first tape and his voice is seldom heard. The first tape is the most rambling and disjointed of the five, covering such topics as Hinduism, Christianity, cruelty to animals, some virtues of the Aztecs, human and animal sacrifices, the cosmic significance of Adolf Hitler, the evil of Mother Teresa, and various events in Savitri's life. When the interviewer does not ask questions, Savitri simply moves from topic to topic by free association. Although religion is mentioned frequently, nothing Savitri or the interviewer says indicates that she was asked to give an overview of her religious thinking.

The subsequent tapes have a very different tone. Savitri seems to have decided that, since the interviewer was not guiding her according to his (or Zündel's) agenda, she would impose her own. Savitri evidently decided to use the interviews as an opportunity to tell the story of her life, probably to provide material for future biographers. All of tape two is devoted to a narrative of her life from her birth on 30 September 1905 until her arrest in Cologne on 20 February 1949 for distributing Nazi propaganda. Tape three continues the narrative until her trial and conviction in Düsseldorf on 5 April 1949. The rest of the tape is devoted to her memories of George Lincoln Rockwell, Colin Jordan, John Tyndall, Françoise Dior, Matt Koehl, and the Cotswolds Camp of 4-7 August 1962, where the World Union of National Socialists was formed. Savitri allows herself a number of digressions but never loses the thread of her narrative. Tape four begins with more recollections of National Socialist comrades, but the bulk is devoted to lengthy discourses on Christianity and Hinduism and a brief discussion of Judaism. The first side of tape five is somewhat disorganized, but deals mostly with the philosophy of history and life in the present Dark Age. Side two underscores Savitri's biographical aims. She retells the story of her life up to 1978, filling in some, but alas not all, of the gaps in her earlier narrative. She then concludes with a reading of her poem

“1953,” the opening words of which are “And Time Rolls On.”¹⁹

When I first heard these interviews, I recognized immediately that they should be published as a book. Savitri's autobiographical narrative is far from perfect. She spends a good deal of time retelling stories she already told at great length in *Defiance* and *Gold in the Furnace*, while long stretches of her life remain undocumented. Nevertheless, these interviews not only contain much that is unavailable in Savitri's other writings, they constitute an ideal introduction to her life and thought.

There are radical differences between written and spoken discourse. A transcript of a perfectly adequate, even eloquent, interview seldom reads well on the printed page. Thus the spoken word always requires editing to become the written word. What is remarkable about the Savitri Devi interviews, however, is how little editing they required. Savitri was a remarkably eloquent speaker. She could speak at length on complex and difficult topics without reference to notes. She could digress at length from the main line of her argument, then pick up where she left off. She had a prodigious memory from which she could pull obscure names and dates and remarkably accurate quotes with ease. Yes, she occasionally repeats herself, but she repeats herself in her books as well. Yes, she sometimes loses the thread of her argument. Yes, she occasionally gets a name or date wrong. But in ten hours of extemporaneous speaking, it is not remarkable how many mistakes she makes, but how few.

By far the greatest labor was the transcription of the original tapes. Savitri is sometimes very hard to understand: she speaks rapidly and with the odd accent one would expect of a woman fluent in eight languages²⁰ and familiar with some twenty others. She is usually too far from or too close to the microphone. She is frequently drowned out by the street din of New Delhi. Sometimes it is possible to transcribe particular words only because English is my native tongue and I can recognize them even in garbled form. Unfortunately, Savitri uses many unfamiliar names picked up in her world travels and her reading of world history. She also throws in phrases in French, German, Greek, Sanskrit, and Bengali. The French and German phrases were usually recognizable, but the other languages caused great difficulty.

Thus I had to check, and frequently correct, my conjectural transcriptions using a number of sources. In some cases, I could check

¹⁹ The poem is the last of sixteen in an unpublished volume entitled *For-Ever and Ever*, written in 1952-53.

²⁰ English, French, Greek, Italian, German, Icelandic, Hindi, and Bengali.

my transcriptions against Savitri's published writings and her unpublished correspondence. I also made use of internet search engines. Sometimes I used contextual information furnished by Savitri to find the word or phrase in question. Other times I simply resorted to typing in different possible transcriptions until I stumbled upon the correct one. When the internet was exhausted, I resorted to contacting specialist scholars. And as my last resort, I browsed through the indexes of books in several college libraries. Where my transcription remains conjectural, I have indicated this with a footnote. I found it impossible to transcribe three phrases in Greek, one in Bengali, one in an unknown Indian tongue, and one in French. Fortunately, Savitri provided English translations for all of them, so I did not need to include the foreign phrases. Perhaps sharper ears can fill these *lacunae* for future printings.

Once I was satisfied with the accuracy of the transcripts, I had to transform them into the book before you. To this end, I made the following editorial interventions, in order of increasing invasiveness. First, I corrected all errors of grammar and diction. Second, when Savitri edits or corrects her own speech, I follow her lead and present only the corrected statement. Third, out of considerations of clarity, I completed some sentence fragments where the missing words are clear from the context. Other fragments I left standing to preserve the occasionally telegraphic style of Savitri's speech. Fourth, I occasionally divided an impossibly tangled sentence into two or three more readable sentences. Fifth, occasionally words are cut off at the beginnings and the ends of the tapes. Where it is possible to infer the gist of the missing words, I inserted them in square brackets to preserve continuity. Sixth, I removed all the words of the interviewer, but to preserve continuity I inserted in two places the gist of his questions in square brackets. Seventh, I deleted needless repetitions. Eighth, Savitri sometimes offers two or three accounts of the same events. Since these repetitions often contain some new information, they cannot simply be deleted. Therefore, I have combined the various accounts of the same events into single accounts. Ninth, I have repositioned texts to form four thematically unified chapters. Where I could not integrate a point into the flow of the text, I placed it in a footnote. I always indicate when the words in the footnotes are Savitri's. My basic editorial principle throughout was to make only the minimum changes necessary for clarity and readability. I did not edit to improve Savitri's style.

In the case of the poem "1953," I transcribed it exactly as recited, then consulted a number of manuscript and typescript versions to

determine the line and stanza breaks, punctuation, capitalization, and emphasis. Unfortunately, the manuscripts and typescripts were not entirely consistent in these matters, so I chose to follow the versions that sounded best to me. When reciting the poem, Savitri made several small word changes that I decided to preserve in the final edited version, simply because these changes may have been deliberate on her part, not mere slips of the tongue.

Having reviewed my labors one last time, I am satisfied that nothing extraneous has been added and nothing essential has been deleted.

In my use of punctuation, I have tried throughout to preserve the quality of Savitri's speech: her pauses, her emphases, the little dialogues she narrates. I wish I could have captured other qualities of Savitri's voice: wonder as she recounts her night on the flanks of an erupting volcano; aesthetic pleasure tinged with eroticism when she describes Hindu and Buddhist ceremonies; boiling indignation when she speaks of injustice and cruelty, especially to animals; love and longing when she speaks of her cats; respect and affection when she tells of her husband A.K. Mukherji; similar warmth and respect when she speaks of Sven Hedin, Hertha Ehlert, Marianne Meinecke, Gerda Strasdat, Muriel Gantry, and George Lincoln Rockwell; mischievous glee when she recounts her childhood insolence and naughtiness; girlish naïveté when she shifts suddenly from discussing Hitler's grand strategy to describing the sari she bought to wear to the victory celebrations; hushed, choked tones when she recounts how that sari and many others were later stolen in a Paris train station; and finally the drollness of some of her stories, such as her account of the one time she was slightly drunk or her reflections on whether she would like to be reincarnated as a German ("Suppose my father was an anti-Nazi. It can happen in Germany, you know."). All these nuances remain on the tapes.

When Savitri quotes from a book, I have used quotation marks, but it must be borne in mind that she is quoting from memory, not from the printed page.

With one exception, which is noted, I use a last initial followed by dashes to conceal the names of people who may be alive and who might not wish to be mentioned in these pages.

My editorial notes perform six functions. First, as indicated above, when I found it impossible to smoothly integrate some of Savitri's words into the text, I placed them in notes. Second, where Savitri is obscure, I try to provide clarification. Third, where appropriate, I furnish additional information from or citations to Savitri's other books

and unpublished correspondence. Fourth, where Savitri refers to or quotes from books, I try to provide citations. Fifth, where she refers to historical figures, I provide their names, dates, and other relevant information. I deemed some figures in no need of introduction: Hitler and other leading National Socialists, Lenin, Stalin, Churchill, Roosevelt, Gandhi, Oliver Cromwell, Louis XIV, Henry VIII, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, etc. Even though most people would be hard pressed to provide their dates, it would seem pedantic for me to provide them. Finally, I note gaps and conjectures in my transcription.

I chose the title *And Time Rolls On* because I wanted the title to be Savitri's creation, not my own, and it was the best candidate in the interview tapes. It is, however, a perfect title, given the centrality of the Indo-European cyclical view of history to Savitri's thought.²¹

Those who wish are welcome to check my labors against the original tapes. The raw, unedited interviews can be purchased as a set of five two-hour tapes for \$100 US from Ingrid Rimland, Ed.D., 3152 Parkway, Suite 13, P.M.B. 109, Pigeon Forge, TN 37863, USA. I would be grateful to be informed, in care of the Savitri Devi Archive (www.savitridevi.org), of any errors so that they can be corrected in future printings.

R.G. Fowler
22 October 2002
(The 20th anniversary
of Savitri Devi's death)

After nearly three years of delays in publication it gives me great pleasure finally to see this book through the press in time to commemorate Savitri Devi's centennial year.

R.G. Fowler
30 September 2005
(The 100th anniversary
of Savitri Devi's birth)

²¹ See *The Lightning and the Sun*, ch. 1, "The Cyclic View of History."

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I wish to thank all the people who made this book possible: chief among them are Ernst Zündel, for providing a copy of the interview tapes and giving his permission to publish these edited transcripts, and Ryan Schuster, for paying to have them transcribed; Ingrid Rimland for her support and assistance; Joe Pryce, for the arduous but invaluable labor of checking the original transcripts against the tapes; Beryl Cheetham for providing the photograph that appears on the front jacket flap, for pointing out errors in the edited transcripts, and for giving me her correspondence with Savitri and with Muriel Gantry, which proved a treasure trove of useful information; D.A.R. Sokoll and John Morgan for their eagle-eyed editing; M.H. for providing information for the notes and bibliography and pointing out errors in the edited transcripts; M.L. for giving me Savitri's correspondence with O.L. and for pointing out errors in the transcripts; Georg and Magdlen Schrader for providing their correspondence with Savitri, their recollections of her stay with them, and the German translation of "1953"; Colin Jordan for the gift of a copy of *Gold in the Furnace* that Savitri originally gave to Françoise Dior; William Pierce for supplying materials for the bibliography and notes; Kevin Alfred Strom for Savitri's correspondence with Revilo P. Oliver and information for the bibliography; Christian Bouchet and Alexander Baron for information for the bibliography; Matt Koehl for copies of Savitri's correspondence with him and with George Lincoln Rockwell, another treasure trove of information; Miguel Serrano, Martin Kerr, and S.G.D. for copies of their correspondence with Savitri, which proved extremely useful for identifying a number of proper names; and Terry Cooper, Diana Hughes, Nefertiti Saleh, Mark Weber, and others who wish to remain anonymous for providing information for the notes.

Georg and Magdlen Schrader took Savitri into their home for six weeks in 1982. It was one of her happiest times during her last, sad, nomadic year. In an undated letter to Beryl Cheetham from July or August 1982, Savitri writes, "I have been *very* happy—in spite of my declining eyesight and stiffening body—among these extraordinarily kind, *understanding*, and extremely well-informed friends. Many a time I have felt ashamed of my own poor knowledge—especially concerning German medieval *and* later history—when compared to theirs. Frau Schrader is all the more praiseworthy that during her school days, there

was in Germany *no* teaching of history *at all* for children or adolescents. She learnt the lot *by herself*, in well-chosen books (far *better* than the amount of *falsehood* that one learns nowadays in schools not only in Germany but everywhere in Europe!). As for *Herr Schrader*, he is a real *scholar*, whose talk is for me a delectation." Because of their help to Savitri, and to me, I dedicate this book to them.

R.G. Fowler

Chapter 1

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1. EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

I was born in France on the 30th of September, 1905. Not of French parents, completely. I was a French citizen automatically because all children born in France are automatically French citizens. But my mother was English. My father was, I would say, a Mediterranean man. His mother was from Lombardy. Now he is Greek by his father, but his father had taken French nationality long ago. So: Greek, Italian, and English.¹

And I was born of already aged parents. My mother was forty, my father forty-five or forty-six.² And I don't know if this detail is interesting or not, but it seems I weighed nine hundred grams, not even a kilo, at birth. As a young person, I was always an admirer of ancient Sparta in Greece, and my mother used to tell me, "If you had been born in Sparta you would've been thrown in the chasm at birth." The chasm is a cleft between two mountains, and babies who were not fit to be either warriors or mothers of warriors were just dropped into that at birth, at the order of the Spartan magistrate.³ In antiquity they brought up only the fit ones. And of course I would've been considered as good for nothing. I was nine hundred grams, not even a kilo: into the chasm. But I was born in France, in democratic France, so I was allowed to grow up.

I was the only child, and very early I liked the conversation of grown-up people. I never really liked to play with other children. I found their games silly. I liked discussions. I liked asking questions, queer questions like this one, for instance: "What is fire made of?" or things like that.

I can remember very far back. I can remember my perambulator.

¹ Savitri Devi's given name was Maximiani Julia Portas, also spelled Maximine Portaz. Portas/Portaz is short for Portassi. Savitri's mother was born Julia Nash. Her father's name was Maxim Portassi/Portas/Portaz.

² According to Savitri's letter to H.J. of 1 October 1980, her father was born on 14 February 1861, thus he was forty-four when she was born.

³ The chasm of Apothetae is on the slopes of Mount Taygetos. See Plutarch's *Lycurgus* in his *Lives*.

My mother told me that she sold it when I was two. I remember it very well, very well. I remember being sick of peaches. Sick in my perambulator. I remember the bed cloth, white and blue with tassels. I used to pull the tassels and say, "You come, you come, you come," and throw them away. And I remember once we were in the park, and I put my hand outside my perambulator, and it was all wet. I said, "Mummy, what's that?" I only spoke English because my mother was English. She was Cornish. So I put my hand out, and I said, "What's that?" She said, "That's the dew." Well, that was a new word! Until we came home, I repeated it: "dew, dew, dew, dew." I remember that as though it was yesterday. I was about one and a half. I have a good memory for things. And things that impress me, I remember them always. Always.

Well, for instance, I remember snails. In my neighborhood, you put live snails in vinegar to force them out, to eat them. I said, "The poor snails." I always loved animals. I was always indignant at any kind of action of humans against them. I refused to eat meat. My mother and father didn't eat meat very often. They ate meat on festival days. Sometimes Sundays, and Christmas, Easter, days like that. But I didn't want to even on those days. And for Christmas I had peas in butter, boiled peas in butter. That was my Christmas dinner. And a slice of plum pudding made with butter. She didn't make it with suet, because she knew I wouldn't have eaten it otherwise. I had very strong ideas. And nothing could've made me change.

And one thing that upset me from my childhood when I was five is experiments on animals, circuses, the fur industry, all things where animals are the victims. Experiments on animals, never! I said, "As long as that exists, I'm not going to say a word against things that happen to human beings." And to this day when I hear of things that go on in Africa, in Uganda—Idi Amin Dada is supposed to be a monster, a tyrant, whatever you like—I couldn't care less. As long as they put up with experiments on animals in their laboratories, I'm not going to criticize Idi Amin Dada. He's a Negro. Let him do what he likes. After all, his victims are also Negroes. I couldn't care less. Negroes among Negroes. Let them do it.

They used to give missionary literature to me. The little girl brought up in cannibal surroundings. The mission school comes to the village. And she's indignant at the idea of eating people, people of the enemy tribes. And she ends up by becoming a Christian. I used to tell people openly, "If you call that superior, and if you must admire this little girl, why don't you admire me? I have standards." I didn't say it in those words, of course. I meant, "My standards of behavior are higher than

yours. You don't respect animals. I do. So why don't you admire me if I have to admire this little girl?" That was insolent. I was as insolent as possible. I never was afraid of being insolent unless I was severely punished, like in school.

Another thing that I remember that was in 1912 is my first film. My mother wanted to see *Quo Vadis*. It was playing at the cinema in Lyons. And she wanted to put me in somebody else's house. She wanted to go alone. Nobody wanted me because I was too naughty. So she had to take me with her, and she took me. And I saw *Quo Vadis*. Of course I didn't understand the intrigues of the film. But I saw marble staircases, Roman ladies draped in pleated material, going up and down with their Roman hairdress, everything beautiful and harmonious. Of course there were the lions in the arena and the blessed Christians. But I admired the lions. I loved them. Great big cats. I didn't find any objection to them eating people. They're great big cats. I thought that if I had been in the arena I would have caressed them. And when I came out I told my mother, "When I grow up I want to be a Roman." She said, "Why do you want to be a Roman?" "Because they are beautiful. You see, mummy, they are beautiful. I like their dress." And now, after so many decades, when I see myself draped in a sari, I find it something like the dream of a child of six realized.

Another thing that struck me in this film was the newsreel. The newsreel was about the sinking of the Titanic. The Titanic sunk I think on the 12th of April, 1912, and I saw the sinking in the newsreel. And somebody told us, the speaker, that there was an English lady who was not allowed to get into the lifeboat because she had a dog, a little dog. They said, "You can come in but not your dog." She said, "I would rather go and be drowned with my dog than come in without it." And I remembered that. And when I came home I said to my mother, "Now look how illogical, look how stupid! The lady might weigh fifty kilos, say the dog, ten kilos. They refused the lady with the dog, sixty kilos. And if a human being comes along weighing ninety-five kilos, they'll take him. Look at the illogical thing! If they want to save many, many people, they should save only the children and let the grown-ups die in the sea. That's their logic. They are against their own logic. I don't like that, mummy. I don't like that." That was one of the things I said when I was six.

I went to school for the first time, on the 1st of October, 1911. I was exactly six. I knew reading and writing already and could multiply, add, subtract, and divide by one figure. My mother taught me that. In the Catholic school I knew that I had to keep my mouth shut according

to good Christianity. And in the council school where I went afterwards, I had to keep my mouth shut about the French Revolution, which I hated. I never liked the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the idea of equality. I didn't like it. I found that something beautiful is not the equal of the same kind of thing ugly. I thought that the strong cannot be the equal of the weak, etc. There were some natural values above all.

They had the *Déclaration des droits de l'homme* on a panel in the corridor, and one day I asked permission to go to the WC (excuse me).⁴ And they said, "All right, you go." I didn't go. I went to the corridor, stood in front of the panel, and did this awful gesture.⁵ It's very rude to do that in French. I did that at it. And the headmistress caught me and said, "Why are you doing that?" I said, "Because that's all lies." "Who told you that, your father?" I said, "No, no, my father is for it. He likes that stuff, but I don't." "Why don't you like it? Why do you think it's lies?" "Well, because equality is a lie." "How do you think equality is a lie?" I said, "Because a beautiful girl is not equal to an ugly girl. An ugly girl is inferior." And I named two girls in my class. I said, "So-and-so, I like so-and-so. She's a good girl, of course, but she's inferior to this one. This one's a beauty." A blonde, blue-eyed, beautiful girl named Aimée Villon. And the headmistress could say nothing. She said, "Well, you'll be punished." I said, "Punish me if you like. I don't mind. I'm not for the French Revolution." "You'd rather be a serf under the kings?" I said, "As a serf under the kings, I'd have something to love. The majesty of the king is something that can dazzle me. But there's no majesty in a republic, in an aggregate of so many hundreds of men who give out decisions. What is there to love in them? What is there to love in them? They are not a person. I can love a person. I can't love an assembly." I said that. They didn't say anything else to me. But I was quite young.

Just before the First World War, I began my weekly visits to the Musée Guimet. It was an Asiatic museum. Or rather, it was the Lyons branch of the big Asiatic museum of Paris. I was playing, making mud pies, in the public garden not far from there. It started raining. "Mother," I said, "it's raining now. We have no umbrellas. Where must we go?" My mother told me, "We must go and take shelter somewhere. We can take shelter in the museum." So we went into the museum, took

⁴ WC = water closet, i.e., toilet.

⁵ In *Defiance* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1951), Savitri states that she also stuck out her tongue at a bust representing the French Republic (*Defiance*, 493).

shelter from the rain.

And my mother asked me, “Would you like to see antiquity or animals?” I said, “I’d rather see antiquity because the animals are stuffed. I don’t like to see stuffed animals. I like to see live ones.” “All right.” The first hall was Assyrian sculptures. There was a mummy there. We saw Egyptian antiquities, Assyrian antiquities, and then we went upstairs. It smelt of sandalwood and incense. And I inhaled it deeply. I liked it. And there were Tibetan pictures, and there were Siamese pictures. I liked the style too. It was a very good place. I was in the Orient at once. Straight into the Orient. I liked it. I saw the Indian room, and I saw the Chinese room, and I saw the Japanese room and everything. And I was very interested.

And I asked, “Mummy, can I come here every Sunday?” And my mother said, “Yes, every Sunday from 2:00 to 5:00 it’s open. You can come here. We’ll be quiet.” Because I used to make enough noise for ten at home. And I went there every Sunday for ten years or nearly. And that was my Asiatic formation. I learnt the history of Asia, the little I knew of it in those days, from the museum. I had a book, *The Musée Guimet*, covering all the history, mythology, and popular religions of Japan and China—old China, before Mao, of course.⁶ I was very interested. I liked it. Asia never felt foreign to me. I don’t feel foreign here. Any more than I do in Europe.

2. GREEK NATIONALISM

Of course I was brought up in the Christian religion. I was christened. My parents were married in the Anglican Church. I was christened there and went over to the Greek Church in Lyons. I wouldn’t say I was re-christened because there is no re-christening, but I was given the option of joining the Greek Church. Anyhow, I grew up between the English friends of my mother and the increasing Greek community of Lyons, mostly Greeks from Asia Minor, especially from

⁶ I find no record of a book with this title, but Joseph Hackin wrote a number of books associated with the Musée Guimet, including *Guide-catalogue du Musées Guimet. Les collections bouddhiques. Inde centrale et Gandhâra, Turkestan, Chine septentrionale, Tibet* (Paris: Librairie Nationale d’art et d’histoire, 1923); *La sculpture indienne et tibétaine au Musée Guimet* (Paris: Librairie Ernest Leroux, 1931); and with Thchang Yi-Tchou, *La peinture chinoise et l’art bouddhique Tibetan au Musée Guimet* (Paris: Geuthner, 1910). The volume that best fits Savitri’s description is Joseph Hackin, et al., *Mythologie asiatique illustrée* (Paris: Librairie de France, 1928). In English: *Asiatic Mythology, a Detailed Description and Explanation of the Mythologies of All the Great Nations of Asia* (New York: Crescent, 1963).

1922 onwards.

I was much more inclined to think myself Greek than anything else. Even England didn't attract me as much as Greece. I didn't like my mother's English friends very much. I found them dull. Their conversation was dull. They always spoke of people who were sick. "So-and-so had an operation, so-and-so is 'poorly.'" It was boring. And then the church, the church: "What did the Cardinal say in his speech?" It was boring.

But I had the Greek colony, and those Greeks were mostly Greeks of Asia Minor. And they had an idea, all the Greeks had that idea. They called it the *Megali Idea*, the Great Idea. The dream of all Greeks in one state. Those of Greece, of course, those of Thrace, those of the coast of Asia Minor on the Black Sea, those of the coast of Asia Minor on the Aegean Sea. Capitol: Constantinople. The reconstruction of the Byzantine Empire, to the profit of the modern Greeks. That was the dream of everybody. Even when they had a marriage festival or some ceremony, the last toast embodied that idea: "And let us go to Constantinople, children." I grew up with that.

I loved Greece not because of ancient Greece, and I would put stress on that. Of course, I loved ancient Greece. I loved Sparta, especially. But it is not so much ancient Greece as modern Greece of my times and modern Greece of the Independence War, 1821-1830, that attracted me. What I liked in contemporary Greece was this. They replied to those who told them that they should join the First World War on the Allied side to become big, to become great in territory, "We are small, but honorable." "Greece, small and honorable." I liked that expression very much.

And then I liked some episodes of recent Greek history like the Suli episode of 1799. These Greek women of the village of Suli were fighting the Turks. And when they saw the Turks had surrounded the rock on top of which they were, and the men fighting below were practically all killed, their alternative was the Turkish harem or death. They started a dance. They took each other's hands, and they went and danced around on top of the rock. They also sang a song that is popular in Greece today. I could sing it. And each time one neared the cliff, she threw herself below—with her child if she had a child, or with her children if she had more than one. And all two hundred and fifty of them died like that. I found that piece of modern Greek history quite uplifting. And I liked it. I liked to feel myself the compatriot of these women.

3. FOUR WARS

Now I have remembrances of four wars. The Balkan War, 1912-1913: I remember the news we had of it, I remember the part I took in it, how glad I was when the Greeks took Salonika on the 26th of October 1912. It was the name day of Saint Dimitri, who was the patron of the town. And I remember all the kind of things like that, all the facts of the Balkan War. I resented my mother wearing a ribbon on a hat, Bulgarian colors. They were the fashion in France. I said, "Why do you wear Bulgarian colors? Bulgarians are our enemies." And they were in the Balkan War. Anyhow, then the First World War, 1914. And then the one that influenced me the most, the Greco-Turkish War in 1920-22. And then the Second World War.

The First World War, I remember it. I remember the school. I went to a Catholic school. I was sent to a Catholic school. And they would tell us, "Now you must put money into the box in front of the Holy Virgin Mary for her to bless the Allies." I didn't like that. Why should she bless the Allies? She wasn't French. She wasn't English. What had she to do with this war? I told my mother, "Mother, she was from Palestine. Why should she bless the Allies and make them win the war?" I said, "Don't put any money in." "Of course, that's nonsense." "Don't put any money in the box." "All right."

And then I had many answers that didn't quite satisfy me in any way. I was always questioning and always wanting to think for myself. Something happened in 1914. They told us, "The Germans, you see, are real barbarians. They went through Belgium, never asking permission of the Belgian government." I said, "All right, if you don't ask permission and you go through a country without it, then you are a barbarian. Quite right."

But in 1915, the French landed in Salonika in Greece without the permission of the Greek government. And they started not only doing that, but they started deepening the cleft between the Prime Minister Venizelos and the king of Greece, Constantine I, who was the brother-in-law of the German Kaiser.⁷ I said, "Why did they do that? They are barbarians if they did that. If the Germans are barbarians for marching through Belgium, the French must be barbarians for landing in Greece.

⁷ Eleutherios Venizelos (1864-1936), several times elected Prime Minister of Greece, was the chief foe of the Greek Monarchy during his political career. In her letter to H.J. of 1 October 1980, Savitri claimed that Venizelos was a Freemason, a fact that she regarded as quite significant. Constantine I, King of the Hellenes (1868-1923), ruled Greece twice, from 1913-17 and again from 1920-22. His wife, Queen Sophia, lived from 1870-1932.

And the English must be barbarians for blockading the coast of Greece in 1916 for ten months and not allowing anything in. If you don't allow goods to come into Greece, Greece will starve. It only produces olive oil, raisins, tobacco, and that's about all. You can't live on that. So what is this hypocrisy?"

And when the brawl started in early December 1916 between Greeks and French sailors that had landed there, and there was a big row in France—fifty-four of the sailors were killed in the brawl with the Greeks—I was indignant. And then the French and English bombarded Athens in December '16. They call that the "November days" in Greece, because the calendar is thirteen days different.

That put me absolutely against the Allies in the First World War. I took some chalk from the school, and in the evening when nobody could see me, I went behind the newly-built railway station and wrote on the wall, "*A bas les Alliés! Vive l'Allemagne!*"—"Down with the Allies! Long live Germany!"⁸ I didn't know what Germany was in those days. Germany was just a patch of color on the map. But still I thought Germany would never be so hypocritical as to tell tales to me that some people are barbarians for doing a thing, and the people who do the same thing on the other side are not barbarians. They are fighting for liberty, and they are fighting for all the highest values.

Anyhow, time passed. The First World War came to an end. I was on the German side because of the hypocrisy of the Allies, because of what they told me: "These were barbarians, and these were not. These were fighting for themselves, and these were fighting for democracy." I said, "I don't like that kind of *deux poids, deux mesures*—two weights and two measures." The war came to an end, and I remember something awful, the screams of the crowd in the streets: "*L'Allemagne paiera! L'Allemagne paiera!*" "Germany will pay! Germany must pay!" Poor Germany, she was crushed completely, Austria too, and still they were screaming against her, "She must pay! She must pay! She must pay!" I hated that kind of insistence on the enemy's defeat. It was not chivalrous. It hurt my feeling of chivalrousness.

Another thing that shocked me very much after the First World War was the fact that they sent to Germany all the dark troops of Senegal. The occupiers of Germany were not French. They were Senegalese. And I knew there was a resistance, and I was admiring the resistance. I didn't know much about it. But I knew what was told in the papers.

⁸ According to Savitri's letter to H.J. of 1 October 1980, the station was the *Gare des Brotteaux* and the slogan was written in meter-high letters.

And always this idea of humiliating the country that had been defeated. Well, it should just have been finished. Do like the Ancients did. I used to compare the Allies and the Germans to the heroes of the Trojan War. I knew of the Trojan War, of course. I felt as though it was a contemporary war although it was 3,200 years before our times. After the battles, the heroes would mix together. They did not have any grudge against each other. I would've liked the Allies to show that kind of spirit. But they were anything but chivalrous.

4. EDUCATION

Now I passed my first examination in my life in 1917 and the second and third ones in 1921. In 1922 and '23 I had more examinations. I landed in Greece for the first time on the 9th of August 1923 and left Greece on the 5th of December 1923. I entered the university in Lyons, where my parents were living, in January of 1924. I passed my first examination, in psychology, on the 25th of June, 1924. On the 2nd of March, 1925, I passed my second examination in logics,⁹ with Mr. Goblot as a master.¹⁰ I passed my third examination, in ethics and sociology, on June the 25th, 1925. In that examination I questioned the idea of progress and answered just as I would answer today. It was a brilliant examination. I had eighteen out of twenty. Nobody ever gets an eighteen in the university for the arts. You get it in science, of course. In mathematics it's all right. But in arts you never get it. My other exams I passed with fourteen, fifteen but never eighteen. That was a very good one. I had another examination, in 1928, my last examination in the university to get the M.A. There are four exams for the M.A., *license ès lettres*.

Then I began work on my doctorate. To have a doctorate—what they call a state doctorate, a doctorate that, if you are a French subject, gives you the right to teach in a French university—you have to write two books, and quite thick ones. In 1928, I went to Greece to prepare my *thèse complémentaire*, my complimentary thesis. That is to say, I began with the second one, which was the easiest. Well, I wouldn't say the easiest. But the shortest.

I wrote an essay on Theophilos Kaïris¹¹ of three hundred or so

⁹ The French sometimes use the plural "logics" to refer to the whole range of subjects in philosophy.

¹⁰ Edmond Goblot (1858-1935) is still known for his work in logic (in the narrow sense of the term).

¹¹ Maximine Portaz, *Essai-critique sur Théophile Kaïris* (Lyons: Maximine Portaz, 1935).

pages. Theophilos Kaïris was a Greek who was born in 1784 and died in prison in 1853 for not being in accordance with the Orthodox Church. The real object of my thesis was not the person of Kaïris so much as the mentality of the modern Greek. The modern Greeks condemned Kaïris for repudiating the Orthodox Church, which was the national church. The ancient Greeks condemned Socrates because he did not believe in those gods in which the city believed. "He's an Athenian. He should believe in the gods of Athens. He doesn't? Well, out with him. He must drink poison, hemlock." I said, "It's the same mentality." And to show the similarity of that mentality of modern Greeks and ancient Greeks, making religion purely a national affair, I wrote that thesis.

I traveled extensively in Greece. I went all around Peloponnesus on foot and on horseback, alone. And I came back in November '29, having already finished my second thesis. But it was not printed yet. I had to have the first one. The subject of the first one was: What is simplicity in mathematics? Or in science in general. I started writing on simplicity in science in general, and I thought that in order to write something like that, I had to get a smattering of scientific training, otherwise I couldn't do anything. That subject had been given to me by the university teacher, Mr. Goblot, Edmond Goblot, one of the greatest teachers in France, greatest logicians anyhow. So I came back to France in '29 and went to the science university. And there I took an examination in physics-chemistry in July '30; general chemistry, in November '30; mineralogy, in July '31; and biological chemistry, in July '31. If you like, it is a whole L.Sc., *license ès sciences*, in physics-chemistry. I got that in '30-'31. And then I sat down to write my greater thesis.

But in the meantime, Mr. Goblot died. Mr. Étienne Souriau¹² was now teaching at the Sorbonne. And he said, "Don't write on *simplicité des sciences*, simplicity in sciences. It will be much too long. Confine yourself to *simplicité mathématique*, mathematical simplicity, what is the essence of it, analyze that." And that took me five hundred pages or more. And he told me that I should write part of my thesis on the mathematical theories of Mr. Brunschvicg.¹³ I didn't intend to write about Mr. Brunschvicg at all, but my teacher insisted on it, so I had to

¹² Étienne Souriau (1892-1979) was known primarily for his work in aesthetics.

¹³ Léon Brunschvicg (1869-1944) was a Jewish philosopher noted for his scholarly works on Descartes and Pascal. Savitri evidently did not relish discussing his theories, probably because he was a Jew.

do it. It was about mathematics anyhow. It was not about anything else.

My principal thesis was finished in 1934 and printed, along with the other thesis, at my parents' expense.¹⁴ In the meantime I went to India in 1932. The theses were printed in my absence and the proofs sent to me. And then I came back just for the *soutenance de thèse*.¹⁵ That is to say, to have a discussion about the subject with six professors. There was one professor of mathematics, one professor of Greek, and four professors of logics, different subjects in philosophy, and the *soutenance de thèse* took place in Lyons on the 1st of April 1935.

5. THE DISCOVERY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM, 1923-32

And then slowly the Hitler movement took place. I didn't know much about it in those days. I was fourteen in 1920. On the 24th of February, 1920, the party was founded in Munich. All right. Slowly, slowly I started finding out that there was a German patriot fighting for his country, fighting against the Versailles Treaty. That is to say, he was the opponent of these frenzied people whom I had seen in the streets saying, "*L'Allemagne paiera! L'Allemagne paiera!*"—"Germany must pay! Germany will pay!" I liked him. I liked him as a foreign leader, but that was about all. And then I heard of his aim. His aim was all Germans in one state. I liked that. I liked that for the very reason that found it was my own idea transposed on the German plane.

I had been brought up and had lived with the idea they call in Greek the *Megali Idea*, the Great Idea of all Greeks, those of Greece who have already been freed, those of the Greeks in Thrace, those of the Greeks on the coast of Asia Minor, on the Aegean coast, the coast of the Black Sea, Constantinople. Well, in those days Constantinople had more than half a million Greeks. It was a Greek town practically. All those would be in one state. The reconstruction of the Byzantine Empire with Constantinople as the capital. I wanted that. And I said to myself, "Well, if there's a German who wants the same for his country, good luck to him. I'm all for it." And especially I didn't like the Allies. I never liked them. I never liked the victors of the First World War. So, so much the better.

And I used to follow whatever I heard of him, and the first great thing I heard of him was the *Putsch* of the 9th of November, 1923. I was in Athens at that time. I spent the afternoon of the 9th of November on the Acropolis. I remember that. And the next day it was in the

¹⁴ Maximine Portaz, *La simplicité mathématique* (Lyons: Maximine Portaz, 1935).

¹⁵ Thesis defense.

papers. The next day I heard of it. And my reaction was: "Pity he didn't succeed. That would've been a fine lesson for these swine." (Excuse me.) And the lady in whose house I said that, a Swiss lady called Mademoiselle Mauron, said to me, "And who, if you please, do you call 'these swine'?" I said, "The Allies, Madame. I don't like them. I wish he had won. Really I wish he had won." Anyhow that passed. Mademoiselle Mauron didn't like me, of course. But I couldn't care less.¹⁶

Before this had been the Greek-Turkish War, '20-'22, and I knew that those former Allies of the First World War had helped the Turks, or more or less showed indifference, and they had told the Greeks to go on and on and on and conquer Asia Minor. But they never helped them, not even the British. As far as the French were concerned, Mr. Franklin-Bouillon signed a treaty of alliance with the Turks in March 1921 during one of the Greek offensives in Asia Minor.¹⁷ And I said to myself, "They tore up our Treaty of Sèvres, that was just, that gave back at least some Greek territory to Greece. They tore it to pieces, and they started saying, in 1920 already, after the return of King Constantine to Greece, after the Greek elections against Venizelos, they started saying, 'All right, we'll tear the Treaty of Sèvres into pieces.' Why shouldn't that Treaty of Versailles and why shouldn't that Treaty of Saint Germain be torn into pieces to do business also? If they don't respect our Treaty of Sèvres, why should I respect their Treaty of Versailles? Good for Hitler."

I was all on his side because he was against the Treaty of Versailles. I considered the Treaty of Versailles an infamy, especially compared to the Treaty of Sèvres that was not anything bad. It was quite just. The Treaty of Versailles separated people who shouldn't be separated. It put together people who were not to be put together. Czechoslovakia is the Pakistan of Europe. They put together Czechs and Slovaks who hate each other. And some Ruthenians and some Ukrainians and three and a half million Germans who didn't want to be there, who wanted that to be Germany. I can understand that. And I thought, "If he wants all Germans in one state, well I want all Greeks in one state. Good for him." But I did not yet call him my Führer. He was the Führer of the Germans. And I liked the Germans. Although I had never met any.

I met one. The first German I met, I will speak of him. He was one

¹⁶ Cf. *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958), 105-6.

¹⁷ Henry Franklin-Bouillon (1870-1939) signed his agreement in Ankara with Atatürk on 20 October 1921.

Geißler. I wonder if he's alive still. That was just after the First World War, 1918. For months and months, in 1918, 1919, there were German prisoners in France. And a man called Mr. Lagrillon was the head of the camp near Lyons. They were building the foundations of the hospital. It still exists. It is called the *grange blanche*.¹⁸ And this Mr. Lagrillon invited my father and my mother and myself to visit the camp one day on Sunday. And when we were in the camp, he said to my father, "Your wife is English, isn't she? And your daughter speaks English? Well, we have a German prisoner who speaks English too. Would you like to meet him?" My mother said, "Yes, of course, I'd like to meet him."

So in came one of the prisoners, a tall man, red hair, red-blond with a very aristocratic bearing and gold-rimmed spectacles, and he presented himself. I don't know if it was Geißler or Geßler or something like that. And my mother spoke to him, and she was a pacifist, my mother. She said, "I am so sorry that our two countries fought for so many years. We should never fight again. There should be peace on earth and blah, blah, blah; blah, blah, blah"—a lot of peace talk.

My father didn't understand English at all. And then my father said to me, "Now would you like to say something? You speak English too." I said, "Yes, why not?" And I said, "I am glad you are the first German I met. Well, do you know, during the First World War I was on your side, not on the side of the Allies, not for any other reason but because they are hypocrites. They say one thing and they do another thing. I don't like that. And I really like you. And I wish, one day, that you'll be the first nation, that you conquer the whole of Europe and be the dominant people in Europe. I wish that. That would give a lesson to these people. The Allies, I don't like them." I repeated it two or three times. And he smiled, and he didn't say a word.

I wonder whether during the *Kampfzeit*, during the struggle for power of Hitler, he thought of me sometimes, that thirteen-year-old girl who told him, "I wish your country to be the leader of Europe." Anyhow, whether he did or whether he didn't, I don't know. But I would like to know whether he is alive still. He would be now—of course I was thirteen, he might have been twenty, twenty-two—he must be more than eighty now if he's alive, because I'm in my seventy-fourth year.

And I followed the movement of Hitler with great sympathy, as the

¹⁸ White barn.

movement of a foreign leader, working for his country, nothing more. But at the same time, under the influence of the Musée Guimet, I was in touch with all the religions of Asia, and I liked to study them, and I liked them. I liked many of them. I liked Shinto, the national religion of Japan. I liked the idea of hierarchy that you find in the Hindu religion: the idea of all the races in the world represented in India with the Aryan at the top. It's the only religion in the world that tells you that the Aryan is to be at the top of all other races.

And that, combined with Bible study, put me against the Jews. My mother sent me to a sort of Sunday school, and I learnt a lot. I had an aunt also, a very pious aunt, an admirer of the Jews as God's own people.¹⁹ And she told me I must read in front of her every Sunday afternoon a chapter of the Old and a chapter of the New Testament. And I did so. And the reading of the Bible just put me against the Jews. I did not learn opposition to the Jews in *Mein Kampf*. I didn't read it till it was published. It was not published in those days. I learnt opposition to the Jews in the Bible. Nowhere else. In the Old Testament, especially. I told my aunt, "Why should I admire these people who say they are God's chosen? What bad taste to choose these people. I would've had better taste than that. I would have chosen the Greeks or the British or the Germans or something else, or the Indians perhaps, but not these." "Why?" "Well, they have ways of living that I don't like."

For instance, there's a woman named Jael. She's in the fifth chapter of Judges, I think. In the Song of Deborah in Judges, she is called "blessed woman, blessed among all women who live in tents."²⁰ And she's the only one in the Bible called blessed among all women except the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of Christ. Why is she called blessed among all women? Because after the battle of Mount Tabor, when the Amalekites were fleeing in front of the Jews and the head of the Amalekites, the general Sisera went to her tent in the desert, the tent of Jael, wife of Heber the Canaanite, and told her, "I'm thirsty; give me water." (I know what it means now to be thirsty in the desert. I've crossed the desert. In those days, of course, I didn't know it, but still I knew what it was to be thirsty.) And she said, "All right, come in my tent, and I'll give you water, not only water, I'll give you milk, and you can sleep here." And in he came. She gave him milk. She put him to sleep on something, on a cot, let's say, and while he was asleep—it

¹⁹ Nora Nash.

²⁰ The story of Jael is in Judges 4, the Song of Deborah in Judges 5.

says in the Bible, I didn't invent it—she took one of those nails by which you fix the tent and hammered it through his head, and then she went out and called the Jews and said, "Come along, come along. I killed your enemy Sisera. Come and see him." And for that act of cowardice, she's called blessed among all women. I didn't like that. I said, "If that's Jewish courage, well thank you very much."

And I also didn't like the episode of Agag, king of the Amalekites, handed over to Samuel the so-called prophet and cut up alive into pieces on an altar of stone.²¹ Why? Because Samuel, on the part of God, had told Saul the king of the Jews to spare no prisoners. Kill them all, and the women and the babies and the cattle. Kill every one of the Amalekites. And he didn't do it. He kept them as slaves. He kept the animals in order to eat them later on. And he kept Agag. And Samuel said, "Because you didn't listen to the command of God you are no longer king of Israel from this minute. And where is Agag?" "Here he is." "All right." And he cut him to pieces all alive. I found that very nasty for a prophet.

And I didn't like also the episode of David, the very good king, in 2 Samuel 12, verses 30 and following, in which it is said after the conquest of Rabbah, the capital of the Ammonites, he just put a sword into some of the prisoners, had them sawed in two, and others were put alive in brick kilns, thank you very much. And, moreover, these Ammonites were people of the same race as the Jews, more or less. They were the children of Ben Ami, the son of one of Lot's daughters who married her own father, just like the Moabites, the sons of Moab, the son of another daughter of Lot with her own father.²² But they were Semites, and they were very close to the Jews, but they did not worship the Jewish God. That was the only difference. The Ammonites worshipped Milcom, and Moabites worshipped Chemosh. What's the difference? Why should people quarrel over their gods? I didn't understand that at all, and I didn't like the "chosen people." I said, "Why should they be chosen?"

And why should Christianity, that comes from that, be the international religion? We had religions before. We had our own national religions. We were Hellenes. We had the religion of the Romans. We had our Nordic religions in Germany, in Russia, in France with the Celts, the Druids, and all that. I liked those old religions, and I wanted to go back to them.

²¹ 1 Samuel 15.

²² Genesis 19:37-38.

But I said, “To be honest, I like something of the Byzantine church. I like the chanting, and I like the ceremonies. I don’t like the Christian values, but I do like the Orthodox Church. I must *see* the cradle of Christianity before I do anything.” I had the old Aryan Great Idea. I said, “Why did we change our gods, really? But I’m going to see what Palestine looks like. What does the cradle of this foreign religion look like?” And I went there.

So in Greece in April ’29 I joined a Greek pilgrimage to Palestine third class. It was cheap, and we were to stay forty days in Palestine. We stayed till the end of May. Visited the place thoroughly. I was shocked. I saw these old ladies and some young ones, flat on their bellies, kissing the Holy Land whenever they saw some relic of the days of Christ. And they are all faked, mind you. You know the cloth with Christ’s figure on it?²³ There are thirty-nine of them in the whole world, not one. And I don’t know how many foreskins. There’s one foreskin of little Jesus at the Vatican. I think there are about nineteen or twenty dispersed in all the world. He didn’t have nineteen foreskins. He had one, naturally. Everybody has one, all males. The contortions, the signs of exaltation in front of the slightest thing, and behaving really in what I call a servile manner because it was the Holy Land.

I was also shocked by the foreign atmosphere of the land. I felt myself in quite different surroundings from those of Greece. Of Europe, of course, but even of Greece, which is an Oriental country. In Greece we say, “I’m going to Europe” when we go to Italy. Europe is considered as something different. Whatever was under western Roman domination is Europe. What was influenced by the Byzantine Empire—that is to say, Greece, the Balkans, Russia—that’s not Europe. That’s something else. Well, in fact, if not geographically, at least ideologically, they are right. Greece is not Europe. Nor is Russia. Nor are the Balkans. Whatever was under the Byzantine Empire is not Europe to this day in the Greek speech.

So I looked at that, and I said, “Well, Holy Land? What is the Holy Land? Holy Land for the Greek is Greece. Holy Land for a German is Germany. Why should Palestine be the Holy Land of the Greeks? Why should we call, in Greek schools, the history of the Jews ‘holy history’? What is holy about it?” And it dawned on me that the whole of Europe has been for centuries under the grip, the spiritual grip, of foreign people. We go to the cathedrals, these beautiful cathedrals, and we see the Jewish prophets—Moses and all the others—along with the saints,

²³ Probably the Shroud of Turin.

and the saints are Jews, most of them. Some, of course, are not. But most of them are. All the first ones are. The apostles are. Well, Jesus is supposed to have been one. And why should we bow down to these? Why don't we bow down to our own people? We have philosophers. We don't need the fathers of the church. Well, in fact the fathers of the church put a lot of Aryan philosophy into their Jewish tradition. That's another question. I said, "Goodness me, what an influence of Jewry, what a great grip of Jewry on our race. Why should we be under that grip? Who is going to free us of that grip? Who is going to give us our own self again?"

And it suddenly dawned on me, sometime in April 1929—I don't know if it was the 20th; I hope it was the 20th—and in Palestine of all places, that this foreign German leader who wanted all Germans in one state and wanted the abolition of the treaties of Versailles and Saint Germain, really wanted more than that, much more. And much more meaning: the freedom of Europe, the freedom of the Aryan race, from any kind of Jewish spiritual overlordship. He's the one who's going to free us from that. Well, if he's that, then he's not only the Germans' leader, he's my leader too. *Mein Führer*. And from that day, I felt, not that I was becoming a National Socialist—I never became one—but that I had always been one, without knowing it. That's what I felt. And I started thinking of going to Germany and joining the movement. It was the movement of liberation.

But then something else came into consideration. I had just taken Greek nationality officially when I was twenty-one. I didn't believe that I should keep French nationality when I was more attached to Greece than I was to France. At the Greek Home Ministry, the Ministry of the Interior as they call it, they said, "Miss Portassi, why are you doing that? You will have no advantage at all in taking Greek nationality because your diplomas are French. You did all your education in France. In France you would have a career. In Greece you'd have none." I said, "I don't care. I shall not be the compatriot of Mr. Franklin-Bouillon who signed the secret—well, more or less secret—treaty with the Turks in 1921, nor with General Sarrail who landed in Salonika without permission of the Greek government in 1915.²⁴ And that's all I want." "What will you live on?" "I'll give lessons." "But anybody does that without diplomas. You have diplomas." I said, "I don't care. I don't care." He said, "When you are

²⁴ General Maurice Sarrail (1865-1929), commanding French troops from Gallipoli, landed in Salonika on 5 October 1915.

old and with no pension, no work, you will regret it.” Well, I am old now, and I’m sorry to say to those who told me the contrary, I do not regret it. I do not regret any act of sincerity.

People told me all sorts of things: “You will regret not knowing this. You will regret not knowing that, not trying this or trying that.” I said, “There are so many things I can’t try.” “To be in love, to never fall in love. You’ll regret it one day.” I don’t regret it at all. I regret I couldn’t see Peru. Yes, that I regret. And I regret I never went to Germany during the great days. I couldn’t go.

Anyhow, I thought in those days, “Now if I go to Germany they will say, ‘This woman was a French national at birth. She took Greek nationality when she was twenty-one. What does she want now in Germany? Is she a kind of spy or something like that?’” There would be mistrust. So I thought to myself, “No, I will start working in Greece itself for the old ideology, the old pagan ideology.²⁵ And if I cannot there, I must go somewhere else. But I must only go to Germany when I have something to show, some achievement that I have had elsewhere. I’ll not go to Germany before. Especially not now, during the struggle.” So I kept out of it.

In Greece I met with the opposition of the people who loved the church: “You are going against the religion of our fathers.” I told them, “Dear me, what do you mean by the religion of your fathers? If nobody in your family had ever gone against the religion of *his* fathers—that is to say, the Olympian gods—you wouldn’t be now a Christian. So why do you blame me?” Anyhow, I found after a year or two that I could do nothing. I went back to France. I took my L.Sc. in chemistry, physics-chemistry. And then I began my doctoral thesis, my first thesis, *La simplicité mathématique*, what is mathematical simplicity?

6. INDIA, 1932-39

And then, while writing my thesis, I felt I should go somewhere and start something else: a collaboration of something of today with the eternal spirit that Germany represented. And I thought of India. I said, “India, it’s a country of many races. But it’s the only country in the world whose religion proclaims the Aryan race as the most excellent of all and would give the leadership to Aryans only, according to tradition.” I don’t mean to say that in India today the leadership is in the hands of Aryans. Anything but. India was in those days under the

²⁵ In *Defiance*, Savitri describes her pagan missionary work in Greece (*Defiance*, 432-3).

British.²⁶

And then I heard that there was an outlook in India, not man-centered, but life-centered. Man was not everything. Animals were respected. I thought so. When I came here, I heard that there were experiments done upon them. I said, "That would be the British rule. When the British went away, it would stop." But it didn't stop. On the contrary, it went on and on. The British infected the minds of Indians with democratic ideas and humanitarian ideas, and now it's not Aryan.

I didn't know a single Indian, but one fine day, after the death of my father in February 1932, I had a part of his inheritance, although a small part, just a quarter.²⁷ My father was not really rich. It was in reality the money of my mother that belonged to my father because she was married, what they call in French, without a contract, that is to say without a money arrangement. The money was mine anyhow.

I went to the British Consulate. I got a permit for India and sailed off to India. I would sail to Colombo²⁸ without knowing where I was going and what I would do there. I just had the money. The British Consul told me, "It will last three months." "Why?" "Because you have to travel first class. You are a European." I said, "All right, those who want to keep up Europe's prestige by traveling first class, they can do so. I shall travel cheap to make my money last," and I went all the way to India fourth class. There were four classes then. I didn't care. No ventilation, smelly. I didn't care as long as I could see the country and see the temples.

In Ceylon was my first experience with Buddhism. I went to a Buddhist temple in Kandi and put an offering in front of the Buddha along with other women. I felt the beating of drums in my body. It was an exotic experience. It was something new. And some of these women were quite fair. "After all," I said, "Buddhism is really an Aryan religion. Originally it was founded by an Aryan. It's something better than Christianity anyhow." And from there, after several days in Ceylon, about a fortnight, I went to Talaimannar and Dhanushkodi, India. Talaimannar is the Ceylon station. Dhanushkodi is the Indian station.

And there I went to the Rameshwaram temple. I went there on a

²⁶ Savitri is not saying that the British were not Aryans, but that they prevented the Aryan castes in India from exercising leadership.

²⁷ According to Savitri's letter to H.J. (1 October 1980), her father died of a stroke on 24 February 1932.

²⁸ In Ceylon/Sri Lanka.

festive day, and I saw in the Rameshwaram temple the festival of Vaishakha Purnima, in the month of May.²⁹ This series of seven elephants, one behind the other, with purple draperies. Beautiful dark young men, like bronze statues, holding them in the darkness. With this queer music—very, very peculiar music I had never heard. And then suddenly the procession all around the sacred tank, following the chariot of Rama and Sita, Rama and Sita being the king and queen of Ayodhya years and millennia ago. They were both Aryans, Rama and Sita. They were Kshatriya Aryans. And they conquered the South. They conquered the South, says the Indian legend, with the help of the monkeys. In reality it means they conquered Dravidian strongholds, Dravidian power. The Dravidians were much more advanced than the Aryans technically speaking. The Aryans conquered them with the help of the aborigines. The aborigines are pictured as monkeys. The king of the monkeys, Hanuman, gave his alliance to Rama. They conquered the South. And they took back Sita. Sita had been taken away by the king of the South, that is to say, Ravana.³⁰

And I saw this crowd all around the sacred tank, under the full moon, with one palm tree in the background, a violet sky, beautiful. And this crowd throwing flowers of jasmine and other flowers on the chariot of Rama and Sita. The crowd of dark people, Dravidians. Dark people honoring the Aryan conqueror, represented white, as well as his wife, in the chariot. Honoring him with praise, with flowers, with a whole ceremony, thousands of years after the conquest.

And I stood against the pillar, and I thought of the song the Germans sung in those days, "*Deutschland gehört uns heute, und morgen, die ganze Welt*"—"Germany belongs to us today and tomorrow the whole world."³¹ And I thought, "*Today the whole world.*"

²⁹ In *Defiance* Savitri gives the date of the festival as 17 May 1935 (*Defiance*, 100). Cf. Savitri's description in *A Warning to the Hindus* (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1939), ch. 3; paperback edition (New Delhi: Promilla Paperbacks, 1993), 59.

³⁰ The story of Rama and Sita is told in the *Ramayana*.

³¹ The song is "Es zittern die morschen Knochen" ("The Rotten Bones Tremble") a.k.a. "Wir werden weiter marschieren" by Hans Baumann. In addition to a harmless change of word order, Savitri substitutes "gehört" (belongs to) in place of "hört" ("hears"), which gives the song an imperialistic tone:

Wir werden weiter marschieren,
 Wenn alles in Scherben fällt,
 Denn heute da hört uns Deutschland
 Und morgen die ganze Welt.

Here you are: non-Aryans in crowds come and worship as a god an Aryan king of old. That's lovely. I was proud of my race, proud of myself, proud of being a National Socialist. And I said to myself, "One day I'd preach National Socialism to these people. To the élite of them, at least, to the Aryans, and see what happens. They might be our allies." At least their religion *is* our ally. It is the only religion in the world that is perfectly compatible with National Socialism. I mean to say, of the living religions. I'm not speaking of ancient pagan ones. Of the living religions, it's compatible with our *Weltanschauung* absolutely.

And I went further north, from temple to temple. I visited quite a lot of Indians. I remained in Pondicherry for one time or two. I gave a lecture in Pondicherry. I don't know how much it was appreciated.

Now in the South I had an experience. In Trichinopoli, I was looking at the town, looking from a distance at the magnificent temple nearby, the temple of Sri Rangam, bursting out of the tropical vegetation. And there was a boy chanting in Sanskrit on the platform. It was the platform of the hill. The temple is on a hill. It's called the golden temple because it's covered in gold.

And I looked the other way, and I saw a kind of box, an enormous building full of windows. Ugly as anything can be. So I asked the people who were there, "What's that thing?" "Oh, that's the Jesuit hospital." I said, "Good, they came to destroy this Sri Rangam temple. It's such a beautiful thing. And to build that. If I can possibly fight this importation of Christianity in India, I shall do it."³²

And I went all over South India with a magnifying glass, figuratively of course, trying to find an organization standing up for the Hindu, that is to say, Aryan tradition. Against *all* philosophies of equality and all religions of equality. I found none. Anyhow, I went up North, and I reached Bengal, and I stayed in Bengal some time.

And I went back to Europe, but just for a very, very short time, in 1935. Why? Just to do my *soutenance de thèse*, that is to say, to take

We will march on,
Though everything falls to pieces,
For Germany hears us today,
And tomorrow the whole world.

This alteration of the song appears quite frequently in literature on National Socialism. It would be interesting to determine whether the song was first altered by National Socialists themselves or by anti-Nazi propagandists.

³² Cf. *Pilgrimage*, 127-28.

my doctoral degree. And a job was waiting for me on my return after I would learn Hindi. The job was in Jallundhar College, not very far from Delhi, to teach the history of England and the history of India. But that was to be in '36.³³ Before that, I had to learn Hindi thoroughly. So I came back from Europe, and I went to Shantiniketan, the open-air university near Bolpur in Bengal, to learn Hindi and to perfect my Bengali.³⁴ I used to speak Bengali and write Bengali already. I started learning Bengali in France. I didn't know a single Bengali or a single Indian, but I had read in French translation a novel of Saratchandra Chatterji, *Srikanta*,³⁵ and I liked it very much, and I said, "If I have to begin with one Indian language, I'll begin with this one." All right. So I wanted to perfect my Bengali and to learn Hindi. I went to Shantiniketan.

So in Shantiniketan what happened? I knew the great poet Rabindranath Tagore.³⁶ I didn't know that he was surrounded by all sorts of people, some of them former missionaries and some of them Jews. I didn't know that his teacher of German was called Margaret Spiegel, a Berlin Jewess with thirteen languages. Not stupid at all. She had been two years at Gandhi's ashram, telling Gandhi, of course, that there is nothing more opposed to his non-violence than National Socialism, trying to drive him away from all these kinds of things. And the secretary of Rabindranath Tagore, Amiya Chakravarty,³⁷ a Bengali

³³ In the fifth tape, Savitri confuses the chronology a bit by adding, after mentioning the Jallundhar position, "Oh, I went to Mathura. I worked in Mathura for one year, 1936. '37 I went into Jallundhar, and I left. '36 I came to Calcutta. End of '36. I can't remember exactly when it was. I get mixed up in all this."

³⁴ Savitri records her impressions of Shantiniketan in her *L'Etang aux lotus [The Lotus Pond]* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1940), ch. 9, "Demeures de paix" ("Abodes of Peace").

³⁵ Saratchandra Chatterji, *Srikanta*, trans. J.-G. Delamain (Paris: Stock "Le Cabinet Cosmopolite" No. 39, 1930). The novel is available in English translation under the author's full surname (Chatterji is a contraction): Saratchandra Chattopadhyaya, *Srikanta*, trans. Aruna Chakravarti (New York: Penguin, 1993). Chatterji/Chattopadhyaya lived from 1876-1938. He was a fervent Indian nationalist and poured these sentiments into his novels. *Srikanta*, however, deals more with sexual politics and is an attack on hypocritical social norms, including the caste system.

³⁶ Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) was born in Calcutta to a wealthy and powerful Brahmin family. The author of some fifty volumes of poetry, plus novels, short stories, essays, dramas, travelogues, and two autobiographies, he was awarded the 1913 Nobel Prize in Literature. Tagore founded Shantiniketan in 1901.

³⁷ Amiya Chakravarty (1901-1986) was a well-known poet, critic, and translator. He was secretary to Rabindranath Tagore from 1924-1933. He later held

Brahmin, thought it good to introduce me to Margaret Spiegel. He thought to himself, “Now this one is a white woman, *mem-saheb*, and this one too”—he didn’t see any difference between the Jewess and me; she didn’t look Jewish, in fact—“I’m going to bring them together, the two *mem-sahebs*.” I was introduced.

You can imagine what I was in 1935. I was twenty-nine years old. And I was arrogant. I felt that whatever happens to me in one part of the world, I always have Germany to go to. I have a place to go to. I couldn’t care less. So I talked very frankly. So she at once found out who I was, and I didn’t mind telling her. And she said to me, “I left Germany of my own free will—I wasn’t turned out—because I didn’t want to see the shadow of a Nazi anymore, not the shadow of one. And I come here, in a place of Indian culture, and I meet you, and you are worse than the whole pack rolled in one.”

I said, “Why am I worse than the whole pack rolled in one? That’s a great honor.” She said, “Well, over there they goosestep along the streets and they sing, ‘*Deutschland gehört uns heute, und morgen die ganze Welt.*’ But they don’t think of the *ganze Welt* at all. They think only of their blessed Germany.” I said, “That’s natural.” “But you,” she said, “you think of the world. You are not a Nazi because Hitler saved Germany. On the contrary, you like Germany, because it’s Hitler’s country.” I said, “Yes, exactly, exactly.”

So I said, “What do you think I came to do?” “You came to make the élite of India your allies.” I said, “Exactly.” She said, “There you are. You’re worse than the whole pack rolled in one. They never thought of that.” I said, “If I had spoken to the Führer, we would’ve done something like that.” I think it was the best thing to do. Well, in fact, the German Counsel-General of Calcutta in those days, and long before those days, did that.³⁸ She said, “You want to conquer India.” I said, “I want to conquer *Aryan* India.” There are Indians who are

professorships at Boston University’s Smith College and the State University of New York at New Paltz.

³⁸ In *Souvenirs et réflexions*, Savitri mentions that during his term of service, Dr. Eduard von Selzam (1897-1980), German Counsel-General in Calcutta since 1931, collaborated closely with Savitri’s future husband, A.K. Mukherji in the publication of his periodical *The New Mercury* (*Souvenirs et réflexions*, 275). For more on A.K. Mukherji, see §7 below. Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke also names two other German Counsels, Baron Wernher von Ow-Wachendorf and his successor Count von Podewils-Durniz, who may also have collaborated with Mukherji. (See Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, *Hitler’s Priestess: Savitri Devi, the Hindu-Aryan Myth, and Neo-Nazism* [New York: New York University Press, 1998], 67.)

perfectly White and Aryan, and there are some a little bit darker. They're still Aryan. They're not any darker than southern Europeans and lighter than some southern Europeans.

And then I joined the Hindu Mission. The Hindu Mission in Calcutta was an organization headed by Satyananda Swami in order to bring back to Hinduism Indians who had severed themselves from it and to make the greatest number of Indians possible call themselves Hindus whether they were or not. Because according to Hindu tradition, the aborigines are not considered Hindus nor are the untouchables, but the British had introduced democracy into India. One man, one vote. And they were all voting.

And they introduced the Communal Award, voting by religion. Bengal having 55% Mohammedans, the Bengal assembly had to have 55% representative Mohammedans. So you could only change that by making a few Mohammedans convert to Hinduism. And that's what the Hindu Mission did, in spite of the tradition that doesn't want any form of Hindu converted to Islam or Christianity or anything else to come back into his caste. Even today, I think, in the South you cannot come back to it. The Hindu Mission took them back into their castes. Only for that.

I worked for the Hindu Mission for years and had to travel all over Bengal, Bihar, and Assam, lecturing in Bengali mostly in Bengal and Assam, lecturing in Hindi in Bihar.³⁹ I was allowed to sprinkle my lectures with other things, especially with quotations from *Mein Kampf*, as much as I liked. And when I had met the head of the Hindu Mission, the founder, Satyananda Swami, I told him, "Look here, I'm a European pagan. I'm a disciple of Hitler. Can I talk my own talk in my lectures?" He wanted to employ me as a lecturer. He said, "You can say whatever you like. I consider your Hitler as an incarnation of the gods, at least of the god Vishnu, who is the god that keeps the world in place against destruction, against decadence. I honor him. You can talk about him as much as you like. Only you must talk about him from the Indian point of view. You must interest the Indians in him." I said, "All right." And I did that.

In my speeches in the name of the Hindu Mission, I used to quote *Mein Kampf*. I used to quote *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* by Alfred Rosenberg. I used to quote quite a number of things. And I used to tell them that there was a movement in Europe in favor of the

³⁹ In *Defiance* Savitri describes her lectures as "violent, eloquent speeches" (*Defiance*, 433).

original Aryan values, just as there are in India people who stick up for the Aryan values. And I was quite pleased. I remained in the service of the Hindu Mission all these years. Of course staying in Calcutta now and then and mostly traveling in Bengal, Bihar and Assam. I learnt a lot of knowledge through these travels, a lot about the people of India and the different castes.⁴⁰

7. ASIT KRISHNA MUKHERJI⁴¹

In those days I didn't know Mr. Mukherji yet. I was far from suspecting his existence. But I knew a paper called *The New Mercury*. It was published in Calcutta by A.K. Mukherji. And that paper was the only Hitler paper in India. It was a cultural and somewhat political magazine, but more cultural than anything else. There were articles in it like the history of the swastika, like an article from the Führer himself, recopied, "Nation and Architecture." More of the articles showing the homeland of the Aryans, and this and that. I used to read it with delight.

And the ordinary newspapers were more and more anti-German. That is to say, from the landing of Jews in India in 1933, the money that they gave to the papers made the press, slowly, slowly turn. And from 1937 onwards, it was completely on the other side. There were stories of Nazi atrocities or oppression, tyranny and what not, and the "poor Jews." And people talked of it. And I used to say, "Well, the poor Jews did so many things in the Old Testament that I have no time for them. Their atrocities in the Old Testament are much worse." "Oh that was a thousand years ago, thousands of years ago!" "It doesn't matter to me. It's all the same. Time doesn't count for me."

Anyhow, I used to read this paper with delight. And one day I asked some Greeks whom I knew, "Could I not meet that gentleman who edits this paper?" They said, "Yes, well, he was a neighbor of ours once. We can introduce you." And I was introduced to Mr. Mukherji, on the 9th of January 1938. And when I told him I was in Shantiniketan once, he said, "Oh, you are the person whom I refused to meet in 1935." I said, "You refused to meet me?" He said, "Yes. I didn't know you. Somebody just told me that there was a Greek woman in Shantiniketan who had more or less my ideas. And I said, 'She cannot be. She cannot have my ideas, and in that case, why did she come to that Jewish nest

⁴⁰ For an account of Savitri's travels in India up to the end of 1936, see *The Lotus Pond*.

⁴¹ Asit Krishna Mukherji (Mukherji is a contraction of Mukhopadhyaya), was born on 13 April 1904 and died in New Delhi on 21 March 1977.

Shantiniketan? Why didn't she go somewhere else? She must really be a Jewess out of the ghetto of Salonika." I said, "Of course I wasn't that." He said, "I know it now. I can see it now. But why did you go to that place, Shantiniketan?" I said, "Because it was cheap. One pound and a half and you were living there with all expenses for six months. And I had not much money. I went there to learn Hindi." "All right, I know it now. I'm very sorry I couldn't get to meet you then." Like that. That was Mukherji.

Anyhow, we had a talk. We had a long talk. One of his first questions was, "What do you think of Dietrich Eckart?"⁴² I was amazed to see an Indian talking of Dietrich Eckart. I said, "Well, I know he died on the 23rd of December, 1923, just after the *Putsch*. He was a poet. '*Deutschland, erwache*,'⁴³ I remember his poem. '*Sturm, Sturm, Sturm. Deutschland, erwache!*'" He didn't say anything. In fact, Eckart was much more than that. He was initiated into the *Thule-Gesellschaft*,⁴⁴ the secret initiatic society that was behind National Socialism. Probably Mukherji knew that. And I didn't know it in those days.

And then we talked of all sorts of things. We talked of history. I was amazed at the quantity of Byzantine history he knew. I said, "Where did you ever come to learn Byzantine history?" He said, "You see, my thesis was on imperial Russia, the connection between imperial Russia and Britain in the nineteenth century, their dealings especially in connection with India and Afghanistan." It was the thesis of his doctorate at the University of London.⁴⁵ "And imperial Russia is the continuation of Byzantium. You cannot understand the history of Russia and the mentality of the Czarist people unless you have a knowledge of Byzantine history. So I learnt about Byzantine history." I said, "Congratulations, you do things thoroughly. I like that." And we became friends. I saw in him a person who really had our ideas, not because he was directly Hitlerian, but he was Hitlerian because he was an orthodox Brahmin. And he saw in our *Weltanschauung* the Western edition, if you like, of his own philosophy, his philosophy putting the Aryan race above others and the idea of hierarchy of all races under the

⁴² Dietrich Eckart (1868-1923) was a poet, playwright, and journalist as well as an early member of the NSDAP. Hitler dedicated *Mein Kampf* (1925) to him.

⁴³ "Germany, Awake!"

⁴⁴ On the Thule Society, see Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, *The Occult Roots of Nazism: Secret Aryan Cults and their Influence on Nazi Ideology* (New York: New York University Press, 1992), 135-52.

⁴⁵ A.K. Mukherji's dissertation was entitled, "A Study of British Diplomacy in Central Asia."

Aryan.

He had just given up *The New Mercury*. That is to say, *The New Mercury* was confiscated. He had no copies of it. It was forbidden by the British, according to the change of their policy of 1937. And I said, "What are you doing now?" He said, "Now *The New Mercury* is suppressed, and I am doing something else. I'm connected with the Japanese." He was, in fact, the right hand of the Japanese Consul-General.⁴⁶ He said, "I'm giving out a new paper, *The Eastern Economist*, for Japanese interests. Would you like to write in it?"

So I wrote an article on Shinto in it. I wrote an article on the 14th of August, 1281, in it.⁴⁷ It was the day in which the fleet of Kublai Khan attacked Japan—or wanted to attack Japan. It was dispersed by the storm. Like the invincible Armada of 1588 in England. And the Japanese emperor, Meiji, wrote a poem about it: "Up to the end of your capacity, do whatever you can, and then when that is done, and you can do no more, kneel down and thank the Divine Wind of Ise for dispersing the Tartar fleet."

The Divine Wind of Ise is the most sacred temple of Japan. It's at Ise that the government of Japan sends a delegation if they want to do something important. In 1940 or '41, they sent a delegation asking the gods, "Shall we attack the United States?" The gods said, "Yes." So they attacked the United States. In '45, after the Hiroshima bomb, they said, "Are we to surrender and save the country, or are we to die, all of us?" The gods said, "No, don't die. Japan must live." It was a good time to surrender, and they surrendered.

They gave great politeness to the Americans, and when the Americans said, "Democracy is the best thing." They said, "Oh yes, yes, yes." "Your emperor is no god." "All right, he's a man." "And you mustn't teach such nonsense as the *Kojiki* in the schools." The *Kojiki* is the history of the gods. "You mustn't teach that in the schools. That's nonsense." "All right, we won't teach it." And this and that, and smiles up to here, and salutations. Until the Americans gave a good peace treaty and went away. And when they were away, the next day they taught the *Kojiki* in the schools. They said, "Now you're off. We can do what we like now." I wish the Germans had the same attitude. I wish

⁴⁶ According to Goodrick-Clarke, K. Yonezawa and his successor T. Yoshida (*Hitler's Priestess*, 72).

⁴⁷ See Savitri's essay, "Shinto: La via degli dei," ("Shinto: The Way of the Gods"), *Arya* 4 (1980). This is an Italian translation by Vittorio de Cecco from the English original, the fate of which is unknown. This essay probably contains the substance of Savitri's essays for *The Eastern Economist*.

the Germans had the same attitude.

And not only that, but the thing they did—and it's the first thing I'd see if I ever went to Japan—they erected a temple to Tojo, to the prime minister of Japan in the great days, the ally of Adolf Hitler, and to his co-war criminals who were hanged by the Americans the same time as him. They have a temple. And where is the temple? A few footsteps away from Hiroshima, at Gamagore. The children of the schools go to see Hiroshima. They kept a part of it as the Americans left it, and they told the children, "This is American handiwork. This is the destruction of the atom bomb. Now we are going to pay our respects to the great minister Tojo. Now we are going to Tojo's temple. We are going to burn a stick of incense in front of Tojo's picture and the picture of other so-called war criminals," and that's that.

Why doesn't Germany do that? Imagine German school children going to see the ruins of Dresden or the ruins of some other place, left as they were, and told what destruction the Allies had wrought on Germany and then going to a temple, a place where pictures of Adolf Hitler, pictures of Göring, pictures of Himmler and other people would be honored, and getting a speech there and getting some uplifting talk. Imagine that. That will come one day. Not tomorrow.

[Before founding *The New Mercury*, Mr. Mukherji traveled in Soviet Russia for two years.] Without knowing who he was, and thinking he was just an Indian student, they wanted to make him into an Indian propagandist of Communism. So they caressed him. They were nice to him. He traveled first class, that is to say, soft instead of hard, all through Russia. But he knew Russian. He had learnt Russian from the White Russians in London, and he spoke Russian, and he wrote Russian, and he was a very good Russian scholar.

And he looked at everything. They took him to the Pavlov place, where Pavlov had tortured these poor dogs. He was disgusted. He hated it. They took him to factories. He was not interested. They said, "What would you like to see?" "I'd like to see old churches." Anyhow, they took him to see old churches. They took him to see whatever he liked. And in the end they said, "Would you like to be a Communist agent for us in India?" He said, "Not exactly. You see, I'd rather stay with my family. I don't want to put my nose in politics," and this and that.

He wanted to come back through Central Asia. That the British didn't allow. He had to come back through London. He came back. Landed in India. The Indian Communists opened their arms to him: "Mukherji, you were two years in the Soviet paradise, how lovely!

You're going to write for us now." He said, "Not a bit." "Not a bit?" "I like the Russian people. They are people, some good, some bad, like everybody, but I don't like the régime." "You don't like the régime? Funny." "I don't like it. That's all. I'm not going to write for you."

And then the anti-Communists, Western-style, also took him into their confidence: "Well, Mukherji, that's wonderful. You were two years in Russia and you don't like the Communist people. You don't like Communism. You write for us. We are anti-Communists." He said, "You are not anti-Communists. I put you in the same bag as the Communists. I'm not going to write for you either. You're just the same thing. What is the difference? Personal capitalism, struggle for money, and there is state capitalism. What's the difference? You are *not* what I want."

And after a month or two out he comes with the only Nazi paper in India, *The New Mercury*. The Communists took the first edition and came to him: "Mukherji, A.K. Mukherji, is that you? It can't be you, because you spent two years in Russia. You can't write this kind of stuff." He said, "Well, you see, I leave it to you. A.K. Mukherji can be many people. A.K. is a common initial." Anyhow, they found out it was him. They were absolutely against him after that. In fact, he has a sister whose eldest son was a Communist. He never spoke to his sister or to his nephew. To this day he did not want me to go to her house for an interview. The second son is also a Communist.⁴⁸ Anyhow, quite a number of Communists are among the high caste Indians. I don't know why. It's like that.

[Mr. Mukherji] was sent to Europe by his brother. His brother was the head of the family because his father was dead when he was five years old. It was a large family, eight children. Two sisters married. They are both living still. Older than he. There were six brothers in all, six brothers and two sisters. And they belonged to a very old Brahmin family. His brother, Ashoka—I don't know if he's living still; if he is living he must be over eighty—is perfectly, well, you would take him for a European if you see him. And Mr. Mukherji himself—if you see Sophia W—, who is Greek, that is to say, European—he was fairer

⁴⁸ The two Communist nephews are the well-known writers Subrata Banerjee and Sumanta Banerjee. According to Subrata Banerjee, Savitri informed him of A.K. Mukherji's death and Banerjee's "younger brother" (whom I am assuming is Sumanta Banerjee) performed the funeral rites at the request, or at least with the acquiescence, of Savitri Devi (Subrata Banerjee, "Note on Ashit Krishna Mukherjee," unpublished ms.).

than her in complexion.⁴⁹ He had dark eyes, and he was a Mediterranean type, but he was fairer than Sophia who was a European. And one brother is a little darker than he. His sister is darker than he. He was one of the fairest. And he felt Aryan.

You know the Brahmins of Bengal are not really Bengalis. Bengal, in the early Middle Ages up to the beginning of the twelfth century, was a Buddhist country. Buddhists have no caste. That is to say, there was a mixture. There was a mixture of aborigines, Dravidians, all sorts of people, but no Brahmins. Then came a dynasty after the Palas called the Sena dynasty. And the second king of that dynasty, Vallaala Sena, wanted to introduce the caste system into Bengal. So he had to import Brahmins. There were none! He imported them from North India.

He imported several families, and those families married only among themselves, because there are very strict rules for marriage in India. You have to marry within your *sreni*. A *sreni* is a subdivision of a caste. And outside your *gotra*. A *gotra* is a subdivision of a *sreni*. For instance, a Mukherji is what they call in Bengal a *Rari* Brahmin. He should marry the daughter of a *Rari* Brahmin. But not a Mukherji. Somebody outside his *gotra*. All the Mukherjis are one *gotra*. He has to marry a Banerjee or a Chatterji or a Gongody. But not one of a different *sreni*. Not a Laieri, not a Maitra, not what they call the *Barendra* Brahmins. He has to marry within the *Rari* Brahmins.

Now how did he marry me? Well, he married me for me not to be interned at the beginning of the war. If he had not married me, I would've been in a concentration camp. All people who were known to be against the British, known to have subversive ideas, were put into camps immediately after the war began. So we married at the outbreak of the war on the 29th of September 1939.⁵⁰ We had a religious ceremony according to Hindu rites as well as a civil ceremony because I had embraced Hinduism long before I met him. The religious ceremony was made by the Brahmin of the Hindu Mission, the priest Girija Kanta Goswami who knew me very well, and he married us in front of the sacred fire as was done in the old Aryan days. It's a beautiful ceremony. We were taking as the witnesses the stars, moon, and sun. Although it was, of course, 10:00 at night. Marriages are done at night in Bengal. I wore a bright purple sari and he was in white with garlands of flowers around our necks.⁵¹

⁴⁹ Sophia W— was one of Savitri's friends in New Delhi.

⁵⁰ This is the date of the civil marriage ceremony.

⁵¹ The date of the religious ceremony was 9 June 1940 (*Defiance*, 497).

And we married, and we went, he to his house and I to my house. In the end, after several months, we took a flat: four rooms, two for me and two for him. And we had no kind of marital life at all. We were ideological co-fighters, friends, and that's all. We used to meet now and then to discuss things, to read books together, and that was all.

The rules of orthodox Hinduism are very strict concerning marriage. According to the Aryan tradition in India, a Hindu Brahmin is not allowed to marry even a Brahmin of his province if that Brahmin is not of the same sub-caste, *sreni*, as himself. He is to marry outside his *gotra* and inside his *sreni*. If the *Rari* Brahmin is not allowed to marry even a *Barendra* Brahmin of Bengal, how can he be allowed to marry someone else outside? He's not allowed to marry a Kashmiri Brahmin. He's not allowed to marry a Madras Brahmin. Even if the Kashmiri Brahmin is perfectly White. And if he marries somebody else, he should not have any children. He should not found a family like that. You don't found a family in India. You enter a family that is already existing, existing for centuries. You continue a family, and you cannot continue a family if you are not of the proper caste.

So we decided not to have any family at all, and not to have any family at all means no intimacy at all. If you don't want a family, you have no business having anything else but Platonic relations with your fellow beings. Ceasing Platonic relations is only when you want a family. We kept up to it. We kept up to it to the very end. Because we believe in that. We believe that the forces that God has given us for the sacred purpose of continuing our families, for giving children of our race to the world, are not meant for a pastime. They are not an entertainment. They are not, as you say, superfluous forces that should be wasted. Either they should be used for the divine purpose or not used at all. So we became friends. We became friends, and we remained friends. It was perfectly all right. I was quite happy, most happy. We had the Führer. Our link between us was the Führer.

8. WORLD WAR II, 1939-45

One of the first things Mr. Mukherji told me was, "You go back to Europe. There will soon be war, and you'll be much more useful over there than you are here. Go back to him who is in reality life and resurrection, the only one there is today, and he is the one man in the world who will appreciate you and understand you." What a damn fool I was. I thought myself useful in India. I was working for the Hindu Mission fighting Christian missionaries, fighting Islamic missionaries, fighting Communism, fighting anything that was against Hindu

tradition, Aryan tradition. And I thought I was useful. I was a damn fool. I thought, “Who is going to make quotations out of *Mein Kampf* if I go away?” As if this was important, making quotations of *Mein Kampf* in Bengali or in Hindi, in Bihar, in Bengal, in Assam. I had the three provinces under my jurisdiction. I used to travel among these three provinces. Who is going to do that if I go away? I thought that important. I was—I repeat for the third time—I was a damn fool. And I didn’t go to Germany. I said I’d go later on, and I’d show the Führer the few things I’m trying to do in India. I wanted to tell the Führer, “I’m bringing you an alliance of the élite of India.” I wanted to tell him that. If the war had turned out differently, perhaps I could’ve been able to tell him that. I don’t know.

Anyhow, I didn’t go, and the war came, the declaration of war. And one day Mr. Mukherji came to me with a poster: War, W.A.R. He said, “What are you going to do now?” I said, “I would so much like to go to Europe now.” He said, “I’ll try to arrange with the Italian Consul”—he was his best friend—“to send you to Europe—send you first to Italy and then to Germany.”⁵² And we’ll arrange for you to speak in Bengali. We have somebody for Hindi, but you know Bengali even better than Hindi. In Bengali and in modern Greek, you’ll speak on the German radio war propaganda.” I said, “I’d be delighted. Under Goebbels. I’d be delighted. And Goebbels would probably introduce me to the Führer one day or another.” I was delighted.

Of course I’d have to renew my passport. My passport was exhausted. And, for convenience of course, it would be better if I had an Indian passport. And not only for this convenience, but they were interning in those days all the people who were against the British war effort. And Mr. Mukherji told me, “Everybody knows in the secret places”—he was in touch with the secret police himself through some Bengalis who were working for it—“Everybody knows that you are against the British war effort. You are for Hitler. You will be interned automatically. They are interning so many people. The only way not to be interned is to take an Indian name and an Indian nationality. If you like, I’ll give you my name.” And that’s how we married.⁵³

Now we had to do something during the war. We couldn’t really

⁵² The Italian Consul is probably Camillo Giuriati. See *Pilgrimage*, 11.

⁵³ As explained in §12 below, Savitri’s new passport came too late, and she was unable to return to Europe. It was impossible for her to go to Italy after it entered the war on the German side on 10 June 1940, and it was impossible for her to go to France unless she was a supporter of de Gaulle.

stay like that. We wanted to help Germany. We wanted to help Hitler. It was very difficult to help Adolf Hitler during the war. It was far away. All the Germans were gone. But there were some who were there. And there were the allies of Adolf Hitler, the Japanese, who were on the spot.⁵⁴ And Mr. Mukherji was the right hand of the Japanese Consul in Calcutta. He was very, very friendly with them. He was, in fact, the only foreign advisor, the only non-Japanese, that they ever met in whom the Japanese had full confidence.

They didn't have any confidence in me. Oh, no. I was a White woman. I was nothing. I happened to be his wife, all right, all right. We have no objection to that. Women aren't much in Japan. But at least a woman like me, not a Japanese woman. There are some very celebrated Japanese women in Japanese history. But they had no confidence in me, till 1945. In fact, till 1949, till I proved that I was on their side and on Hitler's side.

For the time being, they just were friendly with him, and he knew that they were going to attack Burma. They were going to come nearer to India, and our dream was they would enter India, go east, and the Germans after the attack on Russia would enter it from the northwest, and then meet in Delhi, and in the Red Fort the Führer would be proclaimed *Weltführer*.⁵⁵ That was my dream. That was his dream too.

The war rolled on. Burma was the first target. The Japanese were in Burma from 1941. In 1942 they conquered Burma. The Americans and British fought against them.

Now, during the whole war, we brought Americans to our house. We got in touch with Americans. I used to bring them from some club for them and for the British. The club had a name: [The East and West Club].⁵⁶ Its purpose was to help them to] understand Indian ways. To eat with their fingers, curry and other Indian dishes. To know something about astrology, something about yoga, something like that. So I used to go to the club with a nice sari and my big swastika earrings. The swastika is also an Indian symbol. It's an Aryan symbol, in fact a neolithic symbol, for all Aryans of that time period. And the Americans would look at me queerly and say, "Why are you wearing that?" "But that's an Indian religious symbol. My husband's an Indian." "Why doesn't he come to the club?" I said, "Because, you see, he's very

⁵⁴ On the fifth tape, Savitri relates an interesting fact: "He could not go with me to Japan. We were supposed to go to Japan in '42. We couldn't go."

⁵⁵ World leader.

⁵⁶ *Defiance*, 52.

orthodox. He won't eat things that are cooked differently from what he's accustomed to eat. He won't eat cakes that have eggs in them and this and that. He doesn't come." "Can we see him?" I said, "Well, what do you want to see him for?" "He must be an interesting man." I said, "Yes, a very interesting man. He does yoga, and he's a very good astrologer." "Oh! A good astrologer! Let's go to see him." Every week I had a jeep or two jeeps full of Americans to our house.

Now my brother-in-law Ashoka gave us whiskey. I never touched it, of course. I never touched alcohol in my life. I don't like it. I don't like the smell of it. Mr. Mukherji would distribute whiskey to them and talk. I was never present at the talks. At most I would tell them, "You can see my cats." I had a number of cats in my room. I loved all felines, cats and leopards and tigers and lions, whatever you like. They would say, "Oh, so many cats, good, good, good. And are you interested in anything? What are you interested in? Are you interested in the war?" I said, "Not at all. I am interested in antiquity and cats," and in fact I was writing a book on Akhnaton of Egypt in those days—antiquity.⁵⁷

So he talked with them. I was never once present at the talks. But I know the Americans were delighted with his talk. They thought he was the best democrat in the world. They presumed without asking—they never asked him—that he must be anti-Nazi, and they started talking. And when they had eaten and drank, they talked a lot, some of them. The most talkative—funny enough—some of the best ones for giving information, were top-ranked Jewish officers in the American army. I remember one who gave us very good information.

And the information would go to four Indians who used to cross the Burmese frontier every fortnight or so and go straight to Yamagata's headquarters the next morning and give the information to Yamagata, the head of the Japanese in Burma.⁵⁸ And like that quite a number of things happened in Burma that were unexpected. At least three top-secret

⁵⁷ Savitri completed her book *Joy of the Sun: The Beautiful Life of Akhnaton, King of Egypt Told to Young People* (Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co., 1942) on 14 February 1942. In May of 1942 she began writing her major book on Akhnaton, *A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt* (London: Philosophical Publishing House, 1946) (later retitled *Son of the Sun*). Savitri also published two other works on Akhnaton while in India, a pamphlet entitled *Akhnaton's Eternal Message: A Scientific Religion 3,300 Years Old* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1940), which was completed in Calcutta in December, 1940, and another work, *A Perfect Man: Akhnaton, King of Egypt*, now apparently lost, which was published after *Akhnaton's Eternal Message* and before *Joy of the Sun*.

⁵⁸ Probably Vice-Admiral Yamagata Seigo, d. 1945.

aerodromes were blown to pieces. Some units of the Allies were encircled and had to surrender. Anyhow, Burma was conquered. And the Japanese entered India in Imphal, and when they were in Imphal we thought, “Now they are going up to Delhi.” They didn’t go as far as Delhi.

Anyhow, I’ll always remember Mr. Mukherji coming one day to my room at midnight and telling me, “So and so, American Jew, has just told me that such and such aerodrome was exploded the other day. It was bombed, bombed to pieces.” I said, “Very good.” He said, “Yes, and you told me that I was wrong in calling Göring that ‘*Fettsack*,’ ‘fat bag’ in front of that Jew. If I had not showed him that kind of disposition, he never would have told me anything about the aerodrome. So I suppose Göring wouldn’t mind to be called, in a joking manner, to an American Jew, ‘fat bag,’ if that’s the result. What do you think?” I said, “I think you are a diplomat.” I said, “And you must be a diplomat. If you cannot use force of arms, you must use force of diplomacy. What can you do in the wartime? We can’t support the Führer directly. We must support him through his allies.” And so that’s what we did.⁵⁹

Anyhow, the war turned out badly. We expected it to turn out well. It turned out badly. We expected Stalingrad to fall, and while the battle of Stalingrad was on, I remember Mr. Mukherji sipping Greek coffee that I had prepared for him in our house, sitting near next to me and telling me, “Look here, you have seen the Khyber pass, the way of conquerors, these great blood red rocks and ochre rocks and white rocks, all sorts of rocks. There’s not a blade of grass. It goes from Afghanistan to India.” “Yes, in 1936 I went through the Khyber pass myself. It’s a beautiful place, a wild place.”⁶⁰ “Imagine then, now, the German army coming right through there. Imagine the echoing of the tanks, and imagine the song:

Wir werden weiter marschieren,
Wenn alles in Scherben fällt,
Denn heute gehört uns Deutschland
Und morgen die ganze Welt.

⁵⁹ In *Defiance*, Savitri reveals that by 1949 at least, the British were aware of Mukherji’s espionage activities. They asked Savitri specifically if she had ever taken part in Mukherji’s conversations with the Americans. See *Defiance*, 149-50.

⁶⁰ For Savitri’s experiences in Afghanistan, see *The Lotus Pond*, ch. 8, “La terre sans maître” (“Land without a Master”).

“That song in the Khyber pass. We are the third wave,” he told me. “The first wave: the first Aryans who came to India—although there were several waves, they were not one—they came from the northwest. And second: the troops of Alexander. And third, this is the third wave.” I said, “Yes, wonderful, wonderful. And they’ll meet with the Japanese, with our allies. They’ll meet in Delhi, and in Delhi there will be a big ceremony at the Red Fort, and our Führer will be their Führer. I’m going to buy a sari to wear on that day.”⁶¹

And I went and bought a beautiful silk sari with a border of silhouette swastikas as big as that, ten centimeters, all around the bottom, and I didn’t wear it yet. I was going to wear it at the Red Fort only for the Führer. But I showed it to my mother-in-law. And my mother-in-law, an orthodox Hindu, knowing more than I do about the right spirit of things, said, “You are not ashamed of yourself, you a disciple of Adolf Hitler, to buy such a thing?” I said, “Why?” She said, “But a sari will drag on your feet. The border will touch your feet. Isn’t it a shame the holy sign, the swastika, will touch your feet? That shouldn’t be done. It’s an insult to the holy sign.” And she was right from the Hindu point of view. You should never have a holy sign on a sari border because the sari border touches one’s feet. It’s not right. So I said, “All right I won’t wear it. I’ll buy something else.” She said, “Buy something else with a different pattern. The swastika, the holy swastika must not touch your feet.” Anyhow, that sari I took back to Europe. It was stolen from me on the 16th of August 1946, with many other saris, in my suitcase, in the Saint-Lazare station in Paris.

In the meantime, things went on. The war went worse and worse, worse and worse. Whatever we did was useless. We felt it was useless. So in October ’44, I had enough of it. I didn’t want to know when the capitulation would come. So I left my cats in the charge of Mr. Mukherji and of the servant we had, a very reliable good servant, and I took the train for the South.⁶² I left Calcutta, and I traveled all through

⁶¹ In another telling of this story in the interviews, Savitri mentions that the Red Fort is, “the ancient stronghold of the Moguls in Delhi. The treasures are lost. They are all in Persia. They were taken in 1739 by the Persian king Nadir Shah who looted India, looted Delhi, and took them off; and they are in the Museum of Teheran now. Still the Red Fort is there, and it is beautiful.”

⁶² Savitri did not spend all of her time in the South. She took the manuscript of *A Son of God* (a.k.a. *Son of the Sun*) on her journey, and recorded that the book was finished in New Delhi (in the North of India) on 24 January 1945. See Savitri Devi, *Son of the Sun: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt*, 2nd ed. (San Jose, California: Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC, 1956), 303.

the sacred places and temples and places where I had no risk of meeting anybody. I didn't want to know when the capitulation would come. I saw on my way an awful thing. At this point I was in a train, between I don't remember what place and Tiruchchendur in the South. There was a gentleman in the same compartment, and he was holding a newspaper in English. And I read upside down the headline of the paper, "Berlin is an Inferno." I felt cold. And anyhow, I went to small towns, and I kept to temples, and I kept to the Hindus not concerned with politics. I avoided newspapers, and I didn't know when the capitulation came.

I knew it three weeks later. I was in a place called Sringeri, on the western coast, or rather on the ghats overlooking the western coast. It's a very celebrated place. It's the birthplace of one of the greatest Indians of all time, Shankara Acharya⁶³ of the eighth century, the one who wiped out Buddhism from India and restored the old Aryan values of Hinduism. Buddhism was casteless, you see. Hinduism is not. And I went in a café there to have a cup of coffee. I was staying at a place for tourists. And in the café there were two men from Hyderabad, two Mohammedans. Mohammedans or not, I don't know. Anyhow, they were speaking Urdu. I don't know Talibu, the language of Sringeri, or any of the languages of the South, in fact, any of the Dravidian languages. But I can understand Urdu, and they were saying, "It's three weeks already since in Europe the fighting is finished." So I knew it was finished, and I felt very cold. I didn't even finish my coffee. I felt very depressed.

And on my way back, in one of the stations of South India, there was no place at any place for tourists. There were no rooms. I was tired. I went and slept in the grass outside the station. And a policeman came. He said, "Old mother, you get up." He gave me a kick to get me up, and I got up, but I was angry. I looked at his number, and I went and reported him. "This man has mishandled me. He gave me a kick and won't allow me to sleep in the grass. I didn't know where to sleep. There was of course a kind of place for women. But with women and children and babies crying and the radio playing on. I couldn't sleep there. I told him."

His chief came and said to me, in front of him, "Is it this man?" I said, "Yes, it is this man." "Shall I dismiss him? He has eight children." I said, "No. Don't dismiss him, not because he has eight children. I couldn't care less how many children he has. But because I cannot be responsible for

⁶³ Shankara Acharya (late eighth to early ninth century AD) was born at Kalady in Kerala, but he did establish a number of *maths* or monasteries, the chief of which is at Sringeri.

this catastrophe. Why should I? Why should I bear a grudge? He's just a small man. He's not responsible for anything except for kicking me. Let him kick me. It doesn't matter. I deserve it. I deserve it because I'm on the defeated side. We shouldn't be defeated. And please don't dismiss him at all. There is one I would like to dismiss, Roosevelt." He was dead already. "Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin—these people. I can do nothing against them. Why should I do anything against this poor man?" That's how I answered, and the man was so grateful to me. He said, "I'm so grateful to you. I have a big family depending on me." I said, "All right, all right, all right. You are just one man among millions."

And I went back to Calcutta in July '45. All the end of '44, all the beginning of '45, till July I was traveling in different parts of India, all alone, trying not to know what was coming, what was happening. So I entered the house, and knocked. Mr. Mukherji opened the door, and the first thing I said in Bengali was, "What is the news?" And he said, "What is the news? Four. Four zones. That's all. Germany cut in four." And we both felt very depressed.

He said to me, "Don't feel so depressed, because it has to go on. Things have to turn. This is the Dark Age. This is the Kali Yuga, the Dark Age, what they call the worst age in the succession of four ages. You can't expect anything better. But after the Kali Yuga, Kalki the redeemer, the one who is to put an end to this succession of ages, Kalki, he must come. He couldn't come until his forerunner came. His forerunner is Adolf Hitler. He couldn't win the war because he was nothing but the forerunner. He wasn't the one. He said so himself." Actually he did. He told that to Hans Grimm, "I'm not the one who is to come. I'm only his forerunner. I'm preparing the most urgent work, that's all. He's still to come."⁶⁴ Mr. Mukherji said, "And you live and see." I said, "I wish I had been in Europe, and I would've died." He said, "Probably you were destined to live. Everybody mustn't die. If everybody in the movement dies, there's no more movement." "All right. All right."

Then what happened? July, August, September, October came. There was the yearly festival, the Durga festival and the Kali festival. Kali is the dark goddess, the dark blue goddess. We call her "*Usu Shyama*," the dark blue one. She's supposed to represent the strength behind the Shiva entity, that is to say, the destroyer. Destroyer and

⁶⁴ Hans Grimm, *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin? [Why? Whence? and Whither?]* (Lippoldsberg: Klosterhaus Verlag, 1954), 14. For the complete quote, see ch. 4, §2, below.

creator. He's destroyer and creator. But all the gods have a *shakti*, a female entity next to them, we call the consort of the god. And she is the energetic side. So Kali, dark blue with four arms, two arms holding a sword and a cut-off head, and the two other arms bless them. She is the author of earthquakes, the author of volcanoes—the author of all that's destructive. And at the same time she makes the corn grow. She is the universal mother. There's a great festival for her in October, first the Durga festival, then her festival. I went to both festivals. And she's the avenger.

And I remember myself. I took part in the festival like a frantic person. The women smeared their hands and faces with red and purple on that occasion. I smeared myself too. I did what they did, and I can see myself still in the Kali temple in Calcutta in front of the statue with the drums beating and resounding in me. The Nuremberg trial was on at that time. It must've been in November. It had just begun or it was going to begin.⁶⁵ “Mother, dark blue mother, avenge them, avenge them, avenge them, the martyrs of Nuremberg.” I knew they were going to be killed. “Avenge all those they are going to nullify. A terrible time is coming, but help us to come out of it.” And that idea of the dark blue mother followed me all through my years in Europe. I'll explain that just now.

9. RETURN TO EUROPE, 1945-46

Anyhow, end of '45 I went back to Europe. I gave my cats in the charge of some friend I knew, a very good man who was living at a barracks.⁶⁶ He told me, “I'll distribute them in the kitchens of the barracks. They'll have more than enough to eat and drink.” Two of them, out of the twenty or thirty I had, Mr. Mukherji kept. And I left. Why did I leave? It was heartbreaking for me to leave my cats, and to leave Mr. Mukherji also. But I wanted to see Europe again, and I wanted to take part in whatever resistance there could be. I wanted to show my defiance against the victors at any cost. I'd scribble on the walls. I'd distribute papers. I'd do what I can. But I must go. But I couldn't go to Germany. I could've gone to Germany if I had been one of the followers of de Gaulle, for instance, or something like that. I could've worked with the Allies. But being what I am, I couldn't go.

⁶⁵ The Nuremberg Tribunal began on 20 November 1945. The Kali Puja is celebrated in October or November, on the night of the new moon in the Bengali month of Kartik.

⁶⁶ The name of the barracks is unintelligible.

Directly anyhow. I said, "All right, I'll go to England, and from England I'll go. Or I'll go to France, and from there I'll go. I'll manage."

So I went to England. The first episode after my landing in England I told in my cat book, *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess*. It's a story. It's a true story. It's fifteen years of my life in connection with cats. It's called *The True Story of a "Most Objectionable Nazi" . . . and Half-a-Dozen Cats*. Anyhow, that episode I related in that book.⁶⁷ So I'll let it alone now. The second episode: I saw a streamer across Oxford Street: "Nazi Atrocities, 1½ shillings Entrance." They were showing photographs, so-called photographs, propaganda. I didn't go in, naturally. I wasn't going to spend 1½ shillings for nothing, to see nonsense. And even if it were true, I couldn't care less.

I lived in England. Wherever I went, the radio. I didn't listen to the radio. I never listened to it. I never had a radio or a television set. I don't want one. But when I went to people's houses I had to listen to the radio. I had to hear it, the same old stuff all the time, all the time. And on my way back, on my way home, on the ship already, the "de-Nazification, the re-education of Germany, the re-integration of the German people into the community of Christian nations," and all that. I hated it. If I had not felt that perhaps one day the victors would be in even a worse plight than I saw my comrades in, I would've thrown myself into the sea from the top deck. I couldn't do it. Because I thought to myself, "One day you might see better. You might see the revenge."⁶⁸ And ever since the end of the war, wherever I went, my two main occupations were feeding stray animals, especially cats, and gloating over any nasty thing that happened to any of the victors of 1945.

So I landed in England. And I got disgusted, and after a very short time, in February '46, I said, "I must go to Europe, to France, at least to see my mother again." I didn't know anything about her, just a card, a

⁶⁷ Savitri Devi, *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess: The True Story of a "Most Objectionable Nazi" . . . and Half-a-Dozen Cats* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, n.d.), ch. 7, "The Cat's Teaching." The episode in question is the encounter on a London street with a ginger-colored cat named Sandy. This encounter was very important to Savitri, for she apparently thought Sandy was the reincarnation of her cat Long-Whiskers, and she imagined their encounter was pivotal in the life of Sandy as well. See ch. 8, "Dreary Years" and ch. 9, "Sandy's Choice." It is very difficult to separate fact from fiction in *Long-Whiskers*, which is surely Savitri's strangest book, but also her best-written one.

⁶⁸ See *Long-Whiskers*, ch. 6, "Heliadora's Homeward Journey."

word now and then. I went to France, only to learn my mother had been in the French resistance.⁶⁹ And that separated us. I loved her deeply, until then. But that separated us forever. That separated us completely. Although, I said to myself, “She has given me my Viking blood. She is a descendant of the Vikings of Jutland, North Denmark.” The first of our family came to England in the tenth century, according to her. They were not even Christians when they first came over. They were worshippers of Odin and Thor. And I have their blood. Why did she go into that nasty organization, the French resistance? Why did she allow herself to take pity on the poor Jews? And that put me against them even more.

It was always the same thing: “The poor Jews.” I said, “I couldn’t care less for the poor Jews.” She said, “Yes, but I do. They are human beings. They are living creatures.” I said, “I don’t care for all living creatures. I only care for the four-legged ones, the four-legged ones and the *élite* of the two-legged ones. The other two-legged ones, I don’t care for. They are not the *élite*.” In the works of a great painter, I will take the masterpieces. I don’t care for the small stuff, you see. When you make an anthology of poems or works of art, you take the best and leave the rest. And if God is a great artist, I’ll take the best of what he did. And I’d rather have a small picture, without any pretension, just a little *aquarelle*, a watercolor picture, done perfectly, than a big fresco with mistakes in it, that is to say, worth nothing. An animal is a small picture, God’s masterpiece on a smaller scale.

I’d rather have that. I’d rather have a perfect police dog—say, an Alsatian—than a man who’s not worth it. It’s much nearer the spirit of selection, of perfection. It’s perfect as a dog. A tiger is perfect as a feline. The best of the Aryans, say, Rudolf Hess.⁷⁰ Rudolf Hess is the

⁶⁹ Savitri’s mother was seventy-five in 1940, so it is unlikely that her role in the resistance went beyond complaining, in private, about the German occupation. According to Terry Cooper, who knew Savitri from 1966 to 1971, Savitri told him that her mother’s resistance activity consisted of a weekly tea party (Terry Cooper interview, 12 April 2002). According to Savitri’s nephew Sumanta Banerjee, “She [Savitri] once told me about her mother, who lived in France, and who, when in her eighties [sic] during the Nazi occupation of France, joined the Resistance movement. By then she had disowned her daughter. I asked Savitri-*maami* how she would have received her mother. Without batting an eyelid, she said: ‘I would have shot her dead’” (Sumanta Banerjee, “Memories of My Nazi *Maami* [aunt],” *Times of India*, 19 April 1999).

⁷⁰ On the first tape, Savitri is asked why the Allies continue to hold Rudolf Hess in solitary confinement: “He must know things that if he came out he would say. They couldn’t keep him from saying them. He must know things. And another thing is the

top of the Aryans, to me. Top, absolutely. You have to look at his face, especially when he was young, and you see his career, to see him saying at Nuremberg, “I would follow him, as the greatest son of my country, even if there was a stake awaiting me at the end of the road.” He said that. And Otto Ohlendorf.⁷¹ To somebody I wanted to show my theory, I took the picture of Otto Ohlendorf and a picture of a tiger and said, “Look at this: the top of the feline race, the top of our Aryan race.”

Anyhow, I didn’t stay long, until August ’46. I went back to England. All my luggage was stolen in Paris, on the 16th of August ’46, in the *Gare Saint-Lazare*. I came back to England thinking the manuscript of my book *Impeachment of Man* was lost. I had another manuscript of it. It was printed in India fourteen years later because I couldn’t afford to print it before that.⁷² I printed five or six hundred.

In October ’46, I was staying at 104 Grosvenor Road, in a very quiet room. It was a building for nurses, a kind of hostel for nurses. They used to sleep in the daytime. At night they were on duty. So it was perfectly quiet in the daytime and at night. And that’s what I wanted. I liked physical peace. So I was there on the night of the 15th to 16th of October ’46. And I never read the papers. I didn’t want to read them. I didn’t want to see the evolution of the trial at Nuremberg. I hated it. But I couldn’t sleep. I couldn’t. I couldn’t detach my mind from the fact that I knew, without reading the papers—everybody knew it—that the eleven were to be killed on that night.

I was thinking about it. I was thinking about it. And then suddenly, I was not asleep, but I felt exactly as I used to feel after my exercises at Hatha yoga ten years before.⁷³ I was no longer in that room. I don’t know how I went through the walls. I was in Göring’s cell. And I saw

rancune, the resentment of the Russians. If he had succeeded, there would be no Communism today. Russia would’ve been finished. Suppose he had succeeded: England and Germany together against Russia. America wouldn’t have had time to come in. It would’ve been finished. The Russians cannot put up with that: the idea that, if that man had succeeded, they would have been finished, and well-deserved.”

⁷¹ Otto Ohlendorf (1907-1951) held a Ph.D. in sociology and was a professor at the University of Berlin. He rose to the rank of *SS-Standartenführer* and was the commander of *Einsatzgruppe D*. He was executed as a war criminal. For more on Ohlendorf, see ch. 3, §9 and ch. 4, §7 below and *Pilgrimage*, 251-58.

⁷² Savitri Devi, *Impeachment of Man* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1959). *Impeachment* was begun in Calcutta in July, 1945, shortly after Savitri’s return from her travels around India to avoid news of the Axis defeat. It was finished in Lyons on 29 March, 1946. The Preface was written in Calcutta on 22 June 1959.

⁷³ See ch. 3, §9 below.

Göring just as I see you. He was seated with his hands like this.⁷⁴ And suddenly he did like that. As though he saw me and was rather astonished. I had something in my right hand, a tiny little piece of I don't know what, something I held. And I said to him, "No fear"— "*keine Angst.*" "No fear. I'm not an enemy. I'm one of your people. I wish I could save you all from this ignominy, but unfortunately the heavenly powers gave me permission to save one, and one only, up to my choice, and I chose you because of your kindness to creatures. Because of your solicitude to animals."

Göring had been a hunter in his youth. He had given it up. And he liked animals, that's true. But some hunters do at the same time they're hunters. He had a leopard for a pet. The leopard used to lie at his feet and purr, like a big cat. I knew that. What I knew also was that he contributed with the Führer to the setting up of the *Reichsjagdgesetz*,⁷⁵ a book thick like that. It is much more than a regulation of hunting. It's a protection of nature. Traps are forbidden. One man hunting by himself is forbidden. It must be two. If an animal is wounded the other one will shoot it. Mustn't kill females. Mustn't, mustn't, mustn't, mustn't. The Führer could not forbid hunting altogether. He did what he could to lessen the effect, and Göring had a part of that.

That I knew before I got into this kind of queer state. I said to him, "Take this," and gave him what I had in my right hand. I said, "Take this, and don't allow these people to kill you as a criminal. You are not one. Anything but. Now I must go. Good-bye. Heil Hitler!" And I vanished. And I didn't see anything of the kind. I fell completely unconscious after that. I saw Göring, and I was unconscious. I gave him whatever I had to give him. I was unconscious.

I woke up. It was 10:00 in the morning. I never wake up at 10:00. I wake up at 6:00. I never sleep like that. I opened my eyes. I said, "What a queer experience I had. Where did I go last night?" Anyhow, I bathed quickly, and I went downstairs. It was a rainy day, drizzly. I never bought a paper as I told you. I wasn't going to buy the paper on the 16th of October, anything but. But I couldn't help seeing the headlines on the papers. There was a newspaper kiosk just opposite. Headlines like that. Eight centimeters high. "Göring found dead in his cell, half past two in the morning. Nobody knows who gave him the

⁷⁴ According to Sven Hedin (1865-1952), diary entry of 6 June 1948, Savitri told him that, "Han satt med huvudet i händerna" ("He [Göring] sat with his head in his hands") (The papers of Sven Hedin, box 41, National Archives of Sweden).

⁷⁵ Reich Hunting Law.

poison. Potassium cyanide.”

I’ll never forget it. And I felt cold all over my body. It seemed to me that I saw the Nataraja, the dancing Shiva, as he is presented in Hindu temples, dancing in the clouds. And I said, “If this has been done through me, use me in greater things still. If it’s me, that’s the best thing I did in my life.” I don’t know what really happened, to this day. I know what experience I had. I know what I felt. I know what I saw. I don’t know anything more. Is it a genuine experience? What is it? I just don’t know. I don’t pretend to know, and I don’t like to speak of what I don’t know.

Less than two years later, on June 6th, 1948, I met Sven Hedin, who is a scholar of Tibetology and has roamed all over Central Asia and seen things in Ladakh and Tibet. I asked him, “What would people in Ladakh or Tibet think of this?” He said, “My dear, they would find that the most natural thing in the world. That is no problem for a Tibetan or for a Ladakhi, for a Buddhist Lama. No problem at all. You went into the astral plane. You gave Göring some astral potassium cyanide, and it materialized in his hand. He took it and died, instead of being hanged.” I said, “I wish I could’ve done it for the eleven.” “Well, you could for one. Be thankful that you could for one.” That’s what Sven Hedin told me. I don’t know any more than that. I never had a psychic experience in my life. That’s the only one.

10. ICELAND, 1946-47

I thought that in going to a place that had been neutral during the war, I would get rid of all this atmosphere. It was an atmosphere of suspicion. It was an atmosphere of hatred for anything that was National Socialism. I thought to myself, “I’ll go to Iceland. Iceland is a far away place. I won’t hear anything of Nazis there.” And on the 8th of November ’46, I sailed to Iceland from Hull. I had no money except twenty-five pounds. The boat cost twenty pounds. I landed in Reykjavik with five pounds after a very, very stormy journey.⁷⁶ The room at the hotel cost five pounds. I could stay one night even without the breakfast.

So I went to the Salvation Army. Where should I go? And I told the Salvation Army that I came to learn Icelandic. “I’m interested in the language, and I’d like to get a job.” And they said, “We have no job, unfortunately for you, not with your doctorate and your L.Sc. and M.A.

⁷⁶ In *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952), Savitri describes being on a ship in a storm on the North Sea and makes it clear that she found the experience thrillingly sublime (*Gold in the Furnace*, 258).

degrees. The only job we have is the job of a maidservant in a farm some miles from Reykjavik, to wash the plates." I said, "Give me that job." They said, "You'll have your afternoons free. You can learn Icelandic in the afternoons." So I worked. So I washed plates for a month on an Icelandic farm. I picked up a little Icelandic, not much of course, and I continued picking it up. I continued learning the grammar and improving it as much as I could. I admired the Nordic type of Iceland. Beautiful people. Beautiful people. And to think that so many of them were on the other side. Against all I stand for. That put me out. But they were beautiful.

And one day I had a call. The Icelandic farmer had a telephone. Iceland is an extremely modern land—very modern. And the phone call came from an Icelander of Reykjavik telling me he had an Austrian wife. He would like me to live in a room he would give me for nothing. The only condition was that I would speak French with his Austrian wife. I said, "All right." I came to his home. The dog of the farm followed me for ten miles all through the snow. I caressed the dog, and he even came to the home of this Icelander. And he had something to eat and went back. I stayed there. I stayed there nearly a year.

I saw the eruption of Mt. Hekla. On the 29th of March '47 it started, and it lasted practically the whole year. I went to see it on the 4th of April, and I spent the night of the 5th of April on the slopes of the erupting volcano. I wanted to spend the first night there, but the people who were with me took my cloak, and I had to go down again too. I couldn't stay the whole night—snowy night too—with no cloak, no overcoat.

The second night I went up by myself, 11:00 at night, after work. I went up to one kilometer from the big crater. There were five small craters and two big ones. And I admired it. Imagine a snowy landscape, a landscape of silver. The full moon over that in a violet sky, and in front of the full moon a pennant of volcanic ash, volcanic smoke, black, as black as can be. And hanging in the sky, beautiful Northern Lights—green and purple, greenish-yellow, moving like that, and purple fringe. It was beautiful.

I was in front of the lava stream. The lava of Mt. Hekla is an acid lava. It contains 60-65% silica. It is thick. It doesn't run like water, like the Vesuvius lava or like the Stromboli lava. It takes time to walk, walks a few meters per day. And the top of it is with a crust as thick as five centimeters, or perhaps more. And when that breaks under the pressure of boulders from inside it makes a queer noise like broken crockery. I was there going up and down, up and down along the

stream for the whole night.

And I wanted to go around the stream and go nearer to the crater. But some scientists who were there told me, “Don’t do that, because the two lava streams might merge into one and you’ll be in an island surrounded with lava, and you won’t be able to come out.” So I couldn’t do that.

Suddenly flames came out—two, three places, new tiny little craters. I fled, of course. But all the time what impressed me was the roaring of the volcano, like the original sound in the Hindu tradition. The original sound of creation is “Aum.”⁷⁷ The volcano says every two or three seconds, “AUM! AUM! AUM!” And the earth is trembling under your feet all the time.

Anyhow, I waited. I saw the sunrise over that. It was a beautiful landscape. And I tried to come down. Instead of coming down I got myself lost. And I had in my hand a big slice of lava. I had some small ones too, but I had a big one as well, ten or fifteen kilos. There was a boulder there, that flung itself out of the lava stream in front of me, and it came rushing in front of my face. It was fifteen or ten centimeters in front of my face. If that had hit me I wouldn’t be here to speak. And then it went cold, and when it became cold I took a slice. I took a big piece and carried it about. I thought I would give that to some friends when I got back. But it was heavy, and I was getting exhausted, and at one time I couldn’t find my way back. I absolutely couldn’t find my way back. I started weeping out of desperation. I said, “I crossed the river to come here. Where’s the river?”

Then I found the river. I went down, and I left the big boulder alone. I couldn’t carry it any longer, and then I saw somebody on the bank of the river. I saw two children. I called them. They ran away at my sight. And I saw a man, and I asked him. I said, “The so-and-so farm, the farm from which I had started, where is it?” “It is right here. It’s around the corner. You go down. You turn left. It’s around the corner.”

I got back to the farm, and I looked at myself in the looking glass. When I saw myself in the looking glass, I understood why the children fled. My face was black with volcanic ash and smoke, absolutely black, and my eyes were red with volcanic ash in them, and they were aching, and there were white tears in the black. I looked awful. I quite understood. Anyhow I washed my face, and I sat down and had a nice cup of coffee and had a piece of bread and butter, and the day passed on, and I went back to the place where I was staying a few miles away

⁷⁷ On “Aum,” see the 12 verses of the Mandukya Upanishad.

from the volcano. But that was a unique experience.⁷⁸

I love volcanoes. I would like, if I had money and opportunity, to see all the volcanoes of the earth. I'd like to hear Chimborazo and Cotopaxi on the equator.⁷⁹ I'd like to hear their roaring, see their lava streams. I love them. I remember an expression that was familiar to us in school about the Pacific Ocean, "*la ceinture de fleur de Pacific*"—"the flower belt of the Pacific"—Japan, Alaska, South America, all around, all around. I'd love to see them. But I only saw three in my life.⁸⁰ I don't know if I will live long enough to see another one.

Anyhow, in the summer of that year, I had a few pupils. I lived in Iceland. I got to learn Icelandic. I used to speak fluently. It's a language very akin to German, and when I knew Icelandic and could hear the radio and could hear people speak, I thought it was no better than England. Only the landscape was different. But the mentality of the people was just the same. The same stupid anti-Nazi mentality. Fed on propaganda and fed on reaction to anything that hurts human beings.⁸¹

11. PROPAGANDA MISSIONS IN GERMANY, 1948-49

And then I came back to England from Iceland at the end of '47, and there I had to struggle a long time too. Until it was possible for Mr. Mukherji to send me a little money. He was himself in difficulty at the time. He had no job after the war. His past injured him a lot from the point of view of jobs. In fact, he couldn't send me anything until '48. But I already had a job. I got a job in the dancing company of Ram Gopal as a dresser.⁸² I had to take care of the costumes of the girls and

⁷⁸ Cf. *Defiance*, 72-73, 203, and 456-57; cf. *Gold in the Furnace*, 258.

⁷⁹ Chimborazo and Cotopaxi are located in Ecuador. At 20,700 feet (6,310 meters), Chimborazo is the tallest mountain in Ecuador. The peak has the distinction of being the point on the Earth's surface furthest from its center. Chimborazo has not erupted during human history. At 19,374 feet (5,897 meters) Cotopaxi is the second tallest mountain in Ecuador and the tallest active volcano in the world.

⁸⁰ Presumably the aforementioned Vesuvius and Stromboli, which implies that Savitri's travels also included the Bay of Naples and Sicily. Savitri visited Italy at least four times, in 1923, 1926, 1950, and 1953. Although she did not consider herself fluent in Italian, she knew the language well enough to read it and give lectures in it.

⁸¹ Savitri finished her *Akhmaton: A Play* (London: The Philosophical Publishing House, 1948) in Reykjavik on 16 April 1947. For accounts of her worship of the Midnight Sun and her visit to the Godafoss (Waterfall of the Gods) during her journey to Iceland, see *Defiance*, 186 and 495-97.

⁸² Ram Gopal (1912-2003) was one of the leaders of the revival of classical Indian dance and one of the most celebrated and widely traveled dancers of the twentieth century. See his *Rhythm in the Heavens: The Autobiography of Ram Gopal* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1957).

all that. It was not badly paid: five pounds a week in England, ten pounds a week abroad. I was taken to France. I was taken to Norway. I was taken to Sweden. We stayed two and a half months in Sweden, and that took me to June '48.

Of course, I didn't like the surroundings very much, and I don't mean the surroundings in Sweden. I mean the surroundings in the company. The stage manager, Mr. Ben Topf, was a Jew. A Jew who said in the train he would like to see the larders full and the arsenals empty in Germany, naturally. And I hated him for it. And then the impresario was another Jew, Mr. Braunschweig. A fat little man, with tiny little legs, very small bones. He looked like two threads and a fat body on that. He was very ugly. Anyhow, even if he had not been ugly, he was a damned Jew.

In Sweden on the 6th of June, 1948 I met somebody extraordinary. I met Sven Hedin.⁸³ I wanted to meet him. I knew he was one of our people. But they told me, "Sven Hedin meets nobody after '45. He doesn't want to meet anybody. You can try." So I wrote a letter to him, and he said, "Yes, you can come on Sunday. You can come at 2:00." I came there at 2:00, and I told him, "You see, we are going to Germany on the 14th." I had been spending two or three nights, up all night, writing papers.⁸⁴ I had intended to spend all my salary in Sweden buying chocolate, sardines, butter, cigarettes, putting a paper in each box and throwing them from the windows of the Nord Express. We were going to pass through Germany. "And I'd like to know, can we have any hope?"

He said, "Why do you say, 'Can we have any hope?' Do you have *no* hope?" I said, "Well, I'm doing this just as an act of defiance, but what to do? Those of Nuremberg, they have killed them." Sven Hedin said, "Don't fear. Germany has more such men." I said, "Yes, but when will they appear?" "They'll appear in time." And I said to him, "What about the Führer? Is he dead or alive?" He said, "Whether he's dead or alive, he's eternal. What does it matter to you?" I said, "I'll never see

⁸³ On Hedin and Savitri's first propaganda trip through occupied Germany, see *Gold in the Furnace*, ch. 4, "The Unforgettable Night."

⁸⁴ Savitri supplies a translation of the flyer in *Gold in the Furnace*: "In the midst of untold hardships and suffering, hold fast to our glorious National Socialist faith, and resist! Defy our persecutors! Defy the people, defy the forces that are working to 'de-Nazify' the German nation and the world at large! Nothing can destroy that which is built in truth. We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us. One day we shall rise and triumph again. Hope and wait! Heil Hitler!" (*Gold in the Furnace*, 49).

him if he's really not alive." "Well, even if you do see him, what difference would it make? The war is lost anyhow. And his ideas are true anyhow, even with a lost war." I said, "You are right. You are right."

And with this sort of talk and with the encouragement he gave me, he said, "You can distribute your papers if you like, all through Germany. If you get into trouble . . ." I said, "I don't care. I don't care if I spend my life in an Allied concentration camp." "In that case, carry on." I felt my wings, my old wings were growing again. He wanted to give me supper, if you please. I never expected it. "It is 7:00 now, you can have supper with me." I said, "At 7:00 I must be at the theater. It's a night show. I have to be there. It's my job." He said, "All right." So I went.

The first person I met in the theater was Ben Topf. He looked at me and said, "Mrs. Mukherji, what happened to you?" I said, "Nothing happened to me." "You look twenty years younger." I said, "Do I?" I said, "I met a great man." "What kind of great man?" I said, "Sven Hedin, the great explorer of Central Asia. The one who found out the real way that Lop Nor and other Central Asian lakes go around and round and round. They follow the same route." He said, "For that you are so pleased to meet that man?" And I said, "Yes I am. I am interested in archeology and explorations. What can you expect?" He didn't believe me, of course. He found it queer. He wouldn't have found it queer for long.

We went through Germany on the night of the 15th. We were in Flensburg, and on the 15th at night we left Flensburg. We had gone, of course, through Denmark. I saw the Baltic Sea in the sunshine in the morning. I said, "It's probably the last time I'll see anything beautiful like this if they put me in a camp. Well, it doesn't matter, doesn't matter a bit." And at Flensburg I started doing what I wanted to do, what I describe, or tried to describe, in *Gold in the Furnace*.

I stood at the window, in the corridor of the Nord Express. I refused to eat anything. I refused to drink anything as long as we would be on German territory. I knew Germans in those days were starving. I said, "I'd do like them: neither sleep nor eat nor drink." I was standing there, with my leaflets in packets, packets of cigars, packets of cigarettes, packets of this, packets of that. The whole way, along the railway, I could distribute as many as I liked. I saw a young couple pick up a packet of cigarettes. "Cigarettes," they said, "*Zigaretten*." All right. They picked it up. I thought to myself, "They're going to open it and find my leaflets inside. Good." And it went on like that. All night. All

night.

In the night, the middle of the night, at Duisburg—I'll never forget this—I had no more packets to distribute, except one packet of butter I was keeping for Aachen. I put leaflets, as many as I could, in my Icelandic cloak and threw that cloak on the platform. Some railway employee took it. Two railway employees, in fact. They came into the compartment. It was pitch dark. Everybody was sleeping. I was alone in the corridor.

They asked me, "Do you speak German?" I said, "Yes." "You sent us that cloak?" I said, "Yes. It's a good cloak; it's an Icelandic cloak." "Yes," they said, "But there are dangerous papers in there. Do you know about these papers?" I said, "Yes, of course I know. I wrote them." "So you know what you are doing?" I said, "Yes, I know what I'm doing." "And why do you do it in that case?" I said, "I'm doing it because for the last twenty years at least I've been revering Adolf Hitler and loving his people because they are his people."

And I expected them to say, "All right, you're under arrest. Come along." That was my expectation. Instead of that, one of them with tears in his eyes put out his hand to me and said, "*Wir danken Ihnen im Namen ganz Deutschlands.*"⁸⁵ And I felt so moved. It's one of the greatest days or the greatest nights in my life, along with the night on Hekla. It was equal to the night on Hekla. I was so pleased. He said, "But next time don't throw your cloak out where there are many people. Throw it out in the station where nobody's waiting and the train is going on." I did that.

We reached Aachen. There I gave out my last packet, some butter. A man took it and went away on a bicycle. In the distance I saw a house that was no longer a house, nothing but a cellar. In front of the cellar entrance there were two plates and two cats, each one eating from a plate. I said, "Good for you, German people. You are yourselves starving, and still you think about the poor cats." I blessed them.

And then I thought of something else. I thought, "Dear me, five hundred people from Flensburg to Aachen have taken leaflets of mine. They could've had a good salary or some money. They could've had milk for their children for eight days if they had gone to the police and said, 'These things are falling from the windows of the Nord Express.' And I would be arrested. And not one of them did it. Not one of them did it. "*Heil dir, meines Führers Volk!* I'll come back."

And then we reached England again on the 16th of June. And I

⁸⁵ We thank you in the name of all Germany.

managed to come back. But how to come back? How to come back? I had no military permit, and it took six months to have one, and they wouldn't give one to me. England wouldn't give one to me. I tried to get a military permit. I never got one.

So one day I prepared some leaflets, had them printed in England by an Eastern European who was on our side, more or less.⁸⁶ And I came to Paris. And in Paris I telephoned Georgette Soustelle, the wife of Mr. Soustelle,⁸⁷ the right hand of de Gaulle. She had been in school with me.

She was quite astonished, "You are in Europe? I thought you were in India." I said, "Yes, I was in India. I'm in Europe now." "And what do you want?" I said, "I'd like to go to Germany." "What do you want to go to Germany for?" "Just to write a book, a sort of *reportage*. I'm tired of writing about antiquity. I want to write something else. Can your husband give me a permit? I can't get one from England." She said, "All right. We'll get you a permit, all right. What's wrong with that? What were you doing, by the way, during the war?"

I said, "During the war I was feeding cats in Calcutta. I always did love cats." "All right," she said, "You always were a lover of cats. I know that. So you were feeding cats in Calcutta." I said, "Yes." I said, "What else do you expect me to do? I couldn't do anything. I couldn't do any resistance like you, because first of all I was far away." "Oh, I see, good, good, good." So in two days I had my permit.

The next day, the 11th of September 1948, I was on the train: Saarbrücken and then Germany. And I re-entered Germany via Saarbrücken with this time eleven thousand leaflets and posters to post up. I passed with great luck through the customs in Saarbrücken, but they were hidden in books or hidden in fashion magazines, and I continued this job. I had no money, except my jewelry. I would sell some jewelry, get some money, and continue sleeping preferably in

⁸⁶ This Eastern European sympathizer is Count Geoffrey Potocki de Montalk (1903-1997), poet, printer, and pretender to the throne of Poland. According to Diana Hughes (interviewed 10 and 17 November 2001) and Terry Cooper (interviewed 12 April 2002), Savitri met Potocki in London in late 1945 or in 1946. On Potocki, see Stephanie de Montalk, *Unquiet World: The Life of Count Geoffrey Potocki de Montalk* (Wellington, New Zealand: Victoria University Press, 2001).

⁸⁷ Jacques Émile Soustelle (1912-1990) was before the Second World War a widely published academic specialist in Mexican and Central American anthropology and history. During the war he worked for de Gaulle, and after the war he had a long and prominent political career. He later became director of the *École pratique des hautes Études*. Throughout his career, he continued to publish in anthropology. Soustelle's wife Georgette was also an anthropologist.

waiting rooms in the stations in order not to have the expense of hotels.

12. ARREST AND INTERROGATION, 1949⁸⁸

I distributed in all eleven thousand five hundred leaflets or posters.⁸⁹ I put them on the wall. I would've been quite left alone. Nobody would've interfered because I used to do it cleverly, until I met a collaborator. This was in the station of Köln, Cologne, on the 13th of February 1949. I saw a young man, very tall, a former SS man. He just came out of prison. He was a prisoner of war of the French. And he told me his story.

They sent him to the Congo under Negro supervision, after telling the Negroes that they, the whole lot of them, eighteen thousand SS, were all enemies of their race and what not, and they could do what they liked to them. There was not a single Frenchman in the camp, he told me. The head of the camp was a Negro. A French citizen of course, but that's all. And they had a very hard time. It was a lead mine. They had water up to their waist and hardly anything to eat. And forty-eight hundred out of the eighteen thousand saw the coast of Europe again. The others all died. That's what he told me. And that impressed me, of course.

I was writing *Gold in the Furnace* in those days. I had written three chapters. I gave him the three chapters and translated them to him. I translated part anyhow, and he liked it. And he said, "Where are you going?" I said, "Taking the train to Hamburg. I want to see some people in Hamburg, and then I'm coming back, in a week." All right. He said, "I'll take you to the train."

So he came to the train with me. I gave him a leaflet on the way. I said, "You go to the WC and read that in the WC where nobody can see you, and tell me what you think of it." He read the leaflet, came out again. It was 2:00 in the morning and very cold. He came out and put his two hands on my shoulders and said, "Who wrote that?" I said, "I." "You wrote that? But you are not a German." I said, "No, but I'm an Aryan still. Without being German I'm still an Aryan, and I owe allegiance to Germany as the country that tried to save the race from decay and all the consequences of Judeo-democratic domination." He said, "Give me as many of these leaflets as you like, as many as you can. I'll stick them up for you." They were posters not leaflets, with a

⁸⁸ *Defiance* is a much fuller telling of the story recounted here in §§12-14.

⁸⁹ Presumably the five hundred leaflets of the first journey plus the eleven thousand leaflets and posters of the second.

great big swastika like that, ten centimeters long, ten centimeters wide. I gave him a good hundred, and out he went.

And my train went, and I came back after eight days, as I said. I came back, and he had told me, "When you come back, you go to the Catholic Mission"—there was a Catholic Mission and a Protestant Mission in every station in Germany in those days—"and you ask for the address of Gerhard Waßner. That's my name. I've found a room until then. I'm staying in Köln. So they'll tell you where I live, and you can see me." That's exactly what I did, eight days later. On the 20th of February, the night between the 20th and the 21st. It was about midnight. I went to the Catholic Mission. I said, "Could you give me please the address of Gerhard Waßner?" As soon as I said that, a policeman who was nearby said to me, "May I see your passport?" I said, "Of course." I showed him my passport. He said, "Come along. Leave your things here. Come along. We have something to talk about." I didn't like that idea. I followed him, left my things there. I followed him.

And he told me, "What's the business of the *Flugblätter, Plakate und Flugblätter*?"—that is to say, posters and flyers, leaflets. So I made myself as innocent looking as I could. And I said, "What are posters and what are leaflets? I don't know what . . ." He said, "They are papers with propaganda." I said, "I don't know anything about this. What is it you mean?" I did not know that Waßner was under arrest already. That I couldn't guess. So he said, "Look here, we are going to show you." And he put one of my posters on the table. He said, "Do you know about that? Has Waßner given you those?" And then I understood him. Then only I understood that Waßner was under arrest. How did they find the poster?

I said, "Yes. But you're making a mistake. Waßner didn't give me any of those. I gave about a hundred to Waßner." I said, "Waßner is completely innocent in this affair. He probably didn't know what he was doing. He took them and put them in his pocket, and I doubt whether he read them or not. I don't know. But I gave him about one hundred." He said, "What did you intend to do?" I said, "I intended him to stick them up. And of course I have no money to pay him, but I have a few pieces of jewelry. I could've given him some of my jewelry." And they said to me, "Who pays you?" I was indignant. I said, "What do you mean who pays me? Nobody pays me. I do this because I love the National Socialist idea."

"You'll find nine boxes that were once full of jewelry, and they're now empty. That jewelry I sold bit by bit in order to pay for my

journey into Germany from Saarland six or seven times, in order to stay in Germany, and in order to finance also the printing of my leaflets.” He said, “They were printed in Germany?” I said, “No, they were printed abroad.” “Who printed them and where?” I said, “I can’t tell you that.” He said, “We have methods to make people like you speak.”

And I really thought, when they said that, I really thought they had the authorization to do what they liked with me. And as I had heard many horror stories of how my comrades fared in the hands of the German police after the war, I thought my turn had come. And I really was afraid. I really was afraid. I looked at my hands, and I said, “If they pull out my nails, what will I do?” Anyhow, I prayed. I prayed to the heavenly powers to give me strength, and I felt really that I was getting less afraid, and I had the courage to tell them, “Well, you can do what you like to me, but there’s one thing you cannot do, and that is to kill the idea which I represent. So you can have me. You can do what you like with me.”

I didn’t tell them, “I won’t speak.” I was not at all sure that I wouldn’t say anything under torture. And I thought that was what was awaiting me. But as I said these words—“You can do what you like, but you cannot kill the idea that I represent”—as I was saying these words, something in me told me I had been telling this to different people, under different forms, for the last several thousands of years. And I felt that I, my real I, was above my body. My body was something different from my self. I felt that. It was a queer experience. Anyhow that passed away, and they said to me, “You are under arrest, Madam.” It was half past two in the morning. I said, “I’m so glad to be under arrest. This puts me not quite so far away from my comrades. I’m nearer to them now. I’m very happy.”

And then a man came. I don’t know what he was. But he looked like a Jew. He said, “Now come along. We’ll take you to your cell.” And they took me to a cell, down the stairs, down the stairs. It must’ve been twenty or thirty yards or meters underground. He opened the dark cell and pushed me in. The inside was full of mud. It was black, black, black on my feet. And there was one bed. I couldn’t see what was on the bed. I just banged against it. That’s how I knew it was a bed. I couldn’t see a thing. And they shut the door. And I banged at the door. I said, “This is full of mud. Couldn’t you give me at least something to sit on? I can’t lie down in this, but I can sit at least and not have my legs, my feet all muddy.” He said, “You can take that.” And he gave me a stinking piece of . . . I don’t know what, bedclothes or something. A stinking piece of cloth. I said, “You can keep it for yourself. It stinks.

I don't want it. I'd rather have the mud."

And then a voice came from the darkness and said, "A new one." I said, "Yes, a new one." "Oh, dear, where did they get you?" I said, "At the station." "What have you been doing? Stealing something?" I said, "No, I've been distributing leaflets and putting up posters against the occupation." "Oh," she said, "That is something good. That is something honorable. You won't get out of it very easily. I'll get out of it. I've been stealing the ration card of somebody for my children. I have six children. They'll let me off, but they won't let you off." I said, "It doesn't matter if they don't. I'm here for that. I'm here to testify to my idea, to our idea—I don't know if it is yours also or not." Anyhow she said, "We were all right under Hitler, but I can tell you, now these swine came, and everything is wrong. We have rationing, rationing. We have hardly anything to eat. We have twenty-five grams of fat every month. I mean to say, you are quite right to fight them." I said, "I'm glad to hear it, from you, a German." She said, "Would you like to sleep on my bed?" I said, "No, the bed is too small, and I'm not sleepy at all."

I said, "May I sing? If you're not going to sleep, may I sing?" She said, "You can sing as much as you'd like. I'm not sleepy. I've slept all day." I said, "All right." I started singing every one of the National Socialist songs I knew. With all my enthusiasm. I was very happy in this place. And in the morning, as it dawned—it dawned late of course; it was in February—I saw four feet at the very, very high window as though two people were listening. They listened to a message from underground. I was actually in the physical sense underground as well as in the moral sense. And then they came in. They opened the door. They took out this woman, who was called Hildegard, I don't remember what. And they left me in.

And time was passing, and time was passing. I had had nothing to eat all day and all night. That doesn't matter. When are they going to come? Are they going to leave me here the rest of my life? I was feeling anxious. And about 5:00 in the afternoon—it must've been that late; it was dark, anyhow—they took me in a black car, what they call in English, I think, the Black Mariah, and off we went to some place. And there interrogation started.

One Mr. Hatch asked me questions, and there were Germans. There was an *Oberinspektor* and some other Germans. They were police. And I wanted to speak German because the Germans were there. He said, "No, no, no. Your trial will be in English. You will be tried by a military tribunal under the laws of occupation, the statute of

occupation, and you are to speak English only.” I said, “All right. Ask me questions about my name, career, my life history, and what not.”

And he said to me, “Queer, you have a [British] passport [from India. And you have a French military permit with] a stamp that you are French. And we find in your things a certificate of nationality from the Greek Consulate of Lyons, dated 1928, stating that you are Greek. How is it?” I said, “It’s just nothing. It’s just that I forgot to tell the people that gave me the French military permit that I was of Greek nationality. The French military permit was given to me, and they were kind enough to give me a recommendation to the French authorities, the French and Allied authorities. The recommendation was of Mr. Soustelle himself, the right hand man of Mr. de Gaulle. I forgot to tell him I was of Greek nationality.” I said that in an ironical manner, and they couldn’t help smiling.

The recommendation that the French people gave me was not a French passport. I had a British passport from India, given out in India in 1940. I never could use it because they gave it to me too late. I had to renew my passport anyhow, and I wanted to come to Europe. I wanted to come to Germany in 1940 and give out war propaganda in Greek and in Bengali. But for that I had to renew my passport. I was now Mrs. Mukherji, so I went to the Indian authorities, that is to say, the British authorities, and asked them for a passport for France. Not for Germany, of course, for France. I would’ve gone to Germany very easily from France.

And they said, “All right, we’ll give you one.” And the passport was dated the 30th of April, but they never gave it to me in April. They gave it to me at the end of June when there were no communications left, and one could not leave India unless, of course, one was known as an Allied friend and one was going to join the resistance of Mr. de Gaulle or something like that. Then you had every plane facilities. But everybody knew what I was. Nobody gave me any plane facilities. You understand. And when I went to France, when I got the military permit from Soustelle they put a stamp on my passport, “French born.” I was French born if you like, since every child born in France is French.

Then they asked me a few questions, and one of the questions was, “You certainly have letters.” By the way, while I was in that police room before they told me that I was under arrest, I had a few addresses. I took them out of my bag very slowly on my lap and tore them in bits, and taking them in my hand, as though I was coughing behind a pocket handkerchief, I swallowed them. When they asked me if I had any addresses, I said, “No, I have no addresses.” “You don’t know any

National Socialists in Germany? Do you mean to say that you know nobody?"

I said, "I know nobody. In fact I know only two National Socialists in the world." They said, "Two?" I said, "Yes, two." "And who are these? Can you tell us their names?" I said, "Very gladly. One is the Führer, and one is myself. I don't know any others because, you see, when they tell you that they are very good democrats, you have no means of knowing whether they tell the truth or are telling lies. And if they tell me, 'I'm a good National Socialist,' how do I know if it's true or not? But of these two I'm perfectly sure. That's all I can say."

And they said, "You say in your leaflets that he's alive, your Führer. Do you believe it?" Well, in those days I really did. I said, "Yes, I do." And he said, "How did you know it? Did any one of his disciples tell you?" I said, "No, an Indian astrologer told me. And I believe in astrology, because I'm a Mediterranean person, or one half Mediterranean at least, and we are all superstitious on the Mediterranean shore." And that was that.

And then Hatch told me, "You are going to pass the night in my house." I said, "Why? If I were a German you would put me in that dark cell. Why don't you put me in that dark cell as I am? I don't want any special treatment." "Well, you are a British subject. An Indian passport, you are a British subject." I said, "Well, no longer now." But still they said, "You have a British passport dated 1940. The passport is good until 1950. We are in 1949. Therefore, you have to come."⁹⁰

And I went there. I saw a beautiful house, well-furnished, spacious, and a lovely Scotch woman with red hair and two lovely children, and that was Hatch's family. And I said, "Some poor German family has been expelled to make place for them. A German family as beautiful as these people. Some German woman looking exactly like Mrs. Hatch and some German children looking exactly like the little Hatches." I said, "Isn't it a shame that people of the same race looking exactly like each other have such a fight, such a war, and then expel each other from their homes?" I said that to Mrs. Hatch. And she said, "What do you wish? This is war. What can you expect? We can't do otherwise."

Anyhow, she said, "Would you like to have something to eat?" It

⁹⁰ The possession of an unexpired British passport was the legal pretext upon which the British established their jurisdiction to try and hang William Joyce, a.k.a. Lord Haw-Haw (1906-1946) for treason. Savitri's British passport, plus the fact that the British were aware of her husband's espionage activities during the war, could have led her to a similar fate.

was about 7:00 at night. I said, "Yes, as long as it's vegetarian." She said, "You are vegetarian for health reasons? Or for other reasons?" I said, "I always was from my childhood. I always had a revulsion at the sight of quarters of meat hanging in front of the butcher's shops. I never took any meat, in fact. I love animals, and I don't approve of killing them for food. We can eat other things." And she said, "You love animals, but you don't mind the thousands of people that your comrades killed?" I said, "Why should I mind? They weren't animals. Animals aren't anti-Nazis." And she was shocked. But I was perfectly sincere. And I would say it again.

You see, in those days, I used to believe in all these atrocity tales. But they didn't shock me. And they didn't shock me—I repeat it—for this very reason: that I thought to myself that as long as people tolerated all these atrocities on animals, there's no reason why any country should not commit atrocities on its own enemies. Enemies are not as lovable as animals. They are not lovable at all, in fact, and animals are. And that was that. And the woman was shocked. Anyhow, she said to me, "What would you like to eat? I have an omelet." I said, "You can give me an omelet if you like, an omelet with perhaps something in it, onions or whatever you have to put in it, but absolutely no meat." All right, she gave me an omelet. I enjoyed it.

And then the interrogation started. Hatch was present again. He brought a typewriter and a typist and the same old interrogation, the same old questions, the same old questions: "What prompted you to be a National Socialist? What made you a National Socialist?" I said, "I always was one. I became conscious of it once long ago, 1929, but I always was one in fact." And he said, "What do you like in it?" I said, "The idea of perfection. The idea that man should be perfect. There is a perfect type of each race. Every race should strive to its own perfect type."

In fact, National Socialism is an Aryan racialism, but you could transpose it. I can very well imagine a non-Aryan, say a Japanese, having the same ideas as ours. In fact, I said, "In 1940 I met a Japanese in India, one of the members of the Japanese Consulate, and he told me, 'Your National Socialism, we Japanese consider it a Western brand of Shinto. It's the same spirit as our Shinto religion, that is to say, the cult of the sun, the cult of heroes, and the cult of ancestry. It's nothing else.' I said, 'Yes, you are right.'" And recently, that is to say 1978, I had a letter from a Japanese teacher in Nara, and he told me point blank, "We Japanese are all National Socialists in our own way. We are not Aryan racialists because we are not Aryans, of course. But we believe in blood

and soil. What's more, this can be said of any race in the world, any conscious race." And that's why if to be a religion, the basic principles of the doctrine have to be universal, I can say National Socialism is a religion.⁹¹

In fact, higher animals are racist and lower animals too. They won't mate with anyone except creatures of their own race. Certain spiders will go miles and miles to get to the female spider of the same kind as himself. They have that instinct. The highest of the beings on Earth have that instinct and the lowest. And the intermediate ones haven't got it. An average dog, especially what they call in India a pariah dog, will mate with any bitch. Spiders don't. Insects don't. Plants don't. Minerals don't. There are strict laws of combinations between minerals in chemistry. And higher human beings don't. The intermediate human being is just like the dog: mates with anybody. We want to be the highest. National Socialism is for teaching the Aryans to become real Aryans, that is to say, the top of the race and to be able to guide others, to bring the whole race up. We don't want any kind of people in our Aryan race who behave like dogs, like pariah dogs. That's what we want.

He said, "All right. And have you any examples of this in the world? This is not the voice of the majority." I said, "Not now. Not now, since Christianity and since some other international religions have brainwashed the world, but it was so in antiquity." I said it was so in antiquity. He said, "It was so among the Jews." I said, "Not so much among the Jews as among other people. The Jews were racists, provided the people of their own race had the same religion as themselves. They were of the same race as the Moabites and as the Ammonites, but these two didn't worship Yahweh. The Moabites worshipped Chemosh, and the Ammonites worshipped Milcom. They were other gods. Therefore the Jews hated them.

⁹¹ In the last sentence of this paragraph, Savitri actually says that National Socialism is "universal," not that it is "a religion." But this is a slip of the tongue. Savitri is offering an argument, and the claim that National Socialism is universal is one of the premises (established by the Japanese teacher), not the conclusion. The conclusion is that National Socialism is a religion. Thus the argument runs as follows: If National Socialism is universal, then it is a religion. National Socialism is universal. Therefore, National Socialism is a religion. The first premise of this argument appears false, for although universality may be a necessary condition for being a religion, it is not a sufficient condition. Other conditions must also be satisfied before National Socialism can be considered a religion. It seems certain, however, that Savitri knew there were other conditions for being a religion and believed that National Socialism met all of them as well.

But among the races of the world in general religion didn't count. Religion was a matter of personal affairs. They used to worship each other's gods. The Jews themselves were always worshipping the gods of the Canaanites. The Bible is full of their infidelities to Yahweh. They didn't think twice about it. They didn't think twice about sacrificing to other gods. It was the fashion. Nobody cared for this religious fanaticism. And Adolf Hitler says that himself on page 507 of his *Mein Kampf*, edition of 1935: 'In the world of antiquity it was much freer than ours. There was no such thing as religious intolerance. Religious intolerance, religious terror entered the world with Christianity,' and he's perfectly right. Perfectly right." So that's what I said to him.

And they said, "Well, what is your model state in antiquity?" I said "Sparta." They said, "We like Sparta too, but we don't like National Socialism." I said, "What you are saying now is really a contradiction. You can't really like Sparta and the Spartan way if you are against National Socialism. It was nothing else. It was nothing else." They said, "But it was awful. You see, what they did in Sparta was awful. Babies who were not either fit to be warriors or mothers of warriors, who were badly formed or didn't weigh enough, they used to just kill them on the spot, throw them into the depths, the chasm."

I said, "Yes. My mother always told me I would've been in the chasm myself because I only weighed nine hundred grams at birth. But it wouldn't make any difference to the world, of course. But why do you criticize the Spartans for doing that under command of the state when in all Greece they did worse, just for the whims of the fathers? The fathers didn't want another girl, it would mean another dowry to give at the time of marriage, and they said, 'Well, if the next baby is a girl, you just expose her,' and they put her in an earthen pot on the street corner, and she was left there either to be taken by the first kind-hearted person who wanted her, or left to die. It was done all over the ancient world. Why do you criticize Sparta only?"

And there was a discussion like that between Mr. Hatch and another gentleman who came, and myself. It was very interesting. I was delighted to talk of antiquity. It was one of my subjects. And in the end it was after 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning, and then was told I could go to sleep.

The next day I was taken from Köln to Düsseldorf, and all along the way, along the *Autobahn*, I couldn't help saying, "You see these beautiful *Autobahnen*? This is the work of Adolf Hitler. You will use them. You can't help admitting that these are things that he did." And

the occupation people answered me, “Yes, all right. And Germany was easier to invade with these *Autobahnen*.” I said, “I’m sorry for that anyhow.” I think I had another interrogation. I’m not quite sure.

13. WERL AND HERTHA EHLERT, 1949

Anyhow, I landed in Werl. The very same day I was taken to Werl. And I told them, “I’m very glad to be in Werl where there are people of my own faith, quite a number of them.” There were, in fact, twenty-six women in the women’s department in the D wing, and about eight hundred or a thousand men in the men’s department. There had been eleven thousand men in 1945, especially SS men. I was taken to the women’s department and put in a cell—on remand. You see, I was not condemned yet. My trial lasted six weeks. I was only condemned on the 5th of April ’49, not before. Before, I enjoyed certain privileges that people on remand have. I wasn’t forced to work, for one, and I had quite a number of visits.

On the next day, the 23rd of February—which happens to be the anniversary of Horst Wessel’s murder; he was murdered on the 23rd of February 1930, exactly nineteen years after his murder—my cell opened in the morning and in came the head of the infirmary and a beautiful-looking woman, a blonde of about my age. In fact, just six months older than I. And I was introduced, “This is Hertha Ehlert, Hertha Ehlert of the Belsen camp.”⁹² She was a wardress in the Belsen camp. And she had been in several other camps before.” All right. And she said, “You see, I’m a war criminal.” And when she said that I put my arms around her and kissed her face and told her, “In my eyes there are no war criminals. There are only victims of democracy, and you are one.” And she said, “I’m glad to hear that. Tell me, you who are a foreigner, they tell us all day long that we were monsters because we did this and that and the rest to the Jews. We persecuted the Jews, and it was wrong.”

I said, “Those who tell you that, just ask them whether they belong to the Indian sect of the Jains or not.” She said, “What is that?” I said, “There is a sect in India called the Jains. They don’t kill anything. Not bugs, not fleas, not lice, nothing. It is their custom, and it is their religion. If a Jain tells me we were wrong to get rid of our enemies, people who were threatening the existence of the Aryan race, especially the existence of Germany, I would say, ‘If you are Jains, all right.’ But the people who are trying to brainwash you are not Jains. They kill

⁹² Hertha Ehlert was born 26 March 1905.

bugs, and they kill fleas, and they kill flies, and they kill I don't know what else. So they have no right to tell us that we shouldn't kill enemies of our country and our race. A fly cannot do half the harm that an intelligent Jew can do. Certainly not. So if you can kill the fly, or if you can kill the bug, or if you can kill a louse, why can't you get rid of the intelligent Jew who is harming you? Or who threatens to harm you? Even the potential enemy. You kill a bug. The bug has perhaps not bitten you, but he *might* bite you. On that principle you go take his life. Well, if we did things like that to the Jews, we did it on the same principle. And the principle is admitted by everybody except the Jains."⁹³

She was quite taken aback. She was delighted. She said, "I'm going to tell that to all the D wing." I said, "You can tell it to whomever you like. I'll tell it to the authorities if they come around and ask me tomorrow. I don't mind. It's logic. I am all for logic. I don't believe in things that are half one way and half the other. I have no time for the enemies of the Reich. None at all. Because the Reich represents to me the force that was doing its best to stem decay in the whole world, and therefore I feel myself personally responsible for whatever has been done in the name of the Third Reich or whatever shall be done in the future if ever we get power again."

I told my mother that so many times. My mother was on the other side. I told her so many times, and I wrote it in letters. Well, in parentheses, the answer my mother had to that was the burning of my doctoral theses. I had left five hundred copies of my doctoral theses in her keep, and she burnt them all, all except twelve, six of each thesis. And in 1946 when I saw her again and she told me they were burnt, she said, "Well, I could've burnt my own things. Of course I had heaps of ordinary books. I had heaps of papers. I had heaps of things. But as you feel responsible for all that was done in the name of the Third Reich, I burnt your things. Because of your Third Reich I was cold in 1942, so I burnt your things." I said, "That's logic." I didn't blame her for that. I'd much rather have her attitude than the attitude of these stupid people who would tell me, "Oh, you say so but you don't really believe it. You can't really believe it. You wouldn't really do it." Those fools I don't like. I prefer the one who takes steps against me on logical grounds.

Hertha was condemned to fifteen years. She sat for nine years in a cell. They had condemned her to death. She was on the death list, to be hanged, when one of her keeps in Belsen, a Jewess who had become

⁹³ Cf. *The Lightning and the Sun*, 386.

the mistress of a Britisher, told her lover, just like that, occasionally, on having a cup of coffee or tea, "Oh it's a pity for Hertha Ehlert. She was a good one. She used to give me even good coffee when I was sick in the camp. She made good coffee for me and gave it to me in spite of the restrictions." So for that, for that Jewess telling that to her English lover, she got fifteen years instead of death. What are the reasons that make our destiny? It's a small thing. If that woman had not met that man, and if Hertha had not given her, once or twice, some good coffee, she would be dead now.

If you could see her, I will give you a word for her: She's a really beautiful Nordic. I don't know what she looks like now, but even when I met her she was over forty. I used to look at her like that. I told her, "As a two-legged mammal, you are much my superior. As a living creature, you're far my superior." She is the lady to whom I dedicated my *Defiance*.

Anyhow, she worked in the infirmary at Werl, and she used to come to my cell every day. I asked her, "What are you getting to eat?" And she said, "Oh, something that's just fit to eat for pigs." I said, "You know, I have British food because I have a British passport. Already this morning I had twelve slices of bread. I don't need twelve slices of bread. I take one in the morning, one at mid-day and one in the evening, and that's all. You can have the rest." I said, "You can have my coffee too. I take one cup, and I have a liter. Now, I have no meat because I told them I was vegetarian already, and they give me boiled vegetables at mid-day. I have boiled vegetables and nothing else, not even butter. But in the evening I get something nice. I get some macaroni or something nice, and I can eat that. There's generally very little of it, just enough for myself. But whatever I have in the morning, you come every morning and you take it for the D wing people, for the comrades." She was very pleased, and every morning she came, all the time I was in Werl. She had ten slices of bread. She had all my coffee except a cup for myself. And on Sundays I had a little bit of chocolate. I had some marmalade, and some butter. She had my chocolate, she had my marmalade, and she had my butter. I was very glad to give it to the comrades.

But that in course of time brought me into trouble. That is to say, there's a loophole on every cell. Now the women condemned to hard labor, who used to scrub the floor, could see through that loophole. And they could see me write after the time that was allotted to our work, and they wouldn't have reported that I wrote. I was not allowed to write. I was allowed only to do some sewing work for the prison.

The director, Colonel Vickers, told me that I am not to write. But the *Oberwachtmeisterin*, the woman in charge of the work, told me I could write, provided I don't say that I'm doing it. I used to write after the time of work. That was after my condemnation, after the 5th of April, after I was no longer on remand. And that brought down on me the jealousy of these women who saw me in the morning because they suspected me of giving my white bread to the D wing women in the morning.

By the way, I had entreated the director of the prison to put me in the D wing, and he said, "No, you are to stay in the B wing," that is to say, with the women who are condemned for abortion, for murder, for theft, for breaking into houses, robberies, things like that. Mostly they were condemned for abortions. So I said, "Why don't you put me in the D wing? I'm a political prisoner. I'm not a prisoner. I have not done anything." He said, "Yes, we put you in the D wing, and the next day the whole D wing will be singing the Horst Wessel Song. You are a firebrand. We don't want to put you in the D wing. You'll have to stay here." I didn't like it, not at all. I never forgave the authorities of Werl for keeping me purposely among the abortionists and the thieves and these people. I said to myself, "Thank goodness I was not forced to work in the workshop with the others." I was all alone. I blessed them for being alone. Rather alone than with these people. But I resented not being in the D wing and having to go around the courtyard for a quarter of an hour every day with these people. I met all sorts of types among these people. But their talk was boring. Their talk was men and food, nothing else. And their experiences in prison. Most of them had been in German concentration camps before the war. For the same offenses: for theft, for breaking in houses, things like that. The same offenses. One had been in different camps eighteen times and was condemned for it by the Allies for the nineteenth time. These kinds of people. Putting me with these kinds of people. I'll never forget that.

14. TRIAL AND IMPRISONMENT, 1949

Anyhow, to come back to my trial, it took place on the 5th of April, '49. It was an ordinary military tribunal trial, occupation trial. The people judging me were military occupation. And there was an attorney general who spoke, and he said that I was twice as guilty as anybody else because of my diplomas, my doctorate, my M.A., my L.Sc., my what not. And because I knew what I was doing. And he showed the ruins of Düsseldorf. We were in Düsseldorf in Mühlenstraße. And he said, "These ruins were brought about by National Socialists." I said,

“No they weren’t. They were brought about by Allied bombers against National Socialism.” He said, “You keep quiet. You talk when you are told to talk.”

And then they gave me a lawyer. I didn’t want one. I said, “I can defend myself. I don’t want a lawyer.” They gave me one all the same. It was the rule. And the lawyer got a letter from Mr. Mukherji trying to make out that I was not a political person at all. I was much too simple to be a political person. That I liked National Socialism as a philosophy and a religion perhaps, but that really has no political meaning. And the lawyer said, “I’ll use that letter, and by using that letter I can get you off several months.” I said, “I don’t want you to use that letter. Please don’t use it, because it’s not quite accurate. It tries to defend me, and I don’t want to be defended. Whatever I have to say, I will say when they give me the right to speak. But I don’t want my actions to be made smaller, less important on any account.” He said, “All right.”

The room was packed, and there two Jews in the first row. And they were grinning, and they were laughing. They were looking quite pleased. At the end, they told me that I could speak for a quarter of an hour or half an hour. So I spoke. And they asked me, “Why did you do this? Why did you stick up these posters?” I said, “I didn’t stick up these posters and distribute these leaflets with the hope that by doing so I would resurrect National Socialism and make it the ruling force in Germany and in this world. Certainly not. That job is much too great for a single individual. It’s the job of the gods. They’ll do it in time, if it’s their sweet pleasure.

“Personally I did it for three reasons. First, I obeyed my conscience. Didn’t you tell the world in Nuremberg that a man has to follow his conscience? Of course, you said the ‘world’ conscience. My conscience is not the world conscience. It’s a private conscience. But I follow that. I don’t know what the ‘world’ conscience is. According to me it doesn’t exist. So I followed my conscience. It told me to do this, and I did it.

“Second, I wanted to show the German people at the time of humiliation and martyrdom that at least there were some individuals on the surface of the Earth who were still for them.

“And third, I wanted to defy not only you, the occupation powers, but all those who were against us. I wanted to show them that drowning a whole continent in fire and phosphorus, killing millions of people—five million civilians were killed in Germany alone—was an easy task, and they did it. It was so easy. With ample Jewish money and technique put in service of a cause, that will work. But the difficult

task, they couldn't do and cannot do, this difficult task being to de-Nazify, as they say, one person. Not many, one. And not a man at that. Nothing but a woman. And not a German woman at that. But a woman from the other end of the Earth. They cannot do that. They could kill me if they like. They didn't do it. That's their affair. But they could. They can't de-Nazify me. That's what I want to show. They can neither de-Nazify me nor can they de-Nazify the natural force. The principles of National Socialism, based on cosmic laws, will still be true wherever we are in the universe, on this planet or on other planets, whatever they do."

And that's what I wanted to say, that's all. And I started quoting something from *Mein Kampf*, and the judge stopped me. The quotation was, "The only thing that should prompt our action is neither the approval nor the reprobation of the people around us, but only our allegiance to the truth in which we believe."⁹⁴ I didn't say it in whole. I said it partly. And the judge interrupted me and said, "I don't want to know what your Führer wrote." I said, "I'm sorry. It's because he wrote things like that that I'm here. I acted according to his writings."

Anyhow, when the trial was over he said, "three years rigorous imprisonment." I thought to myself, "These people don't really love their blessed democracy." Because if I had been caught in the Russian zone it would not be three years rigorous imprisonment, it would have been thirty years in a Siberian camp, and I would be dead by now, long ago. But the Communists have a faith. A false one, but a faith. And they can understand people who have a different faith, and they know that any person who has a faith is dangerous, potentially at least, to all those who hate that faith.

These people don't feel the same. Their first concern is their bread and butter and their enjoyment. Democracy gives them that, all right. Long live democracy. If we came to power tomorrow and gave them the same thing, they'd say, "Heil Hitler!" So many did in Germany before the catastrophe. So many did, of that description. And they say the contrary now. Those are the democrats. Those are the Western anti-Communists, and they will be crushed by the Communists, because the Communists have a faith, and they have none. Unless we crush the Communists. We are the only ones. We have seen that in Vietnam.

⁹⁴ "But our views and our conduct will not be determined by the approbation or disapprobation of our contemporaries, but only by our duty to follow a truth which we have acknowledged."—*Mein Kampf*, vol. 2, ch. 2, "The State," trans. Murphy, 222.

Anyhow, that was long after these happenings.

I went out. I had taken with me my swastika earrings bought in India, great big silhouette earrings in gold. As soon as the sentence was given, and I feared no more—I mean to say, a next trial because of my earrings—I put them on. I stood up. I did the Hitler salute, looking at the people, and I walked off. Some people of the press wanted to interview me, but the authorities didn't allow it.

One thing I can say: the two Jews who were at the front were not laughing any longer. I don't suppose that I frightened them. I was not such a powerful person. But they felt the spirit. They felt that this can always begin again. As long as there are people who really are given to it, it can begin again. That's what they seemed to think. They didn't tell me so. I don't know what they thought. I can't read people's thoughts. But that's what seemed to me.

I walked off, and I was taken to Werl after that. That was my trial in Düsseldorf, Mühlenstraße, on the 5th of April 1949. Exactly two years after I watched the fire on the flanks of the burning Mt. Hekla in Iceland, exactly two years.

On the 30th of May 1949, my cell was searched and my manuscript of *Gold in the Furnace* was taken. And I thought it was taken forever because Colonel Vickers, the head of the prison, told me, "If your book is subversive, it shall be destroyed." He told me that on the 10th of June 1949 when I came to ask if my book could be saved. He said, "You are not to ask anything. You are the most objectionable Nazi type I've ever met"—and he had been in Germany since 1945—"and I am not going to give any favors to you." Still, after I had prayed and prayed—not to him, but to the gods, repeating a certain Sanskrit mantra twenty-one times and that for twenty-one days (I didn't do it [for twenty-one days] on purpose)—the directress of the women's section in prison came in and told me "Muky"—they always used to call me Muky, the diminutive of Mukherji—"Your things have all come back, and Colonel Vickers is to give them to you. You go to his office. They are given back to you. Your book is given back to you."

I couldn't believe my ears. I didn't thank Colonel Vickers in my heart of hearts. I thanked the gods only. Colonel Vickers was an instrument, nothing more. Just as I am an instrument, nothing more. Anyhow, I got back my manuscript. It was put in a safe place until my release from Werl. At my release it was given back to me. Of course I kept it until I got it sent to India, and it was printed in India in '52. It was printed in India along with *Defiance*. Mr. Mukherji paid for the

printing. And the proofs were sent to me. That's why there were so many mistakes in it. It was printed in India in my absence.

They had given me three years, but they kept me only a few months due to the intervention of the Indian government that Mr. Mukherji had set in motion.⁹⁵ I asked him, "Why did you do that?" He said, "Because you are more useful outside than inside. That's why I did it." I said, "Good." I said to my friend Hertha Ehlert, "I don't want to go out." She said, "Don't be a fool. You are of more use out than in. You can continue doing something. When you're in prison you can do nothing. Especially since they won't allow you to write any longer."

Some people had wanted my mother to intervene. My mother had been in the French resistance. She was not going to help a National Socialist and quite right. I admire her for that. I'm very grateful to her that she did not intervene. I didn't want to be freed by anybody, especially not the former French resistance. She wrote to me a letter, at least, that I liked very much. She said to me, "Now you are in prison. Think of the eagles that are in prison in the zoo, in your native town, in enormous cages. They are in cages still. An eagle doesn't want to be in a cage. They have done no Nazi propaganda, and still they are in prison for life. Think of them, and don't complain."⁹⁶ I was not in the mood to complain at all. I was very glad to be in prison for my ideas.

And then I was forbidden to go back to Germany for five years, but I went back all the same in '53. I stayed in the meantime in France,⁹⁷ and I gave lessons to live. Mr. Mukherji used to send me some money now and then, but not much. I went to Greece in '53, in January or February '53. And then I went back to Germany via Rome. I took a plane to Italy, and in Rome I took a train via the Brenner Pass to Germany.⁹⁸ And I came back to Germany with a Greek passport in my maiden name, and nobody understood anything about it. I was

⁹⁵ In *Defiance*, Savitri mentions that Mukherji went so far as to send a telegram to Jawaharlal Nehru (1899-1964), India's first Prime Minister, to intervene on her behalf (*Defiance*, 561).

⁹⁶ Cf. *Pilgrimage*, 313.

⁹⁷ During her stay in France, Savitri lived in Lyons and completed *Defiance*. The Preface is dated Lyons, 29 August 1950. She also finished *Gold in the Furnace*. The Preface of *Gold* is dated Lyons, 21 August 1952.

⁹⁸ According to *Pilgrimage*, Savitri flew from Phaleron to Campini, then traveled to Rome, where she met Camillo Giuriati, former Italian Consul in Calcutta (*Pilgrimage*, 11).

condemned under an Indian passport, as Mrs. Mukherji. I came back with a Greek passport as Miss Maximiani Portas. And I was allowed to stay in Germany. Mr. Mukherji sent me money. He could then. He sent me nineteen marks a month. I lived on my nineteen marks a month. And I started teaching. And I wrote *Pilgrimage*.⁹⁹ And after writing *Pilgrimage*, I started working again on *The Lightning and the Sun*. I had already started writing it in '48, but I had not finished it. I had written only one or two chapters. The three first chapters, I think.¹⁰⁰ I continued, and then I took it to India in '57. I had a few episodes that I described in *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess*. I had a cat.¹⁰¹

15. RETURN TO INDIA, 1957-60

And when I had to leave Germany in '57, I went back to India. I went back to India in May, '57.¹⁰² Why did I go back to India? I went back to India for one sole reason. I could not publish *Pilgrimage*. Mr. Mukherji had insufficient money. So I went back to India to publish that and to publish also *The Lightning and the Sun*. And I stayed there three years. I worked three years to finance these books. I financed them, and then I came back.

I went to Egypt first and was the guest of Johann von Leers.¹⁰³ Johann von Leers couldn't put me up directly so he gave me the address of Mr. Mahmoud Saleh,¹⁰⁴ a very enthusiastic admirer of the Führer, a Palestinian Arab, and his wife. And I lived with their family. They had two little girls. They gave ancient names to their children, Nefertiti and Tiy, instead of giving them Mohammedan names. When I left, the one thing, the one favor, Mahmoud Saleh wanted me to give him was a

⁹⁹ *Pilgrimage* was finished on 6 February 1954 in Emsdetten in Westphalia.

¹⁰⁰ Savitri wrote ch. 1 of *The Lightning and the Sun* on 9 April 1948 in Edinburgh. She completed chapter 3 on 6 December 1948 in the Karlsruhe railway station in Germany. She completed the book on 21 March 1956 (the Spring Equinox) in Hanover.

¹⁰¹ See *Long-Whiskers*, ch. 10, "Black Velvet" and ch. 11, "The House in the Woods." Black Velvet (*Schwarzer Samt*) was the name of Savitri's cat.

¹⁰² Savitri relates episodes from this journey in *Long-Whiskers*, chs. 13-15.

¹⁰³ Johann von Leers (1902-1963) was a National Socialist university professor and a member of the SS who worked in Goebbels's Ministry of Propaganda. In 1954, he began working for the Nasser régime in Egypt as a specialist in anti-Zionist propaganda.

¹⁰⁴ Mahmoud Saleh (1903-1970) was actually Egyptian, although his wife was Palestinian. He was interned for five-and-a-half years by the British during World War II.

portrait of the Führer.¹⁰⁵ I gave him that, and he was very, very happy. Very proud of it. He had been in a Jewish concentration camp as an Arab for our cause in Palestine and suffered a lot but came out of it. And he was then the president of the anti-Zionist movement in Cairo.

From Cairo I went to Tell-el-Amarna, to the ruins of ancient Akhetaton, not far from Melawi in middle Egypt. I saw the ruins of Tell-el-Amarna. I came back to Maadhi, where I was living—Maadhi near Cairo.¹⁰⁶ Then I went to Alexandria. From Alexandria I sailed on a Greek ship to Beirut. In Beirut I was supposed to meet a National Socialist, and one in Baghdad also. Unfortunately it was June or July and they were both out. They were not living in these very hot places then, so I could not see any of them. So from Beirut I went to Damascus by car and from Damascus to Baghdad by the ordinary trans-desert bus. It was the second time I did this trip. I had done it already in '36. I forgot to say that in '37 I did a trip to the Near East by train and by ship. I visited Baghdad, I visited Syria, and I came back to India via the Persian Gulf in '37.¹⁰⁷ I forgot to tell that.

So this time I didn't come back through the Persian Gulf. I came back by bus, via Teheran. Stayed three weeks in Teheran to see the place, went to Pahlevi on the Caspian Sea, to see the Caspian Sea, and from Pahlevi back to Teheran, from there on to Mashid and from Mashid to Zahedan on the frontier between Pakistan and Persia. The train goes once a week to Lahore. I arrived on the day the train had left. Had to stay a week in Zahedan. I stayed in the Greek hotel. There are Greek hotels all over the world, and I was quite happy.

And then I took the train crossing Baluchistan. Baluchistan is one of the hottest places on earth, a desert of gravel crossed by the army of Alexander the Great, when he was coming back to Greece, or supposed to come back to Greece. He died on the way. Four fifths of his army died of thirst in Baluchistan. Of course, I wasn't loaded with helmet and armor as they were. I was in a train in a third class compartment. There were third classes still in India in those days. There were in Pakistan at least. In the compartment were women, Mohammedan women, quite indifferent to me, and I thought to myself, as the train

¹⁰⁵ According to Muriel Gantry, Savitri painted her own portrait of Hitler ("Curriculum Vitae of Muriel Gantry," unpublished ms., p. 22). It may be this portrait that she gave to Saleh.

¹⁰⁶ Savitri wrote her pamphlet *Paul de Tarse, ou Christianisme et juiverie* [*Paul of Tarsus, or Christianity and Jewry*] (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958) in Maadhi on 18 June 1957.

¹⁰⁷ Savitri also visited Egypt before WW II, perhaps at the same time (*Defiance*, 144).

entered the desert of Baluchistan, "Now Europe is far away. Now I can do what I like. Now nobody's going to say a word to me if I sing the Horst Wessel Song," and I stretched my arm from the window, and I sang the Horst Wessel Song with all my enthusiasm over the burning desert. It was a sort of victory. The women didn't care a bit. They said, "You want to sing, well sing." I said, "All right." They even liked the song, some of them. And I reached Lahore. From Lahore I came to Delhi. I got on the train to Delhi on the 30th of July 1957, having come overland all the way from Europe and Egypt.

In the train I was assaulted. I was in the ladies' compartment, but five women who were with me all got off at Mathura, and the train was empty. A man came in and assaulted me, wanting money. I had a terrible experience. He nearly strangled me, and then I spoke gently to him. I gave him whatever I had. I had hardly any money, but I gave him what I had, and he got down. He jumped out of the train at the next station. I called the police but there was no way of finding out where he went.

I reached Calcutta two days later and went home, went to Mr. Mukherji's flat, and he received me very well. And I stayed there. I stayed there till August '57, and then I got a job in Joda near Barajamda in the province of Orissa.

There was an advertisement. Three German engineers from the East wanted someone, a German person or a person who knew German, to be a field interpreter between them and the Hindi-speaking or Oriya-speaking people. Well, I don't speak Oriya, but I understand some of it. It's very close to Bengali, and I speak and write Hindi. So I offered my services. Mr. Mukherji told me, "If you like to, you can apply. But you be very careful. They wouldn't be sent to India unless they were thorough Communists. They must be experienced Communists, you see. The government must rely on them for them to be sent out." I said, "All right." So I went.

The eldest one was called Müller. The second one was called Schuster. And third one was called Schmidt. Müller was sixty. Schuster was about forty-five, and the other one was thirty-six. And the job was to organize the labor for a *Seilbahn*, a *funiculaire*¹⁰⁸ to carry iron ore from the top of a mountain down to the railway, with pylons and all that. They were building them. So I went there. I used to share the house with them. I had a room of my own, and there was a courtyard, and they had their own rooms. And they had their own food. I used to

¹⁰⁸ Cable car system.

take Indian food from the shop. Cheapest. And I also started feeding the dogs in the place that were thin and very, very badly off. So that went on all right.

The first time I came out with them on Sunday there was Müller and Schmidt. Schmidt did not say a single word, nor did I. Müller spoke. He said, "I was once a disciple of Thälmann the Communist, but since I have seen Communism in the East zone, I'm no longer a Communist. I am a man of Adenauer." I wanted to say, "It's no better," but I didn't say a word. "I think the régime of Adenauer is all right, and see plenty and freedom." Anyhow, I said nothing. He was against the Führer, very much against him, anti-Nazi.

Then Schuster came and we had coffee together. On the first day, Sunday, I spoke only of India. They asked me questions, good questions. This was the first time they came to India. I gave them my experiences of India. I gave them a few words on Indian tradition. They didn't say anything. The next day, in the morning, Schuster knocked at my door, and he said, "I've spotted you out. You are a National Socialist." I said, "How did you spot that out? I never spoke of National Socialism." He said, "No, you didn't speak of National Socialism, of course. You spoke of India. But nobody except a National Socialist could speak of India as you did." He said, "You know, I'm not against you for that. I was at the Nuremberg rallies. I saw Rudolf Hess two meters away from me, like that. I held the flag in front of him once. I used to go to all the rallies. But of course now I'm a good Communist. Now that I must be a good Communist, I am a good Communist." And he told me about his experiences in the great days. He did this, and he did that, and he did the other thing. "But now I'm a good Communist." He said it so often that I found that it was not true. It sounded false.

And I went up to the works with Schmidt, and we sat near a place they were filling with cement for the pylons. The women used to do that. They had baskets made of iron that were already heavy. I could barely lift one, and when they were full of semi-liquid cement they were even heavier. And they used to go up the hill, slanting like that, six hundred women. We watched them work. Schmidt said, "You know I'm from Danzig." I said, "Danzig always was a German town. I learnt Danzig was a German town when I was a kid in school." He said, "Yes, it was 99% German." And he told me in glowing words of the entrance of the German army in Danzig in 1939. He said, "I was there. I cheered them too. And it was wonderful. The Hitler idea was wonderful." I was very reticent because I thought, "Is he provoking me or what? I don't

know.”

Anyhow, that’s all right. Days passed. And one day I thought the three were out, and I went to the courtyard in the morning. It was a Sunday morning, and I bathed in the courtyard instead of bathing in my room. It was so small, my room. It was inconvenient to bathe. I went and bathed under the tap. And just when I was going away, in came Schmidt. I’d just put on my brassiere. I always wear this around my neck.¹⁰⁹ He saw it probably. And I didn’t say a word. I went home. In the evening, he knocked on my door. He said, “Mrs. Mukherji, can I just for five minutes have your *Parteiabzeichen* and hold it in my hand? Just for five minutes and give it back to you.” I said, “What do you want it for?” He said, “Just to feel the touch of it after all these years.” I took it off and gave it to him. He said, “I’ve known, I’ve known you for a long time. Don’t say a word to Müller. Schuster is reliable, but it’s better not to talk too much. You can talk to me if you want to talk.”

And of the three, when they left the works after a year, Schmidt was the only one who came to Calcutta and had a cup of coffee with us. And Mr. Mukherji spoke to him and said, “You want the reunification of your country naturally.” He said, “Of course I do.” “And with what frontiers?” And Schmidt answered, “Those of 1940.” Those are the Germans of the East zone.

I came back to Calcutta in ’58 when the job was finished. And then I joined the French school¹¹⁰ in Calcutta and had a job at the French school.

16. BACK TO EUROPE, 1960-71

I left Calcutta in ’60. My mother died in ’60. She died on the 25th of March ’60. I sailed back to Europe in August or September of ’60, couldn’t tell you exactly, via South India and Ceylon. I took a passage on a Greek ship, third class, and landed in Marseilles.

And then I went to Spain. I was there six weeks, a guest of Otto Skorzeny, and I enjoyed it immensely.¹¹¹ I met a very great man in him. He’s dead now, may his soul be in peace. He was one of the finest people I have ever met. And I was much honored to have stayed in his house. He invited me after I had sent—which book was it, *Gold in the*

¹⁰⁹ A NSDAP party badge.

¹¹⁰ The Alliance Française.

¹¹¹ *SS-Sturmbannführer* Otto Skorzeny (1908-1975) is celebrated for his daring commando operations during WW II, in particular the raid of 12 September 1943 to liberate Mussolini from the mountaintop hotel in the Gran Sasso where he was held prisoner after being deposed.

Furnace, or no—*The Lightning and the Sun*, I think. I sent him one of those books via Hans-Ulrich Rudel.¹¹² I was in touch with Hans-Ulrich Rudel. I met him in Hanover also. I went to him several times. Very fine man also. Now, of course, I think he's half paralyzed. One leg is cut off, I know that, but on the top of that he had some sort of attack, some stroke since then.

Anyhow, from Spain I came back to France, and I got a job as a stop-gap teacher.

And with the money of that job, I started preparing to publish other books. I financed my *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess*.¹¹³ First I worked in Montbrison. That was from January '61 to November '63. In November '63 I was sent to Saint Étienne. I stayed there till '64. I had trouble, very big trouble, in Saint Étienne, and nearly lost my job because I had said in class that, "I would rather have died in any German concentration camp, than under the bombardments of the Allies. Rather than at Dresden, for instance, drowned in burning tar in some cellar, the streets having become molten under the heat of the bombardment." I said something like that, and I also put in doubt the things that were told about what the Nazis did. I didn't know that the father of one my pupils was the head of the local section of the L.I.C.A., International League against Anti-Semitism. And I got into trouble. I nearly was kicked out.

But I was not kicked out. I was just sent to another place, to Firminy, and I stayed in Firminy '65, '66, '67, living in Montbrison, of course. I kept my little room in Montbrison because in Montbrison I used to feed a number of cats. I didn't want to abandon the cats until I found someone to feed them in my place. And I stayed in Montbrison till '69 after I no longer had a job in Firminy. I used to correct copies for a correspondence course. I used to stay there and continue feeding my cats.

And then I found a job in Ireland, and I was going to sail for Ireland in '69. But at the port, I was told to go back. The Irish authorities thought I was going back to England, and I had been kept out of

¹¹² Colonel Hans-Ulrich Rudel (1916-1982) was the greatest flying ace of WW II, perhaps of all time.

¹¹³ Savitri worked on *Long-Whiskers* from 1957-1961. It was begun in September 1957 in Joda near Barajamda, India and finished on 10 July 1961 in Hanover, Germany. It was published in 1965 in England. From 1961-63, Savitri worked on a German-language book, *Hart wie Kruppstahl* [*Hard as Krupp Steel*]. The title is from Hitler's description in *Mein Kampf* of the ideal German youth. The book was never published and the fate of the manuscript is unknown (*Souvenirs et réflexions*, 12, n1).

England on account of my taking part in the Cotswolds camp in '62.¹¹⁴ Well, I was not allowed into Ireland either. I had to go back.

And I went to Greece. I didn't know where to go. In Greece I had a very small job and a few private lessons. I stayed there a year. And in '70 I came back to France and in October '70, I was the guest of Françoise Dior¹¹⁵ in Ducey, Normandy, and from there I worked on my French book.¹¹⁶ I started writing it in '68, '69, '70.

17. LAST YEARS IN INDIA, 1971-78

And then I came to India, landed by plane in Bombay and went from Bombay to Poona on the 23rd of June '71. And from there I continued my manuscript, of course, all the time. And then I went to Delhi. I came to Delhi on the 11th of August '71 and stayed at the Hindu Mahasabha¹¹⁷ office in one of the guest rooms. I finished my book there. My book was ended in Delhi sometime in August or September, I don't remember exactly, '71.¹¹⁸

And then I found a job at the French school in Delhi.¹¹⁹ I was teaching at the French school in Delhi until August '77. And then they did not give me another job on account of my age only. And now I'm living on private lessons when I get any, and on a tiny little pension that I get, national security for having taught nine years, but nine years only, in France.

I've been staying in this flat since '73. Before '73 I was staying in Delhi's South Extension Part 1, and I used to feed a number of cats over there, naturally. And now I go every evening in a scooter to see these cats that are still coming to their feeding place, not knowing that I have shifted to Part 2. And I give them milk and bread and pet food and whatever I have to give them.

And of course, I continue writing. I'm thinking now of writing another book. I don't know if it will be in French or in English. If it's in French it will be called, probably, *Ironies et paradoxes*, about the

¹¹⁴ On the Cotswolds camp, see the next chapter, §§2-4.

¹¹⁵ Marie Françoise Suzanne Dior (1932-1993). For more on Françoise Dior, see the next chapter, §§2 and 5.

¹¹⁶ *Souvenirs et réflexions*.

¹¹⁷ Hindu Mission.

¹¹⁸ *Souvenirs et réflexions* was finished in New Delhi on 12 September 1971 (*Souvenirs et réflexions*, 327). It took nearly five years to raise money for the printing. The Preface was written in New Delhi on 28 July 1976.

¹¹⁹ The Alliance Française.

ironical and paradoxical in certain events of history or in certain lives of people and things like that.¹²⁰

For instance, one paradox is the birth of Goebbels. His father was absolutely against us, a staunch Catholic of Rheydt, Rheinland, and in Goebbels' diaries, you get this phrase, "*Krach mit Vater*"¹²¹ every two lines when he's young. He didn't like him at all. And then Goebbels met Adolf Hitler, and his father liked him even less. Anyhow, his father is one of the greatest benefactors of the Hitler movement without meaning to. And I want to show that so many people do things without meaning to. And sometimes against what they should do.

For instance, Nebuchadnezzar,¹²² who stormed Jerusalem in 586 BC and took the Jews all in captivity in Babylon. Of course Cyrus¹²³ let them go back, those who wanted to go back, in 538 BC. But they didn't all go back. Some stayed in Babylon. Now Nebuchadnezzar, of course, who took them there, thought he was doing a great harm to them. He was destroying the Jewish nation.

In reality, he was doing a great favor to them because they were an agricultural people and a war-like people in those days. They were not great bankers or anything of the kind. The banking of antiquity was in the hands of the Babylonians. We have records of Babylonian banks of nine hundred years. Babylon was under the Kassite dynasty, an Aryan dynasty, that lasted until 1,080 BC. And I must say that the Jews who stayed in Babylon received favor there. They finished by no longer being prisoners. They could go about. They learnt their banking there. That's where they learnt their capacity in banking that they used for centuries later on. Nebuchadnezzar was one of their benefactors. One of the greatest ones.

Another one was Titus.¹²⁴ He destroyed Jerusalem completely in the

¹²⁰ According to Savitri's correspondence with O.L. (15 November 1979), the full title of this book was to be *Ironies et paradoxes de l'histoire et de la légende*.

¹²¹ Quarrel with father. Goebbels' father Fritz lived from 1867- 1929.

¹²² Nebuchadnezzar II (c. 630-562 BC, reigned c. 605-562 BC).

¹²³ Cyrus the Great (580-529 BC) was the founder of the Persian Empire. After his conquest of the Babylonian Empire in 539 BC, he allowed the Jews exiled in Babylon to return to Jerusalem (2 Chronicles 36:22-23).

¹²⁴ Titus (Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus) lived from 40-81 and was Emperor from 79-81. His father Vespasian (also named Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus) lived from 9-79 and was Emperor from 69-79. Both Vespasian and Titus were occupied with quashing the Jewish rebellion of 67 when Vespasian was declared Emperor by his legions in 69 and departed to claim his throne. In 70, Titus captured Jerusalem and razed the great temple begun in 19/20 BC by Herod the Great (73-4 BC, reigned 37-4 BC), and completed only in 63 AD.

year 70. And Hadrian destroyed what was left of it in 135, after two risings.¹²⁵ Well, they had so many risings under the Romans—we normally read of two—but there were a good one hundred fifty risings or more. Instead of keeping the Jews in Palestine where they were, these two anti-Jewish Roman emperors made slaves of some of them and sent them all over the Roman Empire, in the slave markets. They took others and dispersed them. They forbade any Jew to remain in Jerusalem. There were a few in Palestine. They persecuted them too. The result was that the Jews were strewn all over the world instead of being in one stronghold in Palestine.

And what would've happened if they had been in Palestine was this: in the seventh century the wave of Islam would have taken them over. There would be no Jews left in the world. They would all be Mohammedans. Except perhaps a few, one little sect, but the wave of Islam was so powerful, it took over the whole of Christian North Africa. North Africa was Christian. It became Mohammedan overnight, except for the tiny sect of the Copts that are still alive. The Jews would've been the same. There would be no Jewish question at all in the world.

But they were not in Palestine. That's the trouble. Thanks to their enemies, Titus and Hadrian, they were all over the place in Europe. They were in Italy. They were in Germany. They were I don't know where. They had followed the Roman legions, as contractors, of course. They were the best contractors of the Roman legions in Germany and elsewhere. And that is the service these two typically anti-Jewish emperors rendered to them. To those Roman emperors we owe the fact that we have the Jews everywhere.

This is the kind of book I want to write. I think it will be interesting if I manage to write it. It's getting ripe in me, slowly, slowly, slowly. It might take two or three years more.¹²⁶ That's all I have to say.¹²⁷

¹²⁵ Hadrian (Publius Aelius Hadrianus, 76-138, reigned 117-138) successfully crushed the Bar Kochba revolt of 132-135. Hadrian then leveled what remained of Jerusalem and built a new city, Aelia Capitolina, on the site. He erected a temple to Jupiter on the site of Herod's temple. Jews were forbidden to enter the city.

¹²⁶ According to Savitri's correspondence with O.L., by 15 November 1979, one and a half chapters of *Ironies et paradoxes* had been written, but Savitri's ever-worsening eyesight was interfering with her writing. It is unlikely that the book was ever finished, and the fate of the manuscript is unknown.

¹²⁷ Savitri remained in India until 4 October 1981, when she returned to Europe. She died on 22 October 1982 in Sible Hedingham, Essex, England, at Moira Cottage, the home of her old friend Muriel Gantry. She was seventy-seven. For an account of her last year and her death, see Goodrick-Clarke, *Hitler's Priestess*, 222-25.

Chapter 2

COMRADES

1. GERMAN COMRADES

I would like to speak of one or two comrades who are alive or dead now. I will not speak of Heinrich Blume, one of the closest collaborators of the Führer, born in 1887, that is to say, two years before him, on the very day Frederick the Great was born, that is to say, the 24th of January. I spoke of him in *Pilgrimage*.¹ He was a wonderful man. He was what you call *Oberregierungs- und Schulrat*² under the Third Reich. But I will speak of people whom I met myself in Germany.

One is Gerda Strasdat. I met Gerda Strasdat in the Annastift-Hospital in '56. Frau Marianne Meinecke, a friend of mine, told me about her. Frau Meinecke herself was a wonderful person, a real National Socialist. She must be dead now. She would be I don't know how old. She was much older than I. And she gave me this address. She said, "This girl suffered for us, suffered for the cause." And she did. I met her in her room. She had one arm completely cut off, one leg completely cut off, and half the other leg too. She had, in fact, one arm, the right one, fortunately. And she told me she was reading *Gold in the Furnace*. She knew English. She was thirty-one at that time, and she looked twenty-one or twenty-two. She looked much younger than her age. In spite of all that. Pretty face, very nice. And she liked my book. And I said, "Dear me, Gerda. You speak of *Gold in the Furnace*. I only wrote it. It's the title of a book of mine. But you *are* the gold in the furnace."

This is how she happened to get into that state. She was caught by the British, by the British police, after the war. She had been the secretary of a very top National Socialist. And she was asked to tell the names and the hiding places of that man and of several others. She knew where they were. She refused to speak. They kicked her and

¹ Savitri Devi, *Pilgrimage*, 258-70. Savitri met Blume in Hanover on 10 and 11 May 1953.

² Senior government official and educational authority.

knocked her about. They beat her. They knocked out all her teeth, and they put her in such a state, without her speaking, that even the men who did it could not help admiring her. Then she went to a camp, naturally, a concentration camp of the Allies. It was early '47. After that treatment, her limbs were gangrenous, from the beatings, and they had to cut off one arm and then a leg and then half of the other leg. She was in the state of an unfortunate insect that had been pulled to pieces by naughty children. And still she was smiling.

I admired that woman so much. I saw her later on once at her brother's. She had been discharged from this hospital where she stayed for days and days and months, and she was living with her brother and her sister-in-law. In Seilerstraße, I think, in Hanover. Anyhow, this is one among thousands. There must be thousands like her.

Another one is Olga von Barényi who lived in Bohemia during the war. She's married to a German of what they call Czechoslovakia. It's still Bohemia. She calls herself von Barényi because it's her maiden name. Her father is from Hungary and her mother German, or the reverse, I don't know. She was a writer. She is still a writer. If she is alive. She was very, very ill lately. I don't know. I haven't written to her yet. I'm going to write to her for the Winter Solstice, and I'll have news. She wrote, among others, three very impressive books, *Prager Totentanz*, *The Death Dance of Prague*, *Der tote Briefkasten*, and *Das tote Geleise*.³ They are three books: one about the happenings in Prague, 1945, one about the happenings in Prague later on, and one about happenings in München in our very days. How Communist propaganda goes on in München, and how things happen that people know and why and what. Very interesting books.

The first one, of course, is shocking. It tells you about Czech youth, Communist youth, sworn to do as much harm as possible to the Germans after the war, and what they did. Things that Olga saw with her own eyes. Things that she put up with with her own body. She was caught by the Communists and tortured. She showed me her back. Her back is one wound. A red-hot iron was applied to it to make her speak.

³ Olga von Barényi, *Prager Totentanz: Ein Roman aus den Tagen der Prager Revolution 1945* [*Death Dance of Prague: A Novel from the Days of the Prague Revolution of 1945*] (Munich: Schild, 1958); *Der tote Briefkasten: Gegenwartsroman aus der gefährlichen Wirklichkeit der Roten Tschechischen Nachrichtendienste* [*The Dead Mailbox: Contemporary Novel on the Dangerous Truth about the Red Czech News Service*] (Munich: Schild, 1960); *Das tote Geleise* [*The Dead End*] (Munich: Kismet, 1961).

And she did not speak. And she told me, “It’s awful the first two or three minutes. And then, of course, one doesn’t get accustomed to a red-hot iron, but one gets a kind of defiant spirit. Some force comes into one,” she said, “and one feels, ‘I’ve stood it until now. I’ll stand it till the end’”—a sort of a strange force that comes from elsewhere. But she said—and I can understand this very well— “If they had tried this on my dog in front of me instead of trying it on me, I don’t know what I would’ve done.” I can understand that.

And she told me that these kinds of things were very ordinary happenings in Prague in those days. She told me about children, German children, a hundred and thirty-one of them, taken from a hospital and walled in. They put them in a room, shut the door, walled it up. They died of suffocation, of course. After so many hours, after what torture, nobody knows. Babies and little children, little girls two or three years old, holding their dolls in their arms. She told me—and she put it in her *Prager Totentanz* also—the awful story of people burned alive, hung from the lampposts with a fire under them. A young soldier, an old woman, only because they were Germans. She told me that a young SS man, seventeen, eighteen, quite young, was tied to a table in a cinema of Prague with all the people around him, Czechs. And next to him were a pair of scissors and a knife and a container full of vinegar. And every one of the people had to go there, cut a slice off him, and pour vinegar into the wound. Cut it off with a pair of scissors or with a knife and pour vinegar in the wound. Until he died.

Things like that make you ashamed of being White, not Aryan. Czechs may be Aryan. They are Slavs. Whatever they are, they are a White race. We speak of the horrors of the Chinese tortures and things like that. You can imagine that going on in ancient China, at the most in ancient China, not even in today’s China. Or in ancient Korea, where it was a feat in the nineteenth century, a great betterment, that prisoners no longer had their knees crushed to pieces. It was a torture they had before. They suppressed it in the nineteenth century. It was supposed to be a great betterment. But when you hear this happening in 1945, it makes you ashamed of having two legs and being a human being. That’s how it makes me feel. Animals would not do things like that.

Another thing that I also find awful in *Prager Totentanz* is the treatment of the animals because they belonged to Germans. For instance, young boys and girls, Czechs, poking out the eyes of poor German horses because they were *Wehrmacht* horses. One Czech with a kind heart who couldn’t bear that on animals tried to stop it. They did it to him. They killed him. And the girl who killed him—it was a girl—

she had one hundred eighty written in front of her breasts, and she took off the zero and put one hundred eighty-one. It meant that she had killed one hundred eighty-one Germans herself. They would take a dog, bring that dog to a heap of corpses. "Now you look for your master." The poor dog would look for his master, whimpering, and he would finish by pulling out the corpse of an SS man killed by the Czechs. "Oh, you are the dog of an SS man! Pour boiling water over him." Things like that. Cut off the paws of poor cats because they belonged to Germans.

I feel so much for this that I feel that Prague should be wiped out. Completely wiped out. By the Russians, by the Chinese, by the Americans, by whoever you like. By extraterrestrials. I don't care by whom. But a place where such things happened—a hundred and fifty thousand Germans and so many animals, tortured to death in 1945—this place doesn't deserve to live. And when I heard of the Russians behaving as they did in the '60's, I said, "Well, it doesn't matter." They were their glorious Allies. The Russians had not entered Prague yet. They feasted them when they came. They were their glorious Allies. I couldn't care less if they squashed them under their tanks. What had they done? What had they done?

I tell you, this makes me sometimes sick of being, not a White person, but a human being. Why don't I have four legs and a tail and stripes all over my body and beautiful fur? Why am I not a tigress? Tigresses are much better than that. More beautiful first of all, and then they don't do such things. They are people! People with eyes and noses and mouths, people looking like me and looking like you, that did these things. And I say it's no wonder they did these things, because if they can do what they do to the seals in Canada, to the seals who are nothing to them, who never had an ideology, who cannot have one, who can neither be for nor against any ideology, all the more they can do it to Germans, or to Communists, or to Fascists, or to anything "-ist," anything that has an ideology or that is supposed to have one. I mean to say, the German children had no ideology. Certainly not. But the Czechs would think, "Oh, they are Germans. Their parents had one. They will have one when they grow up. They will be our enemies." It's a different thing. It's a different degree of cowardice to do an awful thing to an animal that cannot be for or against anything and to do it, even to a child, who can be for or against something, against anything, when it grows up. That's a degree of cowardice. They are both awful things. Both cowardly actions.

And I believe that cowardice is the ugliest vice on earth. You cannot

be cruel unless you are a coward. Fighting is not bad, fighting honestly. But fighting in a sneaking way, and fighting and doing cruelties, that's cowardice. Cowardice is the worst thing. It's the most despicable vice I can imagine. I'd much rather have some other vices. Laziness. Laziness is not good, but it's better than that. All the other vices are better than that. That's the father of vices. Lying is a mark of cowardice. If you tell lies, it means you don't want to face the consequences of what you have done or what you believe. So you'd rather lie. You are not a liar if you are not a coward. You have to be a coward to have all the vices. You have to be a coward.

I could talk of Frau Meinecke. She died in her bed as far as I know. But she was such a good National Socialist, really. And so kind to all the others. Any National Socialist could go to her house in Hanover and get shelter there, stay there as long as he liked. She would give introductions to him. She would help him to get a job. She would do everything. She had secret meetings in her house, up to a hundred, a hundred and fifty people. I went to some in the years '50, '51, '52, up to '60.⁴ The last time I saw her was in '71.

Now I'll speak not of great martyrs of National Socialism or great people, but very ordinary people.

There was a girl called Brigitte W— in Germany. She was about eighteen in '71 and she was introduced to me by another very great National Socialist, Hans E—. Hans E— is a wonderful man. He introduced me to her. It was a birthday, in fact, for her brother, who was a young boy. He was a young boy then. He must be a great young man now. We all went to the birthday party. After the birthday party, Brigitte called me to her room, and in her room I saw a beautiful portrait of herself. Life size. Head and breast. I said, "Brigitte, you are as beautiful in your picture as you are in reality." She was engaged to a young National Socialist of Flanders. She must be married now and probably a mother. But she said, "That's not what I wanted to show you." She pulled that picture out, and behind that picture there was a beautiful picture of the Führer. I said, "That's wonderful. And you have this in your room." She said, "Yes. In the daytime I put my picture in

⁴ Savitri did not enter Germany from her release in Werl in 1949 until her pilgrimage in 1953. She left Germany in May of 1957. She stayed in India until the fall of 1960. The soonest she could have returned to Germany was late in the fall of 1960. The Foreword to *Long-Whiskers* was written in Hanover on 10 July 1961.

front because the charwoman comes, this one comes, that one comes, my schoolmates come. (She was going to college.) They can't see it because it would put my parents into trouble. But otherwise, we all understand each other, and to you I can show it."

The youngest National Socialist I met in Germany in '71 was five years old, not even quite five. I can see him still. "Heil Hitler, Tante," putting out his arm. And there are several families in which this salutation is still pronounced. Not to everybody, of course. To those in whom they can have confidence. The German people have learnt as far as I know to be as silent as Japanese, to hold their tongues. That's the great lesson they learnt from '45, to hold their tongues.

In '48, I was staying with a family, and I was talking to the father of the family who had three children. Well, one was the child of his wife, a widow who had lost her husband in Russia. He fell on the field of honor in Russia. And he married her and gave her two other children. There were therefore three. The little boy was about six, and he used to go to school. And I was deploring the fact that the school was only one hour a day in those days. And the father told me, "Well, it is one hour a day because they have dismissed every National Socialist who was a teacher, and they put teachers in who are not National Socialists, and that means that one teacher has four thousand, five thousand pupils, and they can only take them one hour a day, and that with difficulty."

As he said that, the little boy interrupted and said, "Aber Herr Brücker ist genauso Nazi wie wir." Herr Brücker was his teacher. "Herr Brücker is just as much a National Socialist as we are." And he got such a slap from his stepfather. And I felt sorry for him. I said to his stepfather, "Why do you beat him like that, poor child? He didn't mean anything bad." And the stepfather said, "Yes, but he must learn his lesson. He tells you that Herr Brücker is a National Socialist, which is probably true, and it doesn't matter, if you are one too. But he will tell somebody else tomorrow. He'll tell Tom, Dick, and Harry, and we'll all get into trouble, and Herr Brücker will get into trouble. So he has to keep quiet. He has to learn to keep quiet." And then he turned to the boy. The boy had not cried. He took it without saying a word. A brave little boy, worthy of his father fallen in Russia. And he said, "Well, Gerhard, do you understand this now? Do you understand it? Do you understand that I gave you a slap because you deserved it?" And Gerhard said, "Yes, I do."

That's the spirit. That's the spirit. You have that spirit in Germany. And I can say one thing: I admire Germany in the person of the few National Socialists I met there—and how many is one to meet?—more

than I did in 1935. In '35 I heard of all this enthusiasm. I was in India. And I used to say, well, "One day I'd go back to Europe. One day I'll perhaps be able to tell the Führer that I'd be bringing him the alliance of the élite of India." That was all right. There was an atmosphere. But in '48, among the ruins—and I saw something of those ruins. Hamburg was worse ruined than Babylon. I've seen the ruins of Babylon, and I can tell you, they are less ruined than Hamburg was in '48. It was charred walls, nothing but charred walls, and nobody in the streets, black streets. One platform in the station instead of twenty-eight. And in '53 there were twenty-eight again, and there was a town. Wonderful people! I was more happy to see the resurrected Hamburg than I was of anything else. I said, "Where did they get that courage? Where did they get that stamina? They are invincible!"

And then not only Hamburg, Nuremberg. Nuremberg has been reconstructed practically as it was. Thanks to boys and girls who, under the bombs, would go to the tops of the buildings and take the measurements in order to reconstruct them after the war. They did it during the war. And now you get Nuremberg growing out. Well, it doesn't look like the old Nuremberg, of course, because it is not centuries ago since it has been built. But in centuries to come, it will look the same, or more or less. At least they did what they could.

In the Prinzipalmarkt of Münster, in 1536—I'm sorry to say, but this is something that is very disturbing to me—Jan van Leiden, Bernt Knipperdolling, and Heinz Krechting,⁵ the three heads of the *Wiedertäufer*, the Anabaptists, were tortured to death in front of ten thousand people. I detest these foreign creeds that set Germans against Germans and Aryans against Aryans for some quibble, something to do with some ideology that is not even European. I hate that. Anyway, under this Prinzipalmarkt, under the footpath, there are ten thousand people now, descendants of those who watched that, buried under there due to the bombardments. And the Prinzipalmarkt has been reconstructed. The houses with these slanting roofs and gables and all that. It's all there, just as it was. Just as it was. And so many other towns. They have done their best. It's wonderful to see Germany since '48. I couldn't come back until '53. There were only five years between the two, and in five years, I saw such wonders. And the spirit, growing.

⁵ Jan van Leiden (b. 1509) ruled Münster in 1534-1535. He was a charismatic religious visionary who proclaimed himself king and instituted Old Testament law, including polygamy. After a brief reign of terror, he was deposed and executed, along with his henchmen Bernt Knipperdolling and Heinz Krechting, on 22 January 1536.

2. THE COTSWOLDS CAMP, 1962

Well, I already knew Mr. Colin Jordan and Mr. John Tyndall and the other members of the National Socialist Movement.⁶ The NSM existed since 1962. I think it might have existed even before. I was in England in '61 for Easter holidays, and it was not yet the NSM, but some other organization headed by Mr. Andrew Fountaine.⁷ And Jordan, I don't know whether he was in it or not. Anyhow, Jordan came to prominence after his great speech in Trafalgar Square in July '61. That was followed by the foundation of NSM and the growth of it. And then I met Françoise Dior in '62. Jordan was in correspondence with me, and he gave me her address and asked me to meet her.

And then in '62 I came over to England again, this was in July, as far as I remember. I put up in London at my friend Miss Gantry's, a perfectly apolitical woman, *very* pleasant and *very* understandable. She never spoke a word against us. She's perfectly apolitical. In sympathy, I would say. And I put up with her. And she told me, "Look here, you came to go to the Cotswolds camp. I know you have an international Hitler camp, and you want to go. If I were you, I would not go because look what's in the papers." She showed me a newspaper, and the paper said that any foreigner that goes to this camp will not set foot in England again. She said, "Isn't it a pity? You have so many friends here. You want to see them again. You want to be in touch with them. Look at the risk you are taking." With my natural spirit of defiance, I answered, "It doesn't matter. I'll take the risk. I'm always ready to take the risk—for these kinds of things." And I went.

We had a meeting at the NSM in Holland Park, and we went to the station in separate groups. We were to meet somewhere else. We were to meet at Cheltenham, and from Cheltenham a car was to take us to the camp. All right, we traveled all night and went to Cheltenham. I don't remember if we went at night. We were in Cheltenham part of the day, and that night again we went to a place. I didn't know where we were going. I couldn't have found the camp again. We arrived in the camp. There were tents, and we each occupied a tent, or sometimes two or three in a tent. I was sharing my tent with a Belgian lady whose son was in the movement. Her son was with somebody else. And I remember awakening the next morning. It was Tyndall's voice coming

⁶ Colin Campbell Jordan was born in 1923. John Tyndall lived from 1934-2005.

⁷ In May 1961, Savitri attended a British National Party camp on the estate of its president Andrew Fountaine (1919-1997) in Narford, Norfolk.

from a tent, and they were speaking to I don't remember who. He said, "What? They are in bed still? Kick them out. Fancy staying in bed all this time until 8:00 like bloody democrats." When I heard that, I thought to myself, "But I'm in bed still. I must get up—quick, quick, quick." So I got up.

And I went to the river. As soon as I possibly could, I went to the river. It was practically deserted—nobody there—and I started bathing in the river. It was freezing cold water. I didn't want to be called a bloody democrat or acting like one. They came and offered me hot water, tepid water. I said, "No, thank you. I'll bathe in cold." So I bathed in the freezing cold water. It was summer of course. I don't know if I would have done it in winter. But in summer it was quite all right. And I came out, and I went up and had breakfast. We had tea. I don't like tea myself, but I took tea all the same. There was nothing else. There was no coffee.

And the camp started. Contact with different people. There were Swedes. There were Germans, of course, a good majority of Germans. There were one or two Italians, one or two Frenchmen, some Belgians, and one or two Americans. One or two Americans, one named Harry May. This Harry May had a swastika brassard on his right arm. He was the only one to wear one. And he showed himself extremely sympathetic and ran up to me and wanted to talk to me. There were others too. He really wanted to talk with me. I thought he was all right. I thought he was. I didn't know.

3. GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL⁸

Anyhow, it went first day, second day, third day, and one day there was a surprise committee for us. They told us there was a surprise. They said, "Be ready. Sit on the benches, and you are going to have a surprise." Of course I was surprised before that to see that Tyndall had vanished. And Jordan, Jordan was not there. So I was wondering why. And they said to us, "They'll come later." Actually on that day—it was the 4th of August or the 3rd, I don't remember; it was very shortly after the beginning of the camp—there was the *Horst-Wessel-Lied* played. There were lights all over the place. It was in a forest. And suddenly, coming up from the river, I saw Rockwell—Tyndall one side of him, Jordan the other side of him. And we all stood up. We stretched out our arms, and the *Horst-Wessel-Lied* was played. And we were so pleased to see Rockwell.

⁸ George Lincoln Rockwell (1918-1967).

It was written in all the papers, "This man shall not come to England." He was absolutely unwanted by the government, by the system. And the next thing we saw in the papers, "This man is in England," and he was here. He gave us a speech on that very night. A speech that lasted practically all night. Well, not all night, but with the questions it practically lasted all night. It was the first time I saw Rockwell. I was really thrilled.

He was a great personality, but from what he told us on that very night, I felt, "Poor Rockwell, I wouldn't like to be in his place." Why? Because he became conscious of the value and truth of National Socialism after the war. And after he had fought the war so well on the American side as to get decorations and what not. He was a very good soldier. And I wouldn't have liked to be in his place. To have fought National Socialism all these years and then when the war is finished, when the other side has won, to find out that it was the truth. To find out that he had fought against the truth. Really I wouldn't like to be in his place. I'd rather be a little nobody, which I am.

But I liked him for his sincerity and for his courage. It takes courage to say, "I was wrong," especially when one had such a great reputation as he had, decorations and what not. He could've kept quiet. He did not keep quiet, because he knew that the truth was the truth, and one has to stick up for it. And he told us all this, his own history. It was after the way he had seen the reaction of the average American to MacArthur and to his policy that he had made an inquiry and found that National Socialism was right. And then he founded and organized this American Nazi Party that is called today the National Socialist White People's Party, NSWPP. It's not the only movement in America. But it is one of the movements, the main movement. There are two or three other little small groups.

At the time, I had been in touch with several of the members of the National Socialist Party of America. Among others, one Dan Burros.⁹ I had been in correspondence with him from India. He used to write me enthusiastic letters. And suddenly he stopped. So I asked Rockwell, "What happened to Dan Burros?" And the answer of Rockwell struck me and made me admire Rockwell all the more. He said, "I kicked him out, that one." I said, "Why did you kick him out? What has he done?" "Well, I caught him half strangling a poor dog, and I don't want cowards in the National Socialist movement. To hurt an animal is to be a coward, especially a faithful, trusting dog. So I kicked him out."

⁹ Dan Burros (1937-1965).

That, I thought to myself, is something that the Führer himself could've done. I don't know whether he ever did it, whether he had the opportunity of doing it. But he could've done that. And it was the first time that I ever heard of a political party leader, a man who depends on public opinion to have a following, kick a man out of his party because that man had shown cruelty to an animal. I found that very good. I said, "Bravo, Rockwell, you did the right thing. In fact you did the right thing."

And I was to find out more about the famous Dan Burros a few years later in Montbrison where I was working in France as a stop-gap teacher. There was a newspaper on the table one morning. I saw it when I came down to get my morning coffee. And in that paper there were a few lines. A man called Dan Burros had been found dead in New York in his room. He killed himself. And it is presumed that he committed suicide after an article had been printed in the New York papers saying that he, although a member of the National Socialist party, was in reality a Jew. So I was fixed on Dan Burros. That's all.

So now more about Rockwell. I read his book, *This Time the World*, his autobiography.¹⁰ There were passages in it that I liked very much. And there were passages I didn't like so much. The passages I didn't like so much were those about his wives, his children. He could've mentioned the whole lot in a few lines. I didn't see the necessity of talking so long about his private attachment to his first wife and then why he separated from her, and then the second one was a beautiful Icelandic girl, all right. In fact the beautiful Icelandic girl left him when she made him choose between the movement and herself. And he chose the movement. Good for him. But why? Why not stick to him all the same, in spite of all the inconveniences? I find that not very good for a Nordic woman, to leave him for that. She's left him, and the children are with her in Iceland. Anyhow, that's the only thing I would say that was not absolutely well within my expectations of his book. The book is very fine. In fact it's quite all right. A very good book.

4. THE END OF THE COTSWOLDS CAMP

I saw the birth of the World Union of National Socialists, WUNS, founded by Rockwell—Rockwell was the first head of it—and by Tyndall and by Jordan and by all these heads of the parties that were there. Of course I joined it. And then I went to London, sent by the

¹⁰ George Lincoln Rockwell, *This Time the World* (Glendale, California: Parliament House, 1962).

others, to pick up some American comrades, an American comrade and his wife. And I found them at the airport, and they went to their hotel, and it was said that we would go next morning to the camp. I knew how to go to the camp by now. But next morning, they showed me the papers: "The camp has been broken up." I said, "Really, the camp's been broken up, so what to do?" He said, "There's no use going. Don't go yourself. You'll only be getting yourself into trouble." I said, "But I left my things there. I left my suitcase and all of my things. I must collect that."

So I went. In spite of all, I went back to the camp. The camp was in a turmoil, but my things were there. I said, "All right, I'm going to collect them." But to my astonishment, the police were there also. And the police took the passports of everyone, and I asked Jordan, "Should I give my passport?" "Well, I can't tell you to not give it, because you have a foreign passport." Of course I had a Greek passport, not an Indian one any longer, because India didn't want to renew it. But I had to have a passport, so I took my old Greek one back again. The police saw it and put some stamp on it that I was not to come back to England again.

And from that day I tried four times to land in England again, and I was repelled every time. I was sent back. I tried by plane. I tried by boat. I tried every way. I was sent back. And it was all the more vexing because I was publishing a book in England at that time, *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess*, a book about cats, but not only about cats. The sub-title of it is, *The True Story of a "Most Objectionable Nazi" . . . and Half-a-Dozen Cats*. It has nine pictures, nine beautiful cat pictures in it. It exists, but of course, I would've liked to have fifteen hundred copies. I was never given more than two hundred seventy copies. I distributed a few. I had approximately a hundred and fifty in France with my other books. When I left for India in 1971, I had to leave them somewhere. I couldn't take all that by plane. And the friend in whose house I left them died. Her husband died also. And her two daughters just burnt the lot. Not only those books but other books of mine and the last of my doctoral theses. And some books that I valued very much because the people who had given them to me are now dead. One of these books was a present to me by Frau Himmler, Himmler's widow, and other books. They only gave me one or two books, *A Universal History* and *Asiatic Mythology*,¹¹ one or two books

¹¹ Probably Leopold von Ranke, *Universal History: The Oldest Historical Group of Nations and the Greeks*, ed. by G.W. Prothero (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1885)

that a friend of mine collected and sent over to me. And he was told, "We burnt the lot. They were either non-interesting or even horrible books." Horrible books?

Now let's talk of something else. Let's talk of Harry May. Harry May disappeared. He disappeared. Nobody knew where he was. He stayed one day or two. And I went and asked Rockwell, "What's happened to this man, Harry May?" "What's his name?" "Harry May." "Oh," he said, "Dear me, Harry May, that Communist." I said, "How did he come here?" I said, "Why did he come here? Why did he wear a swastika on his arm?" He said, "Well, he came to see." And he vanished. I heard of him again. He wrote to me a letter from the USA at my address. I had given him my address in all confidence. I never wrote again, naturally. And I was told that he had been very glad to see me, but that, of course, his ideas were not the same. Well, I could understand that his ideas were different since Rockwell himself told me he was on the other side. And I regretted very much that I gave him *The Lightning and the Sun*. And I saw the copy I had given him. He had underlined so many things. He had taken notes and this and that. So thoroughly, I could hardly understand why, as my book is not so important as to underline all these things. Apparently, he considered it worth underlining. And he sent to me a nasty book of Wilhelm Reich, a dirty Jew who writes about sex. I am not and I never was interested in sex. It's a chapter that has no place in my life at all. Why did you send me that dirty book? I don't know. Of course, I threw away the dirty book. I didn't even take the trouble of wasting my eyesight to read it. And that was that. Why did he send it to me? That made me even more suspicious. Well, there was one good thing in the fact of him sending me that book. It meant that he lacked any knowledge of psychology, because I'm the last person to send such a book to. Therefore he did not have any knowledge of what I am, and that's a good thing. A Communist without any knowledge of psychology is not such a dangerous Communist as one with a knowledge of psychology, naturally.

5. COLIN JORDAN, JOHN TYNDALL, AND FRANÇOISE DIOR

Now let us talk about Jordan and Tyndall. I liked them very much. Both of them. And my great regret is that they are not together still. I

and Joseph Hackin, et al., *Mythologie asiatique illustrée* (Paris: Librairie de France, 1928). In English: *Asiatic Mythology, a Detailed Description and Explanation of the Mythologies of All the Great Nations of Asia* (New York: Crescent, 1963).

liked them very much. And Jordan introduced me to Françoise Dior, former countess of Caumont La Force. Her first husband was a member of one of the oldest French families, noble families, and she had by him a daughter who must be now twenty.¹² She was born on the 4th of November, I think twenty years ago [1958].¹³ Now Françoise Dior was born in 1932 on the 7th of April. And she grew up under the German occupation. And she had some very nice memories from that. She must've been beautiful as a child. She is a beautiful woman today. But she must've been very beautiful also as a child. And one of her sweetest remembrances she told me was the caress on her blonde hair of an SS man's hand, saying, "What a beautiful little Aryan girl." She was about eight or ten. She remembers that.

Of course, that didn't impress her. That did not impress her. She didn't link this with any ideology at the time. And her great love was French nobility, old France, France before the Revolution of 1789. And I quite understand her, for personally I always was against the French Revolution of 1789. I too was a royalist when I was eight years old, nine years old. A different kind of royalist, a royalist in favor of the King of Greece. But it was the same thing. I was a royalist to begin with. And so was she. And her dream was to marry into the French nobility because it was nobility. She believed in nobility.

Until she had great disappointments with it. She married a man who was not, well, what we would call a model. His private life was anything but the model of an Aryan, and an Aryan of noble family on top of that. She put up with him for some time, and then she had to divorce.¹⁴ She took the child. She divorced. And slowly it dawned on her that real nobility was not a title. But real nobility was the nobility of blood. If you have the blood and the title, all right. But in that case, your title must give you the feeling that you have to live up to it. You can't have any sort of private life with a title.

But she was already in that milieu, and it was very difficult for her to pull herself out and to live up to the austerity of a real National Socialist. She feels National Socialist, of course. But many times I've told her about the needed austerity of everyday life if one is a National Socialist. She tries to live up to it. At least she tried.

¹² Dior's first husband was Robert-Henri Aynar de Caumont La Force (b. 1925).

¹³ Dior's daughter, Christiane Caumont La Force, was born 4 November 1957 and hanged herself on 4 July 1978. Savitri learned of her death only in the latter half of 1979 (Letters to O.L., 16 July 1979 and 19 January 1981).

¹⁴ According to Terry Cooper (personal correspondence, 20 April 2002), the divorce was initiated by Dior's husband because of her infidelities.

I've not met her for quite a number of years now, more than seven years, and I only know of her evolution through very rare letters. I am at fault. I should have answered her last letter. Owing to many reasons, owing first of all to the fact that writing is difficult for me with my poor eyes, I have not yet replied. I am going to reply for the Winter Solstice.

She's interested in occult things, and she would like to have an occult background, that is to say, a background of experience of—I wouldn't say yoga—but the equivalent of it, to strengthen, not her belief in National Socialism, but her efficiency in supporting it. Of course, if one has developed yogic powers one is stronger, but I don't know exactly what way she's following. She told me she was following a way that was difficult but quick. I don't know enough about it, enough about what she's doing, what she's following, who is the man or the person who is helping her. To give an opinion, I'd have to know all that, and I don't know a word about it.

The only thing I can say is that she did a few rash things in Paris and had herself put in jail. She put up with jail very bravely. She was again in jail in England, accused of having ordered two members of the NSM to set fire to a synagogue, which was not the case. She never gave any such order. And she was asked in her trial, "Why did you give that order?" She said she didn't give it, and she was asked, "Do you approve of setting fire to synagogues?" If she had answered, "I don't approve of it at all," she would've got away with it. She would've perhaps had a month imprisonment. She had in fact something like two years. And she had these two years for the boldness of her answer.¹⁵

I had given her a piece of information. I had told her that around page 84 of Hans Grimm's book *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?* it is said that the Führer himself did not approve of the pogrom of the night of the 9th of November 1938. It was organized, or rather supported, by Goebbels on his own account without the knowledge of the Führer at all. It was a movement whose real root was the indignation of the German people because at least two prominent Germans, Gustloff and vom Rath, were killed by two Jews, the last one being the famous Grynszpan.¹⁶

And it was a reaction to that, just as there was a reaction in 1905 in

¹⁵ Dior was tried at the Old Bailey and in January, 1968 was sentenced to eighteen months in Holloway Prison.

¹⁶ Wilhelm Gustloff (1895-1936) was the leader of the Swiss National Socialist Party, who was assassinated by David Frankfurter. Ernst vom Rath (1909-1938) worked at the German Embassy in Paris and was the random victim of Herschel Grynszpan. Both assassins were Jews.

my own native town of Lyons because the president of the republic, Mr. Carnot, happened to be killed there by an Italian.¹⁷ The Italian quarter was wrecked and ruined. People were even hurt. They tortured Italian pigs, pigs belonging to Italians, that is to say. It was a stupid thing to do and an awful thing to do. They were not the cause of that thing. The same thing, minus torture of animals, happened in Germany. People were indignant.

But the Führer did not approve of it. He told Goebbels the next day, "You have set my work back for years and perhaps broken it entirely with your stupid nonsense. Stupid nonsense, why? Because this will give a bad name to Germany in foreign lands. And we don't need that bad name now. We need to go forth without any complications. Why do you create trouble?" So, that's what the Führer said. I told Françoise about that. And she remembered it. She remembered the quotation of Hans Grimm, also the page and the book. And she had replied to the judge in front of everybody, "Well, I cannot approve of the burning of synagogues and such kind of things because the Führer did not. And I cannot approve of anything which he did not approve of. And I know he did not approve it because it's written in Hans Grimm's German book, *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?*, page so-and-so." She got that information from me.

In fact, I myself was asked in Germany in 1955 what I thought about that pogrom. And I told them, "Well, I used to approve of it until last year, 1954." They said, "What, in 1954, you got better knowledge, better sense, and now you understand that it's wrong?" I said, "Not at all. In 1954, the book of Hans Grimm, *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?*, appeared, and I read it and in that book I saw the Führer did not approve of it. Therefore, I cannot approve of a thing that he disapproves of. That's the only reason why I don't approve of it. Because, in the time, in 1938, I was in North Bengal preaching for the Hindu Mission. And when I heard of the pogrom, well, I said, 'All right, good for them. Some damage to some Jewish shops, and what of that? Doesn't make any difference.' But now I know the Führer was against it, I am naturally against it." My answer angered the people I was talking to in Germany, people who were not National Socialists, more than if I had said I approve of it, even more.

So I can understand the reaction of the judge in Françoise Dior's case. He gave her two years, and she put up with it, and she scrubbed

¹⁷ Marie-François-Sadi Carnot (b. 1837), the fourth President of the third French Republic, was assassinated in Lyons on 14 June 1894 by Italian anarchists.

the floor in the prison. She was made to do the most heavy work, and she did it joyfully.¹⁸ People insulted her.¹⁹ People caused her to have a very bad time, and she said, “I don’t mind at all. I’m doing this for my Führer.” And I liked that. I told Françoise, “I’m proud of you,” when she told me that she was in prison.

Now, I cannot say more about her because I have not been in touch with her for many years. But she was sincere. She is sincere, I think. And even if she does not always understand all the implications of National Socialism, well, who does? It’s no business of mine. My business is to try to be a good National Socialist myself and not to criticize anybody.

About the dealings between Françoise Dior, Jordan, and Tyndall, it’s better to ask Tyndall himself, or Colin Jordan.²⁰ It’s no business of mine at all. And I really regret that whatever happened might’ve contributed to the breaking up of the NSM, and I deplore that very, very, very much. But I think that if the people in the NSM had been a little more attached to the ideology, whatever may happen in the private sector could not influence their attitudes, and they could’ve stayed together all the same. There was no reason for the falling apart between Jordan and Tyndall, and they have stayed apart.

Tyndall is now heading the National Front in Britain. I’m very glad of that. I’m very glad the National Front is against entry of more and more and more complete non-Aryans or mongrels. Colin Jordan wrote to me lately telling me that Tyndall accepts the membership of Jews in the National Front—if they are English Jews, of course. I did not answer his letter. I don’t know whether that’s true or not, and therefore I’m not repeating it. I’m just saying that Jordan wrote to me to tell me that. I did not reply to him. I don’t know what to say. I’m not on the spot, and I don’t wish to judge. I hope it’s not true. I hope it’s a

¹⁸ According to Terry Cooper (personal correspondence, 20 April 2002), Dior did cleaning work only once in prison, then complained to the prison doctor about her health. Her doctor in Paris sent a letter certifying that her health was delicate. From then on, she worked in the prison jam factory, which she enjoyed so much that jam making remained a hobby once she was released from prison, eventually to the distress of her close friends.

¹⁹ While in prison, Dior’s fellow prisoners nicknamed her “Nazi Nell.” Prison nicknames, however, are not uncommon and not necessarily mean-spirited.

²⁰ In 1963, Dior was briefly engaged to Tyndall. She then broke her engagement and took up with Colin Jordan. They were married in a Nazi ceremony in London on 6 October 1963. In August 1964, Tyndall split off from Jordan and the National Socialist Movement, launching the Greater Britain Movement. Tyndall maintains that the split was purely political and denies that it was motivated by the loss of Dior to Jordan.

mistake. I hope it's misinformation and not any gesture of Jordan's purposely directed against Tyndall. I hope that the difference, the falling apart, is a thing of the past completely now.

6. IMMIGRATION AND MISCEGENATION

Whatever it is, anything that can contribute to the stopping of the inrush of non-Aryans into England and their settling there and their marrying there and their mixing with English people, anything like that is very good. But they should've thought of it long before. This invasion of England by non-Aryans and this awful damage to the Aryan race in England is in reality, in my eyes, a sort of divine punishment for England raising her hand against Adolf Hitler. That's what a country gets when it turns against Adolf Hitler and against his people.

Unfortunately, his own people are having the same trouble with the *Gastarbeiter*.²¹ I wouldn't mind so much if the *Gastarbeiter* in Germany were only North Italians, say. Lombards are Aryans. Or if they were really good Greeks. Not all Greeks are really good. Some Greeks are mixed, like some Italians are mixed. In most countries of southern Europe, you get people who are not perfectly worthy of marrying northern Europeans, Aryans. But you have a number of Turks among the *Gastarbeiter*. And that's the trouble. Turks and what not, anything you can imagine, anything you can imagine.

I wouldn't be astonished if you have North Africans. There are so many in France. I don't know if they are invading Germany also, but France has about two or three million North Africans, Berbers and Arabs. Well, of course, these people have been breeding very heavily since the occupation of their country by the French. In 1830, they were not so numerous, and they never needed to go outside the frontiers of North Africa, of Algiers. Now I think they are ten times more numerous or fifteen times more numerous than they were in 1830. And they need space. Well, instead of invading their neighbors, they invade the former protecting countries. And they marry French girls. Well, it's the fault of the French girls. It's not the fault of the Arabs. Because the French girls are not so natural, if they haven't got the sense of a tigress, who will not mate with another species unless she is forced to. Or the lion.

They tried an experiment in the zoo in Vienna. Before the war, the zookeepers were party members. Everybody who had a government job

²¹ Guest workers.

in Austria or the greater Reich was generally a member of the party. After the war it seems they dismissed all the zookeepers who had been Nazis. Now fancy that. As though they were going to make Nazi propaganda among their animals. The animals don't need it. Animals are naturally Nazis. At least the higher animals, the big cats, the felines. They took it into their heads to do an experiment, and they put an unfortunate lioness with a tiger. Well, the poor tiger didn't want the lioness, and the lioness didn't want the tiger, but what could they do? They are animals. Men can't keep control of their instincts. I mean to say, many men cannot. But I speak of big felines. And they mated, and the product was a feline, and they called that a "tigro."

Well, if I say a human being hasn't the sense that a tigress has, that is to say, willfully goes with a person of another race, it's not the fault of the person of the other race, it's the fault of the woman. I disapprove strongly of these French women who go around with the North Africans or anything else, any other non-Aryan, and of the English women in Cheltenham. That's a small place in the West of England where I went before going to the Cotswolds camp. I met two perambulators with half-Negro babies in them. In a small town like that. How do those things happen? How do these women come to do these things? That is what puzzles me. And if they do, well, they are not worthy to belong to the Aryan race. They should be dismissed.

If I were the dictator of England I would send them to work in some place where they have need of workers. Instead of sending a foreign worker, I would send them. After sterilizing them, because it's no good mating them with an Aryan afterwards. I suppose you know that the people who breed dogs, say Alsatians or something like that, do. If an Alsatian bitch has been with a mongrel dog, they do not mate her with an Alsatian again. If she's impregnated once it's sufficient. She's no longer useful for breeding purposes. They might keep her if they like her. I don't see why they shouldn't keep her, poor dog. Why kill her? No, certainly not. I'm not for killing her. But they don't mate her again. They don't have her mated again.

7. MATT KOEHL²²

I like Matt Koehl. I admire him. He's a very worthy successor of Rockwell, and he has an advantage over Rockwell. He's a German. It's not Rockwell's fault, of course, but in my eyes, that's an advantage. I wish I could become a German one day myself if there was such a

²² Matthias Koehl was born in 1935.

thing as reincarnation. I don't know whether I'd like to be a German or not. But at first glance, I'd like to be. On the other side, I don't know if I would like to be a German if I had to put up with the discipline in the German family. Suppose my father was an anti-Nazi. It can happen in Germany, you know. Suppose my father was an anti-Nazi and gave me slaps and kicked me about because of my ideas. That could happen. I wouldn't like it to happen. I'd rather be something else, but a Nordic race of course.

To speak of Matt Koehl: I like his articles. I read his articles in *White Power*. I like *White Power* immensely. I think it's one of the best papers that comes out in the USA. And I find that whatever he says is perfectly logical. Another thing: he never speaks of himself. He speaks of the ideology. And his book is very good. Very, very good really.²³ I have nothing to say except one thing: I'd like to meet him. I've never met him. I'd like to meet him very much. I think he's most efficient.

There's one thing I don't like in the movements of America. There are too many. I don't like this idea of small National Socialist groups that exist only because somebody wants to be at the head of them. I'd like them to all meditate on the example of Streicher, Julius Streicher, the one of the Nuremberg martyrs who said "Heil Hitler!" in front of the gallows. They were his last words, his words before that being, "One day the Bolsheviks will treat you as you are treating us." Now, "Heil Hitler!" and he went up, and they hanged him. Well, this man Streicher had a party of his own. He was the head of, well, I would say, a national socialist party, a party with the same ideas, when Adolf Hitler was rising. But he felt that Adolf Hitler was the man, that he was worth more than Streicher was. Streicher was sincere and *disinterested*, and this disinterested attitude is *the* attitude for a National Socialist. What did Streicher do? He went to his followers and told them, "The party is dissolved. I am dissolving it. There's no more party at all. You go join the NSDAP. I'm joining the NSDAP myself. Hitler is our Führer, Führer of all the Germans." And he dismissed his own people and told them to join our party, the growing party, the party of the future. Well, why don't these small leaders, those who are conscious at least of the efficiency of Matt Koehl, tell their followers to join the NSWPP?

There's another thing I feel rather shaky about, and I felt that already under Rockwell. It's the insistence, in some of the literature

²³ Savitri is likely referring to Koehl's pamphlet *The Future Calls* (Arlington, Virginia: National Socialist White People's Party, 1976).

supposed to be National Socialist from the USA, on the ideas of “Christian” and “White.” Even the title of Matt Koehl’s organization, National Socialist *White* People’s Party. Well, if I were a Jewess, I would join it. I would infiltrate. I would try to destroy it from inside, if I were a Jewess. And I would get in because I’m White. Isn’t that so? It’s a funny thing to see that more Jews have not thought of it. Well, good for us if they’re not so clever as they were once. If they’re going down, good for us.

But White is not necessarily Aryan. The Arabs are White. Real Arabs, not mixed with Negroes. But too many Arabs are mixed with Negroes because they have harems, and they like a variety of females. Unfortunately, a variety of females makes a variety of offspring. But those who are pure Arab are White. Berbers are White. Berbers are Mediterranean people. They were in North Africa before the Arabs came. Jews are White. Jews are Semites. They are the first cousins of the Arabs. They might be enemies, but they are the first cousins of one another, or should be. The Assyrians, the Akkadians, all these people of Mesopotamia and of North Mesopotamia, of the upper Euphrates, in antiquity, they were White. Hittites were White. I don’t know how far the Hittites were Aryans, or have Aryan mixture. I don’t know. Their language may be Aryan, but that doesn’t mean to say that they were. Many people speak an Aryan language. Negroes speak English today. Who doesn’t? That doesn’t mean they are Englishmen. Anyhow, White does not mean Aryan.

The trouble is that in the USA today, the situation is such that the people’s consciousness, simple people’s consciousness, is White and Black. If you say “White,” they understand. They wouldn’t understand the word Aryan, half of them. But it’s dangerous, because Jews are White. And they are much more dangerous than Negroes. A clever Jew is much more dangerous than a Negro. Negroes are like children. Leave the Negroes to themselves, absolutely to themselves, without any foreign influence, and they are not dangerous at all, except that they breed fast. Well, put them in another surrounding. Put them in another place, and don’t give them any development aid. That’s one thing I would say: this aid to the undeveloped should be stopped completely. Completely.

And even more I would say, I’m not for all this aid even to the developed. When I was in France as a stop-gap teacher we had propaganda: such and such a society for *retardates*, backward children, sick people, etc., etc., supporting, giving money for them to be pushed along, to be not so undeveloped. Even Whites, even Aryans who are

not really up to the mark, deficient, shouldn't be encouraged, and encouraged to breed at that. I'm all for the steps that Adolf Hitler took, or wanted to take. He didn't take them, in fact. He couldn't take them, really, because the church was against him. Especially the Archbishop of Münster, von Galen.²⁴ Von Galen used to preach against the measures he wanted to take from his pulpit. These people should not be encouraged to live, because you cannot get a real strong Aryan society if you have these people in it, and if they breed. If they don't breed, all right. If you have a weak person that doesn't breed, it doesn't make any difference, but don't allow them to breed. Anyhow, that's one thing, White instead of Aryan.

Another thing is that mixture of Aryan and Christian. I have had very good propaganda sent to me from an organization called Sword of Christ in America asking for the liberation of Rudolf Hess. Nothing better. But telling us that it's from the so-called Christian point of view. I wrote to them. I told them what I thought of it, and they replied telling me that the Jews, the Israelites of antiquity, were originally Aryans. But how can they believe that? I know that's a theory. It doesn't come from them. It comes from a man called Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, a Frenchman who wrote a book a hundred years ago with a queer theory like that.²⁵ He also mixes up Hebrew words and Sanskrit words. "They look like each other, therefore they come from Sanskrit." They don't come from Sanskrit at all. It's just like so much stuff you read from old missionaries in India, telling you Hinduism comes from Judaism. Why? Why is it? One of the gods of India is Brahma. "Brahma is Abraham." His wife is Sarasvati. "Sarasvati is Sarah." All right! They put two words together, and it's finished. There's no good etymological connection between Brahma and Abraham. Absolutely none. But still they put one where there is none. And Saint-Yves d'Alveydre did exactly the same to support this theory that the ancient Israelites were Aryans. They were not Aryans at all. They were Semites, and they always were Semites.

They may be mixed with Aryans now. That's a different thing. And that is one of the reasons for their efficiency. When they mixed with

²⁴ Clemens August Count von Galen (1878-1946).

²⁵ Joseph-Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre (1842-1909) was an influential nineteenth-century French esotericist. His teachings on Agartha, the mysterious Himalayan headquarters of occult masters, and his concept of "root races" influenced, among others, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831-1891), the founder of the Theosophical Society. The book Savitri mentions is *La Mission des Juifs*, 2 vols. (1884) (Paris: Éditions traditionnelles, 1990).

Aryans. Especially when an Aryan marries a Jewess, the child is a Jew. The child is a Jew from his mother, not from his father. If an Aryan marries a Jewess, the child is a Jew according to Jewish law. And he gets some of the characteristics, some of the virtues from the Aryan race, along with some of the characteristics of the Jewish. He might get efficiency in trade from his mother and some sort of idealism, disinterested idealism, from his father. And then he's doubly dangerous.

That's what I have to say on Matt Koehl.

Chapter 3

RELIGION

On Christianity

1. GREEK ORTHODOX CHRISTIANITY

I'll be very frank about Christianity. I used to go to church. I'm christened in the Greek Orthodox Church. And I used to go to church until I was about twenty-three, until I became conscious of being a National Socialist. The church was not really a church in those days. It was just a room in my native town. Now the Greeks of Lyons have a real church and a beautiful one. I go sometimes. I still go when I'm there. I used to go, but not because I loved the values of Christianity. I never could accept the values of Christianity. But, I liked the church. I liked the church because it was national, supposed to be national at least. I had been told that forever: "The national church of Greece is the Orthodox Church. Modern Greece is the daughter of Byzantium. It's the continuity of what was Byzantium once, what the Turks have destroyed. The Greek nationality would not be alive if it hadn't been for the church and for the monasteries under Turkish dominion for four hundred years." And this, and also the beauty of Byzantine music and of Byzantine singing. I used to go to church, and I liked it. And I like it still. But as far as the values of Christianity, that's a quite different thing.

By the way, I really believe that a very great number of modern Greeks don't believe in the values of Christianity at all. Many of them might not even believe in the facts that they are celebrating, for instance, Easter, the resurrection, and things like that. If you really ask them, if they are sincere, they will tell you, "The church tells us so, but it seems rather queer to believe, rather difficult to believe." It doesn't matter. They are attached to the church just because it is the national church.

My second doctoral thesis was on a Greek philosopher, Theophilos Kaïris, born in 1784, died in prison in 1853. He was put into prison by the Greek government for openly not believing in the Orthodox Church, the national church. The real theme of my thesis was not so much the person Kaïris, but the Greek mentality regarding religion. The modern Greek mentality is exactly the same as that of Ancient Greece. Socrates was condemned because he did not believe in those gods in

which the city believed. Had he not been an Athenian, nobody would have cared in Athens. Had he been an Egyptian, a Persian, an Assyrian, nobody would have cared whether he believed in the gods of Greece at all. It was natural that he should believe in his own gods. Each country had its own. And there was harmony between them all. They used to borrow each other's gods now and then, when they really wanted the services of a god, against illness or something like that. That is antiquity. That is modern Greece.

No modern Greek would find it necessary to convert a Turk to Christianity. He's a Turk, well, all right. It's natural for a Turk to be Mohammedan. He's a man from Western Europe, and it's natural for a Western European to be a Protestant or a Catholic. He's a foreigner. A Catholic, even a Greek Catholic, is a foreigner. You can hear a Greek tell you, "Well, we have three foreigners in our building. There is a Catholic on the first floor. There's a Jew on the third floor. And there's an American on the ground floor." An American, a Jew, a Catholic: they're all foreigners.

Well, I had this spirit myself, as an adolescent. Although it was not my father's spirit. My father was not a believer at all. He was christened, but he didn't believe it. He was what you call a free thinker. My mother was a follower of the Church of England as an Englishwoman, but she was more and more and more going towards skepticism, agnosticism, as she grew older. In the end she used to say, "Well, I don't know whether the soul exists or not, whether we have a soul or not. That is a metaphysical problem that's beyond my comprehension."

2. CHRISTIANITY AND NATIONALISM

And what I had against Christianity from the very start was, first, that it was not national. It was not national. We had something before it in Greece. Why didn't we stick to that? We had something as beautiful and more beautiful than it. We had the worship of the sun. We had the worship of gods that represented natural forces. We had the worship of the forces of the universe. We were in harmony with the universe and not with man. It was not man-centered. Our religions were not man-centered. No religions of antiquity were man-centered. Except one. Judaism was not only man-centered, it was Jew-centered.

The other religions were, of course, national. But at the same time they were cosmic. Anything that has to do with sun worship or moon worship or worship of forces of nature is naturally cosmic. And the man of antiquity never thought anything of worshipping somebody

else's gods. The Pharaoh Amenhotep III, when he was sick, couldn't find any solace by the means of the god of medicine, the god of healing, of Egypt, Khons the son of Amon and Mut. No. But he heard that Ishtar of Nineveh was good for healing. She had healing powers. He brought the statue of Ishtar of Nineveh from two thousand kilometers away. He brought it to Egypt. And it seemed that she cured him. She stayed two years in Egypt, and then she was sent back with her priests to Nineveh. That was the spirit of antiquity. Freedom, no intolerance at all. No lack of toleration. None of that, "If you don't belong to us, you're damned. If you don't have our religion, our belief, you're damned." None of that in antiquity. None of that before Christianity.

The Jews are quite a different thing. The Jewish religion is quite a different thing. The Jewish religion is national, tribal. Yahweh, Jehovah is the God of the Jews. The Jews will not say, "If you don't belong to Jehovah you are damned. Oh, no. Oh, no. You are a Moabite, it's quite natural you worship Chemosh. You are an Ammonite, you worship Milcom, quite natural. You're a Philistine, you worship Dagon, you worship somebody else, Philistine gods. But if you are in our *Bezirk*, in our region, you must be destroyed. This place is only for us." That's the Old Testament. I don't want to expatiate on that. I only ask those who don't believe me to open the Bible and read Deuteronomy chapter seven, the first verses of chapter seven. That's all in it.

Now I didn't like that very much. It has one advantage only, that is to say, it is forbidden for a Jew to marry a non-Jew. Not that the non-Jew is bad. Sometimes he does marry non-Jews. For instance, Mahlon, son of Naomi, married Ruth who was a Moabite.¹ And that very same Moabite married Boaz,² the son of Rahab of Jericho³ who herself was celebrated for taking in the Jewish spies of Joshua.⁴ Anyhow, they were taken in sometimes. "Your God is my God, and your people will be my people," said Ruth to her mother-in-law Naomi when, after the death of her husband, she followed Naomi to Judea. But it was an exception. Generally it was forbidden for the Jews to take women in Canaan. Although racially they were same. There was no difference between the Jew and the Canaanite, racially. But they were worshippers of different gods. And it was feared that they would entice their husbands to

¹ Ruth 1:4; 4:10.

² Ruth 4:13.

³ Matthew 1:2.

⁴ Joshua 2:1-7.

worship their gods. That was the great idea. In that way, of course it kept the Jews among themselves. It was a good thing, from a racist point of view.

3. INTERNATIONAL RELIGIONS AND RACE-MIXING

What I have against international religions—be it Christianity, be it Islam, the two religions that sprang from Judaism, be it even Buddhism that sprang from an Aryan creed—is that they are international and that they have no objection to interracial marriages. In Buddhism it's not generally done. You don't see an Indian Buddhist marry a Japanese Buddhist. A Japanese Buddhist wouldn't like it anyhow. Japanese people are really racials. But you could see Arabs with harems of women of all nationalities. The Arabs of Spain, the founders of the Caliphate of Cordova, were no Arabs at all after the third generation. The very son of Musa ibn Nusair, the conqueror of Spain in the early eighth century, was called Abdul Aziz. He married a Visigoth woman, Egilona, the widow of the last king of the Visigoths.⁵ And his son married another Aryan, or part-Aryan, and his son the same thing. After three generations or four there was virtually no Arab blood at all in the rulers of Cordova. And you get the same thing in other countries. You get intermarriages of Arabs and Negroes. Abyssinians are a mixture of the two. You get a mixture of Arabs and anything that's Mohammedan. If you are a Mohammedan you can marry any Mohammedan. And if you are a Christian, there's no reason why you shouldn't marry any Christian. According to the church it's not forbidden. It's not forbidden at all. And I don't like that.

I was always shocked by the National Socialist propaganda, very opportunist propaganda, saying that, "We have nothing against Christianity. We are very good Christians." That always shocked me. The one thing that I underlined when I read the twenty-five points for the first time—the twenty-five points was at the basis of National Socialism, for the public at least—is point twenty-four, "We stand for a positive type of Christianity." What does the Führer mean by positive Christianity? Probably: aid one another. All the institutions like NSV,⁶ the Winter Aid, Aid to Mother and Child, all these things represent

⁵ Roderick (c. 670-c. 711) was from 710-711 the last king of the Visigoths. Musa ibn Nusair lived c. 640-c. 715, his son Abdul Aziz c. 670-717. Egilona's dates are unknown.

⁶ NSV stands for *Nationalsozialistische Volkswohlfahrt*, National Socialist People's Welfare.

what the public can consider as positive Christianity: love your neighbor. All right.

And then comes the end of point twenty-four: "The party is neutral in matters of religion. We admit any kind of religion, provided it does not shock the moral feelings of the German race and does not go against the state." Well, I thought of this, and I said to myself, "Any religion that allows marriage with view to reproduction between an Aryan and a non-Aryan, provided they are both christened in the same church, is naturally against the moral feelings of the Germanic people and against the interests of the state, and Christianity is one of these religions. A Catholic Negro can marry a Catholic of any country including a Catholic German. Why not? They are both Catholics."

I knew a couple, a mixed couple like that. The woman, a beautiful, young, blue-eyed blonde Aryan, the daughter of a German soldier of the First World War and of an Alsatian woman. Unmarried. Doesn't make any difference. An Aryan. She met in some bar room in Lyons, my native town, a perfectly brown, dark brown Dravidian of South India, considered by other Indians of upper castes as an untouchable. And he was a Catholic, and she was a Catholic, and the two married. And they had four children, three sons and a daughter. Fortunately the children are not married. I hope they never marry. They were very happy together it seems. The man was not bad. I have nothing against him. But I would've liked him to marry a Dravidian untouchable, a Dravidian *harijan*, they call it, like himself. And she should've married a Frenchman, an Alsatian, or a German. She was a German herself. But because they were Catholics they got married. If they had not been Christians at all, if he had been worshipper of Mariama—Mariama is a mother goddess of South India, one of the numerous mother goddesses of South India—and she a worshipper of Wotan, like in antiquity, they never would have come together. There you are. That is the advantage of these national creeds. They keep each one in his place.

And when they don't, well, it's an exception. Or else the two people are very near each other. You had, for instance, probably intermarriages between people who worshipped Thor in antiquity and Slavs. How did the Poles come about? Poles are Slavs with a mixture of German. They are not pure Slavs, and so many Russians are not pure Slav either. The Russians, the ancestors of the Russians, before Christianity worshipped another god with a hammer also, with four heads, Perun. Perun and Thor got along very well together. They were neighbors. They symbolized the same thing. Well, why not? They were brothers. They were very near in all this.

And of course you had the Gauls marrying Germans in the

Merovingian days. Before the Gauls became Christians, they had their own gods. They had some international gods, cosmic gods, the sun and the moon, naturally. The sun and the moon. There's a lovely little dialogue in a French tale, a short story of Anatole France, of a Gaul who followed Caesar to England. And they are both coming back, and the Gaul saw with his own eyes the shattering to pieces of the Roman fleet on the coast of England due to the tide. And he knows the moon governs the tide. And he tells Caesar on his way back, "You see, the moon is a very powerful goddess, and she loves the Gauls. She's on the Gauls' side." And Caesar laughs and says, "Well, everybody considers the moon as a goddess. We do. The Greeks do. Everybody does. Even the Carthaginians did. And that moon, you say, belongs to the Gauls, but she's now shining over Rome." And the Gaul looks at him and says, "Shining over Rome, the moon? It must be a different moon." That's national spirit. I would say that. Real tribal spirit. It might look rather naïve to a person who lives in the twentieth century. But it has its advantages. It has its advantages.

The Gauls very quickly married Romans, and led to Gallo-Romans. But some of them also married Germanic people. All the North of France is Germanic. And I'd like to point out that not only the North of France but all of the aristocracy of Europe, all the kings and queens of Europe from the early days on, are Germanic. Even the Russians. Who was Rurik?⁷ Rurik was a German, or a Swede. It's the same thing. Who were the rulers of Italy? Well, the German emperors, of course. Who were the rulers of France? The Merovingians, the Carolingians, and the other ones. They were all descended from Germans, from Franks who conquered France. France was called France because of the Franks, and Franks are Germans.

They were Christians. That was their downfall. That is to say, they did not stay purely Germanic because they were Christians. They shouldn't have married people from the South of Europe. They should have married from the North of Europe. And you have some of the greatest emperors of Germany who married foreigners. For instance, Otto II. Otto II married Theophano, the daughter of Romanos II of Byzantium, the sister of Basilius, the exterminator of the Bulgarians, as we call him, Basilius II.⁸ She was his sister. His other sister, Anna,

⁷ Rurik (c. 830-c. 879) was a Viking warrior who founded the first Russian state of Novgorod in 762. His descendants ruled Russia until 1598.

⁸ Otto II, King of the Germans and Emperor of Rome (955-983), reigned from 961-983. Theophano (c. 959-991) married Otto II in 972 and bore the title of Empress of

married the recently Christianized Russian Vladimir, and Russia became Christian, officially at least, from that day.⁹ The sign of Christianity is, in the beginning, intermarriage. And I don't like that.

Of course, I know there are some National Socialist groups in the USA like this Sword of Christ group in Arkansas that tell you the Bible doesn't encourage interbreeding. The Bible doesn't encourage it, perhaps. It doesn't encourage interbreeding of Jews with non-Jews, with non-Jews *religiously*. But it doesn't mind a Jew marrying a Semite who's converted herself or himself to Judaism. And you get converts to Judaism in the days of Christ and afterwards. Who was Timothy? Half Greek, half Jew. And there were many of these God-fearing people. They called them in the Bible, the New Testament, God-fearing. They were half Jew, half Greek, or proselytes, people who were living near the synagogue who were not circumcised but still worshiped Yahweh. And this, all this prepared Christianity.

That's what I have to say about Christianity. I'm not against it. I don't want to say that I would like to bring people away from it. If they have nothing else, let them have it. But I think on principle it's incompatible, not with National Socialism only, but with any attitude centered on race, centered on nation and race. In order to be a nationalist and a Christian, you have to distort Christianity. You have to consider it as a national religion, like the Irish do. The Polish do, in spite of Communism. Like the Spanish do. In that way they are all right. Nothing will happen to them. But it is due to a misunderstanding of the spirit of Christianity, of the spirit of Christianity as it has come to us through the legend of Christ, perhaps not through the historical Christ, if it is true—I don't say it is, but some people think it is—that the historical Christ was really a Jewish nationalist fighting the Romans.

4. ROBERT AMBELAIN ON CHRISTIANITY

[I wish to recommend three books by Robert Ambelain.¹⁰] They

Rome until her death in 991. Her father (or on some accounts, god-father) Romanos II, Emperor of Byzantium (940-963), reigned from 959-963. His son, Basil II, Emperor of Byzantium (958-1025), reigned from 976-1025.

⁹ Anna, Princess of Byzantium (963-1011), married Vladimir, Grand Duke of Kiev (c. 956-1015), in 988 or 989 to seal a military and dynastic alliance. One of the conditions of the marriage was Vladimir's baptism. Vladimir was the great-grandson of Rurik.

¹⁰ Robert Ambelain, *Jésus, ou le mortel secret des Templiers* [*Jesus, or The Fatal Secret of the Templars*] (Paris: R. Laffont, 1970), *La vie secrete de Saint Paul* [*The*

were lent to me by this French lady. They are extraordinary, and they are all the more convincing in that the man is not a Jew. He's an Aryan, but he's pro-Jew. He's a very good Hebrew scholar. He knows Hebrew as I know French or English or Greek. And he is an historian. And a high graded Freemason, on top of that. What really gets up his nose is the antagonism between Christianity, especially Medieval Christianity, and the Jews. He says that, "May his blood fall on us and on our children,"¹¹ was an interpolation. "The Jews never said that. Why were they persecuted for saying that when they never said it?" Personally, I don't care if they said it or not. To me, it is quite immaterial.

To him, the person of Jesus is the son of a Jewish anti-Roman agitator, and he was himself an anti-Roman agitator and nothing else. No teacher of any sort of religion. Just an anti-Roman who was condemned to death by the Romans on the cross. Well, it's perfectly true that if he were really condemned by the Jews, according to Jewish law, on the charge of blasphemy for calling himself God, he would not have been crucified. He would've been stoned. The Jewish custom was stoning, *lapidation*, and not crucifixion. Of course he never called himself God. He always said, "the Father and I," "There are things I do not know but the Father knows."¹²

But even if he had called himself God and he were condemned by the Jews for blasphemy, he was crucified by the Romans. He was condemned by the Romans, not for calling himself God but for saying that he was "King of the Jews" and for resistance activities. He was a Jewish *maquisard*.¹³ According to Ambelain, his father also and his grandfather also. His grandfather Ezekias was supposed to have been crucified under Herod.

Now according to Ambelain, Paul was no insignificant little Jew. He was one-fourth Jewish and three-fourths Idumean, that is to say, Arab, of the dynasty of the Herods. He was the grandson of Herod the Great by his mother Cypros. And he was neither in the Arab gang nor in the Jewish. He was circumcised. He had himself circumcised when he was aged. That is to say, he was not circumcised as a baby. He had no place among the Jews, and Jews didn't like him. They did not like neophytes who come when they are older and for perhaps non-religious reasons.

Secret Life of Saint Paul] (Paris: R. Laffont, 1971), and *Les lourds secrets du Golgotha* [*The Heavy Secrets of Golgotha*] (Paris: R. Laffont, 1974).

¹¹ Matthew 27:25.

¹² Mark 13:32.

¹³ Guerrilla fighter.

So he tried to found a sect of his own. According to Ambelain, he took the person of that Jewish agitator and made him into a mystic figure, added to him all the characteristics of the age-old vegetation gods, Mithra, Osiris, Adonis, and others. The disciples of Jesus already had spread the rumor that he was resurrected, so half the job was done. He only had to say, "Yes, he was resurrected, and he rose up from the dead for the salvation of the world." He made him into a world figure, when in reality he wasn't even a Jewish figure. And by his doing that, he spread an influence of Jewry on the whole world. You have a perfect Aryan girl, a German named Ruth or named Sarah, or you have an Englishman named David. You have an Englishman, Isaac Newton, called Isaac. What is all that? What is that stuff? You have a man called Johannes. Johannes is Jokannan in the Hebrew. Jokannan is John. The whole thing has changed.

After the spreading of Christianity, after the acceptance of Christianity as a state religion by the Roman emperors after Constantine,¹⁴ it seems that *then* the gospels as we know them today were written. They hadn't got the same ones. There is no manuscript of any gospel except one or two, what they call the Apocrypha. And even then, there's no manuscript contemporary of Christ in the world. The first ones are of the fourth century AD. Those we have, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John (well, in reality, there were other names), date from the fourth century AD. The gospels that the Christians used to use before that date, they were taken back to Constantinople by order of Constantine. In packets of fifty. And packets of fifty of the new ones were given to them, the new ones we have today.

And there are queer things in them. For instance, in the gospel according to Matthew, Christ was born under Herod.¹⁵ Herod died in the year 4 BC. Therefore, he was born before 4 BC. Maybe 5 or 6 or 7 BC. According to Luke, he was born under the magistrateship of the Roman Quirinius.¹⁶ Quirinius ruled Palestine before Pilate, that is to say, in about 6 AD.¹⁷ That is to say, if Jesus were born in 4 BC. he would be at least ten years old. Which is the right date of birth? Why does one say this and one say that? Anyhow, this Ambelain has picked the gospels right through, the canonical ones and the apocryphal ones

¹⁴ Flavius Valerius Constantinus (c. 271-337) reigned from 306-337. Constantine's conversion followed the Battle of the Milvian Bridge in 312.

¹⁵ Matthew 2:1.

¹⁶ Luke 2:2.

¹⁷ Publius Sulpicius Quirinius (d. 21 or 22) ruled Palestine from 6-11.

that have survived in Coptic translation, in Slavonic translation, Ethiopian translation, in all sorts of translations. He has gone through them all. And it has given a figure of Jesus that is not at all the classical one.

The Jews are the ones behind the institution of Christianity.¹⁸ I'm quite sure of that. It was a means to emasculate the race. There is a contradiction between the principles of Christianity and warrior behavior. They can't go together. If you have to love your enemy like yourself, you can't fight. And the first Christians did not fight for the Romans. But there was a compromise. When Constantine wanted Christianity to be the state religion, he said, "Call the bishops." The bishops said, "All right, we accept it, but we have to accept to fight for you. It will no longer be an offense to fight for the Roman Empire." That was a compromise, an unhealthy compromise. All compromises are unhealthy. You can't have them, can't have them.

The gentle Jesus of the Christians, the classic gentle Jesus never existed. I believe in Ambelain's theory. The real Jesus was a Jew fighting for his own race, a very respectable man. I have nothing against him. I much prefer him to the classical image of Jesus, in fact. He didn't want the salvation of the whole world. He wanted his country to be out of the Roman Empire. I understand that. I quite understand his struggle. But that struggle doesn't interest mankind. It interests the Jews. And the Jews found out, of course, that the best way to put him onto mankind was to give him sort of a mystical personality, a personality of peace and what mankind wanted, and to assimilate his qualities with the qualities of the already existing gods.

Now 1,400 years BC, there was a religion, existing still in Christ's days, the religion of Mithra, the Iranian god. In fact, in the very words that are attributed to Christ at the moment of the consecration of the bread and wine, "He who does not eat my flesh and drink my blood has no eternal life," we have the exact replica in the cult of Mithra fourteen hundred years before: "He who does not eat my flesh and drink my blood has no eternal life." And this was discovered by Tertullian, the Christian father of the Latin church in the second century.¹⁹ And

¹⁸ This is the argument of Savitri's *Paul de Tarse*. Savitri's suspicions were shared by the American classicist and White Nationalist writer Revilo P. Oliver. See Revilo P. Oliver, *Reflections on the Christ Myth* (Uckfield, Sussex: Historical Review Press, 1994).

¹⁹ Quintus Septimus Florens Tertullianus (c. 155-c. 225).

Tertullian, of course, found an explanation. He had to find an explanation. How is it that Christ and Mithra speak the same language? He said, "Oh, no, that's not the fact. Christ is right, but the devil put these words into the cult of Mithra fourteen hundred years before out of mockery of what was going to be one day Christianity."²⁰ The devil did it. That's an explanation. It's no explanation in my eyes, anyhow. In reality, it's the Christians who took these words and applied them to their own master. Without that, their own master wouldn't be a god. He would just be a human being. And the crucifixion would have a quite different meaning. Crucifixion: he was condemned for rebellion against the Romans, that's all. The Christians made him into a sacrificial scapegoat. He was taking on the sins of the world.

5. CHRISTIANITY AS MAN-CENTERED

The message attributed to Christ is kindness to all men. But only to men.²¹ Animals are never mentioned in the gospels. Whether the person at the center of the gospel is the historic Christ or another person, invented by further commentators, especially Paul, it is a fact that no miracle is reported in favor of a creature that is not human. On the contrary, you get a fig tree that refuses to give Christ some figs out of season. It's mentioned in Mark.²² The fig tree did not give figs. It was out of season. And Christ curses the poor fig tree, and the next day it's gone completely withered. For not giving its figs out of season. What did he expect it to do? Did he expect the fig tree to give him figs out of season? And if he was so powerful why didn't he just give the fig tree the power to give figs out of season? That's something that used to shock me. That fig tree withered, cursed by the founder of Christianity, because it wouldn't give figs out of season, against the laws of nature.

And the poor Gadarene swine.²³ Here is a pack of people possessed by devils. The devils won't get out of them. They tell Christ, "We will only get out if you allow us to go into the swine." There was a herd of swine. Well, first of all, what business did a man have keeping a herd of swine in Judah? What was he bringing up these swine for? What was he herding them for? To sell them to the Romans, I suppose. For people

²⁰ See Tertullian, *De praescriptione haereticorum* [*On the Prescription of Heretics*], ch. 40.

²¹ For more on Christian anthropocentrism, see *Impeachment of Man*, ch. 1, "Man-Centered Creeds," and *Souvenirs et réflexions*, ch. 3, "Anthropocentrisme et intolérance."

²² Mark 11:13-14; cf. Matthew 21:19.

²³ Mark 5:1-14.

who used to eat pork. The Jews never eat pork. Anyhow, Christ allows these devils to enter these poor swine that have done no harm to anybody. And they go mad, and they throw themselves into the Sea of Galilee, from the cliff. I didn't like that. Whether it's true or not, I don't know. But I didn't like that. So many things I never liked in Christianity.

6. CHRISTIANITY AND INTOLERANCE

Another thing that I have against Christianity is that it was not taken freely by Europe. It was imposed on us. It was the fault of our princes, for different reasons that have nothing to do with religion. Constantine became a Christian in 313. Before him, ten years before, Tigran II, King of Armenia, became a Christian also.²⁴ And aren't the Armenians proud of that! "We are the first Christian nation," so they say. That is to say, Tigran II was the first Christian king. I don't know whether the Armenians followed him or not at once. Certainly the Greeks did not follow Constantine at once.

There were Christian communities already all over the Roman Empire. There were other communities too: Mithraic communities. Cybele, the mother goddess of Asia Minor, had many followers too. And these other religions were called religions of salvation. They had the idea of a god put to death and resurrected, risen from the dead, for the salvation of mankind. The idea that you have in Adonis, Osiris, and Tammuz, in those cults of Syria, of Egypt, and of Babylonia.

The fact is that Europe did not become Christian at once. First of all, why did Constantine become a Christian? His life was not a Christian life, absolutely not. He had his wife killed, on simple suspicion of adultery, not proof.²⁵ He had his own son killed.²⁶ He had so many people killed. Not Christian. But he was a Roman Emperor, and he wanted the unity of the Roman Empire. Unity of blood, there was none. Unity of language, there was none. And there could be none. There

²⁴ It was King Tiridates III (238-314) who introduced Christianity to Armenia after his conversion in 301. The year 303 is also given as the date of Armenia's conversion, perhaps because it was the year of the consecration of the cathedral of Echmiadzin, the holiest site of the Armenian Church. Tigran II (the Great) was born in 140 BC and ruled from 95 BC to his death in 55 BC.

²⁵ Flavia Maxima Fausta (c. 293-326) was the daughter of the emperor Marcus Aurelius Valerius Maximianus (c. 249-310, reigned 286-305). She married Constantine in 307 and bore him three sons and two daughters.

²⁶ Flavius Julius Crispus (c. 305-326) was the son of Constantine's mistress Minervina. He was likely killed for adultery with his stepmother Fausta.

could've been unity in the worship of the Emperor, but the worship of the Emperor only interested the Romans. It didn't interest the Syrians a bit. It didn't interest even the Greeks. I wonder if the Greeks did not even resent a temple to the goddess Rome on the Acropolis. There is a temple of the goddess of Rome on the Acropolis of Athens. A round temple. The ruins are there still. I don't know how the Athenians liked it. Anyhow, there was no unity. The only unity that could be was a unity of faith.

Now there were several faiths of salvation. Why didn't Constantine pick Mithraism? Mithraism was already very, very widespread among the Roman soldiers. Even some emperors later on were going to be worshipers of Mithra, the Aryan god, Sol Invictus, the invincible sun represented by a man with a Phrygian cap and a bull sacrifice. Well, the religion of Mithra would have taken centuries to spread because the priests of Mithra were no fanatics. They didn't say, "Outside the cult of Mithra you are all damned." They never said that. It would have taken centuries. The cult of Cybele also. Any cult except Christianity would have taken centuries to forge the cultural and religious unity of the empire. And even Christianity took centuries, but at least under Constantine there was a hope that within a few decades officially the Mediterranean would be Christian. And that was a fact. It was imposed.

There is no manuscript of any of the canonical gospels, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John, older than the fourth or fifth century. What was there before? Other gospels, Apocrypha, of which there are pieces to be found now and then, and some of them quite different from the canonical gospels. What happened to the originals? They were collected from all the churches under Constantine, under the supervision of Eusebius of Caesarea, the great court historiographer and Bishop.²⁷ And they were collected by batches of fifty, and new batches of fifty of the gospels we know today were sent out to the churches. There were very many alterations in them for the Roman Empire to have *one* faith.

And then of course the crosses of Christ were found by Helena, Constantine's mother.²⁸ She dug somewhere in Jerusalem. Now Jerusalem was completely destroyed by Titus in the year 70. So much so that there was no trace, according to Flavius Josephus, of its streets.²⁹ One didn't know what was where before. It was completely

²⁷ Eusebius of Caesarea (c. 264-c. 340).

²⁸ Flavia Julia Helena, later Saint Helena (c. 250-c. 330).

²⁹ Flavius Josephus (c. 37-c. 100), *Wars of the Jews*, 7.1.1.

flat. It was reconstructed afterwards. So in the fourth century, the emperor's mother, Helena, who was a Christian, digs somewhere in Jerusalem and found three crosses, wooden crosses, intact. How did they stay intact? Although the land is dry. I admit the land is dry. But three hundred years, more than three hundred years after the crucifixion, three crosses absolutely intact? That's funny. They put a dead man on each one, and when they put him on the cross that was Christ's cross, the dead man became alive again.³⁰ So they say. That's how they found the real cross. And when you go to Jerusalem as a pilgrim, you can buy a piece of the real cross. There are so many pieces of the real cross to be sold that if they were all genuine, the cross would have been kilometers long and kilometers wide. Anyhow, that was Christianity for the Mediterranean people.

"No jobs of high significance unless you are a Christian"—Constantine. And then came Theodosias, long after Constantine.³¹ You have in between the attempt of Emperor Julian to give another chance to paganism, to the Greek or Latin paganism.³² Unfortunately that failed. That failed in the year 363. Julian only ruled from 360 to 363. He was probably murdered on the battlefield, because he received a spear from behind. And they said it was a barbarian captive that did that. Since when were barbarian captives taken into cavalry charges and given spears in their hands? It's a story. He was murdered, probably by some Christian. Anyhow, after him Christianity was again the religion of the Empire. Then comes the Emperor Theodosias who died in 395. He shut the temples. He forbade as much as he could forbid. He forbade the Oracle of Delphi. Already in Julian's day, Delphi was an abandoned place. Now, in the sixth century, under Justinian, the last philosophical schools were forbidden, the Greek philosophical schools.³³ You were not to teach anything but Christianity. Antiquity was forbidden.

Naturally it continued on the sly. They say there was still worship of the gods in Greece in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In those days Prussia, land of Frederick the Great, land of Bismarck, was still

³⁰ Saint Helena toured Palestine circa 326-328. There is no mention, however, of the discovery of the cross either during her lifetime or that of her son Constantine. By the middle of the fourth century, however, a number of stories of her discovery of the cross were in circulation.

³¹ Flavius Theodosius (c. 346-395) reigned from 379-395.

³² Flavius Claudius Julianus (331-363).

³³ Flavius Petrus Sabbatius Justinianus (c. 483-565) reigned from 527-565. Justinian prohibited the teaching of pagan philosophy in 529.

pagan. Prussians were Christianized in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and so were the Lithuanians. They were pagans. Scandinavia was Christianized in the eleventh century under Olaf II of Norway and Erik of Sweden.³⁴ They were Christianized by fire and sword, just as Germany was under Charlemagne.³⁵

Charlemagne fought the Saxons for thirty years to make them Christians by force. Widukind defended Germany and defended the old faith.³⁶ He was vanquished. Well, the Franks were better organized. They had better weapons. They were efficient as warriors, and they were perhaps more united. They had the schooling of the Byzantines. They were very much in touch with the Byzantines. In fact, they speak of a prospective marriage between Charlemagne and the Empress Irene of Constantinople, of the Eastern Roman Empire.³⁷ It didn't come through anyhow. But the Germans were Christianized by fire and sword.

In 782, forty-five hundred German chiefs were put to death, beheaded one after the other after a solemn mass and a lot of pomp on the banks of the Aller in Verden in North Germany because they didn't want to take the new faith. They refused it. They were all beheaded. The river Aller must have been red with blood. That was 782.

In 772, ten years before, the old high place of the sun for all North Europe, not for Germany alone, the Externsteine, was stormed by Charlemagne, and the sun room destroyed. The roof was blown off. He had no dynamite of course, but he put ice in a kind of little channel. He dug a channel all around and he put water there. It was in the middle of December. The water became ice. Ice is bigger. It takes more volume than water. The roof was shot off. You can see the ruins of it now.³⁸

³⁴ Olaf II of Norway, later Saint Olaf (995-1030), King of Norway from 1015-1028, converted to Christianity in 1010. Erik ruled Sweden from 966-995. He returned to paganism at the end of his life. The process of Christianization was taken up again by his son Olof, who reigned from 995-1022.

³⁵ Charlemagne (c. 742-814) was King of the Franks from 768 on and Roman Emperor in the West from 800 on.

³⁶ Widukind (d. 807) was a Westphalian nobleman and leader of the Saxon resistance against Charlemagne until he accepted baptism in 785.

³⁷ Irene of Athens (c. 752-803) ruled the Byzantine Empire from 797-802 after blinding then murdering her son, the emperor Constantine VI (770-797). She was deposed and exiled in 802. Since it was not legal for a woman to rule the Roman Empire, Pope Leo III crowned Charlemagne Roman Emperor in the West in 800, marking the final severance of the Eastern and Western Roman Empires.

³⁸ Savitri recounts her visit to the Externsteine in *Pilgrimage*, ch. 9, "The Rocks of the Sun."

And in 785 you have the famous Capitulary of Paderborn, the rules and regulations that Charlemagne imposed on Germany, or on the part of Germany he had conquered. He didn't conquer eastern Germany, of course: "Whoever runs away to the woods in order not to be christened is to die, penalty of death. Whoever burns the dead instead of burying them according to Christianity's new rules: the death penalty. Whoever reads the runic scriptures is to be killed. Whoever listens to runic teachings is to be killed." There's a list like that of I don't know how many things you mustn't do. "Whoever refuses to do this or to do that, whoever doesn't have his children christened: penalty of death."

That's how Germany was Christianized. That's how Scandinavia was Christianized. That's how, in fact, all the countries of the North of Europe were Christianized. Christianity was not liked by the Nordic race. The Nordic race didn't like it. There were certainly things in the Bible that shocked them. Even if nothing else, the story of Lot and his daughters.³⁹ That was shocking enough. And then the polygamy of the old Semites. The Nordic race is by tradition monogamous. They probably didn't like that. There were so many things. And of course stories like how Jael killed her enemy during his sleep. That was so anti-Aryan, so shocking. How could they accept that?

The result was that the Catholic Church very wisely forbade the faithful reading the Bible. It was not allowed to read the Bible in the Middle Ages. Of course it was not allowed. I can understand the Catholic Church. And what I can't understand was when the Bible was allowed to be read, after Luther, after the Reformation, how did people remain Christian? It's the Bible that put me against the Jews. It's not anything else. It's not *Mein Kampf*. I didn't own *Mein Kampf* in those days. When I was a child I was made to read the Old Testament and the New Testament by my pious aunt. There were so many things that shocked me.

And that's what I have to say. Christianity was not taken by Europe spontaneously, at least not by the Nordic race. And even the Mediterranean people had their own beliefs. They had their own superstitions. They carried those superstitions into Christianity. There's nothing more superstitious than a southern European even today, among the masses. The Marian cult, the cult of the Virgin Mary, is nothing but the cult of the Great Mother of antiquity, transposed. They stuck to it. They gave it another name, that's all. They made Christianity according to themselves.

³⁹ Genesis 19:30-38.

But what is awful is that it is a religion that inherited, from its Jewish origin, intolerance. A typical Jewish product. Although the Jews never did these things, because their policy was not conversion or death, but death in any case if you are not a Jew and if you stand in the way of the expansion of Jewry, like the Canaanites. In Europe there was not that. You could save your life by becoming a Christian. If you don't want to become one, or if you work against it, in the Middle Ages, it's the stake. You're burnt at the stake. So many people were. It was not done in the Greek Church. I must say, to be just, in the Orthodox Church you have no burnings. You get it in the Catholic Church. You get it in the Protestant Church. They're no better. One is as good as the other. Some burnt Catholics, others burnt Protestants, or heretics, or whatever you like. You have the awful story of the Cathars from the South of France, early thirteenth century.

I much prefer our old, old European religions. European or non-European, anyhow, all religions of antiquity, of that free antiquity of which Adolf Hitler speaks on page 507 of *Mein Kampf*, the German edition of 1935, in which he says, "The Ancient World, which was much freer than it is today, became unfree with the entrance of Christianity."⁴⁰ He's perfectly right. You don't get persecution of religions for the religion's sake in antiquity. You get persecutions for political reasons. That's quite different. Socrates was killed because he was an Athenian who did not believe in the gods of Athens.

On Hinduism

7. HINDUISM AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM

I embraced Hinduism because it was the only religion in the world that is compatible with National Socialism. And the dream of my life is to integrate Hitlerism into the old Aryan tradition, to show that it is really a resurgence of the original tradition. It's not Indian, not European, but Indo-European. It comes from back to those days when the Aryans were one people near the North Pole. The Hyperborean tradition.⁴¹

Well, I'm not a full Hindu. I'm a National Socialist. To me it's quite sufficient. I'm a European heathen. I'm one of those who would've fought Christianity in the fourth and fifth centuries. The great man I

⁴⁰ See ch. 1, §12, n. 84 above.

⁴¹ Savitri accepted the theories of Bal Gangadhar Tilak, *The Arctic Home in the Vedas* (Poona: Kesari, 1903).

admired in my youth was Alexander the Great, my first love. My second love is Emperor Julian. Adolf Hitler is the third one. I put him above the others, but chronologically he's the third. The first book I wrote in English in India is called *A Warning to the Hindus*.⁴² It was written in '37. It was translated into six Indian languages. It's not dedicated to an Indian. It's dedicated to Divine Julian, Emperor of the Greeks and Romans, 360-363, the one who wanted to bring back the old Greek and Roman religion after Christianity had been ruling for—well, I don't know—say fifty years. The Christian religion was instituted as the religion of the Roman Empire in 313. It was too late in 360. It was too late.

Now I must tell you something that I recently read this morning. I have a French friend. Well, she could be my daughter or, according to Indian standards, even my granddaughter. She's much younger than I, thirty-eight. And she's now in the South at her guru. She has a guru. Or rather the disciple of a dead guru. Her guru is dead. And she was visiting the ashram of the famous Ramana Maharshi.⁴³ Ramana Maharshi is really *the* greatest, or perhaps one of the greatest, one of the first or second of the two or three greatest sages of modern India. An extraordinary man. He did not teach. He taught only through his radiations. He was perfectly silent. He was vowed to perfect silence. That's a very queer thing to say, but he did teach like that. I know people who saw him and who said, "If silence can have meaning, that man shows it."

Anyhow, he used to speak sometimes, of course. He was not silent completely. This woman asked his *shishya*, his disciple, "What did Ramana Maharshi say about Adolf Hitler? Did he ever mention him?" And the disciple answered, "Yes, he considered him as a *jnani*."⁴⁴ A *jnani* is something extremely high. A *jnani* and a *rishi* are the same thing, or practically the same thing. They're Sanskrit words. *Jnani* has the same root as *gnos*, the Christian sect, the Gnostics, the people of knowledge. A *jnani* means a man who has complete knowledge, who knows everything, infused knowledge, intuitive knowledge, if you like.

⁴² Savitri Devi, *A Warning to the Hindus* (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1939).

⁴³ Ramana Maharshi (1879-1950). His ashram is located in Tiruvannamali in Tamil Nadu, South India. For a vivid description of Ramana Maharshi as well as photographs, see Paul Brunton, *A Search in Secret India* (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1935), esp. 138-142 and 280.

⁴⁴ For more on the Ramana Maharshi's opinion of Hitler, see Savitri Devi, "Hitlerism and the Hindu World," *The National Socialist*, no. 2 (Fall 1980): 18-20, 18.

He is divine through his intuition. Like God, he knows everything through intuition. Well, I was extremely pleased to hear that said by a very great *rishi*, a very great Indian man, a sage, about our Führer.

It's not what you have in Europe. Here in India, nobody says anything against him, except people who are brainwashed by European ladies. Apart from that, the masses of India don't care. It's something foreign. They have their own little, small, petty lives to think of, the poverty and the struggle from day to day. Some of the intellectual Indians like him very much. My landlord likes him very much. My landlord's son likes him very much. Or else they have an idea like this. Satyananda Swami was the founder and head of the Hindu Mission, for which I worked for years, fighting Communism, fighting any religion of equality and especially Christian missionaries, in the name of Hindu tradition. Satyananda Swami used to say, "Adolf Hitler is the reincarnation of the god Vishnu." Vishnu is the aspect of the Hindu trinity who goes to keep things from rushing to destruction. To keep them back, to go against time. Time is destruction. You have to destroy in order to create again, but there are forces that try to postpone destruction. And he said Hitler was the reincarnation of that force. And he was. He was. But it's a nice thing to hear, a very refreshing thing to hear from a Hindu sage.

I told him, "I came here because I'm really a pagan, a worshipper of the sun, and I believe in the pagan reaction of Emperor Julian. And I came to India to get, if possible, a sort of tropical equivalent of what we had in Europe before Christianity. And I am not a disciple of any Indian, I'm a disciple of Adolf Hitler." He said, "Good, good. Adolf Hitler, he's as much a Hindu as any of our Hindus. He's an incarnation of the god Vishnu." There you are. It was extremely surprising and refreshing to hear that in 1936. And he said it during the war too. In Kubila he gave a speech in '42. He openly said, "What we need here in India, as everywhere in the world, is National Socialism." He openly said so. And I said to him, "Satyananda Swami, you'll get into trouble with the British police." He said, "I couldn't care less if I did. I told them the truth."

In fact, Hinduism is for the Aryans of India a means to be able to rule. According to tradition, the Aryans should rule here. They don't, because tradition has been abandoned for years and years and years. India is going away from tradition, like the whole world. We are in the Dark Age, and India is going to the dogs, and the whole world is going to the dogs. Except a minority who are fighting against time, against the current of time. And I hope that we'll win. We will have to win. We

can't help winning. But I don't know whether we'll win just now and if the avenger Kalki, as the Hindus call him, is going to come very soon or whether he's going to come in centuries. Because centuries are also very soon in the infinity of time. A century is nothing. And ten centuries are nothing. In fact I feel that myself. When I feel the struggle of Christianity to master Europe fifteen hundred years ago, I resent it as though it were now. I feel the struggle of Widukind as though it were now.

In Europe I feel at home with National Socialists, but with non-National Socialist Europeans, and especially with the people who are against it, I feel much worse than I do with indifferent people here. Here at least if they are not for it, they are not against it either. They don't care. They let you alone. They don't run after you because you are a Nazi, you know. That's your right. And in the war time, those who were for Hitler, they would take his picture and put it among the gods. Every Hindu house has a little shrine for the gods, with pictures of the gods. And they put his picture there with them. And those who were for Stalin, Indian Communists, would do the same with Stalin. Nobody did this with Churchill, funny enough. It was Stalin or Hitler.

Here we can believe in whatever we like. There's no common belief among Hindus. One Hindu doesn't believe in any god at all. He's a perfect atheist, materialist if you like. Another Hindu believes in one god. Another believes in thirty-three million gods. Another one believes in a couple, god and *shakti*, god and consort. In fact, every god in Hinduism has a consort, meaning the two aspects of energy, the positive and negative, like electricity, negative and positive. That's what it means in fact. It comes down to science.

There's a book recently published, and I want to read it. The Greek Ambassador here told me he would lend it to me. It's his, but he has lent it to somebody else. It is called *The Tao of Physics*.⁴⁵ I'd love to read that. In fact, the idea of the expanding and contracting universe that the modern physicists believe in: that you get in Hinduism; that you get in Hinduism. Not after each *manvantara*, each succession of four ages, but after several successions of four ages, that is, the time comes when the universe expands, expands, expands and grows very, very wide, and the time comes again when it absolutely comes to

⁴⁵ Fritjof Capra, *The Tao of Physics: An Exploration of the Parallels Between Modern Physics and Eastern Mysticism* (New York: Dell, 1975).

nothing. It's very heavy. The whole universe is extremely heavy, and it has hardly any volume and begins again. That's creation and destruction. That's the explanation of creation and destruction by the old Hindu sages.

8. REINCARNATION

Now reincarnation is one of the only two beliefs that unite all Hindus of any caste, from the Brahmin to the untouchable, that is to say, the *harijans*.⁴⁶ They call them *harijans*, that is to say, "people of god." But every creature is a person of god. It doesn't mean anything. They're outcasts, the lowest outcasts, generally the aborigines. What is a *harijan*? He's either an aborigine, or else he's a man of any caste who has done something awful or whose ancestors have done something awful, and was outcasted. And when you were outcasted in India, your descendants are outcasted also, for all times to come. From the topmost Brahmin to the lowest *harijan*, everybody believes in reincarnation.

That is to say, there is in every living creature, not in every man—reincarnation is for animals and plants also, not only for people—there is in every living creature a visible body and more than one subtle body, and these subtle bodies separate from the rest of the physical body at the time of death. And they constitute what they call the ego. That ego, if it is not already merged into the universal ego—that is to say, if a man is not what the Hindus say "liberated"—that ego takes a new birth, in some other body, animal or human or plant. Plants live. Even minerals have some kind of life. There is nothing in the world that's not absolutely soaking in some kind of life, some kind of vibration. So the belief is not that when you are good you are reborn in a higher social status. That's nonsense. You will not be born rich if you are poor. If you wish to be rich, if you are good, you don't become rich in the next life, not necessarily. It might be the contrary, that the rich man is re-born as a beggar. He is reborn in that state which will be the best for his spiritual evolution. If it is better for his spiritual evolution for him to be born in a very low social status, he will. And the low social status does not mean in India a low race. There are Aryans and there are non-Aryans. There are Brahmin beggars. And there are untouchables who are millionaires. It has nothing to do with money. And that's one of the things I like the best of it. An Aryan, or supposed Aryan, say, a Brahmin, if he is a beggar and he goes to marriage ceremony, they put him inside at the best place, the most honorable

⁴⁶ The other common belief is, presumably, the caste system itself.

place, with the other Brahmins. If a multi-millionaire untouchable goes to a marriage ceremony, he'll be put outside with his fellow untouchables. He will not be given a better place because he has money. Money or learning. Even learning. Brojendranath Seal⁴⁷ was a scientist, a very great scientist. He was a Seal.⁴⁸ That's a very low caste in Bengal. Seals are a very low caste. He was never given greater status.

Learning can be acquired. Money can be acquired. Only blood cannot be acquired for the Hindu religion. And that's what I like in the Hindu religion. It's the only real, living religion compatible with National Socialism. It gives priority to what cannot be acquired with any means. You are born with a race. You can't change your race whatever you do. You get reborn if you are not perfect. That is to say, if you have not gone through all the experiences resulting from the algebraic sum of your good and bad deeds.

Good and bad mean nothing. Good is what is according to the nature of your soul. And bad is what goes against nature. That's all. In Hinduism, you do not have to kill your instincts. Not at all. In fact, if you go to a yogi and ask him to be your master, he asks you some questions. Among the questions there is this, "How strong are your instincts?" If you tell him, "I have no instincts, very little." He says, "That's no good for you." The stronger the instincts you have, the better, because the stronger means the more and greater energy you have. You have to take that energy upwards. You have to transform it. Well, it's the theory of Nietzsche. It's exactly the idea of Nietzsche. The superman does not have to kill his passions. He has to canalize them for a higher purpose. Dominate them. Not let them dominate him but dominate them. That's a Hindu idea too.

Now you get reborn. Unless you are finished with the processes completely, you will get reborn. Some people are not reborn, but they wish to be reborn for the good of creatures. Again, not of man, but of all creatures. And they are reborn where they want to be. They choose their race. They choose their family in which they are getting reborn. They choose their own life beforehand. And they get reborn. These are what the Buddhists call the *Bodhisattvas* and the others who are not reborn at all, they are called *Arhats* in the Buddhist terminology.

Now, generally when you are reborn higher, you are reborn not higher in a social status, but higher in race. It will take centuries and

⁴⁷ Transcription uncertain.

⁴⁸ Transcription uncertain.

millennia for a man of a lower race to become an Aryan. Generally an Aryan is reborn as an Aryan. Unless he has done awful things, then he might be reborn very low. I suppose the men who tortured Streicher, for instance, would be reborn as Negroes. It wouldn't astonish me at all. They would deserve it. Certainly they do. Especially if they were Aryans. If they were Jews, not so much. If they were Jews they would be more excusable. If they were Aryans, less excusable.

I'm not a strong believer in anything that I cannot either see or prove with my own strength. I just take reincarnation as an hypothesis, a theory, if you like. But I do think that of the many, many theories that have been put forward to explain the unexplainable, reincarnation is the most plausible. It is at least the one that can be the best exploited for National Socialism. I told you of Khudiram, didn't I?⁴⁹ Telling me that he was a Shudra, and even if he was still a Shudra under the New Order it wouldn't matter to him because he was born in the Shudra family because of his past sins in past lives. And he said, "Well, whatever I am in the New Order, I believe in the New Order because it's true."

True or not, I don't know.⁵⁰ But I know that if we had this kind of belief in Europe, and if a European of more or less pure Aryan descent could think, "If I'm good in this life, and if I stay good in future lives for another five hundred years, I might become a German. What a lovely thing to be. Or I might become, say, a Swede." I wouldn't say a Swede like certain Swedes are today, because not all of them are perfectly Aryan in behavior. Some of them take drugs and do I don't know what. "But an ideal Swede, an ideal Nordic European, I'll become that one day. Before I get liberated completely." It would be a very good sort of propaganda. It's better propaganda than what we get in Christianity. Heaven and hell. And of course hell, if you don't believe in the church.

9. YOGA

Hinduism holds that there is no watertight separation between man, animal, plant, or whatever it is.⁵¹ There is one universe and one life permeating everything. And the individual has one thing in common with the universe and that is what they call the *atman*, not the soul, not the ego. The ego is the totality of his subtle body. The *atman* is

⁴⁹ For more on Khudiram, see "Hitlerism and the Hindu World," 18-20 and *Defiance*, 498.

⁵⁰ The truth of reincarnation, not of the New Order.

⁵¹ See *Impeachment of Man*, ch. 2, "Pessimistic Pantheism."

something different. It is that which in him is of the same nature as the soul of the universe. There's a spark of divinity in every living creature, not only in every man. We can act as though that spark of divinity were nonexistent. Or he should, if he wants to develop more spiritually, strive to become more and more conscious of it. And yoga is just nothing else but the science of making a person conscious of that.

There are different kinds of yoga. There's Hatha yoga. Hatha yoga is what you do on your body. You act on your body. There is Karma yoga. Karma yoga is one of the teachings of the Bhagavad-Gita. Not only of the Gita. You get it in National Socialism. I'll tell you what is Karma yoga. Karma yoga is: Act with your body for the interest of the universe, according to the scheme of the universe, the divine scheme, and without any passion, without any personal attachment or disgust or enthusiasm or anything. Just do it because it's duty. Act in the name of duty alone. That's Karma yoga.⁵²

Well, I was thrilled when I read a few of the writings, letters to Princess von Isenberg, of Otto Ohlendorf, a few letters he wrote before his death. He had that spirit. And he was the head of the *Einsatzgruppe D* of the four famous *Einsatzgruppen*, acting in Russia and acting in Poland especially. They were all SS men, naturally. And they show from the rules and regulations which Otto Ohlendorf told the judges when he was judged by the Americans how near they were to Hinduism. Without knowing it or knowing it, I don't know. Probably the chiefs knew it.

The *Einsatzgruppen* had very dirty work to do: mass executions of anybody who was opposing the German army, even children. Of course if the child is six and can shoot and shoots, well, we can't let him live. You have that experience with the Americans in the Vietnam War. I was told by an eyewitness that the Americans went to someplace in North Vietnam. They came in tanks, four or five tanks, perhaps more. They left their tanks and distributed candies to the kiddies. The kiddies took the candies, ate them, and then, perhaps eating them still, went under the tanks. They were young Communists with ideals, brave children. I admire them. Brave children, six, seven, eight years old. They put what they had in their hands under the tanks, and the tanks blew up and the children under them. They gave their lives for their cause. Well, if you catch a child like that, are you to keep it or are you

⁵² For more on Karma yoga, see *Defiance*, ch. 12, "The Way of Absolute Detachment."

to kill it? It's a powerful enemy, a convinced enemy. What are you to do? The *Einsatzgruppen* had to do that, against partisans in Russia, partisans in Poland, partisans who were harassing the German army from right, left, behind, and front. What could they do?

And Otto Ohlendorf said, "If any of us showed the slightest pleasure or the slightest disgust in what we did, we were degraded and sent home." That is the spirit of the Bhagavad-Gita. That's what you call Karma yoga. All these SS men, whether knowing it or not, they were Karma yogis. They were getting salvation. They were mastering themselves, mastering their feelings, putting themselves in the proof, in the *épreuve* we call it in alchemy, for purification by their action.

And then you have Bhakti yoga. Bhakti yoga is the yoga of devotion. You feel devoted to something. And in devotion you raise yourself higher.⁵³

Well, I tried Hatha yoga years and years ago, '36, '37 with a South Indian Brahmin who happened to be at that time the curator of the Museum of Lahore. Lahore was in India, of course.⁵⁴ And I was teaching in Jallundhar not far away from Lahore. He taught me breathing exercises and the beginning of Hatha yoga. Now, I progressed very quickly, and I reached a stage at which I felt that my body didn't exist. I had no body. I was just a column of vibrating energy, up and down, according to respiration. And I felt I could pass through walls. No material obstacle was a real obstacle to me. And that's it. But, after my exercises, I had pains behind my eyes, as though somebody was pulling my eyes from inside. And I told that to this guru of mine. He said, "If you feel that, stop. Hatha yoga is not for you. You need very strong nerves for that. Your nerves apparently are not strong enough. You get this eye trouble."⁵⁵ Take another form of yoga." I said, "What form of yoga?" He said, "Don't you love anything?" I said, "Yes, I do. I have a cause." "Then work for your cause, work for whatever you love. But work in detachment. Try not to feel upset if you are unsuccessful. Try not to feel pride if you are successful. If people

⁵³ In addition to Hatha, Karma, and Bhakti yoga, there are three other generally recognized forms of yoga: Jnana yoga (the path of wisdom associated with the Upanishads), Mantra yoga (which exploits the consciousness altering power of sound), and Raja yoga (the royal path, the system of Classical Yoga set down by Patanjali in the *Yoga-Sutra*).

⁵⁴ After the partition of India and Pakistan, Lahore was in Pakistan.

⁵⁵ Savitri suffered from eye problems throughout her old age. She had glaucoma and cataracts, and by the time of her death she was nearly blind from the degeneration of her optic nerves.

blame you or insult you, be indifferent. If they praise you, don't feel pleased. Feel indifferent. Feel, 'All right, they praised me.' Don't feel exalted if people are praising you. Every praise is really not right. I mean to say, it's not to the mark, because you are not perfect. You are not liberated. You have a body still."⁵⁶

To have a body, to be born, according to a Hindu, is bad. It's a sign of sin. If you never sinned you wouldn't be born. You sinned in your previous lives, therefore you are born. Even if you are born a Brahmin. If you are born Brahmin, you have all these weaknesses of a body. You eat and you sleep. You do all that the body has to do. Therefore, it's not a good thing.⁵⁷ Once I gave Mr. Mukherji a dhoti, the equivalent of a sari for a Bengali male. I never saw Mr. Mukherji wear a pair of trousers, dressed in the European style. He always wore a Bengali dhoti. I gave him a dhoti for his birthday. He refused it. He said, "Give me that at the time of the festival of the goddess Durga." "All right." "But my birthday, I don't celebrate." "But why? You came into this world." "I want to get away from it. I want to go back to the subtle, utmost part of myself. The divine spark should merge into the ocean of divinity, that is to say, the soul of the universe. I don't want to be an individual any longer. Individuality is a prison. Therefore, I act"—he acted all right—"I act. But I try to act with detachment." And that is the detachment.

I didn't do Hatha yoga any longer. I was told not to do it. I was told that Karma yoga was my line. I had to do what I could for what I love, and do it with detachment. That is to say, I should not have felt upset in 1945. I did, of course. But I shouldn't have been. I should have felt it

⁵⁶ From the context, one might infer that here Savitri is talking about Bhakti yoga, but she is describing Karma yoga. Savitri did, of course, engage in Bhakti yoga as well. Bhakti yoga centers on the cult of the incarnations of Vishnu, and Savitri regarded Adolf Hitler as the ninth avatar of Vishnu. Her devotion to Hitler was, therefore, a form of Bhakti yoga. Her book *Pilgrimage* is the best record of her Bhakti practices. Before her return to India in 1971, Savitri tried unsuccessfully to raise funds from her comrades in Europe to create a temple to Hitler in New Delhi. Thus the title of Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke's biography of Savitri, *Hitler's Priestess*, is quite well chosen.

⁵⁷ It should be noted that Savitri shared Nietzsche's rejection of this life-denying and pessimistic aspect of Hinduism and Buddhism. See Savitri Devi, *Impeachment of Man*, ch. 3, "Pessimistic Pantheism," on Hinduism; ch. 4, "Joyous Wisdom," offers a world- and life-affirming alternative. Savitri deals mainly with Akhnaton's philosophy, but the chapter's title (borrowed from Nietzsche's book *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft*, sometimes translated *The Gay Science*) and her use of the phrase "faithful to this earth" (a Nietzschean *Leitmotiv*) make clear her inspiration. See also *Defiance*, 375 and 484-485.

was necessary. It had to happen. I should have felt different. I couldn't feel that. I was not advanced enough to feel that. Very few people were.

Human and Animal Sacrifice

10. HUMAN SACRIFICE

I used to cry and keep silence on the 12th of October because that was the day Columbus landed in America. And I was against it. I didn't want Americans to be spoilt. I knew they had beautiful monuments. They had human sacrifices, of course. I couldn't care less. It was among themselves. And the victims used to like it. The victims found it an honor. It was an honor to have your chest cut open and your heart pulled out and offered to the gods. All right, if you like it. If you consider it an honor, carry on. I don't care. I never would have stopped that, if I had been the Spaniards.

If the Spaniards had been National Socialists, it would have been different. Supposing Europe had kept its old national religions and never became a Christian Europe, and of course, the Spanish or some Europeans would've gone to America and conquered America. All right. They would've taken a lot of the gold. They would have exploited the people, quite right. They are the strongest. The strongest exploit the weakest. But they would've left the gods and the monuments as they were. And that's all I liked. I would've liked to be able to see Tenochtitlán, that is to say, Mexico City, as it was in 1519 when the Spanish landed there. It must've been beautiful, these pyramids, with the temple on the top, and these stairs—down, down, down, down.

Of course, when the victim was killed and they sent his body downstairs, people used to cut it up and eat it. Well, I couldn't care less. That's not worse than eating a piece of beef for me. Not worse. If you offer me one or the other to eat, I'd say, "Neither, please. Neither." And after all, if you have to eat some flesh, I'd rather eat the flesh of an enemy than of a creature that never did a thing against me, that doesn't hate what I love and doesn't love what I hate. Say a lamb. What is more beautiful than a little lamb? The Aztecs used to eat their sacrificial victims. Well, they didn't used to eat them completely. They used to take a little bit off, just as what they call in Hindi a *prasad*, a part of the offering, and the offering was a warrior. It was always a warrior, a warrior whom they had defeated. Now the warriors liked it.

I don't know if you know the story of Tlahuicol. Tlahuicol was a Tlaxcalic warrior of the fifteenth century. Not under Montezuma II who

had to deal with the Spaniards, but under his grandfather, Montezuma I. That is to say, between 1440 and 1469. He died in 1469.⁵⁸ He was a great warrior, this Tlaxcalic warrior. Tlaxcala and Tenochtitlán, two cities in Mexico, were always at war. Tlaxcala was defeated. The warriors were taken, and they were to be sacrificed, not in the ordinary war god festival, but in the fire festival. That was much worse. In the fire festival, the victim was made to fight alone with a wooden sword against five Aztec warriors with stone swords. They didn't know metal. Metal was not known. They couldn't make steel. They had iron but they didn't know it. They knew gold and silver and stones. They were living in the Stone Age, if you like. But they had beautiful works of art. They used to have clothes made of feathers and what not. They had an art. You only have to see Aztec art. So he was there, and generally the warrior was defeated, naturally: five with stone swords against one with a wooden sword. But this one was not defeated. Once defeated, he was supposed to be thrown into a fire and half burnt, pulled out with some hooks or tongs or something, and then his breast opened and his heart pulled out and offered to the fire god. That was the procedure.

Now, Tlahuicol knew it very well. To the amazement of everybody, including Montezuma I, he defeated with his wooden sword the five Aztecs with their stone swords, one after the other. Montezuma I said, "Stop! This man is more than a man." Nobody had ever done such a performance. "Now, Tlahuicol, I don't want you to be sacrificed. You are too precious. Take command of my own army, and you won't be sacrificed." And Tlahuicol answered, "What? To march against Tlaxcala tomorrow? My own city? Never. Let the feast continue. Let the ceremony continue."

Well, I find that so wonderful, so beautiful. And he was a non-Aryan mind you. He was a non-Aryan. He was a Red Indian. I found him worthy of having his story told—to another Aryan, an English friend I had then—on the top of the Externsteine. She came to Germany, and we went to the Externsteine together, and I told her.⁵⁹ We were talking of Mexican things. I said, "Wait till we come to the top of the Externsteine, and there in the Sun Room, I will tell you the story of a sun worshipping warrior, Tlahuicol of Tlaxcala. He deserves it. Aryan or non-Aryan, he deserves it." Well, I used to be feeling that way.

⁵⁸ Montezuma I (1398-1469), Montezuma II (c. 1480-1520, reigned 1502-1520).

⁵⁹ The friend was Veronica Vassar (d. 1972), to whom Savitri dedicated her *Akhnaton: A Play*. The event took place on 7 July 1954 (*Pilgrimage*, 316, n).

And when I think of the inquisition in America, so many people burned alive and the horrors, the same horrors as in Europe, in the name of the ghastly Catholic Church, I felt disgusted. I felt, "Better these sacrifices in which the victim himself thought it was an honor at least." He had nothing against it.

Like the *suttees* in India, the widows who were burnt alive, of their own free will, according to religion. I don't say a pressure was not put on some of them, but as a principle, as a law, they were only victims voluntarily. I wouldn't have stopped that if I were the British. There are so many other things to stop, not that. Stop that last. It was the first thing they stopped. There was one in my husband's family, one *suttee*. Only a few years ago, perhaps twenty, thirty years ago.

Well, when Mr. Mukherji died, I cut off my hair, clipped it off. That's why it's not so long now. It was a year and a half ago, a little more than a year and a half ago.⁶⁰ It grows slowly at my age. So I haven't got enough hair now long enough to make a mop. I'm letting it grow. When he died I cut it off, very short. And I went to the ceremony. He was burning. He was on a funeral pyre. Like the old Vikings were, like we were all in Europe in the old days before Christianity. And I stood by the pyre. And I said to myself, "What if I had to sit in the middle of it like the old *suttees*?" It takes courage. It takes a tremendous courage to sit in the fire.

Unless you have the capacity by yoga to take your etherical body and put it away. And I think some people have that capacity, because when the Buddhist monks were burning themselves alive in Vietnam, I remember the death of Thich Quang Duc on the 12th of June 1963.⁶¹ It is another thing I saw on the television, somebody else's television. You could've seen the serene expression of that monk. He lighted the fire himself, with a lighter. He poured himself and the wood with kerosene and lighted the fire. And he stood in the flames. You could see him on the television. He had the serene indifferent expression of myself when I was supervising a class. The boys were doing their own tasks. I was looking on so that nobody copied somebody else. That kind of expression. And then he got blacker and blacker and blacker, carbonized, and dropped. Without a scream, without a struggle.

⁶⁰ A.K. Mukherji died on 21 March 1977 in New Delhi.

⁶¹ Thich Quang Duc immolated himself in Saigon on 11 June 1963. Savitri probably saw Malcolm Brown's series of photographs on television. These photographs were seen around the world and won The World Press Photo of the Year 1963 award. Savitri may be giving the date she saw the photographs on television. Generally, her recollection of dates is remarkable.

And I think he had the capacity of taking away what they call the etherical body among Theosophists.⁶² It is the body that feels, because our physical body doesn't feel. It's the etherical one that does, the first subtle body, the grossest among the seven subtle bodies. If he had not that capacity, he couldn't have done that. Put your finger in the fire and see what you feel like. Let alone your whole body. I imagine the burnings of the Middle Ages were horrid. They must have been screaming. They were tied of course.

11. THE IMMOLATION OF CATS

But what I find even worse than that in the Middle Ages, at least in France and Germany and Belgium and so many other places, was the burning of live cats.⁶³ You see, whatever was revered, whatever was good, in pre-Christian Europe was considered bad in the Middle Ages after Christianity ruled. And cats were among the things. The number thirteen. The number thirteen was good in Germanic tradition. Then it was a bad number. Cats were well-kept and loved in pre-Christian Europe. In Christian Europe they became the embodiment of the devil, especially black ones, because when you caress a black cat in a storm, it gives out sparks. So that was very bad. That was devilish. And they burnt cages full of cats on the Saint John's festival, that is to say, the Summer Solstice. They were thinking they were feasting Saint John. It must've been horrid. Poor cats in the cage and then the cage burning. The bars would get red hot. The poor cats were inside. Or else they had a pole, and the cats would run up the pole and fall down and back into the fire. It was entertainment for people.

In France it was done, and in France there is a place called Saint Chamond, twenty kilometers from my native town. The inhabitants of Saint Chamond are not called Saint Chamondais. They have a name that is nothing to do with Saint Chamond. They are called *chasse-minets*, meaning to say the pursuers of pussies. *Minet* is a pussy. Those who

⁶² Savitri's connection to the Theosophical Society is worthy of investigation. Two of her books, *A Son of God* and *Akhmaton: A Play*, were published by the Theosophical Society. In *Pilgrimage*, Savitri makes it clear that she was quite familiar with the activities of the Theosophical Society in India and in Iceland, even as she denounces "Theosophy, Anthroposophy, the Rosicrucian Order, Freemasonry" (*Pilgrimage*, 265-66). It is also noteworthy that the second and all subsequent editions of *A Son of God* were published by the Rosicrucian Order as *Son of the Sun*.

⁶³ For more examples of this disgusting practice, see Robert Darnton, *The Great Cat Massacre and Other Episodes in French Cultural History* (New York: Basic Books, 1984), ch. 2, esp. 83-85, 89-96.

pursue, run after pussies. Up till 1875, they had a custom that apart from Saint John's day they tied a poor cat by its tail above the fire. And the string burnt, naturally. The string was the first thing to go. It was the lightest thing. The poor cat would fall into the flames and then run away. And they would run after the burning cat, through the streets, *chasse-minets*.⁶⁴

I heard of all that when I was a child. It put me absolutely against mankind. And when I started hearing of some movement in Germany, the National Socialist movement, "It's inhuman!" "Inhuman?" I said, "Goodness me. I'm going to go into it. If it's inhuman, I like it." "It's inhuman." "Well, well, very good. I wouldn't have touched it if it were human. It's inhuman? All right."

The Jews

12. THE JEWS AS INSTRUMENTS OF THE DARK AGE

The Jew, originally, was not different from other Semitic people. He was just as good as they are. I have absolutely nothing against him. I mean to say, the real Jew in antiquity. He believed in a God of his own. And he didn't think twice of praying or sacrificing to the gods of other people. You get that in the Bible. Again and again and again in the Bible you have examples of Jewish kings—they are called bad in the Bible, of course, all bad—sacrificing to gods of Syria, to Astarte or to different Baalims. "Baal" means "god" in Syrian religions. And the average Jew had no scruples about that. Only Moses and the prophets are the ones who made the Jews what they are. Really, what distinguishes the Jews from other people of antiquity is the intolerance that was given to them through the Mosaic law and through that command of Deuteronomy: "People you come in touch with and people that your God will give into your hands, don't spare them, don't make friends with them, destroy them. Destroy whatever opposes you."⁶⁵ That is the new thing. And most of the Jews didn't stick to it. So many times you get in the Bible: "They are a hard-necked people." "They will whore after other deities." And they did whore after other deities. Take the story of the King Manasseh.⁶⁶ He erected altars to all the stars in heaven and bowed down to them. He worshipped the stars.

⁶⁴ According to Darnton, the residents of Saint Chamond were also called "Courimauds," from *cour à miaud*, chasers of cats (*The Great Cat Massacre*, 83).

⁶⁵ Deuteronomy 7:1-3.

⁶⁶ 2 Kings 21:1-5.

Everybody did the same in those days. And you get worse than that, especially in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries BC. Excavations have turned up heaps of children's ashes in Palestine. It was the custom among the Semitic people to sacrifice their first born by fire. An awful thing. I don't condone it. I wouldn't do the same. But the Carthaginians, the Tyrians, the Sidonians, all these people did it. The Jews are one of them.⁶⁷ They did the same. And God, of course, was angry. Jehovah was angry. These were not the orders of Jehovah. They had to be different from the other people. They hadn't ought to do what the others did. But you get heaps of these places. And there's one awful place south of Jerusalem called *ge Hinnom*.⁶⁸ It's the original word for *Gehenna*, hell. Hell because I suppose if you were passing by when they were sacrificing you must've heard the screaming and smelt the burning. It must've been awful, really.

But the Jew has become what he is now through Moses and through the prophets. Through the prophets, in order to make them a different people. And the prophets were extremely resentful of any other people who opposed the Jews. You only have to read in the Bible the prophet Nahum. Nahum, when he hears of the fall of Nineveh in August 612 BC, is rolling with pleasure. "Woe to the bloody city," he says. "She's punished now, she's fallen."⁶⁹ He probably didn't hear it at once. There was no radio in those days. But perhaps three months later, after the fall, he heard that Nabopolassar of Babylon and his son, young Nebuchadnezzar who was then seventeen, had stormed Nineveh and set it on fire.⁷⁰ He was pleased.

I have nothing against the Jew as long as he stays in his place. That is to say, as long as he is a Jewish nationalist. A Jewish nationalist, proud of his race. All right, I'm proud of mine. The Negro should be proud of his too. Every creature should be proud of what he is. But what I resent in them, and what is a sign of the Dark Ages, is that they

⁶⁷ For instance, Kings Ahaz (2 Kings 16:3) and Manasseh (2 Kings 21:6) burned their sons as offerings.

⁶⁸ *Ge Hinnom* means the Valley of Hinnom or of the son of Hinnom, who was a person of ancient Israel. It was also called *Tophet*, the place of bones. See Jeremiah 7:31 and 2 Chronicles 28:3. Josiah converted the shrine into a garbage dump (2 Kings 23:10). It was also where the corpses of executed criminals were discarded, which gives a very this-worldly aspect to the threat of *Gehenna*. See Isaiah 66:24, Matthew 23:15, Mark 9:43, and Luke 12:15.

⁶⁹ Nahum 3:1.

⁷⁰ Nabopolassar became King of Chaldea in 630 BC. He freed Babylon from Assyrian rule and was the founder of the Neo-Babylonian Empire. He reigned from 626-605 BC.

are used for the purpose of this Dark Age of deracializing everybody. What I resent in the Jew is not that he's proud of being a Jew. All right. I can have a cup of tea with him, and he'll talk of his pride. I don't mind that. But I resent it when he starts telling me that I must consider race as nothing. I must be an internationalist and an interracialist, while he is not.

What I resent is this. On the 15th of September, 1935, the Nuremberg laws were promulgated in Nuremberg, interdicting any Aryan from marrying a non-Aryan and especially a Jew. The Jews are allowed in Germany as guests only. They are not allowed to raise the Reich's flag, the flag of Germany. But if they wanted to raise their own flag, the flag of Israel—Israel did not exist yet, but it existed among themselves—they had a flag of their own. The Jew in Germany can raise his own flag. And if the neighbors object, they will have to deal with the German police. The German police will protect the Jew against public opinion. He can raise his own flag, but not the German. He's not a German. When people all over the world heard that—I was in Calcutta at the time—they raised hell. "Oh, awful racialism! Look at the tyrant Hitler, persecuting the Jews." He wasn't persecuting them at all. He was giving them what should be given to them, and that's all. They are foreigners in Germany. They have the right to be proud of their foreign origin, and they are not right to call themselves Germans. They are not Germans. That's all right. That was 1935.

Twenty years later in Israel, a law comes out: interdiction for a Jew to marry a non-Jew. Nobody raised hell then. It was perfect. Nobody said a word. Why didn't they make the same kind of fuss about that as they did with the Third Reich? Why? One law is as good as the other. I approve of both. They approve of none. If they approve of none, and if they raise a fuss for the first, they should raise a fuss for the second. And that is the success of the Jew: "I am a racist, but you mustn't be." That's the sign of the Dark Age. He's an instrument. An Orthodox Jew who keeps to himself, all right. I like that one. But I resent the other one that keeps to himself, or lets his family keep to themselves, and goes out of his way to propagandize the Aryan and any race that is not his and tell them, "Your race is rubbish. You mustn't believe in it. Believe in mankind, mankind, mankind. All men are equal. All men are loveable. You can marry anybody."

13. ALEXANDRIAN JUDAISM

The rise of Jewry as the great powerful political factor and cultural factor and, unfortunately, religious factor in the world doesn't date

from Christianity. It dates from the fourth century BC, from Alexandria. And the proof of it is that you have Jews of the third century BC with Greek names like Aristobulus. It is a Greek name, but he is a Jew, who dared to write in those days, long before Christianity, that all the marvels, all the good things of Greek philosophy really come from Judaism. They come from Moses. Pythagoras, Plato, all these great thinkers of Greece, they were influenced by the Jewish scriptures. So Aristobulus says. Of course, it's not true.⁷¹ And after that you get Pseudo-Aristeas.⁷² You get so many writers.

And you get Philo the Jew,⁷³ who is one of the first ones to speak of the *logos*, the word, the incarnate word that is going to become the second person of the *Sainte*⁷⁴ Trinity in Christianity. He's preparing the way for Christianity without knowing it. And who goes to Rome with a Jewish delegation when he's not far from one hundred, under Caligula?⁷⁵ And what did they go to Rome for? To ask the Roman Emperor to dismiss Flaccus, Roman governor of Egypt.⁷⁶ Why? Because Flaccus says that the Jews are no citizens of Egypt. They are something different. Flaccus said, in other words, what our Führer said also. The Führer said the Jews are no Germans, point four of the twenty-five points. Flaccus said the same. He said, "The Jews are a people apart. They have nothing to do with average Egyptians. I'm the

⁷¹ Aristobulus probably lived in the second half of the second century BC. He is the earliest Jewish thinker to show interest in Greek philosophy. His commentary on the Pentateuch, which is known only through quotations by Clement, Anatolius, and Eusebius, offers an allegorical interpretation of scripture and claims that Homer, Hesiod, the Orphic writings, Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle borrowed their ideas from the Old Testament by reading an alleged (and wholly fictional) Greek translation that predated by centuries the first Greek translation, the Septuagint, which was undertaken in Alexandria in the 3rd century BC at the behest of the Macedonian pharaoh Ptolemy II Philadelphus, who reigned from 282-246 BC. See *Fragments from Hellenistic Jewish Authors, Volume 3: Aristobulus*, ed. Carl R. Holladay (Atlanta: Scholars Press, 1995).

⁷² Pseudo-Aristeas is the author of the fraudulent *Letter of Aristeas*, which seeks to establish the veracity of the Alexandrian Greek translation of the Old Testament, the Septuagint. Indeed, he seeks to establish that the translation was more authoritative than the Hebrew original! The author is thought to be an Alexandrian Jew of the second century BC who poses as a Greek of the third century BC, when the Septuagint was created. See *Aristeas to Philocrates (Letter of Aristeas)*, ed. Moses Hadas (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1951).

⁷³ Philo Judaeus, a.k.a. Philo of Alexandria (c. 30 BC to c. 50 AD).

⁷⁴ Holy.

⁷⁵ Gaius Caesar Augustus Germanicus, nicknamed Caligula ("Little Boot") (12-41 AD), reigned from 37-41.

⁷⁶ Aulus Avilius Flaccus was the Roman governor of Egypt between 32 and 38.

governor of Egypt. I'm not the governor of the Jews. They must be considered as foreigners. They must be treated as guests, as foreigners." And for that Flaccus was dismissed by Caligula.⁷⁷

The same attitude in those days as now. They don't want to be called foreigners, but among themselves they are foreigners. And it is quite sufficient for an English Jew or an American Jew—or a Jew from England, a Jew from America—to sit in a seat on one of the El-Al planes, he's automatically an Israeli citizen. He lands, no trouble. No trouble at all. But when he's in France, he says, "I'm French." When he's in Canada he says, "I'm a Canadian." When he's in the USA he says, "I'm an American." But he gives one tenth of his income to Israel. He's logical. He does what he can to get on, to get on in the interests of his race. We should imitate them in that way. We should be as logical and as efficient in the defense and in the support of our Aryan race as they are of theirs. Then there would be no Jewish question, no question.

⁷⁷ Savitri is conflating two separate incidents. Flaccus was dismissed in October of 38, then tried, exiled, and eventually killed by Caligula because of anti-Jewish riots that broke out in Alexandria in August and September of that year. One of Flaccus's innovations in maintaining order was to confine the Jews to one quarter in Alexandria, thus creating the first Jewish ghetto. It should be noted that Caligula had no love of Jews, and in fact enraged the Jews by ordering a statue of himself set up in the Temple in Jerusalem. It is likely that Flaccus was removed for simple incompetence in maintaining order, not for his actions against the Jews *per se*. The Jewish side of the story is told in Philo's *Against Flaccus*. History does not record Flaccus' side. Philo's visit to Rome took place in AD 39 and dealt not with Flaccus, who had already been deposed, but with the practice of setting up statues of the emperor in synagogues. See Philo's *Embassy to Gaius*. Both texts can be found in *The Works of Philo*, trans. C.D. Yonge (Peabody, Mass.: Hendrickson Publishers, 1993).

Chapter 4

LIFE IN THE KALI YUGA

1. THE NATURE OF HISTORY

I have never shared the opinion that history is a linear unfurling with continuous progress. I don't believe in progress at all. I never did. In 1925, at the university, we had that subject in one of the four exams that go to make a university final exam. In those days it was four. And for the third one the subject they gave us was the idea of progress, and what I wrote then, I could sign today after all these years. That is to say, after fifty-three years I could sign the same writing. I said in that writing, "I don't believe in progress, except in technical fields." Yes, we have electricity. In Babylon they didn't have it. They used to light themselves with something else, probably with naphtha, petrol. They had ample supplies of petroleum in antiquity also in Mesopotamia, or else with something else, I don't know what, but anyhow they had no electricity. They had no electric fans. They had no hot and cold water. But excavations have proved that in Crete, 3,500 BC, they had sewers and hot and cold water in their houses.¹ There were wonderful arrangements for water in Crete. So anyhow, in the technical domain, I admit there is a certain progress, with ups and downs.

But in all other domains, I don't believe in progress at all. I believe in regression. According to the not only Hindu, but ancient, theory of the cycles, I believe that history goes in cycles. And it's always the same thing. It begins again and again and again and again. It starts with a perfect age in which there's no need for violence because everything is all right. The visible world is a reflection of the invisible, which is perfect, or of that which is perfect in the invisible. They call that in Sanskrit the Age of Truth, the Satya Yuga.

And the second Yuga is less good than the first, lasts less long. The first Yuga is very, very long: tens of thousands of years. The second one is long, but not quite so long. And there you already have the germs of decay in it. The germs of decay are in anything material, anything visible. Even when you come to the subtle material world—

¹ The date is 1,500 BC, i.e., 3,500 years from the present day. This is a slip that Savitri makes four times.

invisible, but material still—there you already have decay. You have no decay in the One, the universal substance behind everything. That does not decay. It is something eternal. But all the rest—wherever you go outside of the One—you have the germs of decay. In this second Yuga, called the Treta Yuga in Sanskrit, you get certainly something very good. Compared to us it would be wonderful, but compared to the Satya Yuga, that's already a step lower.

And then you get to the Dvapara Yuga. The third one is already full of violence. You get wars and violence and all sorts of treachery. You get some characteristics that you have now, but to a lesser degree, and you have some races already existing. I think the Aryan used to exist already in the Dvapara Yuga. It is the youngest race of all. But still I suppose it existed then. Much better than now.

Now since some few thousand years BC—some say 3,000, some 4,000 BC, that is to say, the date of the entrance of the first Aryans into India—you get the Kali Yuga, the Dark Age.² And we are nearing the end of the Dark Age. I don't know when the end will be. Maybe in a few centuries. But we are nearer the end than we are to the beginning. That's all I can say. And the Dark Age is what you see around you. Technical progress, maybe. But in all other domains, perfect decay.

Decay in intuition, for instance. People can learn a lot by reasoning, and that is such today. They have been doing so for centuries. But before that, intuition was much more developed, and they could learn things directly. You didn't need so much reasoning and so much research. You didn't need any research at all—any scientific research, for instance. There were even some instances in the old Hindu epics, according to which they could fly. They had some appliances. I wouldn't call them aeroplanes. But something. They called it *havavahana*. A *vahana* is an appliance to go. A car is a *vahana*. Anything that goes. In the buses in Delhi or Calcutta, you have the Indian government's kind of *vahana*. A thing to go. *Hava* is air. Instruments to go in the air. You have a reference to those in the *Ramayana*.

The *Ramayana* is long before the Kali Yuga. I don't know how many thousands of years. It corresponds to some historical fact. At least it might be over 4,000 BC, a little over 4,000 BC, when the Aryans came, because Rama is an Aryan.³ He's an Aryan king who conquered

² Again, Savitri dates an event that probably took place 3,000 or 4,000 years from the present as 3,000 or 4,000 BC. Although Savitri may be following Tilak's dating of the Aryan invasion to between 3,000-5,000 BC (*The Arctic Home in the Vedas*, ch. 13).

³ The Aryan invasion was closer to 2,000 BC, i.e., 4,000 years before the present, and probably took place after 1,500 BC. (But see n2 above on Tilak's dating.)

the South and conquered Ceylon. Ceylon was the stronghold of Dravidian power, the Dravidians being technically far in advance of the Aryans of those days. But they hadn't got the Aryan virtues. And Rama is said to have conquered Ceylon with the help of flocks of monkeys. The king of monkeys made an alliance with him. Who were the monkeys? Probably the aborigines of India. The aborigines, very primitive people, made an alliance with the Aryan king against the Dravidian stronghold. It's quite possible that it corresponds to such a fact as that in history.

Anyhow, we know a lot more about it. But we know that there were achievements, even in the technical field, far older than what we can imagine, and realized through more intuition than research. Nowadays intuition is getting slower and slower, and less and less. Some people have it, of course. But the people who have a lot of intuition are fewer and fewer. And fewer and fewer people are conscious of the One, the substance beyond all existing things, visible and invisible, what the Hindus called *brahman*. *Brahman* and *atman*. *Atman* and *brahman* are the same thing. *Atman* is the soul, if you like, the soul of the universe. Not a person, anything but a person, anything but a personal god. That consciousness is given to a few people, even in our Yuga.

In fact, I have a friend who is now in the South, in an ashram. An ashram is a gathering of people who are interested in religious subjects. And the head of that ashram was conscious of that.⁴ In fact, our French friend is getting conscious of it herself. Through some exercises, breathing exercises from yoga, you can get conscious of it. But not everybody can. Only a few can, even with exercises. And very few can without exercises. Well, in the Satya Yuga, in the early ages, this consciousness, this supernatural consciousness, was a common thing. Well, not supernatural. It's natural. But consciousness of what is above the visible world and even above the invisible, above the subtle world: the One. People were more conscious of it than they are now. I don't know whether they lived in caves or not. It didn't matter if they did. You can live in a cave and be much more advanced spiritually than people who live in palaces.

The proof of this is that the ancient Germans were very highly civilized people, far in advance, I think, from that point of view, to the Mediterranean so-called more civilized ones. And the ancient Germans didn't live in caves. They lived in forests, in houses made of wood, without a single nail. They didn't have any nails. I've seen some of

⁴ Ramana Maharshi.

those reconstructed German settlements not far from Bielefeld in the woods. They are wonderful. I wish every German could see them. And how they are arranged. The family has a house of its own. And there is a house for the gathering of the community, the village community. There is a house for the head of the village. It's wonderful. But they hadn't any electricity of course. They used to light themselves with I don't know what. But they used to light themselves. They had lights. They had water. They used to bathe. They were very advanced people in every domain. Technical things are not to be the criteria of real civilization. Real civilization is something much, much more advanced than that.

So, we are in the Dark Age. Technical civilization is advancing, and real civilization is going backwards. Real civilization had one characteristic all over the world: no race-mixing. You wouldn't have gotten an ancient German marrying an Etruscan or even a Greek, unless it were a Greek of the same race as himself. Because the real ancient Greeks, the invaders of Greece in the thirteenth century BC, came from the North of Europe, and they were Nordics. There was no harm in marrying Nordics. But the Greeks who were there before, the Cretan civilization, were Mediterranean people who were very beautiful indeed, but they were not Nordics. They were something different. As for the Etruscans, they were no Aryans at all. Which doesn't mean that they were not capable, that they were not a fine race.

You can be a fine person without being an Aryan. And you can be a wretched person while being an Aryan. There are some exceptions, of course. What I think of when I speak of racial superiority, it's a statistical affair. Statistically, you get, say, 80 or 90% Aryans that you can recommend, and you might get 5% Africans. But you'll get some. You get some in all races. You get perhaps 20% of other races. You might get 50% of the Semites or of the Mongoloids. I don't know about Semites. There are some fine ones. Take the history of Arabia, the history of Islam, and you get fine characters.

Even in the history of the Jews you get fine characters, now and then. The famous Berulia,⁵ for instance—the Jewess who lived in the early centuries AD. AD or BC, I don't remember—anyhow, she was a fine woman. There are some. Well, in our day the Führer himself said that the best Jew he ever knew was Otto Weininger,⁶ who discovered

⁵ Transcription uncertain.

⁶ Hitler did not know Otto Weininger (1880-1903) personally, but admired his book *Geschlecht und Charakter* [*Sex and Character*] (Vienna: Braumüller, 1903).

all the nasty things that his own race had done, wrote them down in a history, and committed suicide. He didn't want to be a Jew. Committed suicide. Then you have Martin Buber, who was mentioned in connection with the trial by the Soviets of the so-called war-criminals of the SS.⁷ He was friendly with SS men, although he was a Jew. He didn't have any intermarriage. He didn't marry his children to any of them. Nor did they theirs to any relatives of his. But on the intellectual plane, they were getting on very well together. He did no harm to anybody. He did no conspiracy. He did not try to destroy the Aryan race. Well, let him live in that case.

We are only against people who are harmful. And we don't hate them. There's no need of hating them. We don't hate bugs. We fight them. We don't hate lice. We fight them. They're harmful. They bite us if we don't kill them. And they infect us with disease. Mosquitoes: the same thing. You don't want swarms and swarms of mosquitoes. You have to do something to make them go away, at least to get rid of them. It's the same thing with races that do harm to ours. We defend ourselves, and that's all.

But in this Yuga, this Dark Age nearing its end, you get more and more power in the hands of those people. That's natural. And there will be a racial struggle somewhere. I can see it coming. I can see it coming in the USA. I wouldn't be at all astonished if one day, not tomorrow, perhaps not in fifty years, but perhaps later on, the USA had a National Socialist government, made of Americans, after a terrific fight with the other races. By Americans, I understand Nordic Europeans who have immigrated amongst Americans. I wouldn't be at all astonished. It could happen anywhere else.

Of course, I think America will precede Europe in that way, not for any other reason but because in America the pressure of the dark races is much more powerful. I've never been to America, but I can imagine you meet Negroes everywhere. Well, you do in Paris, but you don't so much in the French countryside. Although I know a village in France called Chambly, six hundred inhabitants, six hundred. Of those six hundred, two girls have married Negroes. Two girls, two. Two out of six hundred. It's enormous, if you think of it. And there are more than

⁷ Martin Buber (1878-1965) lived and worked in Frankfurt am Main and published five books during the Third Reich. He moved to Palestine in 1938. He agreed with the National Socialists that Germans and Jews were distinct national communities. Savitri's source is André Brissaud, *Hitler et l'Ordre Noir: Histoire secrète du national socialiste* [*Hitler and the Black Order: Secret History of National Socialism*] (Paris: Librairie Académique Perrin, 1969), 285. (See *Souvenirs et réflexions*, 291.)

two in the place where I used to teach, in Montbrison, with ten thousand inhabitants.

It's the fault of the Catholic Church, or of the Christian churches in general. The Negro is a Christian. Why not marry him? That's what happened. It happened to one girl in Montbrison. And I told her mother, "She's expecting a child from a Negro, all right, have her abort it and be finished. And may she never touch any man again. I would not advise an Aryan man to marry her after that. And just stay like that." And the mother said, "Yes, but abortion is a crime, you see." I don't believe it's a crime in that case. It's the best thing to do. No, she wouldn't on Christian grounds, and on Christian grounds with a man who was a Hottentot, if you please. The Hottentot being a Christian they married, and now they have five children. There you are, five French children. They are called French. They're born in France. They're called French. They marry French girls. Look at the danger of it. That is the thing that the Aryan race should react against, and I think it will react against sooner or later.

And if a new Yuga is to begin, if there is to be a world catastrophe, after which a new Yuga is to begin—a new succession of four Yugas, what they call in Sanskrit, *manvantara*—the first one will be perfect. Therefore the first one cannot have any struggle. It can only begin in an Aryan victory. But when, I don't know. And through what ordeals, I don't know either. There will be a terrific ordeal. The Hindus believe in the coming of the same one who always comes. It's the god himself. It's some inspiration from the force that they call Vishnu. They say Vishnu is a member of the Hindu trinity. There's Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. Vishnu is nothing else but the force of the universe that keeps things together, that is against change. And change is a form of creation. There must be another force, an antagonistic force, that's Shiva, who goes for change. Change in order for new creation, the new appearance of form. They are connected. The two are connected. You can't have one without the other. And Brahma is of course the unthinkable, the unthinkable soul of the universe, the One out of whom everything comes, the creator, if you like.⁸ We'll call him creator. It's not really creation *ex nihilo*.⁹ It's something that corresponds to a sort of emanation. In one of the Upanishads, the Chandogya Upanishad, the One says, "*Bahu syam prajayeyti*"—"Let us become multiple. Let us

⁸ Savitri is identifying Brahma, the creator, with *brahman*, being or the substratum of the universe, which Savitri also calls the One.

⁹ Out of nothing.

become many.”¹⁰ And it is he himself who makes himself many, who takes on forms, invisible forms, and a visible one after that.

We have been in the Kali Yuga since about 3,500 BC.¹¹ It started then. It will last another perhaps two centuries. After the third or fourth World War—I don’t know—when the Dark Age will end, there will be a new world, few people. There will be Aryans and non-Aryans, all right. But the proportion between Aryans and non-Aryans will be better in favor of the Aryans. Because a great number of people will be dead. A great number Mongoloids will be dead. The best will survive. The Kali Yuga will last. We mustn’t expect the end tomorrow morning. We can expect for tomorrow morning only topical, that is to say, partial resurgences. Like in Germany. Germany was a partial resurgence, just for twelve years. It didn’t last. It couldn’t last in this era. This is a time when nothing good lasts. According to the laws of evolution, of manifestation, things don’t last, because the quality of the people is bad, and you cannot make a good omelet with bad eggs. Even the best cook cannot do it. The eggs are stinking. Now in this period, you have fifty stinking eggs and one good egg, all over the world, if you take the world population.

2. THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ADOLF HITLER

Hitler was a throwback, something that belonged to none of the ages. But his movement is typical of this Dark Age. If he had come in the Satya Yuga, in the Golden Age, in the past long ago, he would have been at home. They were all like him in those days. Everybody lived according to the laws of nature. He went against time. He went against the current of time, and he was one of the latest ones. There’s one that the Hindus are expecting, but not only the Hindus. The Christians say Christ will come again. Somebody will come. The Parsis say Saoshyant will come. Muslims say the Mahdi will come. The Buddhists say Maitreya will come. They’re all expecting somebody. If Adolf Hitler had been that somebody, he would’ve won the war. Even if he had the whole world against him, he would’ve won. But he didn’t win. The only reason why he didn’t win was that he wasn’t that somebody. He was the forerunner of the one to come.

He said it himself. He said it himself. He knew it. He knew what he was saying. He said it in 1928 in a conversation with Hans Grimm. He

¹⁰ Chandogya Upanishad, 6, 2, 3.

¹¹ Savitri probably means 1,500 BC.

said, "I know that Somebody must come forth and meet our situation. I have sought him. I have found him nowhere; and therefore I have taken upon myself to do the preparatory work, *only the most urgent preparatory work*. For that much I know: I am not he. And I know also what is lacking in me."¹² And he knew he was going to fall. Kubizek tells that in his book, *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund*.¹³ When he was sixteen he went with Kubizek to the theater and saw *Rienzi*, the opera.¹⁴ It was 1:00 in the morning. He came out of the theater, and instead of going home, he said to Kubizek, "*Gehen wir zum Freinberg*."¹⁵ The Freinberg was the mountain near Linz where they used to go spend their Sunday afternoons. At 1:00 in the morning! Through the fog. But Kubizek followed. They both went there, through the fog. Time came when they were on the summit of the Freinberg. The fog was below. You could see nothing but fog and stars. And then Kubizek says in his book, "Then he caught hold of my hand and spoke to me with words that cannot be re-told, so great they are, and he unfurled in front of me, his own future and the future of our German people." He was sixteen. He knew he was going to fall. He said, "Like Rienzi, I'll go up." Rienzi was a Roman of the fourteenth century. "I will be carried up by popular love, and I'll fall." He knew it. He couldn't do otherwise. He had to fight all the same, because a fighter is a fighter. Of course, he couldn't say that to the public. He had to do his job. And his job was this: Go against the current of time. Show that the Germans could go against the current of time. They are the ones. They are the best Aryans in Europe.

Not because they are the purest. Swedes—well, up to now—are equally pure. Now they are taking in all sorts of non-Aryans. There is a hateful Catholic organization here: Mother Teresa, supposed to be a lover of children. They gather all the children they can, and if you want

¹² Hans Grimm, *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?* (Lippoldsberg: Klosterhaus Verlag, 1954), 14. On the tape, Savitri quotes only a fragment, in German. I have substituted her English rendition of the whole passage from *The Lightning and the Sun*, 430. She renders it in French on page 201 of *Souvenirs et Réflexions*.

¹³ August Kubizek, *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund* (Vienna: Stocker, 1953); in English: *The Young Hitler I Knew*, trans. E.V. Anderson (New York: Tower, 1954), 96-98.

¹⁴ *Rienzi* is Richard Wagner's third opera. It is based on the life of Cola di Rienzi (c. 1313-1354), who became the popular dictator of Rome and would-be restorer of the Roman Empire. He was overthrown by a conspiracy of the aristocracy and the papacy, restored to power, then overthrown and killed in a popular uprising supposedly provoked by his own excesses. Wagner's opera portrays him as a popular leader undone by the Pope and the aristocracy.

¹⁵ Let us go to the Freinberg.

to adopt an Indian child you can. They adopted three hundred in Sweden last year. Only last year. Little girls and boys of low castes generally, as dark as possible. They adopted them. First of all, they are uprooted from their surroundings. They will never hear a word of Bengali or of Hindi again in their lives. They'll be Swedes. But they are non-Aryans. The masses of India are non-Aryans, and they'll probably marry Swedish girls and boys. You get the end of Sweden. These beautiful Europeans. And that's encouraged. That's encouraged by the Indian government. This government is nothing but under the *impôts*, under the orders, of the international Jew. There's strong Freemasonry here.

3. KNOWING THE FUTURE

My idea of the future is this: If one lives in the eternal present, one *knows* the future. One doesn't see it as we see it through reasoning, but one just is *conscious* of it. You have examples in history of this. One is the Grand Master of the Templar Knights and some of his followers.¹⁶ They were burnt alive, some say on the 11th, some say on the 18th of March, 1314. It is said that the Grand Master in the flames spoke and said, "I call you to God's tribunal, both of you, the Pope, Clement V, within a month, and the King, Philip the Fair, within this year." And it was true. They both died. The Pope died on the 9th of April and the King died on the 29th of November of the same year.¹⁷ How did that man know it? It was perfectly true. How did he know it?

Long before him, how did Confucius know about modern China? They say Confucius was asked by his disciples, "How long will your doctrine rule China?" And he said, "Twenty-five centuries exactly." After twenty-five centuries exactly Mao Tse-Tung came. With Mao Tse-Tung, the rule of Confucianism, the rule of the spirit of Confucius, was put to an end. The Chinese does not any longer live for his ancestors and in respect to his father and mother. He lives for the thoughts of Mao and the application of the thoughts of Mao. So he was right. How was he right? How did he know it? Why didn't he make a mistake of at least two or three centuries? He didn't. If he was on the margin, it was a margin of fifty years.

This is knowing the future. Unfortunately I have not that capacity. I

¹⁶ Jacques de Molay (1244-1314) served as the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar from 1293-1314.

¹⁷ Philip IV (The Fair) (1268-1314) reigned from 1284-1314 and died on 29 November 1314. Pope Clement V (Bertrand de Goth, archbishop of Bordeaux, b. 1264) was Pope from 1305-1314 and died on 20 April 1314.

don't live in the eternal present. To live in the eternal present, you have to be much higher than I am. Probably the Führer lived in the eternal present, because according to Kubizek he knew when he was sixteen he would rise and fall like Rienzi.

But very few people do live in that way. For those who don't, well, the future is a matter of reasoning, of conjecture. Suppose this and suppose that. From the data of the present and from the data of the past, you do some comparisons and you try to deduce the future. But this is nonsense. Nobody can deduce the future from the present and the past. At least the far future. Perhaps the near future. And in small things of everyday. Supposing it is known that in the locality there is a shop that shuts on Monday. Well, I'm perfectly sure, practically sure, that if I go on Thursday, I'll find it open. That's very easy. That's the future, the very near future and a very paltry kind of matter. But to tell you whether there's going to be a war before the end of this century or not, nobody knows. Because any event in the future depends on many factors, and the most obvious factors are not always the most important. Not always the most important.

There was a very great speech or sermon of the Bishop of Meaux, Bossuet.¹⁸ He was known as one of those who spoke the most beautiful French. He is given to the children of the college, college boys and girls, to read for his French. And he used to give sermons on the deaths of great people. There is one famous sermon of his on the death of Henrietta Anne of England, who had married the brother of the King of France, Louis XIV.¹⁹ And she lived in Cromwell's day. And there's a passage of that sermon about Cromwell and about the trouble he had. He died of a stone, not in the bladder, but in the tube that goes down from the bladder to the lower parts of the body. In French it's called *urètre*.²⁰ Well, Bossuet says this stone, a tiny little stone, if it had been anywhere else in Cromwell's body, wouldn't have made any difference. But it happened to be just in that tube. And he died.

Now of course the death of Cromwell was something important in English history, and it was not foretellable. You couldn't see it twenty

¹⁸ Jacques Bénigne Bossuet (1627-1704).

¹⁹ Bossuet's 1670 *Oraison funèbre de Henriette d'Angleterre*, on Henrietta Anne of England (1644-1670), wife of Philippe of France, Duke of Orléans (1640-1701), is not to be confused with his 1669 oration on the death of her mother Henrietta Maria of France (1609-1669), the wife of King Charles I of England (1600-1649, reigned 1625-1649), also mother of Kings Charles II (1630-1685, reigned 1660-1685) and James II (1633-1688, reigned 1685-1688) of England (*Oraisons funèbres* [Paris: 1689]).

²⁰ Urethra.

years before. Who knows what will happen to this person or that person? From a tiny little cause like this, a physiological cause. And that goes for the future. If Roosevelt had died twenty years earlier, world history would've been different. He could've died. Nobody knows. Life and death are in the hands of forces that we don't know anything about. World history would've been different.

They say political assassination is generally useless when one wants to suppress a movement. The movement is represented by a man. One kills that man. Some other man appears. It depends. Political assassination is generally useless because it comes too late. It always comes too late. The knowledge that this man is dangerous is the cause of his assassination. If somebody, knowing the future, had known that when the man was a baby and killed the baby, history would've been different. Suppose somebody had killed Stalin when he was six. History would've been different. Or anybody, any great man. You know the great man too late, and you get rid of him too late. You need to have insight. To have insight, you have to live in the eternal present, and that's not the affair of most people. But if you lived in the eternal present and could know that this man's going to be dangerous for this purpose, and you want that purpose—you want that thing, you love the ideology or whatever you like, that state of things—and you want to get the man out, get him out as a child before he knows himself what he's going to do.

That's what I have to say of the future. So I cannot say anything about the future. I just don't know it. I'm not living in the eternal present. All I know is this: do, every one of us, what we can now. The future is made of many factors. One of the factors is now. And whatever one does, counts. Whatever one says, counts. Whatever one thinks, counts perhaps even more.

I actually believe that thought is a force.²¹ Thought is something that comes from our nerves. It's a sort of radiating force. It's waves, if you like. There are waves of thought. We emit waves. These waves have an effect. A very small effect, of course, smaller or bigger depending on the person. But it has an effect. I would say why don't you try to do one thing: Get together every day, or every two days, or every week, or twice a week at the same place and especially at the same time. Time is very important. And intensely think. Don't do anything else. Intensely think about what you would like to happen. You have to think all the same. All the people united in one place have to think the same thing.

²¹ Cf. *Pilgrimage*, 92-93.

Intensely think what you want the future to be. Intensely think of, say, something simple. How to change the status of the USA or of Canada or of North America. How to do it. Think that. Think, “Superior forces of the universe, help us to do this or that, to reveal the responsible people for the mess in which the Aryan race is now in, and how to get out.” I think that is useful.

I really think that the only thing we can do is to wait. Make ourselves strong, and create among ourselves a superior layer of people able to command, able to take the lead of the race one day in each country. People who are nearer in their daily lives to the ideals of the Führer than any others.

4. THE EXAMPLE OF THE FÜHRER

Study the life of the Führer. Study his ideals. There are certain things he never did. I really think he was quite right. For instance, the Führer was a vegetarian, a perfect vegetarian. He didn't smoke, and he didn't take any alcohol. How many of us do the same, what percent, how many? He didn't ask anybody to do it. He says in the *Tischgespräche*, “If I had made these items a condition of belonging to the NSDAP, I would've had nobody. Therefore, I could not make them a condition.”²² But he felt that they were things important in life. Of course, if you drink no alcohol your blood is pure, more pure, and you are stronger than if you do. It's artificial. It's a kind of drug. Of drugs, of course, he had no knowledge. No knowledge.

He gave up smoking when he was a boy. He said, “Isn't it a shame to spend money on cigarettes when I'm so much in need of butter?” He threw his last pack of cigarettes into the Danube in Vienna and bought butter instead of cigarettes. I think that was quite right. Of course, some people can buy both, but it is not good for the lungs. And the fact that people smoke necessitates and causes experiments to be done on poor dogs to see how long it will take for the poor dog to get cancer of the lungs by smoking. They put a kind of thing on his nose. He doesn't ask for it. He doesn't want to smoke. And they pour smoke into him. All these awful things are done because people smoke, and the doctors want to know about it. They should do experiments on themselves, or on smokers. Not on dogs. I'm absolutely against that.

The Führer forbade all these experiments. If you have to do them,

²² *Hitler's Table Talk, 1941-1944: His Private Conversations*, ed. Hugh Trevor-Roper, trans. Norman Cameron and R.H. Stevens (New York, NY: Enigma Books, 2000). I cannot locate Savitri's quote in this edition.

do them on enemies. I would say better than that, do them on “lovers of science.” People who are in love with science, let them suffer for what they love. I would be glad to suffer, if at the cost of me being vivisected there would be, for instance, the reunification of Germany. I’d accept at once. I wouldn’t accept for anything else, mind you, unless it could be for the suppression of vivisection for all times to come and everywhere in the world. Then I would accept.

Another thing: the Führer used to consider that there was what he called “the sacred flame of life.” You get that in Kubizek’s book, *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund*. How, during his youth, during his preparation for life, in that den that was Vienna in those days, with all its temptations, he never fell for any temptation of a woman. He was strong. He wanted to keep his force for something better. Afterwards, when he was settled in life, whether he knew that kind of experience or not, I don’t know, and I think nobody can know. Nobody can tell. Nobody was there. But if he had it, it’s all right. All right. It was his own business. But he did not waste his energy, as so many people nowadays do, when he was young, when he could use it for something else. I don’t think he could’ve done what he did if he had wasted his time. It’s a waste of time and energy in anything one does without a real purpose.

Apart from that, he did not drink, although he was a man of a cold country. He never drank. He was not a tyrant. He was not a fanatic. He allowed people who did drink to come into his party, Robert Ley, among others. He didn’t tell Robert Ley not to drink. But of course, I think he would’ve appreciated him more if he had also been a tea-totaller. He took coffee. I don’t know if he took tea. I know he took coffee, the Führer. But coffee now and then. He didn’t make a habit of it. He didn’t intoxicate himself with any kind of thing. He kept his body as fit as possible.

People nowadays tell me that in the USA there are children of twelve who are already addicted to drugs. Why do they do it? I was offered morphine when I was seventeen in Greece by a Greek woman. I said, “No, I’ll never take a drug in all my life.” As far as alcohol, well, I took Samos wine and Malaga wine once or twice in my whole life. And once it played me a bad trick. It was a birthday party in Athens, and I brought a bottle of Samos wine. I like Samos wine. I like these old wines, cooked wines. I don’t like ordinary wine or champagne. Cooked wines I really like. I brought it to this young man, the son of one of my friends. And it was a party. There were Germans. There were English

people. There were Greeks. And she said, “You brought the wine. You’ll have a little, just a little, a bottom of a glass, with us.” I said, “Don’t ask me to take any wine. I don’t put up with it. I get nervous, and I get—I don’t know what to say. I get excited. So don’t ask me.” “Oh, just a little bit. Just a little bit. Just a centimeter.” “All right.” I took a centimeter. And I drank it with delight. Although it burns. I’m not used to it, so it burns my stomach. But it was nice. Samos wine is very nice. And then, after this party, we were all asked to sing a song. And some Germans said to me, “Well, you know German, you must know German songs, sing a German song.” Well, I said, “All right.” And I sang,

Wir sind die Sturmkolonnen.
Wir gehen drauf und dran.
Wir sind die ersten Reihen
Der deutschen Revolution.
Sprung auf die Barrikaden.
Der Tod besiegt uns nur.
Wir sind die Sturmkolonnen
Der Hitlerdiktatur!

[We are the storm columns.
We are the go-getters.
We are the first ranks
Of the German revolution.
Jump on the barricades.
Only death defeats us.
We are the storm columns
Of the Hitler dictatorship!]²³

I left out the greater part of the song. That is the beginning and the end. I sang that. Some people were delighted, but some were not. It would have been better if I had not drunk any wine at all. That’s what happens to me when I drink even a little wine, and I can’t control my speech. *In vino veritas.*²⁴ And that’s not the point. I don’t mind if a good person drinks a little bit of *Schnaps* for Christmas or something like that, on a great occasion. Christmas meaning the Winter Solstice, of course. It does no harm. But drinking every day and drinking too

²³ The title of the song is “Wir sind die Sturmkolonnen.”

²⁴ In wine, truth.

much. I know that in cold countries people drink a lot. You can put up with it in cold countries. You can't in hot countries. You can't in hot countries at all. You get ruined. But it's not so bad as drugs.

I think the Führer's life was abridged at the end by the stuff Theodor Morell gave him.²⁵ He had confidence in Theodor Morell, as his doctor. I'll tell you the source from where I got it. I remember comrade F—,²⁶ SS-*Sturmbahnführer* who was imprisoned in Landsberg. I met him in Uelzen in 1953 when he was just liberated from prison. And he showed me a letter, a letter from Karl Brandt, to him—Karl Brandt was also a doctor, an SS doctor²⁷—telling him, “Please can you do anything for him? Can you help me in this way? I'm sure that Theodor Morell is just poisoning the Führer with all his medicines. Tell the Führer not to take that stuff, if you possibly can.” So be very aware. Of course he had confidence in this Morell. Unfortunately, they say he abridged his life. That's possible. I don't know. I can only speak of the letter I saw in F—'s hand, a letter addressed to him by Karl Brandt who was also a very high-ranked SS man and a doctor.

Another thing is the vegetarian question. I think it's better if you follow the example of the Führer in that way. Now you tell me that in cold countries it's difficult. It's difficult for some people. Myself, I never took meat. I didn't like it. I didn't like the idea of it. I didn't like the sight of the quarters of animals hanging in front of the shop. It used to disgust me. But I took fish when I was young. I took fish, not every day, once in a while. Once in a while, on festivals. Or when I went to see people who had fish. I didn't refuse. I had fish. And it was a struggle, an interior struggle on my part, to give up fish. Even now, sometimes, when I take some fish for my cats—take a box of sardines for my cats, for instance—I'm tempted to take the oil for myself. I love the oil, fish oil. They used to give me cod liver oil when I was a child. Some children don't like it. I used to relish it. I don't know why, but I used to relish it. They gave me a spoon, and I said, “Give me another

²⁵ Dr. Theodor Gilbert Morell (1886-1948) was Hitler's personal physician from 1937-1945. Hitler's life was, of course, “abridged at the end” by suicide, but Savitri's point was that Hitler's health was harmed by Morell's treatments. See David Irving, *The Secret Diaries of Hitler's Doctor* (New York: Macmillan, 1983).

²⁶ The name is unintelligible.

²⁷ Dr. Karl Brandt (1903-1947) was Hitler's escort doctor from 1934-1944, and from 1942-1945 was General Commissioner for Public Health and Sanitation. He was executed for his role in Hitler's euthanasia program.

spoon of it.” I liked it. Well, no accounting for taste, of course. The Führer gives us that example, neither meat nor fish. All right. If we can do it, I think it’s very good. It’s good for the health, and it’s good to feel that one is doing as the Führer did. I believe it.

And I believe it is also a good thing to feel that we are not contributing to the industry of the slaughterhouse. I’ve never been to Chicago, but I’ve read descriptions of the stock herds of Chicago with all the animals in a row and killed *en serie*, one by one.²⁸ They are killed by Negroes. But whoever kills them, they have a struggle of death, on a string, one after another. It’s horrible to think of. And these flows of blood. It’s disgusting. It disgusts me from an aesthetic point of view. Now there’s another point of view. In Europe, they are not Negroes who kill them. They are people of our own race. And to think that by eating meat, we are forcing some people of our own blood to do that disgusting work, killing creatures eight hours a day, and then going home. And to think that these people have wives and children at home. I wouldn’t like to be the wife of a slaughterer, but there are some women who are. And they’re our people. They’re our sisters, our sisters in blood. Could we not do something to suppress that obligation of some of our brothers and sisters in blood to do that dirty work? If we could do it, I think it would be a good thing.

Anyhow, the great idea behind that is the example of the Führer. I believe in him, and I believe that everything he did is something to look at. There’s something contained in it for our own discipline and betterment.

5. BABY SEALS

One thing also, there are certain things going on, especially in Canada. I cannot end this speech without saying that. It’s something that hurts me so much and still makes me shudder every time I think of it. We should follow the spirit of the Führer in every way. And one thing that would’ve made the Führer indignant, if he had known it, is that massacre, that mass massacre of seals on the coast of Canada. I’ve not seen it. I’ve seen pictures of it. And it’s more than enough for me. Poor baby seals, so beautiful, such trusting creatures that you can tame them if you like. Just killed. And how killed? A knock on the head, and

²⁸ In *Pilgrimage*, Savitri mentions reading about the stock herds of Chicago in Georges Duhamel, *Scènes de la vie future* (Paris: Mercure de France, 1930); in English: *America the Menace: Scenes from the Life of the Future* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1931) (*Pilgrimage*, 85, n).

their skin pulled off while they're alive, practically alive. Their skins stolen from them. To steal their skins, mass massacres of these beautiful creatures. Trusting creatures that do no harm to anybody.

And one has the cheek of criticizing us for treating our enemies badly. And sometimes without us doing it. Take the Malmédy case. These SS men who were so tortured in prison that van Roden, an American of Dutch origin, had to come to Germany to investigate the case.²⁹ Some of them were not even in Malmédy, and some of them there had no part in the shooting of some American prisoners. They had nothing to do with it. And still, just because they were SS men of that same division or what, they were tortured in a most awful manner. They had to be condemned. Well, criticizing people for torturing, for using their enemies badly, and allowing in one's own country what goes on with the seals: that should be something to stop.

There were ten million seals. Now there are eight hundred thousand. Whatever is going to happen to the rest? I can see them. I can see them, see them skinned. I can see their corpses skinned, lying on the snow in pools of blood. Take away that sight. That's an awful thing. And what's even more awful than that, is to think that some Aryan men do it for two and a half dollars each. How can they do it? They are disgracing their race. Every Aryan who does something horrid disgraces his race. Disgraces his children first.

In old China, a man who did something wonderful was rewarded. He was made noble. His sons were not noble. His fathers were. His fathers were responsible for his birth. They were made noble. He was perhaps a peasant. He did something extremely good. And the Emperor gave him nobility. It went backwards. There were very many good things in old China.

There was another thing I can tell you of in five minutes, just in parentheses. You have a doctor when you are sick. You go to the doctor when you are sick, and you pay him for what he says. In old China you didn't do that. Every family had a family doctor. And they used to pay him a small sum as long as they were *well*. He didn't do anything. He just received the money from so many families, as long as these families, these family members, were all well. Once somebody fell sick, then they called the doctor. The doctor's pay was stopped. They did not pay him any more until the person got well. If he took a long time to cure the person, he had no pay. If he wanted his pay, he had to

²⁹ Judge Edward L. Van Roden reported some of his findings in his article, "American Atrocities in Germany," *The Progressive*, February 1949, pp. 21ff.

cure the person quickly. I find that much more reasonable than what we have now. He had an interest in curing the person quickly. Now a doctor has an interest in making the person stay sick as long as possible to receive some pay. Isn't it so?

There was some wisdom in antiquity in all countries. And of course, among our own people—nobody has to learn from me these things—you all know of the wise women of the ancient Germans. There were wise women, in ancient Germany, four or five or six centuries, up to 30,000 BC, prehistoric Germany, prehistoric Europe, North of Europe. And they were very celebrated in the art of healing, as well as in the counsel they could give, in the advice they could give for governing. So, that much for history.

6. SEX, MARRIAGE, AND FAMILY LIFE

There's this widespread propaganda, in order to destroy our race—it's willfully done—propaganda of the excellence, of the indispensable character of sex. Even to children. Telling people that if you don't have that, well, what are you missing? And that is disastrous. That is disastrous, because it's one of the signs of the Dark Age. As said by the Hindu scriptures, if the marriage bond is no longer duty, but pleasure only and money, it's the beginning of the end. It's the Dark Age. And that's what they preach. They preach, "Enjoy yourself. You ought to have a good time. You're on earth to have a good time."

No, we are not on earth to have a good time. We are only individuals. We are on earth to serve that which is eternal in us, and the only eternal thing in anybody is the race. You are immortal if you have children. And children of your own kind. You are immortal if you have works. I don't say works that are known. In the old cathedrals of Europe, if you look at the sculptures, you have some little details that are perfect, as sculptures. The workman who sculpted those, sculpted that wonderfully eight hundred years ago, in the twelfth century, that man is immortal. You don't know his name, but he's immortal all the same. His work lasted. And the work doesn't last as long as the race. The race will outlive the work. Work is something that depends on climate. In a damp country, a sculpture will not last as long as in a dry one. But race, if it's kept pure, will last.

And that is the reason, of course, for the bondage of marriage, and it's not to be made a plaything. It's not to be made a pastime. It's a sacred thing for a purpose, in the spirit of the Führer. He said he was all for early marriage and for many children of good Aryan blood. He told the people that were not of perfect Aryan blood or who were deficient

in a bodily way, “You can’t have children. You are not to have any. You can adopt an Aryan child.”

I like the propaganda of the NSWPP: “Adoption not abortion.” When they go picket in front of the abortion clinics and tell the people, “Don’t do any abortions of Aryan children. We are not so numerous, proportionately to the others. The Negroes multiply ten times as quick as we do.” In England also, and that’s a danger. That in itself is a danger. Don’t abort Aryan children. Let the mothers have them. The mother doesn’t want the child, all right. Find a couple without any children who is willing to take it. Or even a couple with children willing to bring it up as a brother or sister of their own children. Why not? Why not?

If I had money—I never had a fixed job, you see—if I had had a fixed job with a fixed income, I would’ve liked to adopt an Aryan child myself and bring it up in my own spirit. I would’ve inquired into the family. Failing that, when Mr. Mukherji had a job and when I thought it was stable—it wasn’t of course, but I thought it was in those days—I told him, “We are outside the pale of breeding and all that. We are faithful to the caste system, both of us. All right, we don’t want any intimacy and any children. But I wouldn’t mind adopting a little boy or a little girl of your caste, an orphan of good Brahminic stock.” He didn’t want that. He didn’t want to take the responsibility, probably feeling that his financial situation was not stable. In fact, after the war, he had no job at all. He had some kind of earnings during the war. But after the war, he no longer had any earnings at all. And he was right. He lived his last years on his astrology. And an astrologer in India doesn’t earn so much as that. There are so many astrologers here.

But I’m all for this propaganda: no abortion, adoption instead of abortion, quite good. And encourage people to have children, not one or two, but more if they can afford to bring them up decently. And what does it mean to bring them up decently? Bringing them up decently means: cleanly-lodged, I don’t say lodged in luxury; well-fed, as they need to be fed for their health; and given a good, sound education, a general education and an ideological education. And that’s all. It doesn’t mean to have a TV. You can live without a TV. You can live without a radio.

There’s our *Kamerad* in France, Marc Augier de Saint Loup, author of several books, and author of a trilogy on the fight for our ideology in Russia: *Les Volontaires, histoire de la LVF*, the *Legion Volontaire Français*; *Les Hérétiques, histoire de la SS Charlemagne*; and a third book called *Les Nostalgiques, The Nostalgic People*, very good

books.³⁰ He has no radio in his house, and no TV. He doesn't want the appliances, just as I don't want them myself. I never had a radio. I listened to the radio during the war at my landlord's place. I only listened to one thing: the Führer's speeches. I never listened to anything else. And Mr. Mukherji used to come to listen with me, although his German was anything but good. But he wanted to hear his voice. That's all. But you can live without that.

Instead of spending so much on these kind of things, which after all are just propaganda, and the enemy's propaganda, why not spend that on an extra child? Have an extra child. It's very good. Have, I would say even, a pet. It's good for children to be brought up with a young animal. It teaches them to love creatures, to love nature. If you have a garden, plant something beautiful in your garden. It's a good thing to put children in touch with nature, to keep them in touch with nature. Teaches them to love nature, and love of nature is one of the things that Adolf Hitler had. Germany still, in spite of all the devastations of after the war, has one-third of its surface covered with forest. It's one of the very few countries in Europe that has that. Sweden of course. Sweden has a small population. But more simple living, not so much artifice, not so much uselessness in life, and more concentration on health, beauty, ideology, truth. Health, beauty, truth.

Well, that's what I believe for the future. And the only thing we can do now, I think, is to prepare ourselves by sticking to ourselves. That is to say, either not breeding at all or breeding people of our own race. Not breeding at all, if we have any defect. I consider a defect some mixed ancestry, or else some weakness. Personally I opted for this solution for myself. My mother is one of the daughters, one of the fourteen children, of a couple of first cousins. It's allowed according to the English church. They were Church of England, both of them, English people of old descent. My grandfather descended from a Viking of Jutland, who came to England in the tenth century. He was not a Christian, but then they became Christians, of course. They intermarried with the British people. They became Christians, those Vikings. When they became Christians, it was not forbidden to marry between first cousins. Well, it was not forbidden at least after the

³⁰ Marc Augier (1908-1990) was the author, under the pen-name Saint Loup, of the trilogy *Les Volontaires, histoire de la L.V.F.* [*The Volunteers: History of the French Volunteer Legion*] (Paris: Presses de la cité, 1963); *Les Hérétiques, histoire de la SS Charlemagne* [*The Heretics: History of the SS Charlemagne*] (Paris: Presses de la cité, 1964); and *Les Nostalgiques, aventures de survivants* [*The Nostalgics: Adventures of the Survivors*] (Paris: Presses de la cité, 1967), as well as many other books.

Reform of Henry VIII, when it became the Church of England. And my grandfather Nash and my grandmother Nash were son and daughter of two sisters. One of the sisters married a Nash, and the other sister married a Morgan. And they were the father and mother of my grandfather and grandmother. Well, the fourteen children all died as babies, except three. And of the three, one died at fifteen of tuberculosis of the lungs and tuberculosis of the bones. She had tuberculosis of her bones all her life, poor thing. Never married. The other aunt never married either, but she was strong. Always suffering from stomach pain, though. My mother is the only one who married, and she only had me. Well, I thought that with this heredity, it's not necessary for me to continue the line. So I didn't do anything to continue it. That's all.

7. DETACHMENT

Another thing is detachment. It is what I like immensely in the idea of the SS and especially in the idea of the élite of the SS, the *Einsatzgruppen* in charge of all the dirty work in defense of National Socialism, in Poland and Russia especially. We heard of it during the trial of Otto Ohlendorf. And I have the honor of knowing the family of Otto Ohlendorf. I was the guest of his widow several times, and I met his children when they were quite young.

Otto Ohlendorf was the head of *Einsatzgruppe D*. Of course he was condemned to death and hanged by the Americans with the other six of Landsberg in the night between the 7th and the 8th of June 1951, in spite of people asking to be hanged in his place or in the place of the others. Among those people was myself. I wrote to McCloy, the High Commissioner of America, in that connection.³¹ But there were better people than I. There was a Catholic priest who had been interned for anti-Nazi activities during the war in a concentration camp. He offered his life for them, on other grounds, of course, on grounds of Christian love. Whatever it is, they rejected his demand, and they rejected the demand of several other people in Germany, and they rejected mine. As a sign of stupidity, McCloy sent me a book about the career of the seven, and with a small letter, written by his secretary, of course. He wouldn't take the trouble of writing to me. "If you knew the career of this man, you wouldn't try to offer your life in the place of theirs, or even in the place of one of them." I'd gladly be hanged in the place of one of them, any of them. And I found that so stupid. Ridiculous,

³¹ John McCloy was US High Commissioner in occupied Germany.

laughingly ridiculous. I am a person who tells the people outright, “I am a National Socialist, and in the place of these seven people I would’ve done what they did, and perhaps worse. You don’t want to do anything unreasonable. You don’t want to do anything that would worsen your position in Germany. You have now the cold war with the Bolsheviks. You want to strengthen Germany against the Bolsheviks, your former Allies, your gallant Allies of before ’45. You’ll get the curses of all Germany for killing these seven people. If you kill one insignificant National Socialist from the other end of the world, who is not even a German, nobody would care. You will have Germany’s approbation because you saved the seven, and that would be all right.” They didn’t even listen to that argument, which was a very reasonable argument. They didn’t listen to me.

Otto Ohlendorf said in his trial—to come back to him—“If any of us showed pleasure in what he was doing or disgust, pleasure or disgust, he was degraded and sent home. We should act only on the ground of duty. We had to act with indifference, because we had an order, and *Befehl ist Befehl*, an order is an order. It’s our duty to obey the order. We obey, finished. We don’t think about it any longer. It’s finished, we do it, and we go do what we have to do later on.”

That is the spirit of the oldest philosophical poem written in Sanskrit by Aryans for Aryans. It’s the Bhagavad-Gita. The Bhagavad-Gita says, “You are a fighter by nature. You belong to a fighter’s race.” The lord Krishna, the god, tells that to the hero Arjuna. He has taken the shape, the form, of Arjuna’s charioteer to accompany him to the war. And Arjuna is reluctant to fight, because he is fighting his own kinsmen. Krishna tells him, “Take victory and defeat as equal. Take pleasure and pain as equal. Take success and failure as equal. Be indifferent, but throw yourself into the battle with courage in spite of that.” This is said in chant number two. In chant number four it is said that whoever acts—any kind of action, be it the most violent action—but not for himself, not for his personal interests, not for the interest of his family because it is his, not for the interest of his country because it is his, not for the interests of mankind because he’s a man, but purely in the interest of all living things in the universe, in the interest of the universe, and also, dispassionately, without any feelings or enthusiasm or passion, hatred, love, just because he feels it is his duty, his higher duty. He feels that it is not the duty of every man, because in Hinduism, all men have not the same duty. Duty is a matter of who he is and how he is to act. The duty of the priest is not the duty of the king’s minister. The duty of the warrior is not the same as the duty of a mother. Each

one has his own duty, *svadharma*. Well, whoever acts in the name of his *svadharma*, his own duty, without passion, and in the interests of the whole universe, whatever he does, he does not sin. That action will not fall into his karma. That is to say, that action will not be a determinant factor in his next birth or his re-birth or his lack of re-birth. It will exist as though it didn't exist. He can do whatever he's told, or whatever is considered as his duty. That I find wonderful.

And that is the spirit of National Socialism. Otherwise, Otto Ohlendorf wouldn't have said in his trial to the face of the Americans, "We acted like that." He didn't tell them, "We acted in the spirit of the Bhagavad-Gita." They wouldn't have understood, first of all. Half of them don't know what the Bhagavad-Gita is. But he said the same, and I had the honor, at his house, to read a few letters of his written a few days and a few hours before his death, his correspondence with the Princess von Isenberg, Eleni von Isenberg. And I must tell you one thing, those letters are absolutely detached. He knows he's going to be hanged in a few days or in a few hours. He doesn't care. He couldn't care less. He has done what he could according to his conscience. He has done his duty. Fate is fate. That spirit, that spirit is our spirit. That spirit is our spirit. And I've seen it also in other National Socialists. Great ones have all the same spirit. It was cultivated especially in the SS, which was the élite of National Socialism, but it must be cultivated at every level if possible, to the extent it is possible. I really like these people.

8. ARYAN SOLIDARITY

I wouldn't criticize the Führer, but I criticize the people who tried to keep down Russia. They should've been allies of the Aryan Russians—Slavs, the real Slavs—not despise them. Slavs may be inferior to Germans, all right, but they are not non-Aryans. The real Slavs. And the real Slavs got on very well with the Germans in antiquity. Thor with his hammer got on very well with Perun, the four-headed Perun with his hammer, who was the god of the Poles and the god of the Russians, the Slavic equivalent of Thor. It's only when they became Christians of different churches that they started quarreling. They used to get on very well, the Germanic people and the Slavic people. Well, they should've tried today.

[I am told that there's a pan-Aryan movement in Russia.] It would be very good. It would be very good if they could take over Russia. There's a former SS French correspondent of mine who wrote to me not long ago saying the Russians should've packed off Marx and kept

Stalin. Instead of that, they put Stalin into the dustbin and kept Marx. It was a mistake. Quite true. Quite true. Stalin at least was Russian, but his wife was Jewish and his brothers in law, the Kaganovich brothers, were Jews. His daughter was half Jewess.³² The Russians are conquered. Communism is Jewish.

[Some people say the Russians freed themselves of the Jewish yoke.] I don't believe that. As long as you have Jews at the top. At the top you have Jews there. Of course the Russians are anti-Jewish by nature. When Mr. Mukherji was in Russia, he had a friend called Ligachov. Ligachov was expelled from the Communist party for three years for calling a man who stepped on his toes in the tram a "dirty Jew." He said, "You dirty Jew." That was reported. He was expelled for three years from the Communist party. He was a Russian, not a Jew.

There are many things that we could take from the Jews. I very often said if we had some of the virtues that the Jews have, there wouldn't have been a Jewish question. And one of them is this: solidarity. If a Jew goes bankrupt, other Jews will bring him out, three times. He can be three times bankrupt. He will survive with the money of the other Jews. In my native town, there was a Greek who tried business and failed, the son of friends of mine. His father and mother gave him some money. He wanted to go into the cloth business. Well, the cloth market in Lyons, as well as everywhere else, is a monopoly of the Jews practically. This young boy failed. Oh, the other Greeks laughed at him. "Why did he try business when he was not fit for it?" That's all. "Why did he try business? Serves him right." Jews would never have said that of him. They would've picked him up once, twice, three times.

Now every Jew in Lyons, every Jew in Saint Étienne, France—I know those two towns very well—gives one-tenth of his income to Israel. If every person with an income—I wish I had one, I'm living on private lessons and have no fixed income—but if every person with an income could give even one-twentieth to these National Socialist organizations, to one National Socialist organization—it's a pity there are more than one—it would make a great difference. It would make a great difference. You cannot yet think of the head of the NSWPP

³² Stalin was Georgian, not Russian, but Savitri's point was that he was not a Jew. Stalin's third wife, from 1934-38, was Rosa Kaganovich, the sister of Lazar Kaganovich (1893-1991) and Mikhail Kaganovich, both enthusiastic accomplices in Stalin's crimes. Stalin's daughter, Svetlana Alliluyeva (b. 1926), was from his second wife, Nadezhda Alliluyeva Stalin (1902-1932), who was apparently not a Jew.

becoming president of the United States. Why is that unthinkable? Why is it unthinkable, after all? Because you need an enormous quantity of money to get the television hours for the propaganda to be president.

9. *ANTHROPOS* AND MISANTHROPY

I am at home when I'm thinking of gods. I've never seen any gods, but I like to think of them. And the supreme. I'm at home with animals. I love all animals, especially felines. But I'm not afraid of them. I've caressed a tiger, a Bengal tiger three hundred kilos in weight, twice in my life. I put my hand in the cage in the Calcutta zoo. I gave a tip to the guardian. The guardian, the keeper, was green with fear. I said, "No fear. I'll give you a tip." And I put my hand in and caressed the tiger. I'm not afraid. If I were going into the cage, I wouldn't be afraid. I love them. I love felines.³³ And I don't mind serpents. I had two cobras in my house when I was living in Jallundhar. I used to give them milk. They never did a thing to me. I love trees, and I love that German characteristic that is love of forests and trees. That's perfectly Germanic. I think it's one of the reasons why I'm so much in love with the old Germany of former days, when the country was covered with forests, the Germany of Herman the Cheruscan.

Well, the only creature that I cannot love is the stupid, average two-legged mammal who doesn't think for himself. He's supposed to think. He's supposed to look upwards. Man in Greek is called *anthropos*. Now if you decompose the word *anthropos*, it means "the one who looks above." If he doesn't look above, he's no *anthropos*. He's no man. And the majority of people who call themselves men, they are not men according to the Greek etymology of the word. A man is supposed to think. That's what he's supposed to have more than the animals. He's supposed to think. Ask your neighbors, ask yourself, all those people that you are around, that are all around you, how far they think.

They tell you, "Yes, there were six million Jews killed in the war by your Führer. Six million. It was on the television." It's on the television, therefore it's right. And they have the cheek of criticizing the people of the Middle Ages who would tell you, "The priest said it, therefore it's right. The church says it, therefore it's right. The church says the world is flat, not round; therefore, the church is right. And Galileo's wrong." There's no difference. If you listen to what the radio says, because the radio says it, the radio is gospel or veda. And you listen to the television, and what the television says must be true. The

³³ Cf. *Pilgrimage*, 316.

television says the Führer is wrong. He must be wrong. That's not thinking.

If a man doesn't think, he's no man. What we should develop among ourselves is thinking. And what is compatible with our National Socialist faith, and what is not compatible, we should know that. Try to analyze. We are given a theory or given a philosophy. We are asked to adhere to it, of course, by the one who does adhere to it. Is that philosophy compatible with our philosophy? And we should know our philosophy for that.

Nowadays, at least in this Yuga, and more and more as we go to the end of the Yuga, people are not, as a mass of people, race-conscious. And you can wash their brains so well that they can go against their race. I've seen pictures—I've never seen the thing itself, but I've seen pictures—of pro-Negro demonstrations in the USA, and half the people are White. What do those White people want in a pro-Negro demonstration for Negro rights? Of course, I have answered this long ago. And my answer is this: "All right, you are White and you don't mind supporting the Blacks. Well, I'm a two-legged mammal. I don't mind supporting the other animals. I'll be for the animals against you, against the two-legged mammals. I'll be for the trees and for nature against man. That is no worse than you being against your own race among men." But of course, among men, I'm for my own race. And I would say, more than that, I think that if I were not an Aryan by birth—well, already I'm not a pure Nordic—but I would support a Nordic. And if I were a mongrel, or if I were anything, a perfect non-Aryan, I think I would support the Aryan race all the same for the very same reason I support felines: because it's beautiful. Beauty is everything for me. Beauty is my god and goddess. Visible beauty first and, as it's said in the *Banquet* by Plato, "From visible beauty go up to invisible beauty, to truth without a form."³⁴ All right, but the basis is visible beauty. I'm all for beauty. And the first reason why I feel proud of being an Aryan is that in general—not myself, of course—but in general, the race is beautiful.

10. PROPAGANDA

You allow yourself to be brainwashed. I was brainwashed too. We were all brainwashed. In school: the French Revolution, the French Revolution, the French Revolution. I didn't have the time for it. I

³⁴ Plato, *Symposium*, 210a-211c.

wouldn't have it. Who obliges you to think what people tell you? Who obliges you to bow your head to authority? Rise up, stick up—in your mind at least. You can say, “Yes, yes, yes,” for your job. I have a job at the United Nations here. I have a job teaching French to the personnel. If I say no, I would lose four hundred rupees a month, and I would have nothing to live on. I have to accept. All right. But even to my pupils, I tell them, “The United Nations is rubbish.” I tell them, and they say, “We think so the same, but we have to live. So we take a job here.”

And I could've had a very good job in 1946 at the United Nations in New York, recommended by the Greek Consul in Lyons, my native town, who told me so. And he said, “You can have a very good job if you like. You know several languages, and you can go there.” You know what I answered? I was rude to him. I said, “United Nations? That organization? I'd rather be the head of a brothel. Not do the work myself, but have it done by dirty girls, and have the profit. And earn even more than at the United Nations. But I don't like that kind of work, nor do I like the work of the United Nations. I'm not going to go there.” He said, “All right, as you like.”

This man had given, during the war, false passports to Jews. He gave them passports as Greek citizens. And the priests had given certificates of christening. They made a traffic. They made pots of money. If you were a Jew and you wanted to get out of France under the Germans, you could go to the Greek Consulate. They could do it for you. But it was three hundred thousand francs. If you were a poor Jew you couldn't go there. Only the Jews who were prepared to give three or four hundred thousand francs in those days. They made pots of money. I disliked that. I was ashamed of it. But that was that. The black market. They did many things.

But you see, that idea of people believing what they're told, being brainwashed, I just can't understand it.

11. “THE” HOLOCAUST

I wouldn't say I was never taken in by propaganda. No, I believed it as the damn fool I probably was. I believed it all. The six million Jews. I believed the lie for years and decades. I just disbelieved it last year [1977] when I saw Butz's book.³⁵ But I didn't care. I didn't care because I had my love of animals. That protected me. I said, “As long as man commits such atrocities on animals in the name of science, in

³⁵ Arthur Butz, *The Hoax of the Twentieth-Century* (Torrance, California: Institute for Historical Review, 1976).

the name of sport, in the name of eating, in the name of whatever you like—the fur industry—I have no time for atrocities on human beings, especially on enemies. I don't care what happened to them.” That was my reaction. It is not the reaction of the average human. The average two-legged mammal was anti-Nazi, and I was not. I could never be and could not again today. And I'm not making a fuss about, say, a man like Idi Amin Dada in Africa, especially when Idi Amin Dada says he admires Hitler. A Negro admiring Hitler: I'm not very enthusiastic about that. He wouldn't be enthusiastic about it if he were alive. But anyhow, “Better a moral risk than an enemy,”³⁶ and he says that he was a really remarkable man and he would even like to erect a statue to him in Uganda. All right. Anyhow, what he does to those Ugandan compatriots, I couldn't care less. I couldn't care. And the ending for the Jews, for the six million: I said, “Pity it's not sixteen million. If it were sixteen million, it would be very good. The question would have been solved already long ago. Pity it wasn't twenty-six million.”

I approved of it when they said they made experiments on people instead of animals. I said, “Good for them. That should be done all over the world.” But the only thing I would disagree with was this. I was told that for experiments, they used to choose people who were the most anti-Nazi in the camps and sent them. I said, “If I had been the head of the camp and if they told me, ‘All right, the government wants twenty-five people for experiments, can you send them from your camp?’ I would say, ‘All right, can you wait two days? Only two days. I'll send them day after tomorrow.’” And during these two days I would've given an essay to the whole camp to write: “What do you think of Pasteur?³⁷ What do you think of Claude Bernard?³⁸ What do you think of so and so and so and so. Men who have done experiments on animals in the interest of science and medical application?”

And if there was one man in the camp who would've said to me, “Pasteur, I consider that fellow as a criminal. He made so many hundreds of dogs and sheep and other animals suffer. For mankind? I don't care. He made them suffer. I consider that fellow a criminal.” I would've done my best to get the man out of the camp. Even if he were a real anti-Nazi, unless he was really dangerous. If the man was in camp just for calling Hitler a *Schweinehund* or something like that, and

³⁶ This is probably a quote from Idi Amin.

³⁷ Louis Pasteur (1822-1895).

³⁸ Claude Bernard (1813-1878) is known as the father of modern experimental medicine, including the use of animals in medical experiments.

never did anything, I couldn't care less. Let him call him what he likes. I'd rather have a man who calls Hitler a *Schweinehund* and does nothing than a man who calls him outwardly "*mein Führer*" and puts dynamite under the trains to do real sabotage. I'd much rather have the first one, of course. The first one is harmless. He's a harmless fool.

So I would've seen those who were enthusiastic about experiments on animals, who say, "Oh, it's for mankind, all right." I would've called them one by one, twenty-five, one after the other, "Come here. Sit down in the office. You really love mankind so much you think it's worth torturing animals for the benefit of mankind?" "Oh yes, we do." "You think you can cure these tropical diseases in Africa, sleeping sickness and all that, and by experiments you can save so many people?" I'd say, "All right. Then you are going to follow these gentlemen in the black uniforms, and you'll have the honor of suffering for what you love." I would have liked to see the chap's face.

If I were told today that, if I am vivisected, Germany would be reunited under a National Socialist government, I would accept at once. I wouldn't accept vivisection of an animal even for that, not for that. I should go, or my comrades, people who are conscious of what they do. Otherwise, the sacrifice of a victim who's not conscious, is no sacrifice. It has no effect really. For it to be effective they must be consenting. Consenting and enthusiastic.

The Aztecs knew that. They knew that. And the ancients knew that. The ancient Europeans of the Neolithic period, they had matriarchy, in Greece and all around the Mediterranean. And the king was killed every year. He consented of course. It was the custom. He was killed. The queen embraced him, took another husband, and he was offered to the gods. He had to die for his people. It was the custom. At the time of the sowing of the crops, for the crops to be good. And then, of course, the kings didn't always like that custom. They took prisoners of war, they took slaves, and they took animals. They gave less and less and less valuable things to the gods. That was decay. According to me that's decay. The gods should be very well served.

But when I was told that that they did experiments on people instead of on animals I said, "Well, good for them. That's the best thing the Third Reich did." They couldn't get me. There was nothing that they could tell me that could've changed my mind. They couldn't tell me anything.

(One Communist, the most intelligent Communist I've ever met, told me, "You know, Lenin loved cats, and Krupskaya his wife also. They loved cats." I said, "All right, Horst Wessel adored them." I knew

that. I've seen photos of Horst Wessel with cats on his arms and cats on his lap and all that. He loved cats. That's quite true. He was photographed with them. His aunt showed me the photo. On one of his birthdays. He had one or two cats. Boys gave him cats from the neighborhood to be photographed with.)

Supposing they had told this story of the six million and supposing the answer of the world to the six million was, "And what if? Doesn't matter." What could they have done? What could they have done? Nothing. And supposing they said, "The one who could organize all this killing of Jews, Himmler: Himmler was a monster." Supposing we answer, "Yes, we like this monster." All right. What could they have done? They could do nothing! And supposing the first election in Germany, they put as blanks in the voting booth, "NSDAP or nothing." What could they have done? They couldn't kill all the German people. I asked a German. When I said, "What would've happened if you did that?" He said, "We would've had an occupation regime *ad infinitum*."³⁹ Would they have an occupation regime *ad infinitum*, even now? With moral decay on the top of it? A lot of food, plenty of stuff that destroys people's health, with big bellies and difficult circulation of blood and this or that.

12. THE IDEALISTIC VERSUS THE APPETITIVE

I had a long talk one day with Heinrich Blume who was *Oberregierungs- und Schulrat* under the Third Reich, and he told me, "In 1935, at the height of Germany before the war when we had great hopes and we were going forward without any opposition, there were about three hundred thousand National Socialists in the whole of Germany." I said, "Three hundred thousand? There were fourteen million members of the party." "That doesn't make any difference," he said, "They could be members of the party for several reasons. One was a member of the party because the NSV gave him help for his eleven children. Another one was a member of the party because the party arranged to give him a flat. He had no flat. Another one was a member of the party because he thought it would give him advancement in his job, at his office. Different reasons." There were many.

And there is a record in 1969, a record in German of the materially satisfied Germany of 1969, the Germany that the occupying powers are trying to corrupt. According to the words of a Jew that I heard in 1948, Ben Topf, the stage manager of the dancing company of Ram Gopal,

³⁹ See *Pilgrimage*, 232-33.

“What I want to see in Germany, is this: larders full and arsenals empty. No arms but plenty to eat and plenty to drink.” That’s what happened. That’s the defeat of Germany. That’s the defeat. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, plenty to enjoy, sex films, sex books, sex magazines, whatever you like. And no enthusiasm for fighting at all, if possible. As little as possible. Perhaps fighting Bolshevism, because if the Russians come, of course, all these enjoyments will be stopped. But only on that ground, not for honor. This is the tactic of the Jew and the tactic of his servants, the occupying powers.

If we had freed ourselves from the idea of temptation, if we were not tempted, they would lose their power. Suppose—well, it’s not possible for a whole country—it were possible for the whole country to say, “We don’t want your goods. Keep them for yourselves.” I remember a Greek slogan they used to chant in front of the palace in 1916, when the British were blockading the Greek ports for ten months. The Greeks had nothing to eat. They produced oil and raisins and wine, and you can’t live on that. If they don’t import they can’t live. And the crowd was in front of the palace of Constantine, the brother-in-law of the German Kaiser whose sister, Sophia, he had married. And they were chanting, “Olives, olives and Constantine our King. Bread and salt and Constantine in the palace.” Meaning, “You can give us what you like. We don’t want it. We don’t want your advantages. We don’t want your riches. We want poverty and our king.” The Greek royalists used to say of Greece of those days, “small but honorable.” We don’t want to get into your war. We were forced into the First World War. The Greek nation was forced into it, with the government of Venizelos. We couldn’t even prevent that. Of course the territory was doubled after the war, but we didn’t ask for that. As soon as they call back the king, the Allies tore the treaty of Sèvres into pieces.

So to come back to this record of 1969, in Germany, it’s called “*Sauerkraut und Bier*.” And it’s for those people who love to eat a lot and to eat nice things. And it’s the glorification of the Germany of plenty of 1969. Now you can’t tell me, because human nature is human nature, that under the rule of the Führer, there were no Germans who wouldn’t be ready to live for sauerkraut and beer. They were the same people. Among these people, some were idealists, and always it is a minority that is idealist, and the masses are the masses. Everywhere you go in the world, even the Aryan masses cannot come up to the élite. It’s impossible, materially impossible. But we have to do what we can to bring them up as near to the élite as we can.

Therefore, give them what’s necessary for them, and teach them at

the same time that all this superfluous stuff that they are promised by our enemies is only promised to them to degrade them. For no other purpose. They don't do it out of love. The Allies don't give freedom of so many things. Freedom of sex as much as you like, and films on that. But freedom for the NSDAP? Do they allow the NSDAP to come back as a party? No. I'd much rather them to forbid all the pornographic stuff that they brought in and allow the NSDAP. In fact, pornographic stuff was forbidden under the Führer. And any manifestation of it was forbidden also. I could tell you of cases I heard of from friends of mine, how he treated those people who tried to spread immorality, not because it was immoral from the Christian point of view but because it was *weakening* from the Aryan point of view. From the point of view of race, it was weakening.

13. MULTI-RACIALISM AND COLONIALISM

I'm for a multi-racial world in which each race keeps to itself, in harmony with the other races. Like in a garden, you have flowerbeds of roses and flowerbeds of carnations and irises and different other flowers. They don't intermarry. They stay separate, and each one has its beauty. In the same way among human races each one has its beauty. I might prefer the beauty of the Aryan because I am an Aryan myself. But of course, a Negro would find a Negro very beautiful. Not in my opinion, but it's his. I have no objection to the Negro as long as he stays in his place. I don't want him to destroy nature. I don't want him to injure another race. But in his own surroundings, all right. Let them learn the respect of their surroundings, the respect of nature, of non-human nature, and live the best they can, each one in their surroundings.

I'm against colonialism for the reason that colonialism infects the master as well as the slave. It even infects the master more. You can see that with the English.

Of course I preferred India under the British. It was much better organized. You get a box of matches today in India, and half the matches break when you try to strike them. In those days it was better. In those days, if you wanted any kind of convenience, any kind of commodity for everyday life, you go into the Army and Navy stores, you got it, and it lasted for your lifetime. Now it isn't lasting. A pair of shoes: this pair I bought three or four months ago, fifty rupees. If you take a pair of shoes, five rupees or six, you can wear it three days or a week. You have to change it. Indian made is no good. The stuff we had under the English was very good, much better at least.

But, I have nothing against the fact that an Englishman was paid two thousand rupees and an Indian bank clerk thirty-five rupees a month. What I have against it is that the Englishman with two thousand rupees a month was the most non-entertaining person. He knew nothing. Nothing about history, nothing about mythology, nothing about religion. He knew all about dogs or all about gardening. That was his hobby. His work, his technical work, and dogs, especially dogs of a certain breed. Or all his work and gardening, or all his work and tennis or basketball or something else, some sport. It was dull. I never met an entertaining Britisher, under the British, hardly ever.

But I met very entertaining Indians. Upper caste Indians were entertaining. They knew something. Not all of them, of course, but some of them. Some were stupid. I met one once who was interested in Mexico, in the Maya, ancient America. I was interested in ancient America all my life. And this one said, "You see, the Hindus gave their civilization to ancient America." I said, "How is that?" He was a rich man, mind you, had a lot of property. The Hindu Mission sent me there to try to get money from him. And he gave us fifty rupees or something like that. He said, "Well, India is just opposite Mexico on the Earth. And they dug a hole, and they came out the other side. They went through." I said, "There is not any evidence of the hole." "Oh, it must've been stopped up by now. I don't know if I have any evidence." I said, "Nor do I." "Anyhow, it doesn't matter." But look at the stupid thing! Going through the earth like that. How can you imagine it? They were naïve. Many who wanted to prove something were very naïve. But next to that, you had very interesting Hindus. And you had the *sadhus*, the real ones. You have ten thousand quacks, ten thousand bogus monks walking the streets, but you have some real ones too.

My husband used to say, "I am a follower of Adolf Hitler because I am an orthodox Hindu, and first of all because I was born an orthodox Hindu, and because of that I went into both movements. Well, they're not two movements. It's the same movement, but applied to different countries and applied to different times. It's the same principle, the principle of the separation of races and government by Aryans, the government of a multi-racial world by Aryans in every country."

And if the British had done that, they would be still here. If they had said, "Out with Christianity. We're not Christians. We are Hindus. We are Kshatriyas, conquerors of the Kshatriya caste. We accept Hinduism. We marry among ourselves. Brahmins marry among themselves. At the most, at the top, we might marry a Kshatriya Indian, if she's fair. But even that wouldn't be very correct. And we govern. Kshatriyas are

made to govern.” And they construct Hindu temples of their own style. All right. They would be here still. They would be here still.

I much prefer now the pagans that we were, the pagan religion we had. We had several pagan religions: the Germanic, the Celtic, the Greek, the Roman. The root was the same. The root was the same: worship the sun. I imagine what the world would be if pagan Europeans, pagan Aryans, had conquered the world instead of Christians. America would be all right. Fight the country, but respect the gods. All right.

The only conquerors I really like in India are the Greeks. They didn't destroy. They kept to themselves. You take the lists of the Greek kings who ruled India for two hundred fifty years, the immediate successors, not of Alexander the Great but of Seleucus Nikator,⁴⁰ the general of Alexander the Great who had the biggest slice of his empire after his death, from the Mediterranean to the Indus valley, and beyond the Indus. Well, the big piece became two pieces because one of the governors made himself independent, and there was another one he appointed in Afghanistan. Afghanistan and India were the same in those days. There was a capital at Baktra, a capital at Sialkot. Sialkot is Sagala in Punjab. All right. Two kingdoms. They continued ruling for decades. They kept to themselves. They married among themselves. They married Greeks. But one of the last ones became a Buddhist, and if you see their coins in the museum of Lahore, the first generation has Greek letters and Greek deities on both sides. Second generation, Greek deities and Greek letters on one side, Hindu deities and Hindu letters on the other side. And the third generation has Hindu deities and Hindu letters on both sides. But they remained separate all the same. They were just Kshatriya kings or Kshatriya caste conquerors. If the British had followed their policy, they would be here today.

The Kshatriya caste was once perhaps the highest caste. It's the caste of conquerors, of warriors, administrators. The Brahmins are the advisors. The temporal power is Kshatriya. Spiritual power is Brahmin. You should have both. You should have a king, and his advisor is a Brahmin. All advisors of the old kings of India were Brahmins. But some religious teachers—unorthodox, like the Buddha—were Kshatriyas.

⁴⁰ Seleucus “the Conqueror” (Nikator) (d. 280 BC).

Chapter 5

“1953”

In 1953, before I went back to Germany, I stayed for some time in Greece, and it was the birthday of a *Kameradin* whom I had met in Werl, a so-called war criminal, Hertha Ehlert. Living in Bad Homburg now if she's alive. She's my age, six months older. She was born on the 26th of March, 1905. It was the 26th of March, and I was in Athens. I was free, under the sunshine. She, poor thing, was in Werl still. She only came out later. And I went into a place where you get yogurt and you can eat cakes and things like that. I had something to eat there. And it came to me. I thought of Hertha. I thought of her. I thought of her. And it came to me to write this poem.

And time rolls on . . . And every empty day
that slowly fades away,
as uneventful
as any other one, into the mist
of unrecorded history,
brings us along our strenuous way,
nearer the heart's desire of the revengeful;
nearer the doom of those whom we resist;
nearer the unfailing end of this atrocious night;
nearer the yet well-hidden goal for which we fight:
the one undying dream for which we live,
—while we never forget, never forgive!

And time rolls on . . . And every dreary hour
that passes by into eternity
glaringly shows the soundness of our claim,
and tells the world the inanity
of Thy enemies' victory,
while bringing Thy dismembered Nation
new strength and new prosperity,
new hopes of unity,
with the increasing certainty
of our return to power,

and *both* our persecutors, further fears
of unavoidable annihilation.

And thus we march invincibly
towards our lofty aim
along the Way of blood and tears.
It matters not how much we gave.
It matters not how much we shall yet give,
to see all those who hated Thee
descend into the grave
after they groan under our whip for years and years,
—for we never forget, never forgive!

And time rolls on . . . And every fleeting second
brings us further away
from the long nightmare of defeat;
nearer the glory of our dawning Day;
nearer the time we shall begin again;
nearer the morn of Thy unending Reign,
when Thy adoring people shall repeat,
in frenzied, spell-like cheers,
the now forbidden words of faith and pride,
and when, for countless scores of years,
the nations of the West that have refused to side with Thee, and fight
the common foe, and live,
will lie in ruins at our feet,
—while we never forget, never forgive!

And time rolls on . . . With us, they did not reckon,
when setting forth their vast utopian schemes.
They thought Thee dead, and us also.
They thought our faith had slackened.
They thought—the fools!—that they could rely
upon our loyalties to values which we hate.
They thought they could send us to die
without us ever asking why
when we had grown too weary to say “No.”
They thought they had become the masters of our fate.
And here we rise, and here we stand,
and give the world to understand,

that we shall never fight
but for our same old dream:
for honor and for might,
and what we know is right;
for the joy of asserting
the privileges of our birth;
for Thee, for Greater Germany,
for Aryan rule upon this earth:
The Gospel of perennial Truth in its new form
which we came to proclaim, and which is more, to live,
—while we never forget, never forgive!

And time rolls on . . . Nothing can break our spirit,
nor alter our allegiance
to Thee and to the German Reich,
home of the best,
stronghold and hope of Aryan mankind in the West.
Of all Thy enemies can say or do to gain
our favor, that they so require,
nothing can shake our faith.
Nothing can ever mar
our loyalty to the old oath.
Nothing can kill our will to rise again.
Every new step the former “Great Allies”
take towards us, we meet with a new grievance.
No threat can force us to believe their lies.
No bribery can keep our hearts from hating *both*.

Happier as the storm draws nigh,
we wait, and watch events go by.
We wait, and watch the signs of war.
The hopes of liberation,
the coming chances of Thy nation
to seize the lead of Sunset Lands once more.
And we are confident in our own strength,
and we are grateful
to the immortal Gods who made us free,
serene, even in hell, and loving only Thee;
having nothing to lose and all to give,
“faithful, when all become unfaithful,”
—while we never forget, never forgive!

Appendix

“1953” IN GERMAN¹

Und die Zeit nimmt ihren Lauf,
und jeder leere Tag,
langsam verdämmernd,
ereignislos
wie alle anderen in den Nebel
der nie aufgezeichneten Geschichte,
bringt uns auf unserem steinigen Weg
näher dem Herzenswunsch der Gerechtigkeit,
näher dem Untergang derer, denen wir widerstehen,
näher dem unfehlbaren Ende dieser Schreckensnacht,
näher dem noch wohlverborgenen Ziel,
für das wir kämpfen,
dem einen unwandelbaren Traum, für den wir leben,
weil wir niemals vergessen, niemals vergeben.

Und die Zeit nimmt ihren Lauf,
und jede trübe Stunde,
die in die Ewigkeit rinnt,
zeigt funkelnd die Richtigkeit unseres Anspruches
und spricht der Welt von der Nichtigkeit
des Sieges Deiner Feinde,
während sie deinem verstümmelten Volk
neue Kraft und neuen Wohlstand bringt
mit der wachsenden Gewißheit
unserer Rückkehr an die Macht –
unseren *beiden* Verfolgern aber wachsende Furcht
vor den unabwendbaren Untergang.
Und so schreiten wir unüberwindlich
dem stolzen Ziel entgegen
auf einem Weg von Blut und Tränen.

¹ The translator of this German version is unknown but may well have been Savitri herself. Indeed, the original may have been written in German and then translated into English.

Ganz gleich der Preis, den wir gaben
und der noch zu geben ist,
um alle, die Dich haßten, ins Grab wandern zu sehen,
nachdem sie unter unserer Knute für Jahre und Jahre ächzten,
weil wir niemals vergessen, niemals vergeben.

Und die Zeit nimmt ihren Lauf,
und jede fließende Sekunde
trägt uns weiter fort
vom langen Alptraum der Niederlage,
näher dem Glanz deines heraufdämmernden Tages,
näher der Stunde des Neubeginns,
näher dem Morgen Deines nicht mehr endenden Reiches.
Wenn Dein anbetendes Volk wiederholt
die jetzt verbotenen Worte der Treue und des Stolzes,
und wenn für zahllose Jahre
die Völker des Westens, die sich sträubten, an Deine Seite
zu treten gegen den gemeinsamen Feind und zu leben,
in Trümmern uns zu Füßen liegen –
weil wir niemals vergessen, niemals vergeben.

Und die Zeit nimmt ihren Lauf,
sie haben nicht mit uns gerechnet
beim Schmieden ihrer großen utopischen Pläne.
Sie glaubten Dich tot und uns ebenfalls.
Sie dachten, unsere Treue sei erlahmt.
Sie dachten – die Narren – sie könnten sich verlassen
auf unseren Glauben an Werte, die wir hassen.
Sie dachten, sie könnten uns in den Tod schicken,
ohne daß wir fragten, warum –
weil wir zu müde geworden seien zu sagen: „Nein!“
Sie glaubten sich Herren unseres Geschicks,
aber hier erheben wir uns und stehen
und lassen die Welt sehen,
daß wir niemals wieder kämpfen,
es sei denn, für denselben alten Taum:
für Ehre und Macht,
und für das, was wir für recht erkennen,
für die Freude, zu genießen,
die Vorrechte unserer Geburt,
für Dich, für das größere Deutschland,

für arische Herrschaft auf dieser Erde:
 das Evangelium der ewigen Wahrheit in seiner neuen Form,
 das wir zu verkünden kamen, und mehr: zu leben,
 weil wir niemals vergessen, niemals vergeben.

Und die Zeit nimmt ihren Lauf,
 nichts kann unseren Geist brechen,
 noch ändern unsere Ergebenheit
 für Dich und das Deutsche Reich, Heimat der Besten.
 Bollwerk und Hoffnung der arischen Menschheit im Westen.
 Nichts kann unseren Willen töten, wieder aufzustehen.
 Nichts kann unsere Treue erschüttern, nichts verderben
 unsere Treue zum alten Eid.
 Jedem Schritt, den die früheren „Großen Alliierten“
 gegen uns tun, begegnen wir mit neuem Groll.
 Keine Drohung kann uns zwingen, ihren Lügen zu glauben.
 Keine Bestechung kann unser Herz abhalten, *beide* zu hassen.
 Je näher der Sturm, desto froher
 warten wir und sehen den Ereignissen zu.
 Wir warten und achten auf die Zeichen des Krieges,
 die Hoffnung, die Fesseln abzustreifen;
 die kommende Chance Deines Volkes,
 die Führung des Abendlandes wieder zu ergreifen,
 und wir vertrauen auf unsere Stärke
 und sind dankbar
 den unsterblichen Göttern, die uns machten frei.
 Wir sind heiter selbst in der Hölle und lieben nur Dich.
 Wir haben nichts zu verlieren und alles zu geben –
 treu, „Wenn alle untreu werden“,
 weil wir niemals vergessen, niemals vergeben.

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ABOUT THE AUTHORESS

SAVITRI DEVI (1905-1982) is one of the most original and influential National Socialist thinkers of the post-World War II era. Born Maximine Julia Portaz in Lyons, France on 30 September 1905, she was of English, Greek, and Italian ancestry and described her nationality as “Indo-European.” She earned Master’s Degrees in philosophy and chemistry and a Ph.D. in philosophy from the University of Lyons.

A self-described “nationalist of every nation” and an Indo-European pagan revivalist, Savitri Devi embraced National Socialism in 1929 while in Palestine. In 1935, she traveled to India to experience in Hinduism the last living Indo-European pagan religion. Settling eventually in Calcutta, she worked for the Hindu nationalist movement, married a Bengali Brahmin, the pro-Axis publisher Asit Krishna Mukherji, and spied for the Japanese during World War II.

After World War II, Savitri Devi embarked upon an itinerant, ascetic life. Her two chief activities were tireless witness on behalf of National Socialism and caring for homeless and abused animals.

Savitri Devi influenced such leading figures of post-war National Socialism as George Lincoln Rockwell, Colin Jordan, William Pierce, and Miguel Serrano. In 1962, she took part in the Cotswolds camp, where the World Union of National Socialists (WUNS) was formed.

Her sixteen books include *A Warning to the Hindus* (1939), *L’Etang aux lotus (The Lotus Pond)* (1940), *A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt* (1946), later republished as *Son of the Sun* (1956), *Akhnaton: A Play* (1948), *Defiance* (1951), *Gold in the Furnace* (1952), *The Lightning and the Sun* (1958), *Pilgrimage* (1958), *Impeachment of Man* (1959), *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess* (1965), and *Souvenirs et réflexions d’une Aryenne (Memories and Reflections of an Aryan Woman)* (1976).

Savitri Devi died in England on 22 October 1982, at the age of 77.

ABOUT THE EDITOR

R.G. FOWLER is Archivist of the online Savitri Devi Archive (www.savitridevi.org) and General Editor of the Centennial Edition of Savitri Devi’s Works.

AND TIME ROLLS ON THE SAVITRI DEVI INTERVIEWS

Edited by R.G. Fowler

Savitri Devi (1905-1982) became known as the high priestess of “esoteric Hitlerism” for her unique synthesis of National Socialism, Hindu mythology, and the Indo-European cyclical view of history in her 1958 book *THE LIGHTNING AND THE SUN*. In 1978, Savitri Devi recorded ten hours of interviews on her life, her thought, and her experiences in the National Socialist movement both before and after World War II. These interviews are an ideal introduction to this brilliant and controversial thinker. Now, for the first time, the edited transcripts of these hard to find recordings are available to readers. This volume is published in commemoration of Savitri Devi’s 100th birthday, 30 September 2005.

“I embraced Hinduism because it was the only religion in the world that is compatible with National Socialism. And the dream of my life is to integrate Hitlerism into the old Aryan tradition, to show that it is really a resurgence of the original tradition. It’s not Indian, not European, but Indo-European. It comes from back to those days when the Aryans were one people near the North Pole. The Hyperborean tradition.”

“It suddenly dawned on me, sometime in April 1929 . . . and in Palestine of all places, that this foreign German leader who wanted all Germans in one state and wanted the abolition of the treaties of Versailles and Saint Germain, really wanted more than that, much more. And much more meaning: the freedom of Europe, the freedom of the Aryan race, from any kind of Jewish spiritual overlordship. He’s the one who’s going to free us from that. Well if he’s that, then he’s not only the Germans’ leader, he’s my leader too. *MEIN FÜHRER*. And from that day, I felt, not that I was becoming a National Socialist—I never became one—but that I had always been one, without knowing it. That’s what I felt. And I started thinking of going to Germany and joining the movement. It was the movement of liberation.”

“What I like about National Socialism is the idea of perfection. The idea that man should be perfect. There is a perfect type of each race. Every race should strive to its own perfect type. National Socialism is an Aryan racialism, but you could transpose it. I can very well imagine a non-Aryan, say a Japanese, having the same ideas as ours. . . . And that’s why if to be a religion, the basic principles of the doctrine have to be universal, I can say National Socialism is a religion.”

“I love all animals, especially felines. . . . The only creature that I cannot love is the stupid, average two-legged mammal who doesn’t think for himself. He’s supposed to think. He’s supposed to look upwards. Man in Greek is called *ANTHROPOS*. Now if you decompose the word *ANTHROPOS*, it means ‘the one who looks above.’ If he doesn’t look above, he’s no *ANTHROPOS*. He’s no man. And the majority of people who call themselves men, they are not men according to the Greek etymology of the word. A man is supposed to think.”

“I’m for a multi-racial world in which each race keeps to itself, in harmony with the other races. Like in a garden, you have flowerbeds of roses and flowerbeds of carnations and irises and different other flowers. They don’t intermarry. They stay separate, and each one has its beauty. . . . I’m against colonialism for the reason that colonialism infects the master as well as the slave. It even infects the master more.”



DEFIANCE

by

Savitri Devi

Calcutta
1951

DEDICATED
TO MY BELOVED COMRADE AND FRIEND
HERTHA EHLERT



AND TO ALL THOSE WHO SUFFERED
FOR THE LOVE OF OUR FÜHRER,
FOR THE GREATNESS OF HIS PEOPLE,
AND FOR THE TRIUMPH OF THE
EVERLASTING TRUTH FOR WHICH HE AND THEY
HAVE FOUGHT TO THE BITTER END

“Taking as equal pleasure and
pain, gain and loss, victory and
defeat, gird thyself for the battle;
thus thou shalt not incur sin.”

The Bhagavad-Gîta
(II. Verse 38)



“Allein unser Denken and Handeln soil keineswegs von Beifall oder
Ablehnung unserer Zeit bestimmt werden, sondern von der
bindenden Verpflichtung an eine Wahrheit, die wir erkannten.”

Adolf Hitler
(*Mein Kampf*, II, Chap. 2, edit 1939, p. 435.)

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FOREWORD

This book is merely an account of my arrest and trial, in western occupied Germany, in early 1949, on the charge of Nazi propoganda, and of my subsequent life in jail. The glimpse one gets, in it, of western occupied Germany, is a glimpse of Germany through *my* eyes, i.e., through the eyes of a non-German follower of Adolf Hitler. The impression that the representatives of the Occupying Powers might have of the same country from their angle, is probably quite different. God alone knows — and time alone will tell — which is the nearest to objective reality.

In the meantime, — should this book come to light *before* what I call “our Day” — on no consideration should the opponents of the Nazi faith, now in a position to harm them, incriminate any Germans on the ground of *my* personal impressions, or of words which I might have reported more or less accurately. I have named no Germans in this book, — save one, whom I know now to be dead, and to whom, consequently, the champions of Democracy can do no longer any harm. But several might be recognisable by the posts they held at the time of my imprisonment. What I have just said applies to them: I do not want *them* to be implicated on account of *my impression* about them.

I thank them however for having given me that impression; for whether true or exaggerated, it has strengthened my confidence in the people whom I call in this book (and in another) “the vanguard of the regenerate Aryan race,” and thereby helped me to find life worth living, even now, in our gloomy times.

Lyons (France), the 29th August, 1950

SAVITRI DEVI

PART I

TRIUMPH

CHAPTER I

THE EMPTY TRAIN

“I have some papers here, . . . dangerous ones; would you like to see them?” said I to the tall and handsome young German walking by my side along the underground passage that led to the platform from which I was to take my train, in the station of Cologne, the night between the 13th and 14th of February 1949. I had met the man a few hours before, at the “Catholic Mission” of the same station, and we had talked enough for him to become convinced that he could trust me, as I could trust him — to say the least.

He stopped for half a second and looked around to see if anybody was following us, or if any passerby could possibly have overheard my words. But we were the only people in the long, gloomy corridor. The young man turned to me and answered in a low voice: “Yes; give me one.”

I pulled a poster twice folded in four out of my pocket and put it into his hand.

“Don’t stop to read it now,” said I, “but wait till we get into the train, and then go and read it in the toilet, where nobody can come and disturb you. You have heaps of time. See if you think such papers can be useful, and tell me so quite frankly. If you want more, I still have plenty left.”

The young man hid the precious paper in the inner pocket of his coat and continued to walk by my side in silence, helping me to carry the little luggage I had. We reached the platform. The train was there, — practically

empty, for it was not to start till an hour later, at 1:12, if I remember well. A fierce wind was blowing. And it was bitterly cold.

The young man helped me to lift my suitcase into the railway carriage and then stepped in himself, and went to read the poster in the best hiding place, as I had suggested. The words he read, written in large capital letters below a black swastika that covered about one third of the page, were the following:

GERMAN PEOPLE,
 WHAT HAVE THE DEMOCRACIES BROUGHT YOU?
 IN WAR TIME, PHOSPHORUS AND FIRE.
 AFTER THE WAR, HUNGER, HUMILIATION, OPPRESSION;
 THE DISMANTLING OF THE FACTORIES;
 THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FORESTS;
 AND NOW, — THE RUHR STATUTE!
 HOWEVER, “SLAVERY IS TO LAST BUT A SHORT TIME MORE.”
Our Führer is alive
 AND WILL SOON COME BACK, WITH POWER UNHEARD OF.
 RESIST OUR PERSECUTORS!
 HOPE AND WAIT.
 HEIL HITLER!

The paper was signed “S.D.” — *i.e.*, with my own initials.

The young German came out of his corner. There was a strange light in his bright grey eyes and a strange assertiveness in his voice. “Give me as many of these posters as you have. I shall stick them up for you!” said he. He was no longer the lonely, hungry, dreary prisoner of war who had just returned home after four long years of all manner of ill-treatment at the hands of Germany’s enemies. He had become once more the soldier of a victorious Germany — of an invincible Germany — and the

herald of Hitler's eternal Idea; once more his old self, that nothing could kill.

I admired him, and recalled in my mind the words I had once heard in a village in Saarland, some six months before, from another sincere National Socialist: "We are waiting for the spark." Could it be that I was something of a spark — a spark of faith and hope — in the midst of the unending gloom of the present day? As that thought entered my consciousness, tears came to my eyes, and a thrill of immense elation ran through my body and seemed to lift me above myself. Through the windows of the train, I could see, in the dim artificial light, the torn outlines of what had once been a wall — ruins, nothing but ruins wherever one sets one's eyes in unfortunate Germany; the torn and prostrate body of Hitler's martyred country. But before me, against that background of desolation, stood the young man (he could not have been more than thirty) fifteen times wounded on the battlefield for the cause of the New Order; over three years a prisoner of the French in a slave labour camp in the burning heart of Africa, under the whip of African auxiliaries; hungry; without work; apparently without a future (he had told me of his plight) but now erect and hopeful, once more aware of his invincibility. The German soul gleamed, more alive than ever, in his sparkling eyes — a tangible reality — and addressed me through his voice.

"Who wrote 'these'?" the young man asked me, referring to my posters.

"I."

He gazed at me, visibly moved.

"You," said he; "you, a foreigner!"

"I, an Aryan, and a National Socialist," I replied. "No Aryan worthy of the name can forget his debt of gratitude to the Führer — the Saviour of the whole race —

and to Germany who now lies in ruins for having fought for the rights, nay, for the very existence of superior mankind.”

My answer, which bore the accent of sincerity, seemed to please him. But he did not comment upon it. He only asked me a few questions.

“Where did you get ‘these’ printed?” asked he, again speaking of my posters.

“In England.”

“And you brought them over yourself?”

“Yes, myself. Three times I entered Germany with three successive supplies of different leaflets or posters, and seven times I crossed the border between Saarland and the French Zone with a greater or lesser number of them. I was never caught yet. The unseen heavenly Powers take care of me.”

“And how long is it you have been doing this?”

“I began eight months ago. I would have begun as soon as I came from India — three years ago — had I managed then to obtain a permit to cross the frontier under some pretext or another. But I had to wait.”

The young German walked up to me and took me in his arms.

He was much taller than I, and much stronger. I could feel the pressure of his athletic body, and see his bright eyes looking down, straight into mine.

“So it is for him, for our Führer, that you have come from the other end of the world to help us in the midst of our ruins!” said he. There was deep emotion in his voice. He paused for a second, and pursued in a whisper: “*Our* Führer; out beloved Hitler! You really love him. And you really love us.”

I felt a wave of untold happiness fill my breast. And I flushed crimson.

“I adore him,” said I, also in a whisper. “And I love all he stands for and all he loves. You, his faithful countrymen, you are the people to the service of whom he dedicated his life; his living Germany, so beautiful, so brave, and so unfortunate.”

The bright grey eyes peered still deeper into me, as though trying to decipher the story of my life. “And you,” the young man asked me at last, “who are you?”

“I have told you: an Aryan from far away.”

Out of doors, the bitter wind continued blowing, and I could see the ruined wall against the dark background of the night. In a flash, I recalled the sight of the whole country; miles and hundreds of miles of crumbling walls; streets in which — like in the Schloss Strasse of Koblenz, which I had just seen — there was not a single house standing. But along those streets, marching in a warrior-like manner, and singing on their way, I pictured to myself the veterans of this lost war and of these following years of persecution, side by side with the youth of resurrected Germany — the Army of the Fourth Reich, one day; out of chaos: order and strength; out of servitude and death, the will to live and to conquer. And I smiled, as a tear rolled down my cheek. I felt inspired, as seldom I have been.

“Do you remember,” said I, “the grand days when you used to parade the streets and sing the song of conquest?”

We shall march further on,
If everything falls to pieces;
For Germany is ours today,
Tomorrow, the whole world.”¹

¹ “Wir werden weiter marschieren,
wenn alles in Scherben fällt;
denn heute gehört uns Deutschland,
and morgen, die ganze Welt.”

Hundreds of flags bearing the sacred sign of the Swastika hung from the windows, in festive array; thousands of outstretched arms greeted your onward march — the beginning of an endless future in which you believed. Do you remember how strong and how happy you felt then?

Disaster followed, I know, with its trail of untold misery: hunger, destitution, servitude, utter ruin — that horror in the midst of which we stand. And yet, from the depth of my heart I tell you: the song of triumph was not a lie; still the stupendous dream will become true; is already becoming true, in spite of the phosphorus bombs, in spite of four years of unprecedented hardships of persecution, of “de-Nazification.” Nothing can keep it from becoming truer and truer as time goes on, — “for Germany is ours today, and tomorrow, the whole world.”

I paused, and a flash of unearthly exultation brightened my face. I spoke with the compelling assurance of one for whom the bondage of time and space had ceased to exist. “What I think and feel today,” said I, — “I, the insignificant foreign Nazi, — the whole Aryan race will think and feel tomorrow, next year, in a century, never mind when, but surely one day. I am the first fruits of the future love and reverence of millions for our Führer and for his ideals. *I am ‘the whole world’*, conquered by his spirit, by your spirit; the living sign, sent to you by the unseen Powers, in the hour of martyrdom, to tell you, faithful Germans, that the world is yours because you deserve it.”

The young man gazed at me with great emotion, and pressed me a little tighter in his arms as though I were indeed the reconquered world. I was intensely happy. I knew I was doing no harm. For this man was not Herr G.W. an individual. And I was not Savitri Devi

Mukherji. There was nothing personal in that spontaneous gesture of his, or in the reverent abandon with which I accepted it and responded to it. This young soldier was, in my eyes, Germany's youth, fearless in the midst of persecution as well as in battle; one of those "men of gold and steel" whom I had exalted in the book. I was then writing. And to him, I was a foreign Nazi — Germany's friend — nothing less, nothing more.

He gazed at me for a minute without speaking, as though a friend, in these atrocious days, were something worth looking at.

"I know you mean every word you say," he whispered at last; "and I thank you: and I shall help you. After all we suffered, it is refreshing to hear you speak. You rouse hope and self-confidence in our hearts. You make us feel what those who fought in the early days of the struggle must have felt after the first war. What is it that gives such force to your words?"

"My love for the Führer. I feel inspired when I speak of him."

"*Our* Führer!" repeated the young man, with passionate devotion, echoing my own feelings. "You are right. I'll help you as much as I can. Give me all the posters you have."

He loosened his embrace. I took out of my bag a bundle of some four or five hundred posters, concealed in fashion magazines, and gave it to him. He hid it carefully in his clothes. "That is all?" he asked me.

I smiled. "No," said I; "but leave a few for the rest of Germany; won't you?"

"You are right," said he. And he smiled for the first time. He took my hands in his and gazed at me as though he were seeing the last of me. "When and where can I meet you again?" said he. "*We must meet again.*"

“I have no permanent address,” I replied. But if you care to leave yours — when you have one — at the “Catholic Mission” of this station, I shall find you. I shall come back here after exactly a week — sometime next Saturday night — and ask your address from that place. In the meantime, be careful, oh, be careful! Don’t commit any blunder that might land us both into trouble. I don’t say ‘don’t betray me,’ for I know you will never do that.”

The young German’s frank, earnest eyes looked at me more intently than ever, and his strong hands squeezed mine in a gesture of reasserted comradeship. “Never!” said he. And, lowering his head almost to the level of mine, he whispered: “The mark is there, upon my flesh. It does not come off. You can trust me.”

The mark . . . I understood, — and felt an admiring affection, verging on reverence, grow in me for that new friend. My face beamed.

“So, you were in the S.S.?” said I, in a low voice, in the tone a Roman maiden would have said to a Roman veteran: “So, you were in the Pretorian Guard?”

“I was in command of S.S. men,” answered the young man, with pride, also in a whisper.

I thought of all he had told me of his sufferings at the hands of our foes. And as I looked up to him, I remembered the first line of the song of the S.S. men. “If all become unfaithful, we remain faithful indeed.”¹

I heard noise, — a door being opened and shut again — and I startled. But it was not in our carriage. Still, I was aware that the train would not remain empty for long.

“I will soon be going,” said I. “You’d better get

¹ “Wenn alle untreu werden, so bleiben wir doch treu, . . .”

down now, while nobody is watching. I'll see you next week. But for heaven's sake, be careful! *Auf wiedersehen*. Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" replied the young man, returning my salute.

He got out of the train and went his way. I watched his tall figure disappear in the bitter cold night.

A few minutes later, the train started. Sitting in a corner of the dark compartment, where more people had now taken place, I too was going my way — going to distribute more tracts, to stick up more posters, in another part of Germany; going to help to keep the Nazi spirit alive among other compatriots of my Führer.

I was cold, but happy — oh, so happy!

CHAPTER II

THE ARREST

A week later I returned to Cologne.

Some vague presentiment warned me I had better go straight to Koblenz. But I overcame that feeling. Or rather, the desire to see Herr W. once more was stronger in me than the desire to avoid taking unnecessary risks.

I remembered every word the young German had uttered from the minute I had met him. The story of his three years' captivity in Africa haunted me. I admired him for having stood so brilliantly the test of persecution; and I loved him with the same strong, warm affection — the same feeling of sacred comradeship in life and death — as I do any real Nazi. I did not stop at Cologne to find out whether he had stuck up my posters or not. I knew he had. I trusted him implicitly. I stopped for the sheer pleasure of meeting him again. I was planning to go with him for a long walk, somewhere on the border of the Rhine, outside Cologne. The weather was bright. In the daytime, in the sunshine, it was not too cold to sit down, provided there was no wind. I would buy some food and cakes enough for the whole day, — I thought and we would go and sit in some lonely and lovely place. I would spread my thick grey cloak upon the ground for us to be more comfortable. And the S.S. officer would talk to me with friendliness and understanding and faith — would tell me about the grand days that came and went and will come again; would speak of the recent humiliations and of the unavoidable revenge; of the Führer, of greater Germany, the foundation stone of future Aryandom

(all I stood for, all I wanted, all I loved) while the unchanging Rhine would roll past us its sunlit waters with the selfsame everlasting murmur. I wanted to hear him tell me, as hundreds had before him, how beautiful was the Führer's inspired countenance when he addressed the cheering crowds. I wanted to tell him, as I already had ten thousand others, how happy I was to be waiting in Germany, instead of elsewhere, for the return of the Leader and Saviour.

I got down from the train and, after leaving my things at the cloak room, went straight to the Catholic Mission where I asked the woman on duty what seemed to me a most non-committing question: "Could you be kind enough to tell me the address of Herr W., who was here a week ago in search of a room? He told me he would leave his address with you."

I did not know that Herr W. was already under arrest, nor that, for the last four or five days, the police were searching for me all over Germany.

The woman on duty — who perhaps knew — looked a little embarrassed, "Herr W?," said she. "Are you quite sure it is that name?"

She was turning over the pages of a copybook in which were written down the names and addresses of many people who had obtained lodgings through the Mission. But she did not seem to me to be seriously trying to find the name. Still I replied to her question.

"Yes, Herr W.," said I. "I met him here, in this place, exactly a week ago. I could not say whether the Catholic Mission has managed to find him a room or not. But he told me he would leave his address here wherever he went. It surprises me that he has not done so. Would you be kind enough to look carefully?"

I had no time to say more, for at that moment a

policeman stepped in. He walked straight to me and said: "May I see your papers, please?"

It was not the first time I had shown my passport to a German policeman. Generally, the man had a look at it and gave it back to me at once, without any comment. This man did not give it back to me, but said: "Would you follow rue to the police station? We have some point to make clear. Leave your things behind; no one will touch them."

I at once scented danger. But I felt extraordinarily calm, — calm as only an absolute believer in fate could feel. "I suppose this had to happen one day," thought I. "However, I shall do all I call to 'slip out' if possible. But if I am caught, I am caught. And I shall not behave as a coward under any circumstances."

I entered the police station — a bare, whitewashed room in which there were two other men in police uniform (one, obviously of higher rank than the other, seated at a table, near a telephone) and a prisoner, seated in a corner. "Surely not a political prisoner," thought I, as soon as I saw him. He did not look as happy as I.

The man at the desk offered me a chair. I sat down. Then, the policeman who had brought me in handed over my passport to the man, and the latter examined it with utmost care, for a long time. "A British passport," said he, at last. "But you are not English, are you?"

"Half English and half Greek," I replied. "My mother is English. I have acquired British citizenship by my marriage."

"Your husband is English?"

"No. Indian."

"And where is he now?"

"In Calcutta, as far as I know."

The police officer was apparently not interested in

my husband's whereabouts so far away. He changed the conversation.

"You have travelled quite a lot, I see from the visas on your passport," said he. "What prompted you to come to Germany?"

"I came to gather firsthand information in order to write a book," I replied — and it was true; I was, in fact, writing my *Gold in the Furnace*, a passionate picture of National Socialist Germany in the clutches of her persecutors, at the same time as a personal profession of faith in Adolf Hitler. I added: "This is stated in a letter which you will find in my passport; a letter from the *French Bureau des Affaires Allemandes* recommending me to the Occupation authorities." And this too was true. In that letter the head of the above mentioned *Bureau* begged "the French and Allied Occupation authorities to afford every possible help and protection to Mrs. Mukherji, author of several works on historical and philosophical subjects, who is now going to Germany and Austria in order to gather the necessary material for a book about those countries." (Useless to say, he knew nothing of my convictions, and could not suspect what sort of a book I intended to write nor what activities I intended to carry on in Germany.)

The police officer looked at me, a spark of amusement in his eyes, as though he were thinking: "Possible; quite possible. You underground fighters are up to anything that can forward your ends." He took the letter and had a glance at it, but did not read it. He probably did not know French. Whether the document seemed authentic to him or not, I could not tell. Anyhow, it did not impress him enough for him to send me away as a harmless person under the protection of Germany's present-day masters. He continued to question me.

“You are a writer?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“We want to know if you have anything to do with a certain leaflet and poster affair . . .”

I understood it would be difficult to “slip out,” this time. Yet, I felt exceedingly calm — as though I were acting; as though the person sitting in my place and answering the questions were not my real self. (Nor was she, in fact. My real, free, unattainable Self lives in millions of individuals, in Germany and abroad; wherever there are Aryans who share our ideals; wherever the Nazi spirit flourishes in all its strength and pride. It cares little what might happen to the material, limited I that was speaking at the Police Office of the station of Cologne on that night of the 20th February 1949).

I pretended not to understand the German word for a leaflet, the word *Flugblatt*.

“What sort of thing is a *Flugblatt*?” asked I, not without repressing a tendency to laugh.

“A paper with some propaganda written upon it, intended for distribution,” replied, this time, not the man at the desk but the other one — the policeman who had brought me in. And he added, drawing a swastika upon a blank page and handing it over to me: “If you do not know what is a *Flugblatt*, do you know, at least, what *this* is?”

“A swastika,” said I; “I believe everybody knows that.”

“The symbol of National Socialism,” he emphasized, “And the immemorial Symbol of the Sun,” I added. “In India, it is looked upon as a sacred sign for thousands of years.”

“And do *you* also look upon it as a sacred sign?” asked the policeman. I gazed at him with defiance — and

a pinch of irony. I knew I was playing with fire, but I enjoyed it. I naturally enjoy defying danger.

“Surely I do,” said I. “I too, am a worshipper of the Sun.”

That answer was rigourously accurate. In my mind, I recalled my years of struggle in faraway India; my lectures against the Christian ideology of equality, false meekness and false humility, in the shade of banyan trees, before white-clad crowds. And before that, my struggle in Greece against the monkeyish mentality of a levantinised “intelligenza,” in the name of the eternal Aryan ideals which in those days — twenty-five years ago — I still called “Hellenic.” “All my life, I have indeed fought for the same truth. under that same age-old holy Sign,” thought I. And the prospect of being arrested — which had never worried me — suddenly became almost attractive in my eyes. True, I would lose the little usefulness I might have had. But what a splendid culmination of my whole life history it would be, to suffer — at last! — a little of what so many thousands of my comrades have been suffering for the last four years at the hands of our persecutors! I now nearly wished I would be arrested. Still, I was determined not to hasten the fact by unnecessary admissions. I would let it to the invisible Gods to decide where and how I should continue to bear witness to the glory of National Socialism. If I “got away with it” this time, that would mean I was more useful free. If I did not, it would mean that, in the long run, I would be more useful in jail — or dead, if the enemy would do me the honour of killing me.

The man at the desk addressed me again.

“You know a certain Herr W., a former S.S. officer, don’t you?”

And for the first time I realised, — I knew, as clearly

as if the man had told me so — that Herr W. had been arrested. I felt any blood go cold, for I *knew* (from others, who knew it from direct experience) to what extremes of brutality the present-day masters of Germany — or the Germans in their pay — can go, when dealing with one of Hitler's faithful ones, caught red-handed in the action of defying them. "Poor dear comrade!" I thought; "I do hope they have not been torturing him. Anyhow, I'll take all the responsibility on myself, if it comes to the worst."

"I have met him," I replied, paling a little.

The police officer was watching me with hard, scrutinising eyes — the eyes of an expert observer.

"Go and fetch her things," he ordered the other policeman, "and bring them all here."

The policeman left the room.

"So you met him," said the man at the desk, turning to me and speaking once more of Herr W. "Where and when did you meet him?"

"Here in Cologne, some time ago."

"Here, in this railway station, exactly a week ago," replied the man. "And you had an appointment with him. You said so when you were asking for his address, at the Catholic Mission, just now. Do you imagine you, are not observed? What business had you with that young man?"

"I just wanted to see him again."

The man seized a telephone from against the wall, and I soon heard him speaking to some "Herr Oberinspector" — asking him for instructions as to what he should do with me. I remember bits of the conversation

"She has been in touch with that man. . . . But she has a British passport, — in order, as far as I can see. And a letter of recommendation addressed to the Allied Occupation

authorities by some important French Bureau in Paris. . . . Yes, yes Herr Oberinspektor. . . . No; nothing like as old as that. Her passport states forty-three, but she does not look more than thirty-five, if that. . . . Yes, certainly, Herr, Oberinspektor. . . . No; not yet. . . . We shall see. The policeman is gone to fetch her luggage. . . . Yes, certainly; I think so too. We shall see. . . . Yes, Herr Oberinspektor.”

The policeman did not take long to come back. He was holding my travelling bag in one hand, my handbag and my attaché case in the other. He put the former in a corner on the floor, the two latter upon the table. Then, he pulled out of my handbag one of my leaflet-posters twice folded in four, (there were a few there, as I had been distributing them in the train on my way to Cologne.) He unfolded it, and laid it before the officer at the desk. “Exactly the same ones as those found on G.W.” said he. “Those Nazis! More active and more arrogant than ever, if you ask me! What do you think of that?”

The man at the desk did not reply to him, but read the paper (the text of which I have translated in the preceding chapter) and spoke to me:

“How do you account for the presence of this in your bag?” he asked me. “Did Herr W. give it to you? Or someone else?”

I knew it was now useless to try any longer to hide the truth from the police. This time, I would not “get away with it.” And the more accurately I would tell the truth, the lesser would Herr W.’s responsibility in this affair appear in comparison with mine, and the lighter would be *his* sentence, — the sooner he would be free. He deserved to be free, after all his years of service during the war and his three years of captivity in the horror camp, in the middle of Africa. I could afford to go to jail.

Perhaps I deserved to go, — for not having come back to Europe before the war; for not having been, during the war, as useful as I might have been in Europe, if I had managed to come. Moreover, even if these considerations had not arisen, and if it had been, not Herr W. but someone else who had worked with me, I should have felt it my duty, anyhow, to take the entire responsibility of any action for the Nazi cause in which I had played a part, however small. That responsibility was an honour that I could not fail to claim.

I looked straight at the man at the desk and replied clearly and firmly, almost triumphantly: “Those posters are not Herr W.’s; they are *mine*. I wrote them. And it is I who gave Herr W, all those he had, — I alone.”

The man had expected me to accuse Herr W. and do everything I could to shun personal responsibility. He had forgotten, apparently, that we are not Democrats. He gazed at me with surprise and with interest — as someone gazes into a shop window at some object that has not been seen in the market for many years and that one never expected to see again. But he made no comments. There were no comments he *could* make. He simply told me:

“I am sorry — very sorry — to have to inform you that you are under arrest.”

I was smiling. I was remembering my first journey through ruined Germany, less than a year before. “If I can do nothing more for them, in these days of horror, may I at least suffer with my Führer’s people!” had I then prayed to all the Gods in heaven. For nine months, I had experienced a little of the hardships to which the Germans were submitted for the last four years. Now, I would stand by them in the hands of Germany’s persecutors. The Gods had granted me my heart’s desire.

“I am happy,” said I, “for this opportunity to bear witness to my lifelong ideals.”

And the three people present could see that I was not lying, nor “putting on a show.” I felt so happy that I must have looked it.

It was about two o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER III**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**

“Have you any more of those posters?” asked the policeman who had just come back with my things.

“Only a few,” replied I.

“Give them all to us.”

I asked for my bag, took a key out of my purse, and opened the attaché case which the man had laid before me. I pulled out several old French fashion magazines, *Marie-Claire*, took twenty or thirty leaflet-posters out of each one, and put them on the table. The policeman counted them. They were, as far as I remember, one hundred and twenty. He handed them over to the officer at the desk who counted there in his turn, but did not find exactly the same number.

“That is all you have?” the policeman asked me.

“Yes,” I answered, lying as calmly and naturally as I had, up till then, told the truth.

“Surely you had more than that!”

“I had, indeed,” said I; “but I have distributed them all.”

“How many did you distribute?”

“Of this sort, four thousand; and six thousand of a smaller size, bearing a longer text,” said, I — which was perfectly true. What I most careful hid was the fact that I had three thousand more of these latest posters in a trunk which I had left at somebody’s house, somewhere in the French Zone. For nothing in the world was I going to say a word about that trunk. Fortunately, the name and address of the friend in whose care I had left it was nowhere to be found in my papers.

“Have you any more of your leaflets of the former sort?” asked the policeman.

“Only one or two, which I was keeping as a remembrance,” said I. “They are somewhere in my bag, I believe. The rest I have finished distributing weeks ago.”

“I see you did not waste your time in Germany!

“I hope not.”

But I felt uneasy about a certain number of addresses which I had written down in a notebook that — I knew — lay in my handbag. I bitterly reproached myself with not having relied solely upon my good memory to remember them. Now, there was only one thing I could do. And I did it. While the policeman by my side was busy counting my posters for the second time (to see if he had not made a mistake) and while the man at the desk was once more telephoning to the “Herr Oberinspektor” to inform him of my arrest, I slipped my hand into my bag and carefully took out the dangerous notebook. I knew the most important addresses were on the two first pages. I pulled these out as quickly as I could, on my lap, under the table; I tore them to pieces and then, taking out my pocket handkerchief and pretending to cough, I swiftly thrust the pieces into my mouth, kept them under my tongue for a second or two, to soften them, and managed to swallow them silently, with a sigh of relief.

I then tore out the other pages on which were written addresses of all sorts, some of real friends, some of mere acquaintances — of people who had no knowledge of any convictions, let alone of my activities in Germany, such as a London editor and an English nurse whom I had met in a café in Paris. And I began tearing them quietly up, as I had the few first ones. “These cover more paper; they will be more difficult to swallow,” I was thinking;

“but I shall swallow them all the same, for the sake of the one or two comrades whose names are there, among many indifferent names.”

But the policeman (who had finished counting the posters) caught sight of me. “Hula!” said he, “Give us what you have there, on your lap.”

And before I had had the time to swallow the bits of paper, he had got up and seized them from me. “Yes, give us that! It will make an interesting jigsaw puzzle for the Criminal Department,” he added, gathering the tiny bits into an empty envelope, which he handed over to the man at the desk.

The latter turned to me once more. “You mentioned your ‘ideals’ a while ago,” said he; “but surely you were not working for ideals alone. Who paid you?”

“Paid me!” I felt a wave of indignation swell me breast: and nearly choke me. “Nobody ever paid me,” I burst out, furious at the thought of having been mistaken for an ordinary mercenary agent. “On the contrary, I gave practically all I possessed for the cause I love; and would have given the little I have left, had I remained free in Germany.”

“You had no employ. On what did you live, and where?”

“I lived on my jewels, of which I had a whole boxfull, and which I sold bit by bit as I needed money to travel and to do what I was doing. And I had no fixed abode. I spent my nights at any ‘Bunker Hotel’ or ‘Station Mission’ — or in station waiting rooms, when I had no money at all.”

This second statement was not rigorously true. I *had*, no doubt, lived much in that way, lately, since my last return from England (and even so, I had often spent a night or two at friends’ and sympathisers’.) But before

that, I had enjoyed the hospitality of comrades to whom I shall remain grateful as long as I live — people who had lodged me for weeks and weeks, while they had hardly enough room for themselves; people who had fed me on their own scanty rations, while I, not being in any way connected with the Occupation, was not allowed a regular ration card; people who had hidden me at their own risk, knowing I was in their “Zone” without a permit, on the sole ground of our common National Socialist faith, of our common goal. I had been told not to go back to them on account of some difficulties they had had with the Military Government in my absence. But I loved them just the same. And I was, naturally, very careful not to let the police suspect the existence of such connections of mine.

The police officer at the desk looked at me a little sceptically. “How are we to believe you,” said he. “What you tell us is strange.”

“Yes, strange; but true,” I replied. “Whoever will examine my trunk, now at the cloakroom, will find there seven or eight empty jewel caskets. These once contained necklaces and armlets, and earrings and rings, and an enormous brooch, all gold, and all of Indian workmanship. Those I sold, not only in order to live but to finance my journeys abroad and the printing of my propaganda.

The policeman who had brought my things in spoke in his turn: “A German could have done what you did for the Idea alone, but you are not a German.”

“And yet,” said I, “I insist upon the fact that I have not acted for money, nor for any manner of personal profit, but solely for the principles that I have always professed. It is true that I am not a German. Yet have I identified myself with the cause of National Socialist Germany because it is also the cause of Aryandom — of

higher mankind; the only cause worth living for, in our times; at least, the only one in which I am sufficiently interested to live for it entirely.”

I spoke the truth, and expressed myself vehemently. I was boiling with indignation at the idea that these men had taken *me* for some fishy professional conspirer. The policemen believed me in the end — as others were to, during my following trial — because they could not do otherwise. My words bore the unmistakable stamp of sincerity.

“Maybe you are genuine,” said at last the man who had brought in my things. “But it was rather difficult to admit it at once. So many people act for money.”

“I am not ‘many people’,” said I proudly, almost haughtily; “and I have never acted for the same motives as the venal herd of men and women, — not I.”

“Where did you get this stuff printed?” asked the policeman, pointing to my hundred and twenty posters that lay upon the desk before his superior.

“Somewhere, outside Germany,” I answered.

I thought I had better make that point quite clear, so that no German printers might be suspected, even if some had, perchance, taken part in similar activities. But, for nothing was I going to add a single word which could have rendered my true statement more precise.

“We ask you where,” insisted the policeman.

“Somewhere, beyond the boundaries of this unfortunate country,” I repeated. “Maybe in Kamchatka. The world is wide. Search the world.”

The man at the desk was looking at me with apparently increased curiosity. The policeman, whom my answer seemed to have irritated, again spoke to me.

“Never mind,” said he, with a wry smile, “don’t

tell us now, if you don't wish to. You will tell us later on. We have methods to force such ones as you to talk."

I shuddered, for I knew what this meant. Not only had I read about those few cases of "confessions" of so-called "war criminals" extorted by torture which have been now and then, among thousands of others of which I nothing was ever published, brought to the notice of the English-speaking world, in English and American official reports, since 1945, but I knew of many more concrete instances of that nature from my own comrades — people who had themselves had a taste of the above mentioned "methods," or who had seen them applied upon their closest friends. I was faced with the torture chamber in all its horror. And for a second or two, I felt my blood go cold, and my heart weaken.

But that was not for more than a second or two. And I doubt whether the two men near me — let alone the two others in the corner — were able to notice it. At once, I pulled myself together.

"Apparently, my turn has come," thought I. "Others have faced this bravely. Why not I too?"

And I recalled in my mind the thousands of National Socialists who had stood the horrid trial without uttering a word, — my comrades, my betters, the legion of the unflinchingly faithful in the midst of which I would, at last, — I hoped — win myself an honourable place with this opportunity.

And I thought, also, of the unseen, everlasting Power, source of all strength and of all greatness, whose glory I had witnessed a whole night long, with my own eyes in the lava and flames of Mount Hekla in eruption, less than two years before; the One Whom the Hindus call Shiva, Lord of the Dance of Life and Death.

"Put Thy strength in me. Thou bright, impassible

One, Who roarest in streams of molten rock and shinest in the Sun, and Whose majesty clothes the inviolate snowy peaks!" I prayed within my heart. "The truth I am here standing for is Thy Truth, — the eternal truth. Put Thy invincibility in me!"

And I was filled with a wave of immense, serene, unearthly joy. Looking straight at the men before me, with a happy face, I said simply: "I am a National Socialist, and hope I shall remain faithful and worthy to the end. You can do whatever you like to me. But nothing can kill the Idea which I represent."

I remember my words, uttered in German, clearly and with ease, in the stillness of that whitewashed room, before those Germans who had accepted to collaborate with the enemies of Germany for reasons better known to themselves — perhaps because they really hated our Ideology; perhaps just because they had families to feed. There was not a trace of fear left in me; also not a trace of vanity. I knew and accepted my personal nothingness, but I was raised above myself in calm, endless joy; joy at the idea of possible martyrdom — the greatest joy I had ever experienced. And joy made me eloquent. All the aspiration, all the faith, all the pride, all the love of my life were expressed in my simple statement "I am a National Socialist . . ." While from the depth of my consciousness, something told me: "You have been saying that, under one form or another, for the last six thousand years."

And beyond and before the host of my beloved comrades, who have suffered for Hitler's cause now, since 1945, as well as from 1919 to 1933, during the first struggle, I realised the presence of the millions of older witnesses of the truth, from the beginning of the Age of Gloom — the "Kali Yuga" of the Sanskrit Scriptures — in

which we live, and earlier still, from the beginning of the decay of man. The Nazi martyrs of our times form but the latest ranks of that broader legion of honour of all times. Had I, indeed, from life to life, for centuries, borne witness to the selfsame truth before the successive agents of the selfsame forces of disintegration? And would I, that very night or the next day, or the day after, be given another chance of winning for myself, once more, a place among the everlasting Legion — or a chance of *keeping* my place in it? I smiled, in my dream of defiance in suffering, as many of those of old must have done.

And, thought I, there were people, also, who had suffered for the sake of falsehood — for the sake of ideals of sickness and weakness and death; of those very principles in the name of which the modern degenerate world condemns us, the living Aryan Heathens. There were people upon the like of whom I could myself cause torture to be inflicted, if I had power and judged it expedient — or if my superiors judged it expedient — for the triumph or defence of the Nazi cause. Among such people, there were some no less sincere than I — and all the more dangerous. I had surely never felt any love or sympathy for them. Nor did I now. But I could not help recognising some sort of parallelism between their fearless fidelity to the end and that of my comrades who had stood the test of pain, and — I hoped — mine; the parallelism that exists between a beautiful landscape and its upside-down image in still, gloomy waters. I recalled a picture I had seen, years and years before, upon a window of stained glass, in a French Church: the picture of some early Christian martyr — I could not remember which — writing with his blood upon the floor, as he died, the Latin Words: “Christianus sum.”

“Truly, I should hate myself,” thought I, “if I could

not bear, for the sake of my Führer and of my Aryan faith, what so many followers of a Jewish religion or of some modern Jewish doctrine, bore, in olden times or but a few years ago — some, at our own hands — for the sake of their superstitions and of their errors!”

And once more I welcomed the prospect of being tried and of standing the ordeal, with the help of all the Gods, and of repeating, before tougher men than the ones I had hitherto faced, my proud profession of faith: “*Ich bin Nationalsozialistin . . .*”

The policeman who had last spoken to me had now gone out to fetch the trunk which I had left at the cloakroom. The plan at the desk was silent. I was sitting still, in the same place. Then again, but for the last time, I had a moment of weakness — for the policeman’s statement, and the threat it implied, and the expression with which he had underlined it, haunted me; a moment, not of fear of suffering, but of reluctance at the thought of physical disfigurement. I looked at my long white hands that rested upon the table before me, and found them beautiful. Convinced that they would probably soon be torn out of shape, I felt sorry for them for a second. Then, realising how mean it was of me to bother about my appearance in such a circumstance, I felt ashamed of myself. In my mind, I recalled the stern face, the large magnetic blue eyes of the one Man of my days whom I ever worshipped; the kind smile with which he used to address all those who loved him — with which he doubtless would have addressed *me*, had I only been wise enough to come back to Europe in time. And passing one hand under my coat, I pressed through my clothes, the little glass portrait of him that hung between my breasts on a gold chain. Tears came to my eyes. “Nothing

is too beautiful for thee, my Führer!" thought I in an outburst of half human, half religious love. And again I felt happy and invincible.

I was taken, in what they call in London the "black Maria," to the Headquarters of the Criminal Department of Cologne. The prisoner who had been sitting in the corner with his custodian all through my first interrogatory at the Police Station, travelled with me, but, naturally, in a different cabin.

The "black Maria" stopped in a part of the town I had never seen. I got down, accompanied by the policeman who had taken charge of my luggage, and I was ushered into a whitewashed room, very simply furnished, in which were standing a tall strong man, with a rosy face and straight, dark brown hair, and another one, of moderate height, thin, yellowish, with small sharp eyes, and black hair in short regular waves. "Looks decidedly Jewish," thought I of the latter, as I walked in. And that first impression of mine, the man merely confirmed by the way he talked.

He bade me sit upon a bench and, after the policeman who had brought me in had gone away, had a glance at one of my posters, the whole bundle of which lay upon the table.

"Look at this nonsense!" said he, speaking to the tall man, to whom he handed the paper. Then, turning to me he asked me: "What prompted you to stick up these?"

"My conscience; and the pleasure of defying the oppressors of my Führer's people," answered I, with absolute sincerity.

The man gazed at me, at first with astonishment, then with an evil look, and said nothing. It is the other one who spoke to me.

“And you mean to tell us that no offer of money inclined your ‘conscience’ that way?” he exclaimed, with a sceptical smile.

Once more, the burning indignation that had possessed me at the Police Station rose within me. Nothing makes me so wild as to hear people express doubts about my sincerity — mostly on grounds of “normal” standards and “average” psychology (and on account of my education in an eminently democratic country) as though “normal” and “average” standards had ever been applicable to me; and as though my liberal Christian education had ever had any other result than to afford me repeated opportunities of taking consciousness of my nature as a born Pagan, and a hater of half-measures, equally free from “human” feelings, personal ties, conventional scruples and average temptations. I forgot entirely where I was and spoke with the same aggressive freedom as I would have in a tea party that were not a diplomatic one.

“They have already made those dirty hints at the Police Station whence I come,” said I, with unconcealed rage. “They would! People of moderate or less than moderate intelligence judge others according to themselves. Consequently, the whole accursed Democratic world is incapable of admitting, let alone of understanding, our earnestness and our detachment. And you people take me for the equivalent of those well-paid agents of England and the U.S.A. who used to help the French *résistance* during the war. Well, once and for all, know that I am not and never shall be. Nobody paid me. Nobody ever will. There are no foreign power’s “big business” interests behind our underground activities, as there were behind those of the anti-Nazis in the days we were victorious. Therefore we have no money. And the rare non-Germans who actively stand by ruined Germany now, in 1949,

single-handed, at their own risk, do so solely for the sake of the truth the German people represent in their eyes. But even if we had enough wealth to buy professional agitators — even if we were as rich as all the Jews of the U.S.A., rolled in one — know that I would still work for the mere pleasure of helping the Nazi cause because it is *mine* — because I love it — and of defying my Führer’s enemies because I hate them. I am not, and I shall never be a professional agitator.”

The thin yellowish man, who had been listening to my tirade with particular attention, threw me a glance of responsive hatred. The other one, who seemed just rather surprised, asked me where I had been during the war.

“In Calcutta,” I replied.

“I was on the Russian front, — a less comfortable place,” said the man. “That is probably why I am less enthusiastic than you about all this, although I am a pure German. We suffered on account of this damned war. You did not.

“I wish I had,” I answered, with all my heart; nay, with that painful feeling of guilt that has pursued me ever since the Capitulation. “I wish I had been able to leave India in time, and at least to share the hardships of the Germans under unceasing bombardment. But whatever my mistakes, which I hope to expiate, the fact remains that the Führer is not responsible for the war and its trail of miseries. He did everything within his power to avoid it, — you should know that, as you were here at the time — and everything within his power to stop it, once it was forced upon him and upon Germany. Don’t blame him, and don’t blame National Socialism, for your sufferings. Blame the traitors you had at home. And blame the Jews and the slaves of Jewry who had

the upper hand in all Aryan countries. First and foremost, blame those two vilest of all the complacent instruments of the international Jewish money power; those two arch-criminals: Churchill and Roosevelt!”

To my surprise, the only reaction of the tall man to this was the deep sadness I could read upon his face. But the thin yellowish fellow interrupted me violently. “It is Germany’s fault,” he shouted. “She only had to surrender before. Why did she not?”

Reluctantly (for I did not like the look of the man and did not wish to speak to him) I replied: “The Führer wanted to spare the German people the humiliation of ‘unconditional surrender’ and the subsequent sufferings it implies. No German — no true Aryan — can blame him for that.”

The Israelitish-looking man did not allow me to finish what I was saying.

“The Führer!” he repeated ironically, interrupting me once more, with a vicious expression in his eyes, and making a nasty noise — an imitation of spitting — intended to show contempt. “You mean Master Hitler, I suppose. Well . . . Master Hitler wanted the whole world. Why could he not keep his hands off Poland, eh? And why did he go and attack Russia, to have millions killed there for nothing? If you care for the Germans as much as you pretend to, you should be the first one to hate that . . .” (and he used, to designate the Saviour of the Aryan race, a most vile word).

I felt all my blood rush to my head and tears of rage fill my eyes under the insult — far more than if it had been directed against me personally. I tried to keep my balance, but my voice trembled as I spoke.

“I have not come from the other end of the world to criticise a single one of my Führer’s decisions,” said I.

“I am only sorry I did not manage to come here during the war. And still more sorry I was not killed, along with so many of my superiors, in 1946.”

But as I thus spoke, something within me was telling me: “No, don’t be sorry! All this will pass, like a shadow upon drifting sands. Don’t be sorry. One day, you will witness the irresistible revenge; you will take part in it and treat the Führer’s enemies even worse than they treated your comrades — for you are more single-minded, and have more imagination than they.”

And I smiled to the sweet prospect of a future Nazi Europe in which I would forget nothing of all I had heard against our beloved Hitler, since the very day I had landed. “Forget nothing, and forgive nobody,” I dreamed.

The thin yellowish man looked at me more devilishly than ever, as though he could read my thoughts, and walked out.

The other man turned to me and said: “You are lucky to have fallen into our hands, bold as you are — luckier than those who used to fall into your friends’ clutches, not long ago. For we are at least human. The enemies of the régime you praise, when arrested by the Gestapo, fared far worse than you ever will with us. How would you have liked to be in their place, I wonder?”

“What a funny question!” (I nearly said: “What a stupid question!”) “How could *I* ever have been in their place? What could anyone have told the Gestapo against *me*, without at once being proved a liar? My Nazi orthodoxy is — and always was, I hope — above reproach.”

“Yes,” replied the man, who had apparently learnt his lesson from the Democrats during these four years. “But, I repeat: what of the people who were against the régime?”

“I could not care less what happened to *those*,” said I, still with as much spontaneity and as much ease as if I had been at a non-diplomatic tea party. “They were the enemies of all I love. In my estimation, no treatment applied to them was too rough, if it resulted in effectively putting an end to their activities.”

“And what if we . . . I mean the Democrats, the Occupation authorities who are now in power . . . treated *you* in a similar spirit?”

I smiled, — for the suggestion was downright funny. “Democrats, acting with as much thoroughness and consistency as we would . . . why, one has to go beyond the Elbe, to the Russian Zone and to Russia itself, to find that!” thought I. And talking of the Western variety of Democrats — of the milder and more hypocritical sort — I said:

“They would, if they believed in what they stand for. But they don’t. They don’t know what they want. Or rather all they want is to keep their present jobs, with fat salaries and little work. Their toleration is just the indifference of the lazy, of the blasé, of the old. We know what we want. And we are young.”

The man looked at me intently, then went and shut the door that the other fellow had left half open. “I never believed there were foreigners such as you,” he said, coming back to his place by the fire. “You are just like anyone of our German Nazis. . . . Just like anyone of us before many lost faith,” he added in a low voice, “for I too had your outlook and your ideals once. We all had them. But again, would you be the same if you had suffered from the war as we have?”

“I am absolutely sure I would,” answered I, with conviction. “And what is more, I am sure *you* and any of the others you mention would also, if you had realised the everlasting soundness of our doctrine. Truth lies

above personal gain and loss, and above the fluctuations of a nation's history. And in the long run, truth conquers."

As I uttered those two last words, I automatically glanced at the seal of hematite upon the ring I wore on my middle finger; the crest of the old family out of which my mother sprang; under the picture of a wolf, the motto: *Vincit veritas* — truth conquers.

And I thought of the fearless Viking who had landed in England with his warriors, over a thousand years ago, to become the founder of that English family destined one day to give birth to me, Adolf Hitler's follower, "the missionary of Aryan Heathendom," (as the Consul of regenerate Italy in Calcutta once called me) — the insignificant, but uncompromising fighter for truth. And I prayed within my heart that my trial would prove that the old Nordic family had not decayed in me. And I recalled, also, the title chosen by the most Aryan of all the Pharaohs, Akhnaton, son of the Sun,¹ to be adjoined to his name through the ages: *Ankh-em-Maat* — Living-in-truth. And I prayed that I too should never fail to "live in truth" to the end, whatever was to happen.

* * *

At that moment, a short man in civilian clothes, looking, in spite of his fair skin, even more Israelitish than the thin yellow one who had gone out, opened the door and bade me roughly to get up and follow him. He took me to a long flight of steps leading underground and, pointing to it, he shouted to me: "Down!"

"The Yid has grown accustomed to knock us about these last four years," I thought. "But the game will

¹ Of the early fourteenth century before Christ.

come to an end. Everything does. And then? Our turn again, I hope! And this time . . .”

And staring down at the fat little man, shorter than myself, I passed before him almost smiling at the idea of what might well happen “this time,” when my friends are once in power (whenever that may be) and I walked down the steps with both hands in my pockets.

The stairs led to a long, dimly lighted corridor with a row of heavy doors each side. The man took me to one of those doors, which he unlocked, and ushered me into a small, cold and perfectly dark cell, in which a woman was already lying upon two or three planks of wood that rested upon iron supports. (I could vaguely see her form upon that primitive bed, as a little light from the corridor fell into the cell when the man opened the door.)

Pointing to the form upon the planks, the man said to me: “If you wish to lie down, ask this woman to make a place for you. You have no bed to yourself.”

“Couldn’t I lie on a rug upon the floor?” asked I.

“As you please,” replied the little man. And he took me to a corner under the stairs, where there were a few rugs. I picked out one — any one; they were all as ragged and dirty as could be — and came back. The man shut the door of the cell upon me.

It is an unusual experience to feel one’s self locked up in a cell, with a threat of torture to meditate upon, until it pleases the police authorities to give orders for the door to be opened again. Fortunately, I had long overcome the first uneasiness the threat had created in me. I was conscious only of joy at the prospect of soon becoming worthier of my German comrades who have suffered for the National Socialist cause. “I am already a little nearer to them now,” thought I as I shivered in

the cold room, and as my eyes slowly grew accustomed to the darkness. Then, I took to inspecting the place. It contained nothing else but that primitive “bed” on which lay the motionless woman, apparently asleep. It was pitch dark, but for the tiny slit at the top of the wall facing the door. And the cold, less bitter than out of doors, was more penetrating — less bearable; it entered into one’s bones. And the walls were damp, and the floor — of bare earth — was muddy.

I spread the filthy rug in a corner and lay upon it on my side, my knees up to my chin, in the position of an unborn baby, so as to keep myself as warm as I possibly could. To sleep was out of question. I left my mind drift where it pleased.

First, I thought of the Führer whom, for several months already, I knew to be alive. I recalled the great mass gatherings of the days of the Third Reich, and the title of an article in a magnificent book — a publication of those grand days — which I had seen at a comrade’s house: *Unser Hitler*; the words that summarised the feelings of the first resurrected Aryan nation. Those feelings were mine, also; oh, how thoroughly mine! I held between my hands the little glass portrait I had. It was warm, for having been in close contact with my flesh. There was in its touch a magic sufficient to keep me happy, were I forced to remain upon that malodorous rug for weeks. “Mein Führer,” I whispered, with tears in my eyes, as I devoutly kissed the precious likeness, “ich bin glücklich; so glücklich!” Hitler’s language came to me spontaneously, as the most natural means of expression, although my knowledge of it is anything but perfect. And I imagined him coming back one day, and addressing the crowds of a new free Germany in an atmosphere of unprecedented enthusiasm.

The Third Reich all over again, in more strength and more splendour than ever. And the tears that filled my eyes slowly ran down my cheeks. Never, perhaps, had I visualised the inspired face more vividly. Never had my beloved Leader appeared to me more fascinating in his manly beauty, more lovable, more godlike. Would he ever know how much I loved him? Would anyone in Germany's future joyful crowds, remember me for five minutes? But what did it matter, whether they did or not? And what did it matter even if "he" — the one man for whom (and for whose people) I would do anything — never knew of my existence? Individuals did not count. I did not count. Verses of the Bhagavad-Gita came back to my memory: "Act not for the sake of the fruits of action";¹ "the wise act without attachment, desiring nothing but the welfare of the world."² Never had the old summary of Aryan philosophy seemed to me so beautiful as it now did. The sacred words soothed me, tempered the exaltation of my heart with heavenly serenity. "No," thought I, "it does not matter whether anyone remembers me one day or not, even 'he'. All that matters is 'the welfare of the world,' — the New Order — and my fidelity without hope or desire of recognition on this earth or elsewhere, simply for the sake of love; love of my Führer, love of the ultimate Reality (of what they call God) it is all the same, for he is the mouthpiece of everlasting truth, the embodiment, in our times, of Him Who spoke in the Bhagavad-Gita, and I have loved Him age after age."

And I prayed more ardently perhaps, than I had for many weeks: "Help me to rid myself of my incurable

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 47.

² The Bhagavad-Gita, III, verse 25.

vanity, immortal Gods! Help me to forget myself entirely; to be just a useful tool in your hands, for the triumph of what is eternal. Kill all pettiness in me!”

Then, I recalled the distant home that I had left over three years before. It could have been about four o'clock in the morning — yes, quite two hours since my arrest. “Four and sixteen. It must be about ten o'clock in Calcutta,” thought I. And I remembered my old flat, with its terrace facing the south, and the beautiful big tree, full of kites' and crows' nests, that one could see from the terrace; and my husband, in his spotless white *dhoti*, reading or writing as he smoked his water-pipe. I remembered my beautiful cats — two glossy masses of purring fur, one black, one with yellow stripes — basking in the sunshine. Something from within told me that I would never see them again, and that thought brought a shadow of sadness across my consciousness. But it was just a passing shadow, quickly gone. I had other things to think of. I recalled my first contact with my husband, former editor and proprietor of the now long-forbidden *New Mercury* — the only National Socialist magazine then published in India under the auspices of the German Consulate. A Greek living in Calcutta had taken me to his office and introduced me to him in 1938. And the almost first words the Brahmin supporter of our New Order in the world had addressed me, as soon as he knew who I was, rang, clearer than ever, in my memory “What have you been doing in India, all these years, with your ideas and your potentialities? Wasting your time and energy. Go back to Europe, where duty calls you! — go and help the rebirth of Aryan Heathendom where there are still Aryans strong and wide-awake; go to him who is truly life and resurrection: the Leader of

the Third Reich. *Go at once; next year will be too late.*”

“Oh, had I but listened to him! Had I not, in my vanity, imagined myself ‘useful’ in the East, and had I come in 1938!” thought I, for the millionth time since my return. And I sobbed bitterly, also for the millionth time, over the opportunities of service on my own continent which I had thus missed.

“It serves me right to be here, and it would serve me right if they tore me to pieces,” I concluded. “Yes, may I suffer now the utmost, and partly at least expiate the fact that I did not come before!” And once more I welcomed all the horror implied in the policeman’s allusion to the “methods” that would probably be used to make me speak. And then again picturing myself my husband, reading or writing under an electric fan amidst the ascetic simplicity of our barely furnished flat, I thought: “At least, when he hears of my trial, he will know that I have not been ‘wasting my energy’ in Germany! . . . Or will he just say of me: ‘What a fool! Why could she not manage to remain free, — and useful? Surely, she went and did something childish and spectacular, instead of devoting herself to silent, unnoticed, solid work!’?” And I remembered how the wise, supple, and mercilessly practical idealist he is, used to scold me, during the war, for my “noisy haste,” my “lack of diplomacy,” my “woman’s brains.”

“Perhaps he was right about me,” thought I; “although I hope to show myself, now, less stupid than I seem.”

The cold forced me out of my reflections. The dampness of the muddy ground had penetrated me, through the rug on which I was lying. I shuddered from top to toe, and my teeth clattered. I shook myself out of an

icy-cold sensation that felt like a touch of death. “Pull yourself together, Savitri,” thought I, as though speaking to myself. “You can’t afford to get ill — not in these people’s clutches. You have better to do. You mean health, resistance, invincible youth — the Nazi spirit. You need your strength to show them who you are; to defy them.”

This thought acted upon my body as a cup of strong, hot coffee. Although I had had nothing to eat since eight o’clock in the morning, and had travelled all day and a part of the night, and had not slept, I suddenly felt light and active, nay aggressive — ready to fight once more. I got up, and sat against the wall, and took a small comb out of my pocket, and started to comb my hair regretting that I had no looking glass — and no torch light. I should have liked to have a wash, for I felt sticky and dirty. I would have liked one or two other minor commodities, also, for I realised that it was with me “in the manner of women” — biblical language being, I suppose, the most elegant way of putting such delicate matters. But there was no water, and all commodities were out of question. I had to manage as I could until someone would open the cell.

Did I make any noise while trying to find, in the darkness, a safety pin which I had dropped? Or did the woman asleep upon the “bed” of planks wake up by herself? I could not tell. But she moved, and stretched, and asked at last: “A new one, here?”

“Yes, a new one,” I replied. “I am sorry if I disturbed you.”

“You did not disturb me,” said she — whether or not out of courtesy, I shall never know. “How long have you been in?”

“I have no idea. Perhaps an hour; perhaps more.

Time seems long, when one is not asleep, — even if one has plenty of things to think about,” said I.

“I must have slept a lot. I was tired.”

The woman paused a minute and again asked me: “Where did ‘they’ get you?”

“At the station, just as I had come out of the train.”

“That’s bad luck. And may I ask . . .” — she hesitated a little as she spoke, but curiosity overcame her hesitation — “may I ask you what you had done?”

“Nazi propaganda. I have been distributing tracts against the Occupation and sticking up posters with a swastika as big as ‘that’ at the top of them,” said I, delighted to relate my exploit to a listener who might be also a sympathiser. And instinctively, although we were in the dark, I made a gesture showing how large the holy Sign was, on each one of my latest papers.

The woman rose at once, and sat upon the planks. Her interest in me increased immensely, all of a sudden. “Good for you!” she shouted, heartily congratulating me. “I am entirely on your side. In Hitler’s days we had plenty to eat; since these swine came, we have been starving. I am here for having ‘pinched’ someone else’s ration card.”

“This one’s loyalty to the Führer is rooted in her stomach,” thought I with a little amusement, and I must say, also, with a little contempt. Still, I could not help liking the perfect innocence with which she admitted it, as though it were the most natural form of loyalty in the world. And I was grateful to her for her sympathy.

“How long do you think we are to stay here?” I asked the woman.

“I can’t tell. They’ll come and call us when it suits their convenience. Today is Sunday. They might take

their time about it. But don't fear: they will not leave us here. This is no prison. They will question us and send us to some other place — send *you*, at any rate; for I hope to get away with it. I know what story I shall tell them, and I am sure it will work.”

“I have no explanation to give them as far as I am concerned,” said I. “I would not invent one to save myself, even if I could: I am much too proud of the little I did. But I would enjoy misleading them about other people, and encouraging them along false tracks that would lead them nowhere. By God, how I would! They told me at the Police Station that they would use all means to make me say who printed my posters, but I am, determined not to speak whatever they do.”

“Don't boast before you leap,” retorted the woman. “You don't know what you are talking about. The ‘means’ they use in cases like yours are pretty nasty, and I know people with your ideals who died of pain in their clutches. True, that was in ‘45’ and ‘46’ just after the damned Occupation had set in. Now — I hear — they are growing milder, *i.e.*, weaker; are getting tired of ‘de-Nazifying’ us.”

“They must have found out it is useless,” said I with as much pride as if I were speaking on behalf of all the National Socialists of the world. “I'll show them how useless it is in my case at least!”

“Would you like to share my ‘bed’?” asked the woman, after a few seconds of silence. “I'll push myself against the wall as much as I can. You must be tired.”

“Thank you,” said I. “I was, but I am not now. I am happy. I feel nearer my persecuted comrades, since I am here. Do you mind if I just pace the cell to keep myself a little warm?”

“Surely not. I am not going to sleep again, anyhow.”

“In that case, perhaps you will not mind if I sing, also?”

“Why should I?”

“Right. I thank you. It will do me good.”

Morning was drawing nigh. I could see it by the ray of light that now came in from the slit in the wall. I turned towards that ray of light — the symbol of hope; the forerunner of the rising Sun — and sang the immortal Song that used to accompany the onward march of Hitler’s conquering hosts; and that one day, thought I, will again accompany their resumed onslaught against a decaying civilisation

“Standards high! Close the ranks thickly!

Storm Troopers, march on, with a calm, firm step!

Comrades, whom the Red Front and the Reaction have shot,

March in spirit within our ranks! . . .”

And as I sang, I recalled in my mind the young German who composed that song at the age of twenty, and died a martyr’s death at the age of twenty-two: the hero Horst Wessel, living forever.

I saw two pairs of feet step outside the narrow slit at the level of the street, whence the light came. And I thus knew that two Germans were listening to what appeared to them as Germany’s voice reaching them from the depth of a prison-pit. And in the circumstance, Germany’s voice was my voice, — the voice of a foreign Aryan; the homage of the regenerate Aryan minority from the four corners of the earth, to Hitler’s fatherland.

And tears of joy ran down my cheeks as I sang the last two lines, my right arm outstretched towards the invisible dawn:

“Soon will Hitler’s banners be waving along all the highways.

Slavery is to last only a short time more.”

* * *

Time dragged on. I could guess there was sunshine in the street. But the cell was as cold, and practically as dark, as ever. The woman, although she said she was no longer sleepy, had gone to sleep again — out of sheer boredom. I was pacing the narrow space between her “bed” and one of the walls, my hands in my pockets, happy, although I was cold and hungry.

I deliberately refused to think of my discomforts. What were they, indeed, compared with the atrocious conditions in which so many of my German comrades had lived for months on end? I recalled in my mind the fact that in Darmstadt — one of the postwar anti-Nazi extermination camps under American management — the thermometer had reached 25 degrees below zero centigrade *within the cells*, during the winter 1946–47. And I thought of the systematic starvation to which National Socialists had been submitted in Schwarzenborn, in Diez, in Herstfeld, in Manheim, in the camp 2288 near Brussels, and a hundred different other places of horror. I had nothing to complain of, surely. But even if it happened that I ever had, in the future, thought I, I would deliberately refrain from doing so, from a sense of proportion. And when our days would come back, I would stigmatise our enemies in every possible manner for the sufferings they inflicted upon my comrades, never upon me; and even so, stigmatise them, not for their brutality, but for their hypocrisy. In the meantime, I would never, never do anything to obtain from them the slightest leniency.

I heard someone walk down the steps and unlock one of the cells near mine and call a prisoner’s name. I

heard him lock the cell behind him as he took the prisoner away. And several times, similar noises, in the same order, informed me that another prisoner had been taken upstairs. My turn would come. I waited.

At last, after a lapse of time that, to me, seemed endless, my cell was unlocked. I saw the little stout man who had brought me down standing in the corridor with the thin yellowish one who had spoken so, vilely against the Führer, before me, during the night, and whom I detested for that very reason — and whom I would have detested all the more (and not less) had he not looked so Jewish. The short man called out the name of my companion, Hildegard X., who was to follow him, while the yellowish fellow took a glance at me and said: “I feel sorry for you. There was no necessity for you to go through all this . . .”

I burst out in anger. There is nothing I loathe like personal sympathy from anti-Nazis — even when it is sincere, let alone when it is not.

“Keep your pity for yourself,” said I, stiffly, almost haughtily. “I am happier than you and than those who will judge me . . .”

The door was slammed on me, otherwise I would have added: “I have a great love and a great idea to live for; you have nothing but your pockets, the whole lot of you!”

I waited, now alone in the cell. Time seemed long, long, unbearably long. Then again I heard footsteps in the corridor, and the noise of a key turning in the lock, and I saw the door of the cell open. The same short fat man called me: “Mukherji, follow me!”

He took me upstairs and passed the room to which I had at first been brought the night before, up another

floor or two, and then through long corridors on each side of which there were doors. On some of those doors, as I passed by, I could read the words: Verbotener Eingang — i.e., no admittance. And as I could not forget the policeman's hint at "forcing such ones as me to speak," I wondered: "Are these the chambers in which they apply their 'methods'?" Had I heard someone scream from behind one of the forbidden doors it would not have astonished me in the least. I prayed within my heart, as I walked along: "Lord of the Dance of Life and Death, Mahadeva, keep me worthy of the great love which Thou hast put in me!" And I recalled a line of the glorious song of the S.S. men: "Never will one of us weaken . . ." ¹ And, pulling out the little glass portrait of the Führer that I wore upon my breast, I kissed it once more, without my custodian noticing what I was doing.

I was first ushered into a fairly large room in which stood two women. One of them locked the door behind me and ordered me to undress.

"Completely?" asked I, feeling, a little uneasy at the idea of letting even other women see in what state I was.

"Completely," answered the wardress.

Then, it came to my mind that she might be sufficiently shocked not to notice the portrait around my neck. "After all, it is perhaps better so," I mused. And I undressed, making excuses. "This happened," said I, "just after my arrest; and I had neither water, nor any of the necessary commodities, nor clothes to change, as all my things were already in the hands of the police. I am sorry."

¹ "Wollt nimmer von uns weichen . . ."

“Oh, that’s all right; quite all right,” replied the woman. She did not seem shocked in the least.

The other woman, who looked just as Jewish as any of the two men I have already mentioned, was gazing at me, apparently with great curiosity. She seemed to be observing every movement of mine and every line of my body, as I gradually rid myself of my clothes. “She must be trying to see if I will betray by any gesture the presence of compromising papers, rolled up and concealed within my linen,” I thought. “Well, if so, she is taking trouble for nothing. The only such papers I had, I have already swallowed hours ago. They must be digested, by now.” But the woman finally spoke:

“How old are you?” she asked me.

“Forty-three.”

She made no comments. I wanted to ask her what my age had to do with this inspection. But I said nothing.

“For what offence are you here?” she again enquired.

“For Nazi propaganda,” I answered, with a proud smile.

She was obviously much younger than I, but had a worn out face, with deep wrinkles under the eyes. And I imagined — gratuitously, I admit, and perhaps maliciously — that her body would have looked no less flabby and sickly — worn out — if it had been bare. Mine, I knew, was anything but that. And as, rightly or wrongly, I took the woman for a Jewess, I was glad to catch hold of such a tangible reason for despising her — or rather for despising once more, in her, the whole of Jewry at its worst, and the whole degenerate civilisation, product of the influence of Jewry upon the weaker representatives of the Aryan race. I forgot for a while how much I needed a hot bath. Stark naked before her in the sunshine, I

felt happy to thrust upon that woman the sight of my firm and well-shaped form, as a living instance of Aryan superiority. I merely uttered two words in answer to her question. But in the smile that accompanied those words, she could perhaps read my defiant thoughts.

“And see how lovely we Nazis look, even at forty-three!” said the smile, — “even after a sleepless night upon a filthy rug in the mud. It is only to be expected we are the youth of the world!”

She pursed her lips and gave me a vicious glance, and spoke with forced irony: “Nazi propaganda,” she repeated; “you have come a little late, I am afraid.”

The words stung bitterly, and sunk deep into the raw wound in my heart. Who indeed knew better than I how delightful it would have been to have made use of my proselytising zeal in Europe under the Third Reich, instead of wasting it in indifferent surroundings? But I was too conscious of my strength in the present, for the thought of the past to depress me. And the bright sunshine pouring through the window turned my mind to the joy of an irresistible future. I remembered that nothing can prevent a great nation from accomplishing its natural mission, and that a few years up or down make a very little difference in the long run. I smiled still more defiantly and answered:

“No, on the contrary; I have come a little too early.”

The woman who looked like a Jewess was silent — aware, perhaps, that, from her point of view. I was only too right. The other one, who had now finished examining my stockings, told me: “You can put on your clothes again.”

Neither seemed to have noticed the priceless little glass object that hung on a golden chain around my neck.

I was then taken to another room within the same building, a much smaller room in which several men, some in police uniform others in civilian clothes, were standing or sitting. One of them, seated in a dark corner opposite the door, was the *Oberinspektor* to whom particulars about my case had been given on the telephone from the police station, already before my arrest — a good looking man, rather stout, with the most pleasant manners. He asked me “if I would mind” answering a few questions. And after taking down my name, age, etc. he bade me relate to him “what I had done in Germany from the start.” My statement, he said, would serve as evidence in my trial. Of course, I was not compelled to make any statement. I could, if I liked, refuse to reveal anything of my history until the day I would appear before my judges. But I was only too pleased to speak about myself, provided I could do so without harming people who were on our side. I did not mind harming myself. For over twenty years my real self had remained in the shade: all but a very few exceptionally intelligent people had guessed the connection between my life-centred philosophy, my hatred of the Christian values, my Sun worship — my Aryan Paganism, openly professed — and the modern political Ideology of which I very rarely spoke, and had understood how passionately I identified myself with the latter. It had been expedient to let most people ignore the fact, especially during the war. I thus never got into trouble; nor did some of my closest collaborators. But now that, at last, I was caught, it mattered little if I told the authorities a little more than they already knew or suspected, about me. “One may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb,” thought I: “Let me have the pleasure of informing these people of the fact that the persecuted

Idea means more to me, a non-German, than all their 'humanitarian' twaddle ever will mean to anybody, including themselves!" And I said: "I shall do so willingly, and tell you the whole truth," — determined all the time, however, to conceal whatever could, directly or indirectly, implicate any other National Socialists, in or outside Germany.

"I first came to Germany from Sweden," I pursued, "and distributed, from the windows of the Nord-Express, from the 15th of June at about 6 p.m. to the 16th, at about 9 a.m. in 1948, over five hundred leaflets which I had written myself. Then, after a short stay in England, I came back through France, crossing the frontier, this time, at Saarlöcherbach, and distributed, from the 7th of September to the 6th of December 1948, both in the three Western Zones of occupation and in Saarland, over six thousands other leaflets, the text of which I had also written myself."

The *Oberinspektor* interrupted me. "Your first leaflets were printed in Sweden?" he asked me.

"They were not printed at all," replied I. "I wrote them in my own handwriting, four or five at a time, making use of carbon paper, and spent the two nights before my departure doing so."

It pleased me to mention that detail — which is perfectly accurate — and thus to impress upon the bystanders the double fact that I had acted upon my own initiative and that I was not to be discouraged by physical hardships.

"And where was your second supply printed?" asked the *Oberinspektor*.

"I have already declared at the Police Station that, on no account, would I answer that question."

"All right; continue to relate your journeys to and

from. This is just a voluntary statement of yours, in which you can be as brief as you like.”

I resumed my story; informing the police that, for the second time, I had gone to England in December 1948 “to spend Christmas with old friends” and that, after my third journey back to Germany, I had distributed a third supply of about four thousand papers — those precisely in the possession of which I had been arrested — which could be used both as leaflets and as posters. Again I carefully avoided mentioning a single detail susceptible of rousing suspicions about others than myself. My two hands in my pockets, I spoke with ease, with concealed amusement, and a secret feeling of superiority. I selected without difficulty what I wished to say, as a grownup girl who thinks, while speaking to a lot of first-form schoolboys: “*This* I can tell them; it is of no importance — and if I don’t tell them, someone else will, anyhow. But *that is* none of the kids’ business.” I remembered with what apparent simplicity with what calculated harmlessness, my clever husband used to talk, during the war, to the American officers that I used to bring home from the “East and West Club.” And I thought, looking around me at the half a dozen men that nearly filled the narrow room: “Surely these are just as willing to be deceived as those were.” And I despised them once more in my heart.

I related the last episode of my free life in Germany so as to make Herr W. appear as totally unaware as possible of what he was doing when he took my posters to stick up.

“But you knew his political views?” the *Oberinspektor* remarked.

“I did not, nor do I to this day,” answered I, lying with utmost naturalness. “I only hoped he was not

violently against National Socialism. But of that too, I was not sure; so much so that I felt uneasy after he had gone away with my posters. One is, indeed, never sure.”

“Then, how could you believe he would stick up the posters once he would have read them? — for you told us that he did not read them before you left him, and did not yet know exactly what they were about.”

“The truth is that I am a fool, and that I acted on impulse,” said I. “I knew the young man had suffered a good deal from the war, as thousands of others. And — I imagined — gratuitously, without even asking him — that he held the Democracies responsible for it all, as I do, and that he therefore might be willing to help me in my single-handed struggle. It was perhaps a mistake on my part. I don’t know. It was a risk I took, at any rate.”

“And you offered the young man money?”

“No — because I had none. But I told him I would be glad to meet him again. And if all had gone well, I surely would have done my best to help him, knowing as I did that he was in need.”

“And you had no friends in Germany, save those you met occasionally on your way, as you did Herr W? You had no letters from abroad recommending you to anybody?”

“I had a letter from Monsieur C., of the *Bureau des Affaires Allemandes*, 36 rue de la Pérouse, in Paris, recommending me to the special care and protection of the Allied Occupation authorities, and another one, from the same person, addressed to me, and telling me that I could go to see, on his behalf, Monsieur H. and Monsieur G., in Baden Baden, and a couple of other gentlemen in Saarbrücken and in Vienna — for I intended to go to Austria too. Both letters are to be found in my hand-bag, I believe.”

I had conversed with Monsieur C., and with Monsieur G., and with one of the fellows in Saarbrücken. Knowing they were all notorious anti-Nazis, I did not care two hoots if they got into trouble on account of me. On the contrary: the thought of such a possibility thoroughly amused me.

“Do you mean to tell us that you do not know any Nazis in Germany?” I heard a voice ask me, from a group of men who, although seated in the opposite corner, near the window, seemed to be following my cross-questioning with great interest.

“I know only two Nazis in the wide world; one is the Führer — the Gods be with him! — and the other is myself,” replied I, with as much imperturbable seriousness as a comic actor on the stage.

There was silence in the audience — I mean, among my interrogators — and a smile (that the smilers themselves would have liked to repress) appeared upon one or two faces. I felt that my strange statement needed a word or two of explanation, and I added: “Yes, God alone, ‘who probes into men’s hearts,’ knows who is a Nazi and who is not. What do I know? It is only too easy to deceive me. So I repeat indeed: I am sure of nobody’s National Socialist faith, save, of course, of the Führer’s and of my own.”

The explanation was irreproachably logical. There was no answer to it — except torture. But the men in that little room seemed quite different from those I had first come in contact with — Germans, no doubt, most of them, but much less interested than the former in the future (and even in the present) of Democracy; in other words, men who served Democracy in a more truly democratic spirit, i.e., with no genuine zeal. Or perhaps, just men in a hurry to go home and have lunch — for it must

have been well nigh half past one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Not one of them renewed the threat. And I began to feel convinced that one could make fun of the whole system of political coercion in occupied Germany, with practical impunity (at least *now* and in the Western Zones) provided one had sufficient contempt for it from the start, and sufficient pluck.

A tall, slim, fairly elegant man, who had not yet spoken, asked me if I knew for sure that Adolf Hitler is alive. "You say so in your posters. Is it just a means to give hope and courage to his people, or do you really believe it?" said he.

"I am sure of it," I replied.

"And how did you come to know it? One of his followers must have told you so."

"Not at all. An Indian astrologer told me so."

The audience was again taken back. They had been wondering what I was going to say, as they knew, by now, that I would never mention a single German name. They had not expected that answer.

"And you believe in such forecasts?" the tall man asked me.

"I do — when they are made by people who know the science of the stars. I suppose twenty-five years spent in the Near and Middle East have only increased my natural tendency to superstition."

Again the explanation, though a little ironical, was irreproachably consistent. There was nothing to reply.

But the tall man, for his misfortune, started a discussion with me on purely ideological grounds. A mistake, from his point of view — for any such discussion between a Democrat and a National Socialist only serves to show how weak the former's position is, compared with that of the latter. And a mistake which he aggravated by

choosing to discuss the spirit of Indian philosophy, with which he appears ill-acquainted.

“I fail to understand how you, who seem to be interested in India (since you took the trouble of learning two Indian languages) can at the same time identify yourself so completely with an ideology of murder and violence (*sic*) such as National Socialism,” said he, who had himself visited India during the war.

“And what makes you think that the Indians are incapable of murder and violence?” asked I. “The long history of India, — which I once used to teach in an Indian college — leads rather to the contrary conclusion.”

“Maybe. But . . . Gandhi, the apostle of nonviolence. . . . And the masters of Indian spirituality . . . who were all pacifists...” (*sic*).

“All pacifists!” thought I; “what a joke! Obviously, this man has never read the Bhagavad-Gita.” But I was not astonished. I knew he would speak thus, — and put the shrewd Bania¹ politician of modern India on a level with the Aryan seers of old. I knew the abysmal ignorance of most Europeans who pretend to understand “Indian philosophy.”

“Gandhi does not represent India,” I replied. “He has himself admitted that the two great influences that count in his life are that of Jesus Christ and that of Tolstoy — one of the most Christian-like figures of modern times. The fact that, soaked through and through in such foreign philosophy, he has acquired great fame and played a considerable role in India, is just one more blatant sign of India’s decay from the high level of wisdom to which the ancient Aryans had attained there,

¹ Belonging to one of the merchant castes, — that of the “Modh-Bania,” in Gandhi’s instance.

when they laid the foundations of her caste-ridden civilisation.”

The topic was unusual at the Police Headquarters of Cologne; and every man present was listening intently, including the *Oberinspektor* in his armchair. I only hoped the Germans knew enough English to grasp the full meaning of what I was saying, — for the tall man had addressed me in English, and I had answered him in the same language. I pursued, as though I were delivering a public lecture: “I do not know how far unconditional nonviolence was practised by the civilised people of the Indus Valley, before the warrior-like Aryans poured down from the North. If, as some maintain, it was, then, I am all the more right in declaring that India’s historic civilisation — Sanskrit civilisation — is not a product of the Tropics, but a Nordic civilisation stamped upon a tropical land, which is not at all the same thing. It is the outcome of the genius of ancient invaders whose spirit was practically the same as ours. You will not find a trace of that bold spirit in Mr. Gandhi’s pacifism — nor in the great philosophies of escape from life, products of lassitude and disillusionment and despair, more consistent than his, that sprang in Antiquity from the minds of Kshatriyas who had renounced the duties and the privileges of power. But you will find it in all its purity in the Bhagavad-Gita, the Book that proclaims that “there is nothing more welcome to a Kshatriya than a righteous war,”¹ and that tells the warrior: “Slain thou wilt obtain Heaven; victorious, thou wilt enjoy the earth; stand up, therefore, O son of Kunti, full of resolution, and fight!”²

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, II verse 31.

² The Bhagavad-Gita, II verse 37.

“But . . . I heard that the Bhagavad-Gita also preached nonviolence,” said the man.

“No,” answered I. “That is the mistake of those who read it with an incurably Christian mentality. The Bhagavad-Gita, written for warriors, preaches violence in a detached spirit — utmost violence (if necessary) with perfect detachment; the action which is duty, according to each one’s natural role in the world, performed thoroughly, but without passion, and never, never for personal ends; the selfsame thing which we National Socialists preach — and live — today; and that we are the only ones to *live*, in this degenerate world.”

The tall, elegant man found it advisable to drop the topic. Perhaps he regretted ever having brought it up, thus giving the Germans who were present the opportunity to know — if they had not suspected it before — how ancient, how eternal, Hitler’s spirit is, and how indissolubly linked with every awakening of Aryan consciousness.

He asked me a question apparently less likely to provoke, within German hearts, secret reactions, undesirable from the Allied point of view.

“How is it,” he asked me, “that a certificate of Greek nationality issued by the Greek Consulate of Lyons (France) and dated 1928, was found in your bag?”

“I was of Greek nationality before I acquired British citizenship by my marriage.”

“Then how is it that, in your passport, opposite the French visa authorising you to enter the French Zone of occupation in Germany, it is specially stated that you are French?”

“Oh, that just means that I purposely omitted to tell the French authorities that I had chosen Greece at the age of twenty-one. I told them — because I thought it

would induce them to grant me the military permit more easily — that my father was a French citizen, (which is true, whatever be his origin) and that I was “born French” (which is no less true whatever be my origin, as any child born in France, is or was, in my time, considered French). All that interested me in the matter was a means to enter Germany. And I was not mistaken: they gave me that means.”

“And why did you not retain your French citizenship, when you were twenty-one? Surely it was more advantageous than a Greek one.”

“I know it was. Most Greeks settled in France are ‘French citizens’ for that reason. And they told me so in Greece itself, when I went and claimed my Hellenic nationality. They told me I would never enjoy in Greece the position my diplomas would have given me in France. Yet I replied that I would earn my living by washing plates and dishes, rather than be called French.”

“And what diplomas had you?”

“I was ‘licenciée ès lettres’ — what they call in England ‘master of arts’ I believe. And I was afterwards to acquire the degree of ‘master of sciences’ — ‘licenciée ès sciences’ — also, and finally of ‘doctor of literature’ (‘docteur ès lettres’).”

“And what grievances had you against France?”

“I never forgave her the way she forced Greece into the first World War on the side of the Allies, with the complicity of Mr. Venizelos, against the will of the Greeks. I held her responsible for the Greek disaster in Asia Minor in 1922. And although I am not a German, the manner she behaved in the Ruhr in 1923 thoroughly disgusted me — how I remember it! And I looked upon her citizenship as a shame, and did not want it, however

advantageous it might have been. There was, then, no question of emergency for me, as in 1948.”

“And family considerations influenced your decision, I suppose . . .”

“No, a thousand times no. Even if both my parents had been Greeks by blood, I doubt whether that would have added much to my determination,” said I. “What mainly attracted me were those eternal Greek ideals of perfection that I was very soon to call Aryan ideals. Greece — the oldest Aryan nation in Europe to have given expression to those ideals in life and culture — was a symbol in my eyes. And I was not astonished to see the French Government who had betrayed the Greeks of Asia Minor, behave so shabbily towards Germany a year later — although I was far from suspecting, then, the full meaning of rising National Socialism, and the part it would play in my life.”

“And what does National Socialism mean to you?” asked the man. “And what would you have done, then, if you had realised what you believe to be its full significance?”

“To me, National Socialism is the only outlook worthy of the natural aristocracy of mankind, of the best representatives of the Aryan race. It is the expression of undying Aryan Heathendom in our modern world. Had I realised *that* when I was twenty-one, I would have done anything to become a citizen of the Third Reich, and to serve its interests at home with all my love, all my energy and all my intelligence. But I realised it two years later, and I did my best for the Aryan cause in the two old hallowed centres of Aryan culture: Greece and India.”

I had replied unhesitatingly. The man judged that he hid better put off questioning me for the time being. Somehow, whatever he had asked me, my reply had

always turned out, in the end . . . *ad majorem Germaniae gloriam*. It was too much for the prestige of the Occupation, — especially considering the fact that I am not a German. Moreover, as not a word of this conversation had been written, God only knew how it might be repeated and interpreted by the Germans who were present. These, of course, were all good Democrats — or they would not have been there. But could one ever tell in occupied Germany, who was a good Democrat and who was just putting up a show? The gentleman ordered that a stenotypist be sent him to his house, in the afternoon, to take down my answers in black and white, and bade me follow him into the car waiting downstairs. He was, outwardly at least, most courteous, and I would even say, most friendly.

On our way out, he told me that he belonged to the British Military Intelligence. I reflected and concluded that I had been discreet. True, I had revealed a good deal of my personal feelings. But that had no importance; it concerned nobody but myself. I had not said a word that could be of any use to the enemies of National Socialism in the present or in the future.

The car took me to the house the man occupied with his wife and two children.

Seated in a corner, with my face to the window, I enjoyed the drive as thoroughly as I would have on an ordinary Sunday afternoon, had the gentleman not been a British 'M.I.' in occupied Germany, and I not a prisoner. The weather was cold and bright — the weather I like — and the road pleasant. I had entirely forgotten my body in the earnestness or craftiness of my replies to the different questions that had been put to me at the Police Headquarters, and I now felt the pangs of hunger no longer. I could easily have continued to discourse

the whole day. But for the present, I just looked out of the window at the trees along the road, at the bright cloudless sky and at the passersby.

I was aware of the invisible link that bound me to the latter — as to all Germany — more strongly than ever since my arrest. A woman on the roadside pointed at the motorcar in which I was, to her two or three year-old child, that was crying. There was nothing remarkable in such a gesture: she would have, just as easily, pointed at anything else, to make the boy forget why he was crying. But as I saw her do it, tears came into my eyes, as though that woman had been eternal Germany drawing to me the attention of her distressed sons of 1949 and telling them: “Weep not over the disaster: it will be avenged. And already, in spite of it all, you are the winners — not those who persecute you. See: wherever the Aryan consciousness is wide-awake it is on your side!” Spontaneously, I had given the simple gesture a secret meaning. Why not? Everything in the universe is connected with everything else and with the invisible, and *has* a secret meaning that people do not know. I was a living centre of Aryan consciousness. And the fair-haired babe now crying in his mother’s arms would march in a few years’ time along this same road, in the ranks of the resurrected Hitler Youth. In my humble way, among thousands of others, I existed in order to make this possible.

It must have been not far from half past three when we reached the house — the lovely, warm, comfortable house in which, the Englishman told me, I would spend the rest of the day and the following night until I was taken somewhere else, (I did not yet know where.)

“I thank you for lodging me here,” said I. Yet, I added immediately: “But would you do so if I were German?”

“But you are British,” replied my host.

“Any nationality attributed to me (in the sense the world now conceives nationhood and nationality) would be artificial,” said I. “I am just an Aryan.” And I thought of Herr W., and wondered: “How are they treating *him* who, being an S.S. officer, is worth more than I?” It would perhaps have been better to have left me in the cold, dark cell. I did not want personal consideration from Germany’s oppressors — from the willing or unwilling agents of the enemies of Aryandom.

The Englishman’s wife came to take me upstairs to have a bath. She was a young, very attractive woman, with fiery red hair — a Scotchwoman; a fine Nordic type. And as I gazed at her, I thought for the millionth time “Why could not at least the best physical specimens of Aryans all support the one Ideology worthy of the race — ours? Why do they — even in Germany, let alone in other places — allow the cunning of the Jew to divide them in the name of utterly non-Aryan principles?” But I said nothing. And as I followed her through a warm corridor, taking a glance, as I went, at the blue satin hangings that adorned one of the bedrooms, I realised, with such sadness that I could have cried, that some Germans had been turned out of their comfortable home to make place for this M.I. and his family. “Where were they now?” thought I. How were they living? It was in one of *their* rooms that I was to sleep that night. . . . But perhaps they would not mind *my* presence in their house so much as that of the British official, if only they knew me.

I was still trying to picture to myself the lawful inhabitants of those lovely surroundings when I reached the bathroom.

“You can use any soap you like”; said the M.I.’s wife. You have bath salts here in the corner. And here

is a clean towel. If you need anything, do not be ashamed to tell me.”

“I thank you,” said I, “and beg to be excused for all the trouble that I am giving you. I would only like . . . some clean underclothes. I believe I have some in the brown suitcase that they brought here with me. And the cardboard box that is in the same suitcase I would need also. And again excuse me for putting you to such inconvenience.”

“It is quite all right. I want you to be comfortable. And you’ll have something to eat when you come down.”

The lady’s voice was sweet and friendly; her manners perfect. I could not help feeling that I was ready to like her, provided she was not against us. I was even beginning to wonder if she were not secretly on our side, and were not treating me so well precisely because of my convictions. But if it were so, she would never tell me. Or would she? I tried to know.

“Did they tell you why I was arrested?” I asked her.

“No.”

“I wrote and distributed papers against the Occupation. I am a Nazi — a real one. I tell you so because I do not wish you to be kind to me without you knowing what I stand for.”

“But it makes absolutely no difference to me,” said the M.I.’s wife. “You have every right to stick up for your convictions, as we all have. Personally, I do not bother my head with politics: I have enough to do with my household and my two kids. For me, you are just a fellow woman of mine.”

“Then, why arrest me? And why persecute Germany? And why persecute National Socialism all over the world?” I wanted to say. But I said nothing. It would have been useless. This charming lady had no say

in the detested decisions of the victorious Democracies. And, thought I, her beautiful Aryan children would grow up under the New Order anyhow. The next World War and the next following peace — *our* peace — would come before they would be fifteen, I hoped.

Smiling at this possibility, I bathed in a tub of green marble, and felt as fresh as a rose. I walked downstairs in my clean clothes, humming the old song:

“Germany, awake from your bad dream!
Give not, to alien Jews, a place within your Reich!
We want to fight for your resurrection
Aryan blood must not be submerged!”¹

And I could not help thinking: “What would the lawful inhabitants of this house say, if they heard me?” I felt quite sure that they would be secretly pleased. And as I passed before the kitchen, I did all I could for the two young German servants who were working there to hear me. Did they, or not? And if they did, what feelings did the old “Kampflied” rouse in them? I shall never know.

I entered the room I had been assigned: a neat little basement room, with pink flowers on the windowsill. I lay upon the bed — a comfortable bed — and shut my eyes just for a while; to rest, for I knew I would soon be cross-examined again. There was a soft knock at the door. “Come in,” said I. It was the M.I.’s wife herself, holding a tray.

“I have brought you an omelet, a few slices of cake, bread and butter and jam,” said she.

“Oh, thank you!” answered I, in an impulse of

¹ “Deutschland erwache aus deinem bösen Traum!
Gib fremden Juden in deinem Reich nicht Raum!
Wir wollen kämpfen für dein Auferstehen.
Arisches Blut darf nicht untergehen!”

gratitude: the lady was so friendly. But at once I recalled Herr W., and a painful feeling filled my heart and apparently, my face became sombre.

“You must be hungry,” said my hostess. “Since when have you had nothing to eat?”

“Since yesterday morning. But that is nothing to mention.”

“Dear met you would perhaps have liked a little more, then?”

“No, really not. I have more than enough with all this, and am very thankful. I was only thinking . . .”

“What were you thinking?”

“. . . thinking . . . how I would be happy if I could share this with the young comrade who was arrested in connection with me, a German who has already suffered a thousand hardships and the most beastly treatment at the hands of the French. Poor boy! if I had not given him those posters to stick up, he would still be free.”

“The French might have been somewhat rough, but I am sure *we* will treat him kindly,” declared my hostess.

“Do you think so? *I* am not so sure. He is faithful and courageous, and deserves every consideration even from our enemies. But he has not a British Indian passport,” I replied bitterly.

“But what can *you* do, now?”

“Nothing, I know. Only, I think of him — and of the thousands of others — and I feel a little ashamed of myself when I see how kind and considerate you are to me.”

“You should not. You did not ask for it, I know. And you, too, are faithful and courageous.”

“I have not yet suffered; I have not yet proved my worth,” said I, meaning every word I said.

“Don’t talk; your coffee will be getting cold.”

“Yes, that lovely coffee! I have smelt it as soon as you came in,” I said, pouring out a cup of it for myself, as I sat down. “How did you guess I liked coffee better than tea?”

“I thought you would, as I was told you are half continental.”

I was sincerely touched. “Do sit down, and stay a while with me,” I asked the charming woman who, after all, was not responsible for the nonsensical discrimination the Allied authorities seemed to make between my German comrades and myself. “May I know your name?”

“Mrs. Hatch.”

“I am Mrs. Mukherji — Savitri Devi Mukherji. Tell me, Mrs. Hatch, why are you so kind to me?”

“Because one should be kind to everybody; and also because I like you. My husband has talked about you.”

“Has he indeed? And what did he say? I am sure *he* does not like me!”

“Why do you think that? On the contrary, he finds you strangely interesting, and . . . let me tell you . . . unusually clever.”

“I? But I am the one — the only one — damned fool among all those who share my Ideology! In fact, had I not been so stupid, I never would have got caught.”

She laughed heartily. I finished my omelet, and poured myself out another cup of coffee.

“Your coffee is excellent,” said I. And I could not help adding: “Yes, I do wish my German comrades had such coffee to drink...”

Even those who were free could obtain, then, but very seldom anything else but a tasteless decoction of chicory — “mook-fook,” as they called it, and that, without sugar and without milk. And again, in my mind, I recalled Herr W., and wondered how he was being

treated. The thought of him pursued me. And I remembered the anti-Nazi starvation camps that the Allies had (I knew it from comrades who had suffered in some of them) established in occupied Germany. But I realised it was of no use mentioning these to this woman she would avoid answering me — whether she knew the facts or not — and would politely drop the topic. Moreover, what could she *do*, even if she were sincere and bold enough not to shut her eyes to such uncomfortable realities? Other Democrats — other “humanitarians,” responsible ones — would answer for all those horrors when the day of reckoning would come: I thought of that delightful day, while munching bread and butter and raspberry jam — as other people think of the long-desired events that will bring great joy into their personal lives.

“I am told that you come from India and that you write books. Have you written anything about India?” the M.I.’s wife asked me.

“Yes, a book in French, and two others in English, long ago. But my other books are on other subjects.”

“For example?”

“For example: the Religion of the Disk — a particularly beautiful and pure form a Sun worship, put forth by a Pharaoh of the early fourteenth century before Christ, King Akhnaton, one of the greatest historic figures of all times.”

“How interesting! And how did you come to choose such a subject?”

“Just because I too, am a worshipper of the Sun, the Source of all life and health and power,” said I.

“Are you, really? So you don’t believe in Christianity?”

I smiled. The question seemed almost absurd to me. How could anyone indeed believe in Christianity and

have our ideals? But I was contented to answer: “Certainly not,” without further explanations. There was another knock at the door, and the M.I. himself appeared — Mr. Hatch, I now knew his name. A young girl, a typist, was with him.

“Are you now ready to be cross-questioned once more?” he asked me, as his wife left the room with the half-empty tray.

“Surely.”

He sat down, and so did the typist, and so did I. And again, for the safety of Democracy, the gentleman peered into my past — to the extent *I* was willing that he should peer. And again, the things I said seemed strange to him, in spite of his long experience with “political cases,” — the truer, the stranger.

“When did you decide to go to India?” he asked me among other things.

“In 1932.”

“And what attracted you there?”

“I wished to see with my own eyes, and to study, a civilisation uniting many separate races, for thousands of years, under a social system founded upon the idea of natural racial hierarchy — our idea. It appeared to me that the sight of India could suggest, in some way, what our New Order extended to the whole world would loot: like after six thousand years of existence.”

“And you did not become a little sceptical about the value of your principles when you saw real India, with its filth and misery?”

“No, on the contrary, never was I so strongly convinced of the necessity of a rational, worldwide caste-system — the purest Aryans forming the highest castes — if the world is one day to become worth living in. But the sight of India’s ‘filth and misery’ as you say so well,

did teach me (or rather, strengthen in me the conviction) that the 'live and let live' attitude of the Indians — and of most Westerners — is no good, and that *our* future worldwide organisation should impose that which the Indian system has failed even to stress, namely, limitation of breeding among the inferior races, along with our well-known sterilisation of the unfit, and elimination of the dregs of humanity of *all* races.”

“Did you not go to India for any other reason?”

“Yes, to find there, in the religious rites, customs and beliefs, something of a living equivalent of the old Aryan cults of Europe — both of Greece and of the North; of *my* Europe in its entirety — which Christianity has abolished.”

“And what did you do, mainly, all those years you were there?”

“I fought Christianity — and Islam, the two international religions of equality, whose adherent any man of any race can become; the two great lasting delusions, rooted in Judaism, that set up the Jews as a 'chosen' people, as the channel of divine revelation, in the eyes of untold millions in the East and in the West. I fought them — both — with passionate tenacity, using any platform that was offered to me, speaking, and sometimes writing, in the name of the traditions of India, but in reality in the name of my — of *our* — life-centred philosophy; of the eternal Philosophy of the Swastika, not because it is 'Indian' in any way, but because it is mine — ours. Indeed, I did nothing else.”

“How is it that you remained there so long?”

“I did not intend to, at first. I meant to come back to Europe after a couple of years. Then, I got interested in my struggle there — which was, in fact, an aspect of our struggle. I thought myself useful — perhaps making thereby a mistake. I felt I was preparing in the distant

East the advent of our world New Order. And had we won this war, I must say that, perhaps, my humble efforts would not have been entirely wasted.”

The typist only wrote down those of my answers that seemed to be of some interest in connection with my coming trial. I often had the impression that Mr. Hatch asked me a great deal of technically useless questions, out of sheer personal interest in the history of a non-German National Socialist — a relatively rare specimen.

“To sum up,” said he, after an hour or two of conversation with me, “it is your own philosophy of life, your essentially aesthetic attitude to religious and social problems, and your interpretation of world history that made you a National Socialist?”

“Nothing made me a National Socialist. I always was one, by nature, by instinct, and could not have been anything else even before I knew what to call myself. But it is true that the factors you mention — and others too — have helped me to become more and more conscious of my Ideology.”

“What ‘other factors’, for instance?”

“My awareness of the Jewish danger on all planes, and not merely in the economic sphere; my strong sense of Aryan solidarity; my inborn hatred of moderate views and of half measures.”

When the typist had gone away, Mr. Hatch came back to me with another man, a Jewish-looking sort of fellow, before whom I repeated some of the things I had said concerning the historical foundation of my Nazi convictions.

“Personally, I like your ancient Greek stuff well enough,” said that other man, “your Spartans, and your Olympic games and what not. But couldn’t we have that without National Socialism?”

“No. It is impossible.”

“But why, impossible?”

“If you cannot yourself see ‘why’, it just means that you grasp nothing at all of the real Hellenic spirit, or nothing of National Socialism — or perhaps nothing of either,” I replied.

On that remark of mine, both that man and Mr. Hatch walked out. I watched them go. The former was crude, the latter refined — English, and gentlemanlike. But they were both average men. A certain admixture of Jewish blood, probably, in the case of the former, and a successful Judeo-Christian education coupled with vested interests, in the case of both, could never allow them to see things as they are. And never, perhaps, since those horrid days of 1946 that followed my landing in England, had I felt so keenly that we are *the* misunderstood minority — the only one — that bears the torch of eternal truth in this hateful, decaying Western world, we National Socialists, we, the modern Aryan Heathen. And once more I longed for the divinely ordained general crash — the end of “Kali Yuga,” or the “Dark Age” — when that world would sink into nothingness while the survivors among us would organise upon its ruins the new earth, the Golden Age of the following Cycle in time, the worldwide New Order.

I stood up upon a chair and looked out of the window at the bright, moonlit sky. I remembered the night I had spent on the slopes of burning Hekla, nearly two years before — a bright night like this one, but in which the face of the full moon was obscured by a cloud of volcanic ash, and in which long streaks of lurid green light, fringed with purple — northern lights — hung from the zenith over the flaming craters and the streams of lava and the shining snowy landscape. Oh, that night; that divine, unforgettable

night! It was on the 5th of April, 1947. What was I destined to do, on the 5th of April, 1949?

And I thought of Lord Shiva, the Destroyer, whose forehead bears the crescent of the moon, and I prayed "Put the right answers in my mouth, O Lord of the Dance of appearances! Use my voice to tell the world, in adequate words, that the truth that inspires us is Thy eternal truth, and that our beloved Führer is the Chosen One of the Gods . . ."

And I pressed in my hands, with tender devotion, the little portrait of the Leader, which I wore around my neck. But again, I heard a soft knock at the door. It was Mrs. Hatch.

"You are not uncomfortable here?" she asked me. And before I had time to answer, she added, as she put on the light and saw me: "You look happy."

"I *am* happy."

"But you must be tired, after all this cross-questioning?"

"No," said I; "not at all."

And this was true. I was too happy to be tired. I was aware of being useful. Every word I said was, in a way, *our* answer to the efforts of the Democrats to "de-Nazify" us. And our answer was, irrefutable, I knew it. And what is more, *they* knew it too.

"I came," said Mrs. Hatch, "to ask you what you would like to eat for supper. It is nearly nine o'clock, and you must eat something."

"It is kind of you to ask me," I replied. "But I would be quite content with another cup of your lovely coffee. I am not hungry. I have had lunch at half past four or so."

"You surely will have a cup of coffee. I am so glad you like it. But you must have also something to eat, to

make up your strength. You will be going away from here tomorrow, early in the morning, and you will have another strenuous day. So do tell me what you would like.”

“Oh, anything — except meat, or things cooked with meat or in animal fats.”

“That is easy enough. I shall be back in a minute.”

But I retained her. “Do you mind telling me — if I am allowed to know — where they are taking me tomorrow?” I asked.

“To Düsseldorf.”

“Düsseldorf!” I repeated. “I am glad. The place is full of memories. Oh, I am glad to be tried there!”

Mrs. Hatch left the room. And I followed the, thread of my thoughts. I recalled in my mind the darkest days after the First World War, when the National Socialist struggle had begun, in Germany; the days when the French occupied the Ruhr. I was then in France, a college girl of seventeen. From what I heard of it from private sources, the behaviour of the French in the Ruhr had revolted me beyond words. “Then,” I remembered, “the name of Düsseldorf was practically every day in the papers. Who would have told me that, one day I was destined to appear there before a military Court, for having defied Germany’s enemies? And I thought of the earliest phase of the Struggle — when I merely knew of its existence. And I thought of a speech which the Führer had delivered at Düsseldorf three years after the French had settled there — on the 15th of June 1926 — a speech that had impressed me. . . . And I remembered myself, passing through the station of that same town, exactly twenty two years later, — when all was over; when all seemed lost — and thrusting leaflets on the platform from a window of the Nord-Express. Now, I was to be tried

there for similar activities, after so many Germans who had suffered and resisted. . . . I felt honoured. And then, I realised — as perhaps I never had before to the same extent — that my humble history was also a minute in the history of National Socialism; in the history of proud Germany, the champion of Aryan rights. Of course it was. And it would remain so, forever. I felt raised above myself at that thought.

But already Mrs. Hatch was back with my supper.

“Do sit down, and keep me company while I eat,” said I. She sat down. Then, suddenly smiling: “I wanted to tell you,” she said, “that I have seen your beautiful Indian jewellery.”

“But I have hardly any left. What you have seen is nothing!”

“Whatever it be, I like it . . . including your earrings in the shape of swastikas. They are so lovely!”

“A swastika is always lovely,” answered I. “It is the Wheel of the Sun, — and our holy Sign.”

“But the Indians also hold it sacred, I am told; don’t they?”

“Yes, because they owe the essentials of their religions ideas to the ancient Aryans, conquerors of India thousands of years ago.”

“Tell me, also: is it that you became a vegetarian in India?”

“No; I always was one, from my childhood.”

“Is it for reasons of health, or is it a matter of principles, with you?”

“It is a matter of principles. I refuse to have any part in the infliction of suffering and death upon innocent animals, especially when I can well live without doing so.”

The woman looked at me, a little surprised. And

she asked me the question that hundreds had asked me already, that hundreds more were to ask me, to this day: *the* unavoidable question: “In that case, you don’t approve of the violence committed upon human beings in the name of your Ideology?”

“Of course I do! Why shouldn’t I?” I replied, hiding genuine irritation — for *that* question always irritates me. “I do, wholeheartedly, provided that those who make use of violence do so either to obey orders (in the case they are subordinates) or — in the case they are allowed to take initiative — solely to forward the ends of the Party, the triumph of our Idea, the application of our programme in its proper spirit, *and never for any personal ends.*”

“But surely *you* would not have done yourself some of the things the Nazis did,” said the naive lady.

“I undoubtedly would have — and worse things than you can imagine — had I only been given an opportunity,” answered I, with the fire of sincerity, knowing I was right. “And I am prepared to act in the same manner, if ever I get a chance to . . . next time. But of course, as far as possible, always in a detached spirit. I would brush aside all personal feelings including my hatred for anyone who hates my Führer, and consider the sole expediency of the measures I would apply — nothing else.”

“You refuse to have a part in the murder of innocent animals, you say, and yet, you would send any number of human beings to their doom if you or your superiors judged it ‘expedient’, i.e. if it suited your ideological ends!”

“Most certainly.”

“I fail to understand you. You baffle me.”

“Animals are not anti-Nazis” said I, so calmly and so spontaneously, — so naturally — that, in spite of her fathomless naivety, the woman recoiled a little. But she

clung to her illusions as though her confidence in life depended upon them. “I can’t believe you!” she said. “*I do not want to believe you; you look so sweet!*”

“What you, and I, and a thousand other people might believe or want to believe has absolutely no importance. Facts alone count,” answered I, in a tranquil voice, with a happy smile.

There was an unbreachable abyss between the usual man-centred outlook of that softhearted woman, brought up in a Christian atmosphere to the influence of which she had responded, and myself, and us all. I recalled the words by which Monsieur Grassot, the Assistant Director of the French Information Department, at Baden Baden, had characterised our merciless consistency: *cette logique effroyable* — that appalling logic. And once more, as on the 9th of October 1948, before the desk of that official, I thought: “The degenerate world that exalts the Christian values (with what appalling hypocrisy!) will never be won over to our point of view. It will have to perish wholesale before we can build our world. Let it perish! Then the surviving young Aryans of all lands shall follow us.”

When Mrs. Hatch had gone away, after wishing me a good night, I wrote to my husband a letter of which the wording was more or less the following:

Sricharaneshu,¹ the immortal Gods have been pleased to honour me: I am under arrest since the night before last for having distributed in occupied Germany several thousands of National Socialist leaflets, which I had written myself. I have given practically all I possessed

¹ “*Lotus-footed one*”; a formula of respect used in India when addressing a superior (father, husband etc.), in writing.

for our sacred cause. Sweet liberty was the last treasure I had. Now, I have given that, too. I am happy, exceedingly happy. I feel a little worthier, now, of my persecuted German comrades, whom I admire as the world's living élite.

I hope you are well. May Mahadeva, Lord of Life and Death, be with you.

With utmost love and reverence.

Heil Hitler!

Your,
Savitri

And I remained a long time awake, wondering whether I would ever see my old home in Calcutta once more, and have a heart to heart talk with the one man in Asia who seemed to know me and to understand me perfectly.

Then, I slept like a log.

* * *

The following morning, after breakfast, I was taken to Düsseldorf. Mrs. Hatch, who had things to do there, sat by my side in the car. Her husband and another man accompanied us.

I had rested, and was in the best of spirits — feeling strong, and in a mood to use defiant speech at the slightest opportunity. I was beginning to realise that those Englishmen, in whose hands I was now, would never apply to me the “methods” of which the German policeman in Cologne had reminded me the existence as a matter of course. *They* were too squeamish, or too Christian-like, or too afraid of the consequences — afraid of the immense advantage I would take of a personal experience of torture, in my anti-democratic propaganda, no sooner I would be free — or perhaps (who knows?) too good

psychologists; too thoroughly convinced of the uselessness of any “methods” of intimidation in the case of such “fanatics” as myself. I despised then a little — instead of admiring them — and felt all the more aggressive, instead of all the less so, as *they* would probably have expected. And I enjoyed the drive along the great *Reichsautobahn*.

The Sun was bright, the air invigorating. The car rolled along the straight, smooth, shining road, at full speed. I remembered I was going to be tried, and that my trial would be a fact, and that as a fact, — past and ineffaceable — it would remain in the recorded or unrecorded annals of the persecution of National Socialism. One day, the guest of resurrected Germany, seated with other Nazis — free, proud, powerful, merciless and happy — I would speak about it; and say whatever I liked against the slaves of the Jews and the traitors (all of them liquidated, by then) and the “swine-Occupation,” then, the mere memory of a bad dream. This thought thrilled me before hand. I was already — now, powerless and a prisoner — the happiest person in the car. A strange excitement, a sort of intoxication from within, prompted me to speak, to say something irrefutable that would remind the other occupants of the car that their Democracy, — their money power — is not the only force in the world.

“These lovely *Autobahnen* are one of the lasting achievements of the Third Reich — and a symbol,” said I defiantly. “I cannot help thinking of the great days every time I move along one.”

Mr. Hatch and the other man looked at me with tired faces — evidently not in a mood to respond to attack. Mrs. Hatch said softly:

“We have preserved those truly beautiful roads, and

we do what we can to keep them in good order as long as we are here.”

“Right: because you use them yourselves ‘as long as you are here’. And how long do you think that will be, if I am not indiscreet?” asked I with a sarcastic smile.

“I don’t know.”

“Nor do I. But I can say that much: it will be as long as the invisible powers will permit; not a minute longer. One day, the Allied troops — and civilians — will run for their lives along these roads and along the roads of their respective countries, pursued by fire from all sides, and not knowing where to go. That will be the day of unfailing Nemesis; the day of my yearning; the day when I shall gloat and gloat and gloat, wherever I be. Tell me: what will you people do, then, to keep me from gloating?”

“Oh, let us talk of something else!” said poor Mrs. Hatch, harassed, exasperated, perhaps crushed by a sudden intuition of the terrible future at the sight of my face — for if what she read there was the spirit of an utterly powerless Nazi, what would resurrected National Socialism look like, once more in all its conquering power? “Let us get away from politics!”

But I was pitiless. “I am not talking ‘politics’,” said I; “I am only stating how I expect to enjoy myself, one day, never mind when. To think of it is the only pleasure left to me, now that I am caught, and of no further use to my cause.”

“Is there not anything or anybody you love in this world, save your cause and the people connected with it?”

“No,” replied I, with all my heart.

There was silence; and the car rolled on. The Sun was now higher in the sky, the air, a little warmer — or a little less cold.

Before we reached Düsseldorf, Mrs. Hatch and I were again talking — this time, about cats, if I remember well. It is one of the few decidedly non-controversial subjects of which I am able to talk with interest and understanding and firsthand knowledge.

* * *

In Düsseldorf, I was first taken to one of the police buildings and left there — with Mrs. Hatch — in a room, to wait until someone, seated in the adjacent room, was ready to question me. Mr. Hatch and the man who accompanied him disappeared from my sight.

On the wall facing me in the room in which I was waiting, I noticed large boards bearing statistical sketches in different colours, supposed to represent the progress of “de-Nazification” in Germany, thanks to the organised efforts of the Occupying Powers and of the Germans won over to the cause of Democracy.

I could not help drawing Mrs. Hatch’s attention to those boards — for the sight of the coloured lines standing for thousands of “de-Nazified” Germans made me wild; and she happened to be the only person in the room besides myself.

“Have you seen all this damned tommyrot stuck up, about the place?” asked I, although I had promised not to talk “politics” any more. “What right have the rascals, anyhow, to try to ‘de-Nazify’ people, after pretending, all these years, to be the champions of ‘free’ self-determination? And what if some people choose to use their freedom to put themselves, willingly and joyfully, under the discipline of National Socialism? I did that, precisely — I who am not a German; I who was brought up in the most democratic of all countries, the cradle of the silliest ideas about ‘equality’ in modern times. Let them

draw their blue and yellow lines, and let them multiply the number of 'de-Nazified' Germans by twenty, to see how many thousands of marks they have pocketed!¹ I am a permanent slap, a living defiance to all their 'de-Nazification' schemes — and so will be, at the first opportunity, I hope, their forced converts to Democracy all over Germany!"

Poor Mrs. Hatch replied to my tirade in a sweet voice:

"I have never believed in statistics."

"Nor have I."

"Then, why are you so upset?"

"*They* believe in them," said I. And all my hatred for the Allied Occupation since 1945, and for the Allies themselves since 1939, could be felt in the way I stressed that word *they*.

"No, they don't; that much I can tell you," replied Mrs. Hatch. "But even if they did, why should *you* care? It is in your interest to deceive them, for the time being, is it not?"

"I loathe them!" I exclaimed, without paying serious attention to her last words — which I were to remember months later. "But then, if you are right," asked I, in reply to her first statement, "why all these figures, all these coloured lines, all these lies — and all the grim apparatus of bribery and fear that stands behind them?"

"I don't know. Perhaps to occupy a few thousands

¹ Every German who was a member of the N.S.D.A.P. was compelled to have a certificate of "de-Nazification" in order to be allowed to work. And he had to pay at least 20 marks to the Allied authorities, for such a certificate.

of worthless clerks who would otherwise be unemployed,” admitted the sweet — and patient — lady.

I wanted to say: “It that be indeed what you believe, then why do you stay here on the side of Germany’s oppressors?”; to which Mrs. Hatch would probably have replied that she was no militant idealist of any sort, and that she had two children. But I had no time to speak. The door was opened and I was called into the adjacent room. I took leave of Mrs. Hatch, asking her to excuse me if I had really hurt her feelings on any occasion, now or the day before. She wished me “good luck” in my coming trial and left the place.

There were several men in the room into which I was ushered. One of them again asked me many of the questions that had already been posed to me. I replied in exactly the same manner as at first. Then, I was told that I would be prosecuted for violation of the article 7 of the Law 8 of the Occupation Statute in Germany, which forbids any sort of propaganda “aimed at keeping alive the military or Nazi spirit.”

A tall Englishman of agreeable manners, wearing the police uniform, asked me if I cared to make a short statement — just a sentence or two — expressing in a nutshell the purpose of my “offence.” This statement would be read in public at my trial, said he; but I was not compelled to make it if I did not wish to. In a flash of imagination, I pictured myself a hall full of people — mostly, at least, if not all Germans — and my words read to them an encouragement to all those who shared my faith; a warning to the others. Surely I was not going to miss such an opportunity of telling the martyred nation why I had come.

“I am only too glad to speak,” said I with a bright smile. “Know, then, that it is not merely the military

spirit, in the narrow sense of the word, but National Socialist consciousness in its entirety that I have struggled to strengthen, — that I will again struggle to strengthen, as soon as I get a chance to do so: — for in my eyes, National Socialism exceeds Germany, and exceeds our times.”

My words were taken down. None of the men present made any comments.

I was told that I would appear on that very afternoon before the Lower Control Commission Court, but that my final trial would probably not come before several weeks time. They would first have to sort out and to read the numerous books, papers, letters, notes, etc., that were in my luggage, and of which many would constitute evidence against me. “Evidence in my favour,” thought I, taking a longer view of things, and also well knowing that the police authorities would find, in all that written matter, more than enough to impress them about my absolute sincerity. I remembered there were, in my bag, two letters addressed to me, during one of my short stays in London, by Mr. B. a very fine English friend of mine — the inmate of an anti-Nazi concentration camp in England, during the war. Both ended with the sacred formula: “Heil Hitler!” The police would not be able to harm the gentleman, at any rate. There is no law forbidding a British subject, writing to another British subject in England or within the British Commonwealth, to end his or her letters with those two words. Moreover, the address in the corner of the page was no longer his. He was now far away, overseas — in safety. Yet nobody, admittedly, save a hundred per cent National Socialist, would receive letters ending with “Heil Hitler!” in 1948. And I was glad at the thought that our enemies would become more and more convinced, as they went through

my things, that I was no paid agent of any description.

But why speak of Mr. B's letters? There was, in my attaché case, the beginning of my book *Gold in the Furnace*, that fiery profession of Nazi faith written in my own handwriting, and dedicated "to the martyrs of Nuremberg"; and there was the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, a philosophical book that I was writing slowly, along with the other, and that is — perhaps even more than the other, for those who can read between the lines, — the expression of all we stand for, the justification of all we did.

I recalled in my mind the last paragraph of the Chapter 3 of the former book, which I had written in a café in Bonn on the 12th February 1949, a few days before my arrest: "Today, we suffer. And tomorrow, we might have to suffer still more. But we know it is not forever, — perhaps even not for long. One day, those of us to whom it will be granted to witness and to survive the coming crash, will march through Europe in flames, once more singing the Horst Wessel Song — the avengers of their comrades' martyrdom, and of all the humiliations and of all the cruelties inflicted upon us since 1945; and the conquerors of the day; the builders of future Aryandom upon the ruins of Christendom; the rulers of the new Golden Age." I knew the words by heart; they came after a vitriolic impeachment both of Communism "that most cunning of all mass delusions," and of Democracy "the rule of the scum." I was glad to know that Germany's oppressors would read *that* (the philosophical book they were perhaps incapable of understanding) and learn what at least one non-German National Socialist thought of them. But at the same time, I was convinced that they would destroy the unfinished book — I surely,

would have destroyed any equally eloquent anti-Nazi writing that would have fallen into my hands, if I had been in power, and, which is more, *I* would have destroyed the writer with it. I felt profoundly sad at the thought, for I loved that book of mine, the youngest and fairest child of my brain. In none of my former writings, had I so, passionately poured out my whole being as in this one. Had they sworn to me that they would spare it on the condition that I should be killed or tortured, I would have chosen death or torment without hesitation — anything to preserve the sincerest words I had ever written, so that, one day, a few among my Führer's people might read them and say of me: "She loved and admired us."

I would, thought I, do my best to save them. So I went up to the man who had just told me about my trial, and spoke to him. "My own writings will serve as evidence," said I, "but may I ask if they will be given back to me after the trial is over? Or can I be again tried on account of some of them, specially of a certain book which I was writing?"

"In this trial, you are charged with distributing tracts and sticking up posters, not with writing books. Your leaflets and placards are the only things with which we are concerned."

"Then, my unfinished books will not be destroyed?" asked I, hardly daring to be hopeful.

"That, I cannot tell you. It all depends upon the Court. If the Court judges your writings subversive, it will order their destruction; otherwise not," replied the man, somewhat impatiently.

I, who knew how "subversive" were the three first chapters of my *Gold in the Furnace*, — even the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, of which the spirit is no less Nietzschean — felt all hope abandon me.

I looked sadly out of the window, at the sunny courtyard and at the bright blue sky. I pictured to myself, beyond the wall that faced me, the hundreds of miles of ruins I knew so well. “When we have lost the war, when, my Führer’s people are persecuted, when all I have loved lies in the dust, it is mean of me to grieve over my book,” thought I. “They have burnt all manner of Nazi literature they could lay hands upon, beginning with thousands of copies of *Mein Kampf*; why should they not destroy also my insignificant prose?” But still I was depressed. Then, from the serene depth of bygone ages, everlasting words of wisdom emerged into my consciousness — words of the Bhagavad-Gita, of which I had never experienced the overwhelming beauty as I did now: “Considering as equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, gird thyself for the battle; thus thou shalt not incur sin”¹ . . . “in a spirit of sacrifice, devoid of attachment, perform thou dutiful action, O son of Kunti.”²

And tears came into my eyes as I remembered the divine sentences. And I prayed ardently that I might — even now — serve the Nazi cause with efficiency and perfect detachment — indifferent to all forms of personal glory or personal satisfaction; to everyone and to everything save God — i.e., the truth — and the Führer, God’s living mouthpiece; and duty.

* * *

I was then sent to the “Stahlhaus,” now the Headquarters of the British Civil Police. An English policewoman, Miss Taylor, was put in charge of me. I told her

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 38.

² The Bhagavad-Gita, III, verse 9.

why I was under arrest, in case she did not know it already. I did not want her — or anybody — to take me for an ordinary, “criminal case.” After a few minutes, she asked me the tiresome old question that I have answered a hundred thousand times since my return to Europe: “You don’t really mean that you condone the awful things that the Nazis did?”

“What ‘awful things’?” asked I, with undisguised contempt: I never loathe the Democrats’ hypocrisy so intensely as when that question is posed to me.

“Well, violence of all sorts: killing off people by the thousand,” replied Miss Taylor.

“And why not?” said I, “if those people were obstacles to the stability of the régime and to the creation of a more beautiful world? I believe in removing obstacles. Moreover” — I added — “I am thoroughly disgusted with the scruples of people who take slaughterhouses and vivisection chambers as a matter of course and yet dare to protest against our real or supposed ‘atrocities’ upon objectionable human beings.”

“But they were human beings, however objectionable you might find them.”

“I have never shared our opponents’ superstitious regard for the two-legged mammal,” said I, with an expression of contempt. “I consider *all* life sacred — until it becomes an obstacle to the higher purpose of Creation, which we, National Socialists, have set ourselves to forward. And alone selfish or idiotic human beings — the most dangerous of all beasts — can stand in the way of *that*.”

“But there is no higher purpose than the happiness of all men,” said the policewoman, whether in earnest or not, I do not know.

“You might think so; I don’t,” answered I. “My

firm conviction — which I suppose I can express freely, as you Democrats stand, or pretend to stand for ‘freedom’ — is that the highest purpose of life is to forward the growth of a superior humanity, whose role is to rule a healthy world. No means are too ruthless that can bring us nearer to that goal.”

The policewoman was not only cultured, but intelligent. She understood that my attitude was rooted in lifelong reactions — in my very nature — and that it was, therefore, unshakable. Neither on that day nor later on — on the several occasions she accompanied me to and fro between my prison and Düsseldorf — did she ever again speak to me as though I might be brought to accept the current scale of values of what I call the decadent world. She admitted that I was “absolutely consistent,” — and if she thought “appallingly consistent,” she did not say so. And she declared that she herself would react as I do, “if she had my convictions.”

I lunched with her, insisting, as always, on vegetarian food for myself, after which I was taken back to the building in which I had spent the morning, nay to the room where I had waited with Mrs. Hatch for them to call me for cross-questioning — the room of which the walls bore coloured statistical accounts of the “progress of ‘de-Nazification’ in Germany.”

One of the men in Civil Police uniform whom I had met in the morning — I think he was called Manning, but I am not quite sure — entered that room with me and shut the door. I scented that something different from my other sittings was intended to take place, and mentally, I prepared myself for the worst, praying to the Gods to assist me.

Mr. Manning — or the gentleman whom I took to be

Mr. Manning — sat down and bade me take a seat opposite him. “Now,” said he, in a soft, low, insinuating voice, “you see we are not doing any harm to you. You cannot complain of our behaviour, can you?”

“Up till now, I admit I cannot.”

“Then, would you not care to help us a little by telling us who printed those posters of yours? You can be quite sure nobody will ever know that you gave us the information. Moreover, we assure you that no harm will be done to the printer or those connected with him.”

I felt a wave of indignation rush to my heart as if the man had insulted me in the filthiest language — and more so. I could have strangled him with my own hands with delight, not for wishing to know who had printed my propaganda (that was only natural on his part) but for having the impudence to imagine that I could give away a comrade. Who did the fellow take me for? I looked at him straight in the face and replied with contempt: “I am no traitor!”

“That, we know,” said the man, his voice still softer; “we know. But could one call this treachery? We shall find out anyhow.”

“Then, find out if you can,” answered I, “and don’t ask me. You will never get a word from me.”

Then, recalling the threat of the German policeman in Cologne on the night of my arrest, I pursued: “If you are really keen on making me speak, why don’t you try on me your wonder-working Democratic ‘methods’ — those you have used upon thousands of my betters, you who criticise us for being ‘brutal’, you who pretend to have fought to deliver the world from our impending tyranny? Come along! Don’t be squeamish! Remember that I too am a Nazi, — a monster by definition — and by far nearer the conventional type of Nazi that you

people hate and dread, than most others. If I were in your place, and you in mine, I would not waste precious time arguing. I would do what all representatives of well-organised services of coercion have done from the beginning of the world, and will do till the world ends. Do the same! — and let me, one day, give public lectures about the episode, to my own delight, and to that of all the enemies of Democracy! In the meantime, I might not speak — I sincerely hope I shall not, although it is always rash to boast before hand. But you will at least have done your best for the defence of the decaying order in Western Europe — if you really care about it as much as the Allied controlled press would lead us to believe.”

The man — on behalf of the Democratic world — listened to that bitingly ironical discourse with apparent equanimity. And he replied, again in his soft, low insinuating voice; “No, we shall not apply any sort of physical pressure in *your* instance; it is out of the question . . .”

“You prefer to apply it in the instance of defenceless Germans, who cannot expose your ‘humanitarian’ lies before the world and tear your prestige to pieces, because you do not allow them to travel,” I burst out, interrupting him. But the man seemed to pay no attention to what I said.

“We shall not submit *you* to any sort of physical pressure,” he repeated, ignoring my impeachment; “but we give you the confidential assurance that, if you tell us who printed your posters, we shall spare your writings — all of them, however subversive they be.”

I marvelled, inwardly, at the psychological insight of that man. He had guessed that the irretrievable loss of my unpublished books would be a greater torment to me than any agony of the body. But even that did not

work. On the contrary. A strange reaction took place in me: I felt that my last link with the, world of appearances had been snapped; that henceforth, I was free — freer than the roaring Ocean that no man can control. In that fraction of a second, under the pressure of emergency, I had rid myself of my strongest attachment: the attachment to my life's creation.

“Burn them, then,” said I, with exaltation. “Burn them! — although I know I could never write them again as they are. Better not a trace be left of whatever I produced, rather than I become unworthy of my Führer and of my faith — of all I have lived for, all my life!”

My eyes were filled with tears. But I regretted nothing, and meant every word I said. I possessed nothing nearer to my heart than my own sincere writings, the children of my soul, my only children. And the austere joy I now experienced was — I presume — akin to the joy of a mother who sends her sons to a dutiful death, rather than incur shame.

The man gazed at me, and seemed surprised. In vain, he coaxed me for a long time more. “I thought you were extremely anxious about the fate of your writings,” said he.

“I was,” I replied. “I would undergo any torture, if that could save them! But I will not save them at the cost of honour. I am a National Socialist and a worshipper of the Sun — not of any Jewish god or prophet. And I am the granddaughter of William Nash, an English gentleman.”

The man again looked into my face, and said with an accent of sincerity, lowering his voice still a little more: “I understand you.”

I then appeared before the Lower Control Commission Court, in a different building. Not a real sitting of the Court, but just a dull procedure — quickly over, I must say.

The man in uniform who had been cross-questioning me asked the Court that I should be kept on remand for a fortnight, and submitted both to a physical and to a mental examination by British doctors. The Court agreed. And I left the hall, followed by Miss Taylor, who was now to take me to my new abode: the women's prison in Werl, near Soest, Westphalia, some eighty or ninety miles from Düsseldorf.

In the corridor, as I came out, I saw my comrade and collaborator, Herr. W., dragged along by a tough German policeman who held him by his sleeve. He looked thin exceedingly pale, and dejected — the shadow of himself. He had swollen eyelids and (at least, it seemed to me) a blue mark — doubtless the mark of a blow — upon his face. I was neither enchained nor held, and I had undergone no ill-treatment, thanks to my British-Indian passport. I gazed at him — who fortunately did not see me — and remembered the last words he had addressed to me in the empty train: "I shall never betray you. . . . The mark does not come off. . . . I was in command of S.S. men." And tears filled my eyes. I *knew* he had not betrayed me.

And I felt small before him — and all the others, who had suffered ill-treatment, ever since 1945. What had I not done to acquire, in war time, that British-Indian passport of mine, so that I might, under a pretext, leave India to serve our cause more efficiently on my own continent! And now I felt ashamed of the advantages that the document gave me. I regretted that I was not treated like the others — like those who share my Nazi faith; my equals; and my betters; all those I love.

CHAPTER IV

ON REMAND

On that day, the 21st of February, in the evening, after a beautiful motor drive, I arrived before the doors of the Werl prison. Miss Taylor had conversed with me with the utmost courtesy and cordiality during the journey — about Marcus Aurelius, whom she knew well and admired; about Christianity, which she forgave me for detesting; about the religion of the Sun as it appears in the hymns of King Akhnaton of Egypt, and in the immemorial hymns of the Rig-Veda, the most ancient verses that have come down to us in an Aryan tongue. We talked also a little of more modern subjects. And she began to realise — perhaps — how thoroughly National Socialism expressed my whole Pagan philosophy of life, and how inseparable that whole philosophy is from my very being.

I got down from the car and waited. It was already dark. A warder in greyish-green uniform opened the door and let us into a room on the left. Another man, also in uniform, seated at a table in that room, signed a paper that Miss Taylor handed over to him, acknowledging that I had actually been transferred into his custody, in other words, that she was no longer responsible for me. He also put me a few questions. Then a young woman in khaki uniform, who had been called for, came in and bade me follow her. I took leave of Miss Taylor, and crossed with my new custodian a courtyard on all sides of which were high walls, nearly entirely covered with creeper. Then, the wardress opened a large iron door with one of the two huge keys that she held, and

shut it behind me. I followed her along a path with a high wall on one side — the wall that separated the prison grounds from the street, I presumed — and, on the other, a building from which came a smell of food — the kitchens of the prison. That path led us into an alley in the midst of an open, grassy space, surrounded with buildings — four-storied ones on the left, and in the distance; a one-storied, elongated one, on the right. In all I saw hundreds of barred windows, now most of them lighted, each one of which — I guessed — corresponded to a prisoner's cell. Then, again the wardress opened a huge door with her key, and I crossed a sort of covered yard, — a paved space between two workshops — in the dark. Another door was opened before me — and, as always, shut after me, immediately I had passed — and I emerged into a rectangular courtyard, surrounded on all sides with the walls of a one-storied building. The ground floor was dark. But the windows on the first floor — all barred, like those I had seen from the much broader open Space which I had just crossed on my way — were lighted. Two flights of steps, each of them protected by a roof, led to the first floor from that courtyard. We went up the one on the left. The door at the top was again shut. The wardress opened it, walked in and turned to the right. I found myself in a long, dimly lighted, fairly wide and perfectly silent corridor with rows of doors each side of it. The wardress took me along, right to the end, and ushered me into a small room in which were an elderly lady in dark blue uniform, obviously an important member of the prison staff, and a young woman, seated at a table before what seemed to me to be a book of accounts. Along the walls of the room ran large shelves upon which heaps of clothes and linen were neatly piled

The elderly lady — who, with her wavy hair, now white, her blue eyes and regular features, must have been pretty in her youth — took down my name, age, etc., and asked me the nature of my “offence” — at the hearing of which both her face and that of the wardress brightened imperceptibly. Those German women did not dare to tell me: “You are on our side; good for you! But I felt at once that in their eyes, I was innocent, if not praiseworthy, although surely stupid — stupid enough to have let myself get caught.

“Well, those are your convictions,” said the white-haired lady. She made no further remarks but asked me — as that had to be written down as a matter of routine — what was my religion.

“I am a worshipper of the Sun,” replied I, sincerely, not without causing a little surprise; far less, however, than there would have been, had I not already stated that I was wedded to an Indian.

“Did you, then, adopt your husband’s religion?” the old matron asked me.

“Not at all — although, of course, he too pays daily homage to the fiery Disk, as every true Brahmin does, in India. I evolved my present religious outlook from the earliest days of my youth, and I can say that I spent my life regretting that my country — Greece — ever left off worshipping her old natural and national Gods (Apollo in particular, the fairest of all) to turn to a doctrine imported from Palestine. I went to India precisely in search of a civilisation as entirely free as possible from Judeo-Christian influences of any sort.”

“But you were christened?”

“I was.”

“So you did, officially, belong to a Christian Church, in your youth?”

“To the Greek Church.”

“And which service would you like to attend, here in prison: the catholic or the evangelical? They are the only two we have.”

“I wish to attend neither,” said I; “I only hope it is not compulsory.”

“It is not. But you will find time long in your cell, on Sundays.”

“I am prepared to put up with a little discomfort for the sake of consistency,” I replied. “I have never loved the Christian mythology — nor the doctrine. And the days I used to attend Church services on the sole ground that, historically, Christian pageantry has won itself a place in the life of every Aryan nation in the West, — and that the music is sometimes beautiful — those days, I say, are far, far away; irretrievably gone.”

I was classified as “dissident” in the catalogue, and taken to the cell number 121, in the C wing of the prison, where I was to live as long as I remained “on remand.” As I was a British subject, I was allowed to keep the civilian clothes that I was wearing — a dark brown tailored suit and overcoat — and my attaché case, emptied of all its former contents except a few sheets of blank paper, a towel, a piece of soap, a looking glass, and the English translation of the Bhagavad-Gita. I deeply appreciated the gesture of the persons, whoever they be, who had left me that hallowed Scripture to read and to meditate upon in my cell.

The cell contained an iron bed, fixed to the wall; a table, a stool, and a cupboard. Light came from a high window — with iron bars on the outside, — of which the topmost part alone could be unfastened to let in a little air. The floor was covered with earthen-coloured square bricks. In the thick door lined with iron, there was a

small round hole in front of which hung, on the outside, a metal flap. By lifting that flap, one could at will look into the cell from the corridor; while the prisoner could never look into the corridor from the cell. The walls were whitewashed. The inner side of the door — the iron side — was painted in light grey. It all seemed — and was — perfectly clean — as it would be, in an establishment of which at least the material management was entirely in German hands.

“Leave your attaché case here, and come with me,” said the wardress that was accompanying me; “before I lock you up, you must see “*Frau Oberin*.” Frau Oberin, whose name I learnt much later, was the person in charge of the women’s section of the prison, the “Frauen Haus.”

I was ushered into a fairly large and very neat office room nearly opposite my cell, in which a young woman between twenty-five and thirty, dressed in black, was seated at a desk. She had brown hair, and blue eyes, and a sweet face. On the walls of the room I noticed one or two pictures — photos of classical paintings, chosen with much taste — and there were flowers on the windowsill and flowers in a vase on the desk before the young woman. “In former days,” I could not help thinking with a certain sadness, “there would have been here also, no doubt, a lovely portrait of the Führer.” It only occurred to me after a minute or so that, then, I would not have been there.

The wardress left the room. The young woman at the desk, who had returned my evening’s greeting, had a look at my chart, which the wardress had handed over to her. “What is it that you are here for, may I ask you?” said she, addressing me after a moment. “You must excuse me; but I simply cannot remember what is forbidden by every article of every law — and, in your

particular case, by ‘the article 7 of the law 8 of the Occupation Status’. Moreover, I am accustomed to prisoners, and can see by your face that you are no ordinary delinquent.”

“I am here for Nazi propaganda,” said I, with obvious pride.

“That!” exclaimed *Frau Oberin* — and an enigmatic smile gave her face a new expression. “Will you not sit down for a while and have a cup of coffee — of *real* coffee, I mean, not of ‘mook-fook’?”

Was that the spontaneous reaction of “de-Nazified” Germany’s officialdom at the news of National Socialist underground activities carried on by a foreigner? I ardently wished it were. Or was it just the personal reaction of this individual woman, who, incidentally, happened to hold a responsible post under the authority of the British occupants, of the land? And if so, how far was she on our side, or, — like good Mrs. Hatch — sympathetically disposed towards me merely as a person? Was the “real coffee” for the guiltless woman, who had neither stolen nor committed murder, or was it for the friend of Germany who had striven, in her humble way, to keep the Nazi spirit alive in the hearts of Hitler’s persecuted people? In other words, was this young woman kind to me in spite of my being a National Socialist, or *because* I was a National Socialist? I did hope that the second possibility was the one corresponding to fact. But I could not ask — especially while *Frau Oberin* had made no comments whatsoever about my “offence.”

I seated myself in the comfortable armchair that she had offered me. Soon a lovely smell of coffee filled the room, as the young woman prepared the exotic beverage upon a small electric stove which she had taken from a cupboard. She poured out a cup of it for me and another

one for herself. She talked to me in a friendly manner, as though I had not been a prisoner and she the head of the Women's section of the prison.

"When did you first come to Germany?" she asked me, after I had told her that my home was in India.

"On the 15th of June 1948," replied I.

"And you had never come before?"

"Alas, no. I was six thousand miles away, during the great days," said I, with infinite, sincere sadness.

"It is a pity."

It was, indeed. But *Frau Oberin* did not stress the point. She asked me about the customs and beliefs of India, and about the women's dress, the sari, of which I described the grace to her, as best I could.

"A crowd of Indian women on a festive day, in the atmosphere of one of those old temples of which you spoke a while ago," said she, "must be a beautiful sight."

"It certainly is," answered I. And I related to her, as vividly as my knowledge of German permitted, the "Vaishakha Purnima" festival as I had admired it in the great temple of Rameshwaram, in the extreme south of India, on the 17th of May 1935: the procession, headed by handsome half-naked torch bearers, and by magnificently harnessed sacred elephants, along the huge pillared corridors of the temple, at night; the crowd — men in spotless white and women draped in silk of all colours with jasmine flowers in their black glossy hair, and flowers in their hands — gathered around the sacred tank to honour the passage of the chariot carrying the statues of the God incarnate. Rama, and of his consort, Sita, hardly visible under heaps of flowers; and the reflection of the full moon in the sacred tank; and the unreal splendour of the deeply sculptured surrounding colonnades in the light of the full moon; and, above all that, the glory of

the tropical sky — violet-blue, unbelievably luminous in its depth — with one tall coconut tree, one alone, shining like silver in its midst, from behind the intricate architecture of the temple.

Frau Oberin gazed at me in wonder. “How lucky you are to have such remembrances!” said she. And for a while her blue eyes seemed to follow, beyond time and space, the stately outlandish scenes that I had tried to evoke. Then she added: “It astounds me that you could leave India and your husband and household to come to us and do what you did, after we had lost the war.”

On impulse, I wanted to reply: “Do you take me for one of those turncoats who, after praising all that the Führer did for fifteen or twenty years, began to change their minds when the Anglo-Americans landed in Normandy, and who, after the Capitulation, concluded that Democracy was decidedly the only salvation for mankind?” But I said nothing of the kind. I knew in my heart that *Frau Oberin* had never doubted my sincerity, and that she meant no harm. Recalling the age-old festival that I had just described, I simply said: “India means more to me than most people think, and not less; and so does Germany. Rama, the virtuous warrior, whom the people of the Far South worship to this day in the great temple by the sea, *is* the half-historical half-legendary Aryan conqueror of the luxuriant South. In him, the caste-ridden masses of India bow down to the hallowed Race that once brought India the Vedas, and the cult of male gods, and warrior-like ideals, along with the everlasting principle of the natural hierarchy of races. My contact with Hinduism has only given me further reasons to feel proud of being an Aryan. It has, if anything, made me a better National Socialist. Few people realise that, since the days of the Aryan conquest of India,

— the dawn of Sanskrit civilisation — never and nowhere in the world has a serious attempt been made to bring the natural, the divine Order into existence in living society, save here in Germany, under the Führer’s inspired rule. It was my duty to come over anyhow — all the more so, now that the war was lost; now that the whole Aryan world had turned against its Saviour. As for my husband, I have given him no reason to blame me — except that I was foolish enough, for once, to allow the police to detect me in my activities. But at that he will not be surprised: he knows what an ass I can make of myself in practical matters.”

Frau Oberin laughed. We talked a long time more, — mostly about India. The young woman had read the Bhagavad-Gita in a German translation, with a sincere effort to understand it. And although she quite frankly admitted that much of it remained obscure to her — as I admit much does to me — she was sensitive to the beauty of its essential teaching of action with detachment. I quoted to her one or two of the classical passages that I happened to know by heart.

“I am now beginning to understand why we were told such a lot about ancient India in the Hitler days,” said she at last.

I opened my mouth to speak, but I said nothing. I was not quite sure whether I should add anything to all that I had already said. A few words, thought, I, often leave a deeper impression than a good many. But Frau Oberin spoke again. “I am also beginning to understand one of the reasons why there are, and were — even under the Third Reich — so few really genuine National Socialists among us,” she said.

“And why?” asked I.

“Because the hold of Christianity upon us is still

very strong, — stronger than it seems at first sight, even upon those of us who reject the bondage of the Church.”

“I am sorry the Roman emperors did not nip in the bud what they then called the ‘new superstition’,” said I, repeating what I had written in an Indian newspaper in 1945. “They would have rendered a service to the Aryan race.”

But time was passing. “I shall send for you sometimes, and have further talks with you,” said the young woman as I left the room. And she told me also that she would not deprive me of the few gold bangles, chain and rings that I was wearing. “They suit you; as long as you are on remand you can keep them,” she assured me. I thanked her — for I now knew that, for the time being at least — I would not be separated from the precious little glass portrait that hung around my neck.

* * *

The wardress on duty brought me my supper in my cell — some macaroni, bread and marmalade; for I had told the man who had received me at the door downstairs that I ate no flesh.

I was told that the light in my cell would have to remain on all night “unless the English governor of the prison permitted the contrary.” I — who cannot sleep with the light on — hung my clothes over the electric bulb in order to make the room as dark as possible, and pulled the bed clothes over my head, in addition to that.

Piously, I held against my breast the portrait of the Führer that I wore on my gold chain. I felt happy at the thought that I was now locked up in that cell for the love of him. Even there, between four walls, nay, especially there, I would bear witness to his greatness, to the everlastingness of his Idea, to the mission of the people whom

he so loved. And my testimony would be all the more convincing for the fact that I was not one of that people. Then, I remembered the woman who had given me the portrait, — not long before; since my latest return from England. I recalled her fine, rather sad face, that used to take on an inspired expression as she evoked the joy and glory of Hitler's days. She was one of the most lovable National Socialists I knew personally. I had spent a couple of days under her roof somewhere in the French Zone. And she had given me that invaluable little likeness as a remembrance of the Greater Germany that I had not seen, as a token of her friendship, and as something to replace the gold swastika that had dropped off my chain in London, in November 1947, and that I had never found again. And as I had somewhat hesitated to take it, — knowing it was the only one of its kind that she possessed — she had told me: "It does not matter. I give it to you with all my heart because you are worthy of it. *You are one of us.*" I had thanked her with tears in my eyes. Nothing touches me more and gives me greater joy than the love and confidence of other Nazis, especially of those who have stood the test of suffering as that woman has.

And now I wondered how I could, without the authorities suspecting any connection between my friends and myself, let her — and a few others — know that I was in captivity. Those in the French Zone at least would not learn it from the newspapers: I remembered that Monsieur P., a French official in Baden Baden, had once told me that "acts of resistance were never given any publicity" in the papers under French licence, "in order not to encourage further trouble." I thought of the three thousand posters that were in my trunk in the care of friends. How would I now write — clandestinely — to

those people and ask them to distribute the propaganda themselves, as I could no longer do so? And I hoped and prayed that none of those with whom I had come in touch would suffer on account of my arrest. If my trial was really “about the posters alone,” as the Englishman in Düsseldorf had assured me, there was no earthly reason why they should, for I had, indeed, in this matter, acted entirely on my own initiative; nay, against the advice of one or two other National Socialists — far more intelligent than myself — who had warned me that activities of such a spectacular nature were “yet premature.” But one could never be sure. Suspicion and fear, and not coolly thought out reasons suggest to the occupants of a defeated country the steps they take against all manner of underground resistance. I knew that, and consequently, felt uneasy. The thought worried me a long time before I could go to sleep, on that and the following nights. It was to worry me bitterly all the time I remained in prison — and some months after my release.

* * *

I was awakened early in the morning, as the wardress on duty opened my cell. A prisoner, dressed in blue, and wearing a brown jacket and a light grey apron — like the one I had seen, the evening before, in the old matron’s room — came in to remove the sanitary pail, and brought it back after a while, well cleaned, and smelling of phenol. She also brought me a jug of water. I returned her “Guten Morgen!” and got out of bed.

“Oh, you need not get up at once,” said she; “you are only on remand.” She had a coarse, but sympathetic face. I wanted to speak to her.

“I shall not sleep again anyhow; so I may as well get up,” said I.

“If you want some more water or anything else,” she continued, “you just have to press upon that electric switch. It will light a bulb above your door in the corridor. The wardress on duty will see it and ask you what you need, and send for me (or another one of us) to give it to you.”

“I know; the other wardress, who was here last night, has explained that to me. Still I thank you for telling me. I *would* like a little more water, if possible.”

“I’ll bring you some.”

The door of the cell was again locked, after she had, gone out.

Then came my breakfast, brought in by another prisoner — a heavily built young woman, with a red round face, dark hair and grey eyes.

“All that!” I could not help exclaiming as I saw the amount of food she had laid upon the table. There was a pint of hot tea, with milk and sugar; a large tin can of porridge; six slices of beautiful white bread — such as I had not eaten even in postwar England, let alone in starving Germany — a piece of butter, and a large spoonful of orange marmalade. “Is it all for me?” I asked the wardress, a very sweet, kind-looking, blue-eyed blonde.

“Yes, of course,” said she.

“But I have never had such bread, even when I was free. And I could not eat so much anyhow. Are they giving me a special diet because I am a ‘political case’?”

“No. The ‘political cases’ here, are treated exactly like the ordinary criminals — given in the morning one single slice of dry, black bread, and a tin of ‘mook-fook’ (chicory) without sugar nor milk. You are given a special diet because you are a British subject.”

“But I hate the Occupation as much as any German can.”

“That makes no difference. In their eyes, you have a British passport; that’s enough.”

“Can I give a slice of my white bread to this woman,” asked I, seeing with what longing eyes the prisoner was gazing at the quantity of food she had brought me.

“You can,” whispered the wardress; “but don’t allow anyone to see you, for it is against the rule.”

“I am accustomed to do things against those people’s rules,” said I, referring to the present-day masters of Germany. I smeared a piece of bread with a little butter and jam, and gave it to the woman. “Thank you!” exclaimed the latter. “Oh, I do thank you!” She folded the bread in two, put it in her pocket, and disappeared, as another wardress was calling her from the corridor, to help in the distribution of black bread and chicory to the bulk of the prisoners. She would eat the “delicacy” in her cell, as soon as she would be off duty. It was probably the first slice of white bread and the first butter she had tasted since the Capitulation. For the millionth time, I recalled in my mind the ruins and desolation I had seen, and the appalling starvation that had succeeded, since 1945, the horror of the phosphorus air raids. “Poor dear Germany — my Führer’s country!” thought I, as tears filled my eyes.

Turning to the wardress who still stood in my cell, I asked her: “Could you not manage to give my porridge and my tea, and four slices of bread, to some of those who are here for the sake of the same Idea as I, — to my comrades, the so-called ‘war criminals’? As there is not enough for all, could you give it to . . . the best ones; you understand what I mean . . . to the sincerest ones; those . . .”

“I understand,” she replied; “and I’ll willingly do

as you say. But not now at once. Later on; when there is next to nobody in the corridors. . . . They must not know, you see, or else there will be trouble.”

“Thank you!” said I, “I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you. It is not much, I know. But it is now all I can do for the people who have fought for the same ideals as I; the people whom I love and admire.”

“Be sure I shall help you as much as I can,” said the woman in a very low voice. “I was in the Party myself . . . and so were several others of us. We understand you — and love you — although we cannot speak. Keep the food in some corner. I shall come to fetch it later on. *Auf wiedersehen!*”

I could not see the sky from my cell, for the window panes were made of nontransparent glass. Yet, I was happy.

Having no pen and ink, — not even a pencil — I could not write. I paced the room, from the wall below the window to the door and back, over and over again, like a captive tigress in her cage. I was impressed by the similarity of any position to that of a wild beast in a “zoo.” “But I have my great love and my great ideals, and pride to uplift me and sustain me,” I reflected. “What have the poor captured lions and tigers, panthers and leopards, to make up for the loss of freedom and adventure? I am a thousand times more fortunate than they.” Never had I realised so vividly what a long-drawn torture the life of a wild beast in a cage must be — what a trial *my* life behind bars *would have been*, had I not been so proud and so glad to confess my Nazi faith in these times of persecution. And I prayed that in our new world, one day, I might raise my voice with sufficient eloquence to

have all the beasts of the circuses and “zoos” given back to their native jungles.

Then, I thought of my friends far and near, especially of all the Germans with whom I had been directly or indirectly in touch just now or formerly. Again, I carefully went over all that I had said during my two days’ cross-examination in Cologne and in Düsseldorf — I remembered it with extraordinary clarity, and felt I would remember it forever. And I decided that I had not let out a word, not made a gesture, not allowed my face to take on an expression that could possibly have implicated any other National Socialist. No, indeed I had not. I felt quite sure of it. And still, could one ever tell what the police are capable of finding out? I was happy, for I had nothing to blame myself for — not even my arrest, in fact, that had come as a consequence of someone else’s. If ‘they’ did discover things that I hoped and prayed they would never discover, it would be through no fault of mine. But then, my friends would suffer none the less — suffer, and (who knows?) perhaps believe, or be induced by our enemies to believe, that *I* had spoken when, in reality, I had not. I would have felt perfectly happy but for that ever-recurring worry; that feeling of impending danger for others in spite of all my efforts to protect them from it.

I sat down, and took to reading the Bhagavad-Gita — the only book I had in my cell, and the one which I would have chosen to read, anyhow, in my present mood, even if I had had a whole library at my disposal. I read the first lines that drew my attention as I opened the book — the following words of the God incarnate to the warrior in search of wisdom:

“Even the devotees of other Shining Ones, who worship

full of faith, they also worship Me, O son of Kunti, though contrary to the ancient rule.

“For I am indeed the enjoyer and Lord of all sacrifice. *But they know Me not in essence, and hence they fall.*

“They who worship the Shining Ones,¹ go to the Shining Ones; they who worship the ancestors, go to the Ancestors; to the Elementals go those who sacrifice to the Elementals; but my worshippers come unto Me.”²

I withdrew my eyes from the book for a while and mused: “Today, also, there are thousands who, in the depth of their hearts, aspire after the Truth, and who yet pay homage to leaders who will not lead them to it; there are thousands who, nay, fight furiously against us, the witnesses of the Truth, without knowing what they are doing. They are misguided by externals, and ignore the eternal, the kernel of wisdom, the real Way of life and regeneration — the essence — and therefore they shall fall.” I thought of the many who, could have sided with us and who did not; who had begun to do so, but who had stopped on the way; who had preferred half-truths, afraid as they were to face the divine laws of Life — divine truth *in* life.

I read a little further: “Whatever thou doest, whatever thou eatest, whatever thou offerest or givest, whatever thou doest of austerity, O son of Kunti, do thou that as an offering unto Me.”³ And I prayed that I might always live up to that everlasting teaching. I identified, as I have from the start, our cause with the cause of Life, the cause of God.

¹ The *Devas*.

² The Bhagavad-Gita; IX verses 23, 24, 25.

³ The Bhagavad-Gita; IX, verse 27.

But the nurse in charge of the infirmary unlocked my cell and stepped in to make my acquaintance. She was a short, thin, elderly woman of pleasant bearing, dressed in white.

“Well, my dear child, that which you have done is awful,” said she, after inquiring about my health. But I knew by the tone of her voice that she was not really indignant. And her eyes were smiling while she spoke.

“Why, ‘awful’,” asked I, returning their smile.

“But you are English — and you have been working against the Occupation, here in the British Zone! So you are a traitor to your country.”

“I? To begin with, I really have no country. I mean, I am only half-English. What can I do about it? But above England, and above Greece — whose citizen I was before my marriage — and above any particular State with more or less artificial boundaries, and above any more or less pure section of the Aryan race, I place the Aryan race itself. To it, at least, I know I belong. To it, — and to those who have fought to bring it back to its original purity, and to give it back its God-ordained mastery over the world — I have given my wholehearted allegiance. The traitors are not such ones as I; no! They are, on the contrary, the people of Aryan blood who have sacrificed the real, the highest interests of the race to the apparent immediate interest of some selfish State — whether the British State or any other — and to the welfare of a handful of selfish capitalists, mostly Jews. The greatest traitor of all is that complacent instrument of international Jewish finance who governed England during this war: Mr. Winston Churchill.”

“Gosh, she’s right!” burst out the wardress, who had come in while I was speaking, and who had been

waiting for the to finish my tirade, to tell me to follow her to the Governor's office.

I walked out of my cell. The nurse gave me a sympathetic smile as she locked the door behind me.

* * *

I crossed, this time in the sunshine, the courtyard that I had seen the day before in the dark. I again passed between the two workshops, and emerged into the broad open space surrounded with buildings with five endless rows of barred windows (four stories and a ground floor). Around a more or less triangular lawn, men-prisoners were taking their morning walk, silently, two by two, under the supervision of their warders in greyish-green uniforms. They themselves wore brown trousers with a yellow stripe along the side. I had been told that there were, in the men's section, over one thousand eight hundred prisoners, out of which one third at least were political ones (so-called "war criminals") and more than another third . . . Poles, guilty, for the most part, of such offences as black-marketeering and robbery with or without violence. And as I passed by with the wardress, I looked at the men walking around the dewy, sunlit lawn. And each time I spotted out from among them an individual with a fine face and a noble bearing, I wondered if he were not one of the so-called "war criminals," and wished I could speak to him.

Again, as on the preceding evening, I followed my custodian past the kitchens of the prison, and I reached at last the courtyard from which I had taken my first glimpse of the premises of my new abode. I now saw in broad daylight the creeper that entirely covered the high walls of the buildings on my right and of the central building facing tee. "How green and beautiful it must

be in the spring!” thought I. I also noticed the clock at the top of the central building. It marked twenty past nine.

The door was opened and I was ushered into an office on the right side of a fairly broad corridor. I stood before the desk of Colonel Edward Vickers, the British Governor of the prison — his name I had read on the door as I had entered.

“Yours is an offence of a very serious nature — an offence against our prestige in this country,” said the Governor, addressing me. “However, it is the Court’s business to judge you, not mine. All I wanted to tell you is that you are here in a prison, and that there are rules which you will have to obey, as every other prisoner. You will be fairly treated, — in fact, you will enjoy the privileges of a British subject, since you are one. But I cannot allow you extra privileges. In particular, you cannot have food specially cooked for you in consideration of your strictly vegetarian habits. You shall be given all that is neither meat nor meat soup in the daily diet for British prisoners.”

“I am grateful for that, and have never expected undue privileges,” said I.

In fact, I wanted to ask as a favour that no distinctions whatsoever be made between the Germans and myself. (I now knew that *they* received no meat anyhow, so that my only existing scruples in matter of food did not come in the way). But I reflected that, if I accepted the special British diet — which was incomparably better than theirs — I would easily be able to pass over to them whatever niceties I might be given. I already knew that of the hundred and seventy or so inmates of the “Frauen Haus,” twenty-six were so-called “war criminals” — former members of the staff of German concentration camps and so forth, during the great days; people against

whom our enemies had succeeded in loosening the fury of a whole world. I was impatiently looking forward to make their acquaintance, and to show them all marks of comradeship I possibly could. Naturally, all my best food would be for them — for those of them, I mean, that were “*in Ordnung*,” i.e., real National Socialists, for I had already been told — to my amazement — that half of them were not. I therefore said nothing.

“A British doctor will examine you this afternoon, and another one in a day or two,” continued the Governor. “Have you anything to say concerning your needs apart from food?”

“I would be grateful if the light in my cell could be switched off at night,” said I. “I cannot sleep with it on.”

“We generally keep it on so that the wardresses on duty might be able to look into the cells at night and see what the prisoners on remand, are up to. We do so in case some might try to commit suicide,” emphasized Colonel Vickers. “But I have no such fears in your case — goodness me, no! And if the doctor sees no objection, I am quite willing to allow you to have the light put out. Anything else?”

“I would also like to have a few sheets of paper and a pen and some ink, or even an ordinary pencil — if it is possible — to write a couple of letters.”

What I wanted to do in reality was to try to remember the plan and at least certain passages of the three first chapters of my *Gold in the Furnace* and to rewrite these the best I could. And when that would be finished, I would continue the book clandestinely. The Englishmen would not be all day long at the “Frauen Haus.” And I was beginning to feel that the members of the German staff, if not all *in Ordnung*, were at least all

sufficiently hostile to the Occupation — all sufficiently German — to allow me to write in peace provided that *they* did not thereby get into trouble.

The Governor looked at me with suspicion, as though he had guessed my intentions. “I am certainly not going to give you paper for you to continue your propaganda in this prison,” said he, sternly.

“I have not the slightest intention of carrying on any sort of propaganda, or of doing anything which is against the rules,” answered I, with utmost naturalness. “I would only have liked to write a few letters. But if I cannot, of course, it does not matter.”

Apparently, my naturalness was somewhat convincing for the Governor was kind enough to give me a writing pad and a pencil. “I hope you understand,” stressed he, however, “that every word you write will be censored.”

“Most certainly,” said I. But in the depth of my heart I thought: “That we shall see!” And after thanking the man I left the room, feeling that I had won a victory.

But the more I remembered his unfriendly face, abrupt speech, and patriotic indignation at the idea of my offence against British prestige in occupied Germany, the more I knew that the best I had to do was to avoid, as far as possible, all direct contact with him, and — whenever that could not be done — to speak as little as I could and to appear as dull, nay, as stupid, and therefore as harmless as my limited capacity for acting permitted. For, of all the representatives of the Allied Powers whom I had met up till now in the unfortunate land, he was the one who, for some mysterious reason, — without having cross-examined me — seemed to consider me the least “harmless.”

* * *

Back in my cell, I at once put down in black on white whatever I remembered of the three first chapters of *Gold in the Furnace* — and of the beginning of the fourth chapter, that I had started writing in a café in Hanover a day before my last journey to Cologne and my arrest. I also wrote down the titles of the proposed following chapters. Of these, there would now be one less, for the one I had planned about my intended visit to the “places of pilgrimage” — Braunau am Inn, Linz, Vienna, München, Nuremberg — could not be written. For even if I were to be released quicker than I expected, I would surely not be allowed to remain in Germany — and perhaps not be allowed to remain in Europe — unless, of course, they kept me long enough for the coming crash to free me. “Never mind,” thought I, “I shall go to the places of pilgrimage one day, anyhow.”

Then, I set myself to continue the fourth chapter of my lost book — the story of the unforgettable night during which I had distributed my first five hundred leaflets. “By the way,” I reflected, “why should I not, here, try to distribute a few copies of my latest ones among the members of the staff who seem to be in sympathy with me and also, if possible, among the so-called ‘war criminals’?” (I was longing to get in touch with these.) So I wrote several times the text that I knew by heart — not upon the pad that Colonel Vickers had given me (that, I would use actually for letters, so that he might be convinced that I was a “good girl”) but upon the paper which I already had, and which I also used for writing my book. I hid the copies carefully under a loose brick of the floor, between the back of my cupboard and the wall. Then, I returned to my Chapter 4.

The day passed quickly. With all the sincerity, all the love of my heart I projected unto those long, rough sheets of paper, in tight writing, the living picture of what I had, until my arrest, considered as the most beautiful night in my life — yes, even more beautiful than my watch on the slopes of roaring and burning Hekla, under the northern lights; even more beautiful than the night during which I had worshipped the midnight Sun, on the beach of Rif Stangir, facing the Arctic Ocean. I was happy, — exceedingly happy. Even if the beginning of my book were destroyed, I would recreate it. I was already remembering more and more passages of it, which I wrote down immediately, each time, on separate sheets. It would never be like my first writing, but still, it would be the product of the same spirit. As for the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, I had some hope that they would perhaps not destroy it, after all: they would not be sufficiently perspicacious to see that, specially the second chapter on “Time and violence,” was the most glaring justification of all that we did and are prepared to do again — a systematic, philosophical justification, beyond the passions of yesterday and today.

In the afternoon, I was taken to the infirmary, where the British doctor examined me, in the presence of the matron of the prison, of the nurse in charge, and of a prisoner who worked there under the latter’s supervision.

I could not take my eyes off that prisoner. She could have been about thirty-five or forty. In the shabby blue uniform she wore — like all the others — she displayed the classical beauty of a chieftain’s wife in ancient Germany: a vigorous, well-built body, created to comfort a warrior and to give birth to heroic sons; a queenly bearing; a regular face in which one detected serene strength, and pride — and lofty dreams, also; authority and inspiration.

Her pale blonde hair, as glossy as silk, shone in a ray of evening sunshine. Her large, luminous blue eyes, of which the glance could, occasionally, I knew, be as hard as stone — now smiled at me. “You are the ‘new one’; the one who is here for having defied our oppressors; I have heard of you,” they seemed to tell me. And, while the doctor was examining my heart and liver and lungs, my black eyes, full of admiring friendliness, answered and said “Yes, I am. And you are surely one of my comrades. My Führer’s compatriot, you are too beautiful not to be also one of his faithful followers!” And I imagined her amidst the cheering crowds of the days of glory, greeting him as he passed by, with the ritual Nazi salute and the triumphal words: “Heil Hitler!” And tears came to my eyes.

Before telling me that I now could dress, the doctor looked at the glass portrait that hung around my neck on a gold chain. But he did not say a word. The old matron took me back to my cell.

The next day — which was the 23rd February, and the nineteenth anniversary of Horst Wessel’s death — I experienced one of the great moments of my prison life. I saw that prisoner of whom I have just spoken walk into my cell, with the nurse who accompanied her. She held in her hands a tray on which were disposed several objects — a plate, a bottle, a cup containing some pills — for it was her job, twice a day, to go round with medicine to all the cells of which the inmates needed any. I, however, needed none.

“We have come to pay you a visit — to see how you are,” said, the nurse with cordiality. “This woman, who is one of our ‘war criminals’ is keen on making your acquaintance.”

I felt my heart leap with joy, and my face brighten. The nurse pulled the door shut and told the prisoner she could, for a minute, put her tray down, upon the table. The latter did so; and then, addressing me:

“Yes,” said she, “I am a ‘war criminal’. My name is H. E. I am one of those from the Belsen trial — the trial as a result of which poor Irma Grese was sentenced to death; you must know, surely, I was sentenced to fifteen years’ imprisonment.”

H. E. of the Belsen trial! Of course, I knew. I actually remembered her name for having seen it in the papers. And with irresistible vividness, the atrocious past suddenly rushed back to my consciousness. I heard, once more, the wireless of those days barking at me from all sides, wherever I went, the news of those sickening trials — the Belsen one and the others — along with its daily insults against all I loved and (what was perhaps even worse) its daily slimy sermons about the “re-education” of Germany in view of her “reintegration into a more humane and better world!” Those were the days in which, crushed to the depth, I had hated all men save the persecuted Nazi minority; in which I had aspired after nothing but the utter destruction of all humanity — including us, the henceforth powerless handful; including myself; the days in which, if I had not actually committed suicide, it had only been because, before I left this earth, I wanted to see that vulgar, idiotic, ungrateful Europe, then busy torturing her own élite — that Europe, who would have tortured our Hitler, her Saviour, had she had a chance to do so — writhe and groan, and bleed to death, one day, never mind under whose whip, to my delight.

Once more, for a minute, I felt all the bitterness, all the passion, all the despair of those weeks and months, as I saw, standing before me, calm and dignified, and

friendly, that living ancient German, — that eternal German — the embodiment and symbol of the regenerate master race, vanquished and persecuted, for the time being, by its inferiors.

I put my arms around her neck and my face against hers, and kissed her.

“There are no ‘war criminals’ in my eyes,” said I; “there are only victims of the slaves of Jewry. You are my comrade — and my superior, for you have suffered. I am proud to meet you; and proud to share your captivity, now that I can do nothing else for our ideals.”

A tear rolled down one of my cheeks as I spoke. The sky blue eyes with golden eyelashes gazed at me intently, with tears also in them. H. E. embraced me as an old friend. “It is the first time I feel, since those horrid days, that someone really loves us,” said she, with deep emotion.

“I have crossed land and sea — half the world — to tell you and all faithful Germans that I love and admire you, perhaps even more now, in the dark hours of tribulation, than when you ruled the earth from the Volga to the Atlantic and from the Arctic Ocean to the Libyan desert. I am glad I have come at last. I have seen your invincible spirit (I am nine months in Germany). And I want it to triumph. And it *is* bound to triumph, sooner or later. The world belongs — in the long run — to the pure-blooded warriors who fight for health and order and truth to prevail.”

“It does one good to hear you after all that we suffered,” replied H. E. “It makes one feel that, even vanquished, we have not fought entirely in vain.”

“In vain! Of course not,” said I. “Already Adolf Hitler has raised Germany to the status of a holy land in the eyes of every worthy Aryan of the world. Otherwise, I would not be here.”

H. E. gave me a proud and happy smile. "Tell me," said she, "what is it exactly you did."

"I distributed leaflets and stuck up posters bearing the following words — which I wrote myself — under a large black swastika," answered I. And I recited to her the whole text of my papers.

"What, now, in 1949?" she exclaimed, after listening attentively.

"Yes; and in 1948 also."

"Splendid! And how right you are about the hunger and humiliation! And about the plunder of our country by those hypocrites!" said she. "But are you sure, that 'he' is alive — really?"

"Yes."

"Oh, if only you were right!"

"I have confidence in those who know."

"But tell me again: *We* who are here and in a hundred other prisons for having done our duty with all our hearts, how long more have we to suffer? It is already nearly four years since I was arrested."

"None will remain here for more than a year or two longer," said I. "The inexorable Nemesis that awaits these people will come. Nothing can prevent it. And perhaps our enemies will set us free before it comes. They can do anything, when they are afraid. Perhaps you and I shall leave this place together, who knows? And I honestly tell you: I would then be even happier on account of your release than of my own. I mean it. For you have suffered enough."

"Oh, *now* it is nothing! You should know all we went through in 1945!"

"You will tell me, one day."

"I shall. For we must meet again — and as often as we can."

“Surely. But listen; I was going to forget to tell you something very important: I have heaps of white bread, here, porridge, tea with milk and sugar and what not. As you can imagine, I only accepted the British diet in order that you, my comrades, might profit by it. One of the wardresses came this morning and asked me if I could not give her a slice of white bread for one prisoner who is sick and cannot digest the other. I gave it gladly. But I have plenty more, not only from this morning but from yesterday. Take it — and the tea and porridge also, and whatever I can put by — for yourself and for those who share our faith.”

“I do thank you!” exclaimed H. E. “I love tea! — and so do the others. I’ll give the porridge to H.B. — another one from the Belsen trial. She works hard and is always hungry.”

“What do you get to eat in the mornings?”

“A single slice of black bread and a tin of chicory, without sugar or milk,” said my new friend, confirming what I had heard two days before.

“But they must not see you in the corridor with all that food and drink, or there will be trouble,” put in the nurse, who seemed quite willing to help us provided it could be done quietly.

“I’ll hide it all under my apron,” said H. E.; “see; like this. Nobody will find out.”

“Do come back when you can! I’ll put by for you whatever I can spare. I don’t eat much.”

“But you must eat, to keep up your strength.”

“The mere knowledge that I will soon be given, in my trial, a new opportunity for defying our enemies, makes me feel strong and happy. Every time I think of it . . . it is as though I had wings . . .”

My new friend pressed my hand in hers. “I must

be going, now. I'll come back," said she. "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

I gazed at her and smiled, and then, took a glance at the nurse. "She may not be on our side, but she would do us no harm," I thought. And turning to H. E. and raising my right arm I said: "Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" repeated she, as she returned my salute.

"You should not do that," said the nurse in a whisper, on the threshold of my cell. "You never know who might be looking in through the spy hole."

* * *

A day or two later, I was again taken to the infirmary. A different doctor, — a short, thin man, with reddish hair — walked in just as I entered. "The mental doctor," thought I.

The nurse in charge and H. E. were not, this time, allowed to remain in the room.

The doctor bade me take a chair, seated himself opposite me, and started talking to me, apparently, in a friendly manner, in reality, with studied purposefulness — to find out if the working of my mind presented anything "pathological," in which case he would report me as "unfit to undergo trial."

One hears of prisoners who, intentionally, do all they can to appear as "pathological cases." I was surely not going to take that course. I was much too keen on being tried. Even if that meant speaking to the Court — that is to say, to the German public — only for half an hour, I was not going to miss the opportunity. So I was just natural — as I had been before the men who had cross-questioned me in Cologne and in Düsseldorf; as I had been, from my childhood, in any of those innumerable

talks in which I had shocked average people as a matter of course, without even taking the trouble to do so; without caring whether I did so or not.

The doctor noted a few particulars about my family, education, and life.

“Half Greek, half English, with a little Italian blood on your father’s side, born and brought up in France, and wedded to an Indian. . . . If ever any one had the right to be an internationalist, it is undoubtedly you!”

“No,” said I: “I am a nationalist of every Aryan country. It is not the same thing.”

Amazed as he was at the glaring accuracy of that altogether unexpected summary description of myself, the doctor was, perhaps, still more taken aback by the spontaneity with which I had opposed it to his casual statement. Decidedly, I knew who I was and what I wanted.

I pursued — less with a view to enlighten the professional psychiatrist than for the pleasure of thrusting at the presumed Democrat the flawless consistency of my position

“What is an ‘internationalist’? A man who loves all nations as his own? No; but a fellow who loves only himself — and his lesser, his lower, his least valuable self at that; his dull amusements; his silly little hobbies — and who has discovered, in the empty phraseology of our decadent epoch, a marvellous excuse to live for nothing and to die for nobody. I am not — I never was — *that!* I might be the daughter of people of different nationalities, in the narrow sense of the word, but I am (thank goodness for that!) of one single race, the Aryan, and I put my race above myself, — and above others; and the everlasting ideals which the best men of my race have

embodied from time immemorial, are the only thing I have ever really lived for. Any country that boldly stands for them is my country.

“I have loved Greece passionately, not merely for the fascination of her far-gone past, but because, outside a repulsive, Levantinised, French-speaking apish minority of Greeks, product of decay, there are, still today, — after centuries of non-Aryan influences — thousands of healthy peasants and sailors who live honourably and in beauty, as Hellenes; because there are, in genuine modern Greek literature, sprang from the people, supremely beautiful works, in which the age-old cult of strong, sane, all-round perfection, is masterfully expressed. I have loved the English because, as a whole, they are a fine nation, endowed with many solid Nordic qualities — incomparably better than their leaders. I have loved India, because, being what she is, a land of many races, she has clung throughout centuries to the only social system fit for such a land — a system such as *we* would extend to the whole world, if we were to rule it. And I love Germany as the living symbol of Aryan regeneration in our times: the cradle of National Socialism; the Führer’s hallowed fatherland. I would not do less for her than I would have done for Greece when I was an adolescent. By the decree of a strange Destiny, I have experienced — lived — not one, but several nationalisms, unusual as this may be. All are alike — amazingly alike. And behind all, there is — and always was, from the very beginning — that insatiable yearning after the ideal beauty of my own race, on the physical and on all other planes; that worship of eternal Perfection in a perfect human élite, an élite ‘like unto the Gods’, to use an expression current in Homer.”

“And have you met any men and women who actually

represent, in your eyes such an élite?" asked the mental practitioner.

"Few, in the wide world, in all my life; many — in proportion — in this martyred land, where I have lived only nine months," said I.

"And you would be prepared to die for Germany?"

"Gladly," replied I with the unwavering directness of conviction. "Germany herself has died — materially — for the Aryan race. I am sorry I have not died with her, in 1945." I paused. In my mind, I recalled the unforgettable sight that had struck my eyes in my first Journey: against the golden background of a summer's sunset, the endless succession of torn and charred walls that lead once been Hamburg; and the other cities through which I had passed — heaps of ruins; and all that I had seen since. "But," I added, after a few seconds, "one day, she shall rise in power and glory from the dead."

I then imagined some thousands of little men like the psychiatrist — "crusaders to Europe" and fighters "for peace and Democracy" (and the interests of big businessmen) — running away or trying to run away before tight formations of irresistible tanks; and I smiled in anticipation. Fortunately — for him — the psychiatrist did not ask me why I was smiling.

"Would you never help a people who were not of Aryan stock?" asked he, instead.

I reflected: "Why not?" In fact, I had done so already, during this war, although in a very humble, non-spectacular manner. . . . And I remembered my exultation at the news of the fall of Singapore, and of Rangoon, of Mandalay, — of Akyab, on the border of Bengal — one after the other; and also . . . at the news of certain detached sections of the Democratic forces in Burma, now and then

suddenly and mysteriously encircled by the Japanese, and killed off as they tried to escape from the jungle set on fire, news which the papers, as a rule, did not report. Oh, those glorious days!

“I surely would, if such a people were our allies,” said I, with perfect truthfulness, in answer to the doctor’s question, “or,” — I pursued, in order to give the conversation a trend as philosophical as possible — “if they were struggling, be it against a nation of more or less Aryan stock, who had tried to impose upon them one of the great international equalitarian superstitions, such as Christianity. In 1780, for instance, I would have willingly helped Tupac Amaru in his rising against the Spaniards and the Catholic Church in Peru, in the name of the rights of the Inca, children of the Sun, from whom he was descended. First, there was nothing better to do in Europe, in those days, as far as I remember. And then, I prefer anyhow a healthy, nature-worshipping tribe of Red Indians, in its place, to so-called Aryans who go about preaching — and practising — the gospel of legalised interbreeding among the Christian converts of all races; whose outlook on life leads to the growth of a bastardized mankind. Moreover, the Spaniards . . .”

I was going to launch into a historical dissertation about the import of Carthaginian and, later, of Moorish blood in the bulk of the population of Spain, but the psychiatrist interrupted me.

“Why are you so mercilessly against all mixture of races?” he asked me. “You must admit that some exceptional individuals had both what you call Aryan blood, and other blood too.”

“Anyone with a slight knowledge of history admits it,” said I. And to make it clear that I, — that *we* — are not afraid of facing facts, I became explicit. “There is

for instance, the poet Pushkin,” I added. “And the greatest philosopher-king of Antiquity, Akhnaton of Egypt . . .”

“Well, then . . . ?”

“Such instances are glaring exceptions. They do not impair the fact that ‘all the great cultures of the past have sunk into nothingness because the original, creative race’ (who had evolved each one of them) ‘died out, through contamination of blood,’”¹ answered I, quoting a well-known sentence of the Chapter 11 of the first part of *Mein Kampf*. “Great individuals who happen to be of mixed blood — and who are great in spite of it, not because of it — cannot but recognise that truth themselves, if they be sincere. Akhnaton did, for one, accept the principle of the separation of races as the natural and desirable order of affairs, decreed by the Sun.” And I quoted the verses of the “Longer Hymn to the Sun,” written three thousand three hundred years ago by the young Pharaoh, “Living in truth”:

“Thou hast put every man in his place,
Thou hast made them different in shape and in
Speech, and in the colour of their skins;
As a divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people.”

“It is perhaps precisely because his splendid solar philosophy was so thoroughly Aryan in spirit,² that the Egyptians rejected it,” I added.

And I was ready to quote Sir Wallis Budge and Pendlebury. “Those ‘re-educators’ of Germany have the obnoxious habit of taking us Nazis for ignorant fanatics. I shall show this man that we are anything but that,”

¹ Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, I, Chap. XI, p. 316 (edit. 1939).

² Modern scholars have pointed out its similarity to that expressed in the Rig-Veda.

thought I, with malicious satisfaction. But again, he did not give me an opportunity to pursue my discourse. He was obviously more interested in my attitude to personal problems than in my views on archaeology.

“What do you do with the right of the individual to choose the mate he pleases?” he asked me.

“I strongly deny any such ‘right’,” replied I sincerely. “At least, I deny it to all individuals save those who, of their own account, put the interest of superior mankind above everything else — the only ones who are worthy to be free, for they will never misuse their freedom.” I had answered some of the doctor’s very first questions frankly enough for him to know already that *I* had never “misused my freedom” in any way.

“And you stand for the sterilisation of the unfit no less than of the cross-breeds, as the Nazis all do?”

“Absolutely. I might be — unfortunately — less intelligent, less efficient, and especially less supple than many of my comrades and superiors (otherwise I would not be here),” said I “but I am not less Nazi than any of them.” I uttered these last words with unconcealed pride, glad to be the last among the world’s élite rather than the first among the more popular worshippers of mediocrity.

“Would you go as far as upholding the elimination of the unfit?” asked the psychiatrist.

“If you mean the elimination of the idiots, of the insane, and of all those afflicted with painful or repulsive incurable diseases, yes, most certainly. But I would be willing to keep a person who, though from our standpoint unfit to have children, is, in other ways, active and capable and willing to work; especially if he or she shares our ideals wholeheartedly and can therefore be as useful as many of those who breed families.”

“In other words, you do not accept the value and dignity of every human being.”

“Certainly not!”

“Nor the right of every man to live?”

“Certainly not. The dregs of humanity have no right to live — and no right to immobilise in their service the energies of healthy people. Shall I tell you of an experience of mine?”

“Do.”

“Well, long ago, — it was, if my memory does not fail me, in February, or March, 1922 — I visited the famous asylum of Laforce, in the Southwest of France. I was sixteen (in fact, I had to say I was eighteen in order to be allowed in). Such a repulsive collection of monsters I had never imagined when I had been told of ‘idiots’! The sight has haunted me for years. I felt not pity, but physical loathing, as in front of something unclean. But what made me downright indignant was to witness those numerous young, perfectly healthy, and sometimes pretty nurses, go to and from one of the idiots to the other, — bustling, loving, maternal — to wipe spittle from some hanging jaw, or to remove a bedpan from under some inert, speechless, brainless, distorted body. It shocked me. It disgusted me — like the sight of a man devoting his whole life to a chimpanzee would shock all sane people; more so, in fact, for a normal chimpanzee is at any rate better than those freaks; a healthy fish is; any healthy creature is. To think of the time and devotion wasted upon the monsters for the sole reason that they, are supposed to have a ‘human soul’, and to realise that such ‘abnegation’ is *admired*, in most Christian countries, — instead of being despised, as something absurd and degrading — would have been more than enough to make me hate the Christian attitude to life, if I had not

done so already. It was enough to make me greet with cheers, a few years later, the much criticised application, in Hitler's new Germany, of moral standards more worthy of a strong and sane nation of Aryan blood. The remorseless cult of health, of sanity, — of beauty — is surely one of the features of National Socialism that has the most powerfully attracted me.”

“Don't you see any beauty in the feelings which your system mercilessly crushes out of existence,” asked the psychiatrist.

“What feelings? The sickly affection which a potential mother of healthy children squanders upon an idiot, or upon a good-for-nothing fellow with rotten lungs or rotten genitals?” replied I, indignantly. “No; indeed, I can see no 'beauty' there. I despise such feelings. Not only would I grant them no possibility of satisfaction whatsoever, if I had a say in the management of any country, but I would turn out of the country (or simply liquidate) any person who encourages them in himself or in others. Such people are degenerates — therefore undesirables. For there is, I repeat, no beauty in degeneracy.”

“But what about the feelings of a healthy man or woman for another healthy person of the opposite sex from what you and your friends call an 'inferior race'?”

“There too,” said I, “there is nothing but an insult to the divine laws of order and propriety; no beauty, but only shame.”

“But think of all the suffering your system would bring into the world, — which it did, in fact, bring, during the short time it remained in force! You take no account whatsoever of individual happiness.”

“Indeed not, of the individual happiness of sickly-minded people! We could not care less what 'human

tragedies' our effort to build a beautiful world might provoke in *their* lives. If individuals will cultivate morbid feelings, — feelings unworthy of a superior race — in the midst of a well-organised healthy Aryan society, then they must suffer. There is nothing in that to make a fuss about. It is just an uninteresting — and, moreover, temporary — detail in our grand new civilisation. And what happens now is far worse. Now, it is *we* — the sane and virile — who have to suffer in the midst of a society organised for the survival and success of the weak, and ugly, and morbid and mediocre; of all the worthless; a society that draws the little inspiration it pretends to have, from ideals of sickness and disintegration and death."

The mental doctor gazed at me. Decidedly, *I* knew what I wanted. It would never be of any use trying to convert *me* to the "humanitarian" and democratic conception of life. And I was certainly not mad. I only, perhaps, at times, *seemed* slightly abnormal, but precisely for the apparently total lack, in me, of that little dose of instability and inconsistency, of those human contradictions, that all "normal" people possess — save we. It was interesting to try to measure how complete that lack was. The psychiatrist asked me: "How long is it that you have these views?"

"I have always had them," replied I. And this was absolutely true — too true for the doctor to believe at once. "How, 'always'?" said he.

"Yes, always," answered I. "Once, when I was ten, I was sitting in the corner of a tramcar in my native town, with a book in my hand — *Poèmes Barbares*, of Leconte de Lisle, which I was bringing home — and I was sobbing. The words I had just read were those put by the French poet in the mouth of an old bard deploring

the end of the Heathen world and the coming of Christianity, the religion of the meek:

“. . . the axe has mutilated the forests;
The slave crawls and prays, where swords once clattered,
And all the Gods of Erinn have gone away. . . .”¹

And I, — the future Nazi — was sobbing because the old Heathen world of the strong, of the proud, of the beautiful, — ancient Aryandom — had been obliterated, and because I thought I could do nothing to bring it back.”

The doctor asked me many questions more about my childhood. I answered with ease, for I remember my whole life with extreme lucidity.

“Admittedly, you have no ties now,” said the practitioner at last. “You love nobody in the world but those who share your views and serve your cause, and do not care two hoots what might happen to the others, be they your nearest kith and kin.”

“Perfectly true! And that is why I am free — even now. For what can one do to a person with no ties?”

“Yes; but try to remember and tell me: had you no ties in the very beginning, in your earliest childhood, long, long ago, — before you felt, in so strange a manner, the lure of ancient Barbarity? Before you were a potential National Socialist?”

“I always was a potential National Socialist, even then,” replied I, to the surprise of the psychiatrist. “I mean that I always had the unwavering faith and ruthless determination of one, in my very blood. As far as

¹ “. . . la hathe a mutilé les bois,
L’esclave rampe et prie, où chantaient les épées,
Et tous les Dieux d’ Erinn sont partis à la fois.”
(“Le Barde de Temrah”)

I can go back into my past, doubt and compromises and 'problems' were foreign to me. When I was less than two, and used to sit in my perambulator and pull the tassels off my blue and white woolen rug, one by one, exclaiming 'you come'! (I remember that and other details as though it were yesterday), then already, I divided people into three groups — as I do now — the useful ones; the indifferent and harmless; and the dangerous. But, naturally, I was then still self-centred, or hardly beginning to grow out of my self-centredness, and 'useful' were those who did immediately and without protest what I wanted; who gave me a plaything I coveted, or let me walk when I wanted to walk and stop when I wanted to stop. The dangerous ones were all those who hindered *me*, and, I must say, even more, those who harmed any animal or spoilt any plant — for I loved living creatures, as I do still; I found them beautiful, and it is through them that I spontaneously grew detached from myself. Hardly a little older, I could, if left to do so, inflict endless studied suffering by way of reprisal upon anyone who had kicked a dog or pinned a live butterfly on a piece of cardboard. And I never forgot such deeds. And never forgave any man or child who had committed them.

Soon the ideal of a just and healthy world — of a world from which all injurers of living beauty would be drastically eliminated; in which I would no longer be told that I was to 'forgive' them for the sake of little Jesus — became, in my consciousness, the centre and measure of all things, in the place of my insignificant self. And I looked upon myself as the champion of such an ideal. And the 'useful' people became, in my eyes, those alone who seemed to forward it — *not* those who did good to me, as a person, but those who felt and thought as I did, just as now; and the dangerous ones were those who attempted to persuade

me that there were things more lovable than my dream of beauty, things such as, for instance 'sick and suffering humanity' to which healthy, beautiful and innocent beasts could be sacrificed. How I hated those people and their mania of saving what I never loved, and considered not worth saving! But what I want to say is that, whether at the age of two or twelve or forty, I have never really loved or hated a person but for what he or she represented in my eyes; not for his or her love or hatred of *me*, but for his or her love or hatred of the ideal which I loved. Only indifferent Nature I have always loved for her beauty alone."

"And you were never worried by the problems of so many adolescents?" asked the psychiatrist.

"Problems?" repeated I, with a certain contempt, "no, I never experienced the existence of any — save of . . . economic ones, in later life. The others, the psychological ones, the sexual ones, etc., that seem to worry so many people, I looked upon as things totally foreign to me, out of my reach, but of which it was good for me to acquire some purely bookish knowledge in order to be able to write about them at my University examinations. Especially all that fuss about Freud and his "repressions" — very fashionable in my College days — I witnessed with contempt. 'Decadent stuff', I thought, and nothing more. And I was much amused when I heard of the somewhat rough manner we handled the old Yid before kicking him out of the Third Reich. 'I wish all those who spend their time trying to discover "complexes" within themselves instead of doing something more useful were treated likewise,' I often said. I surely never gave a thought to such things . . ."

"But," said the doctor, "there are other psychological problems; there are conflicts of allegiances, for instance . . ."

“Not for me! I have only one allegiance!”

“But supposing, for the sake of argument, that you came to know that someone whom you loved had worked against your cause, would that not be painful to you?”

“It would be painful to me to think that I did not know it before, to have him or her liquidated in time, yes. But where is the ‘moral conflict’ in such a feeling?”

“But if you loved the person?”

“As soon as I would know of treason, I could not love him or her any longer. On the contrary, I could feel but loathing for such a person.”

The psychiatrist forgot how accurately he had himself summed up my mentality only a while before, and asked me a silly question. “But,” said he, supposing it were someone who, from the start, had never had your views . . . ?”

“In that case, I never would have loved him or her, from the start. There could have been, between us, at the most, relations of courtesy, even cordial relations — if I judged it necessary, or expedient — but deeper feelings (on my side at least) would have been out of question. No. Remember please that people like me — like us — people with a single allegiance, are free from ‘moral conflicts’. That is our strength.”

“That makes you monstrous.”

“People who aspire to supermanhood are bound to look monstrous, to men of a decaying civilisation,” said I, as though speaking to all Democrats in the name of all National Socialists.

“There is no superman-hood, and there never will be a supermankind,” replied the psychiatrist. “There is only our poor, imperfect but dear humanity — dear in

spite of all its weaknesses; our living humanity, full of contradictions, of inconsistencies, worried by ever-recurring problems, who struggles and suffers . . .”

“Gosh, what the long-drawn influence of a Jewish religion can bring some people to value!” exclaimed I, with the feeling that all our opponents had indeed spoken through that red haired man seated before me. “Well, I know nothing is absolute and therefore nothing can be perfect within time, especially at the end of a period of decay like our age is. But if you love present day humanity as it is, I tell you I don’t. And never shall. I love the living gods — my comrades, in my eyes the forerunners of a regenerate age. And if *they* are not destined to rule the world, well, away with such a world! Quickly a shower of atom bombs upon it and, in the place of its meaningless chatter about ‘love’ and ‘peace’, the voice of the howling wind over its ruins, — and ours!”

The psychiatrist got up. So did I. The interview had been long, very long. I was only sorry that it had not been public.

I was taken back to my cell. And there, I ate two slices of white bread and orange marmalade, with the best of appetites — feeling grateful to mother Nature for having made me one of the living instances of what Mr. Grassot, of the French Information Department in Baden Baden had called on the 9th of October, 1949 our “appalling logic.” Then, I smeared a third slice, and a fourth one, and put them by for my new friend H. E. to take on the following morning. Then, I sat at my table and continued Chapter 4 of my *Gold in the Furnace*.

* * *

My new friend now came every morning with the sister in charge. She stayed two or three minutes, took the

food and drink I had for her, exchanged a few pleasant words with me, and went away.

One day she came, not with the nurse, but with one of the wardresses, and for once sat down upon the stool which I offered her. "I came today with Frau So-and-so, so that we might talk a little freely," said she, as the wardress seated herself upon my bed. "Frau So-and-so is 'in order'."

The wardress gave us a smile of assent; and H. E. continued; "Ever since they have arrested us, these people have been trying to rub into our heads that we are monsters on account of the things we did, especially of the gassing of the Jews. The priests they have sent us to bring us back to Christian feelings have been repeating the same to us, for three and a half years, namely that *that*, of all things, was something appalling. You are not a German, although one of us. You have in these matters an impartiality that none of those enemies of Germany can pretend to have. Tell me frankly: what do *you* think of that feature of our régime?"

"It was necessary," replied I unhesitatingly. "The only pity is that, first, so many dangerous Jews were never gassed, never even arrested; and second, that the slaves of Jewry were not gassed with their masters — to continue to serve them in the next world, if such a thing exists, like the slaves of dead chiefs were supposed to follow them, in remote antiquity. I admit it would have been doing the Yids a great honour, to give them an escort of pure Aryans to the gates of Hades; but it would have cleansed the Third Reich — and the world — of a considerable number of traitors."

Both the wardress and H. E. smiled.

"How nicely you put it!" exclaimed my new friend. "But, — I am only telling you, for the sake of talk,

what 'they' say on the other side — it seems that 'it is wrong'; that it is a 'crime against humanity'."

"Humanity! Let me laugh!" I burst out. "How long will you and others condescend to listen to their Christian twaddle? What would you do if you had bugs in your bed, sucking your blood? What would 'they' do — our opponents, the wonderful 'humanitarian' Democrats (who cease being 'humanitarians' when it comes to showering phosphorus bombs by the million over Germany, as you must know better than I); what would the clergymen whom they send you do, in similar circumstances? Kill off the bugs, naturally. And their eggs with them. And they would not care *how* they would do it, as long as it were quickly done. Yet bugs are so made by nature that they cannot possibly be anything else but parasites; while Jews could go and work with their hands, like better races do, but *will not*. They have chosen to be, from the beginning of time, the parasites of every other nation kind enough to let them live, be it ancient Egypt, be it modern Germany. And when at last, the exploited nation, driven to exasperation, becomes aware of their unseen joke and awakes and begins to treat them as parasites, then, they pose as martyrs, and expose 'antisemitism', and finance atrocity campaigns all over the world, and succeed — *alas!* — in uniting all the uncritical, squeamish 'humanitarians', all the 'decent people' of the world against that nation, the clever rogues! But it is no fault of theirs, I readily admit. They have always been what they are. It is, first, the fault of those idiots of Aryan blood who have tolerated them so long — who, even, have more than once made use of them (as the princes and dukes of old did) to squeeze money out of other Aryans, (their subjects but, I say, their brothers). It is the fault of all those who have, in the past and now, treated racial

differences lightly and who have preached that a Jew who becomes a Christian is as good as any Christian of Aryan blood, or that a Jew domiciled in Germany is a German and a Jew domiciled in England an Englishman and so forth. . . . Such rubbish! It is the fault of all those who were and who are taken in by that nonsensical talk, as though they had no brains to think better and no eyes to see the glaring truth all around them. It is never the fault of the bugs, if a house is overrun with them; it is the fault of the housewife . . .”

“My God! You are right!” exclaimed H. E. “There is no difference whatsoever between what you say and what they used to tell us, during our training, in the Hitler days.”

“I should think not!” said I. “It is not because I was not here, during the great days, that I am less aware of the truth than those who were. And it is not because I was brought up in one of the countries that make the most fuss about Democracy, — namely France — that I stand for order and authority. and for drastic steps wherever the future of the Aryan race is concerned, any less than you; or that I am in the least, less devoted to our Führer.”

H. E. smiled, and squeezed my hand warmly. “My dear, I never doubted it!” said she. “Indeed, when I think of you, I only regret that you were not here in *our* days. You would have been happy. And you would have been given among us a place worthy of your fervour and capability.”

“All I regret is that I could have been a little more useful in Europe during the war than I was so far away in the East . . . and also that . . .”

“And also what?”

“And also,” said I, “that I have never seen the

Führer — nor any of his great collaborators. You have seen him, surely?”

“Yes, many times. I have greeted him in the streets of Berlin, as thousands of others have. But I have never spoken to him.”

The wardress got up and told me that, although she would very much like to please me, she could not possibly remain with H. E. any longer in my cell. “But,” she added, “if I am on duty on Sunday afternoon, I’ll bring her again.”

“Yes, do! I will be so grateful to you,” said I. “And is it not possible for me to come in contact with one or two more of my comrades?”

“I’ll see,” said the wardress; “I’ll see what I can do.”

H. E. saluted me: “Heil Hitler!” “Sister Maria — the nurse in charge — does not want us to say *that*,” she explained, “but Frau So-and-so is one of us.” Frau So-and-so smiled sympathetically.

“Heil Hitler!” said I, raising my hand.

* * *

Life continued for me, happy, in the expectation of my trial soon to come. I finished Chapter 4 of my *Gold in the Furnace*, and started writing Chapter 5, about “de-Nazification.” I put all the fervour of my heart into my work; and the words I wrote were words of faith in the future. “What a difference with ‘46’ and ‘47!’” I often thought to myself. “Then, I was free — and desperate. Now I am captive, but I know we shall rise again, one day. As long as *that* is true, what does the rest matter?”

And I remembered a play that I had written in those awful days, — a play entitled *Akhmaton*, that pictured the

persecution of the most beautiful form of Sun worship in Antiquity, under the Pharaoh Horemheb. Nobody had even suspected the meaning of that play — save a handful of English-knowing German friends of mine. Now, I quoted at the top of the page, under the title of my Chapter 5, — “De-Nazification” — the words of the old hymn of hate intoned by the priests of Amon as they cursed King Akhnaton, after his death:

“Woe to thine enemies, O Amon!
Thy City endures,
. . . But he who assailed thee falls . . .”

“From a literary standpoint, much better, but in spirit, just as bad as the speeches of the self-appointed custodians of ‘human values’ at Nüremberg,” thought I. And a cold sensation ran through my spine as I realised, perhaps better than ever, that, in the realm of Time, the fury of our enemies is as lasting as our divine philosophy; that there always were vested interests opposed to our truth; that there always would be, as long as Time lasted. But still, nothing can destroy us. And, below the ancient words of victorious hate, I quoted one of the undying sentences of our Führer: “Every attempt to combat a ‘Weltanschauung’ by force fails in the end, so long as it does not take the form of an attack in favour of a new spiritual conception.”¹

And for a while, I thought of the encouragement contained in those true words: What “new spiritual conception” could indeed supersede ours, the one which is, in the Führer’s own very words, “in full harmony with the original meaning of things”?²

¹ Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, I, Chapter 5, edit. 1939, p. 189.

² Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, II, Chapter 2, edit. 1939, p. 440.

Out of touch with my free comrades; out of touch with Herr W. — now surely, like I, “on remand” in some prison — out of touch with my husband and with my friends abroad, yet, I felt myself linked to all Germany and to all the world, even more so than when I had been free. And although from my cell I could see neither the sky nor the Sun, I felt myself linked to them beyond the world. When I guessed the red glow of evening behind my nontransparent windowpanes, I would put my stool upon the table and stand on it, and gaze at the fiery Disk through the narrow opening at the top of the window, and pray: “Put Thy power in me, Source of all power! And keep on inspiring me, that my life may always be a beautiful hymn to Thy glory, and a testimony to truth!” And when, after that, I again sat down to write, I felt that the strength and brightness of the Sun filled indeed my whole being, and set the seal of duration — the seal of truth — upon what I wrote.

Once a day, I was taken out for a quarter of an hour’s walk around the courtyard, by myself, under the supervision of the wardress who happened to be on duty. For I was still “on remand,” and had not the right to join the other prisoners in their “free hour” — which was also, most of the time, a free half hour or a free quarter of an hour.

In the evenings the wardresses on duty often used to come and have a few minutes’ talk with me in my cell. They were mostly young women, curious to hear something about the wide world, and perhaps even more, keen on questioning a foreign National Socialist who had proved her sincerity. I soon learnt to know them by their names, and to like some of them more than others. H. E. — who now came regularly every morning — had told me of four who, to her knowledge, were “ganz in

Ordnung,” *i.e.*, who shared our faith wholeheartedly, whether officially “de-Nazified” or not. I loved those, naturally. I knew I could rely upon them. But I must say that the others behaved also in a friendly manner towards me. *None* seemed to look upon me as anything else but a genuine friend of Germany — a praiseworthy person. They held, however (and how rightly!) that I perhaps could have been more useful, had I been a little less trusting and more supple.

They often asked me about the things I had seen in the Near and Middle East, in the course of my travels. And I evoked before them the ruined temples of Upper Egypt, and the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, and the Nile between Aswan and Wadi-Alfa; or the austere splendour of the desert of Iraq, under the moon; or the beauty of the Malabar coast or of the Bengali countryside, just after the rains. And they asked me about my life in India, and about India during the war.

I spoke lengthily about the appalling Bengal famine of 1943 — the result of the general requisition of the rice harvest by the British, for the British and American troops in Burma and for the staff of the “indispensable services” in case of emergency. I evoked as forcibly and as vividly as I could the endless rows of starving men, women, and children — living skeletons — come from the countryside to await death along the busy avenues of Calcutta; and those whom one met seeking for something to eat in the stinking dust-heaps, while fighters for Democracy, stuffed with food — and whisky, at eighty rupees a bottle — could be seen tottering out of “Firpo’s” — the fashionable ultramodern restaurant — and getting sick upon the pavement. “One third of the population of Bengal is said to have died of starvation or of the consequences of long-drawn undernourishment,” added I.

“And the people who were at the bottom of *that* are those who, in 1945, had the impudence to pose as defenders of ‘humanity’ and to accuse the vanquished of ‘war crimes’.”

The reaction of my listeners was the reaction I had obtained all over Germany, wherever I had related what I had seen in Calcutta from March to December, 1943. “Yes, how dare they speak of us?” they all agreed. And I thought: “These women had perhaps never heard of the Bengal famine before. Now, they will go home and comment upon it in the presence of other Germans. And that will contribute to increase the general loathing for the hypocrites now busy dismantling the German factories in the name of peace and trying to keep down National Socialism in the name of liberty. So, I suppose I am not entirely useless, even here . . .”

One of the wardresses asked me if, during the war, there were many people in India on our side.

“That all depends *when*,” I answered. “In 1940, everybody was on our side — save the British settlers, the Anglo-Indians, who aped them, and, naturally, the Jews. You should have seen the enthusiasm at the news of the fall of France; at the expectation of the fall of England! That lasted till 1942. In 1943, it was already beginning to wane. In 1944, it was gone. In 1945, many of those who had spoken the loudest, even before the war, about the “unbreakable bonds of Aryan solidarity” and so forth, turned their coats and welcomed the “era of peace, justice and true Democracy” that the United Nations were supposed to have inaugurated. Unfortunately, I must say, this phenomenon is not particular to India. Exactly the same course of evolution has been followed by a great number of Icelanders — pure Nordic people . . .”

“And by some Germans, too . . . still more unfortunately,”

put in one of the wardresses whom I knew to be, herself, “one of us.”

* * *

One afternoon, I was taken by the wardress on duty to a room opposite the offices of the British Governor and of the Chief Warder. There, I was joined by the gentleman with the insinuating voice — Mr. Manning, I believe — who had tried in vain, in Düsseldorf, to make me tell who had printed my propaganda, and by a young English woman.

“We have come to ask you a few more questions,” said the man, as he took his seat. And he bade me sit down. “First, we have been examining your posters and the two Leaflets found in your bag very closely,” he pursued; “and we have practically come to a conclusion as to where they probably were printed. Would you care to know our conclusion?”

“Why not?”

“And would you tell us if we are right or wrong — just that?”

“No,” replied I. “I have sworn to myself that I shall not tell you nor anyone a word concerning the printing of those papers, and I shall stick to my decision.”

“You would not even tell us ‘yes’ or ‘no’?”

“Not even ‘yes’ or ‘no’. You are not compelled to let me know what you have inferred from your examination of my leaflets. I have not asked you to.”

I spoke thus in order to hide my genuine anxiety. For I knew the police was clever — or I thought it was.

“I can see no harm in telling you,” said the man. “We strongly suspect that your papers were printed in France.”

He kept on watching me intently, expecting to detect

upon my face a sign of fear or relief. He had told me, in fact, only to provoke a reaction on my part. And his statement might even have been a complete lie, for all I know.

However, it might also have expressed a genuine opinion. And somehow, somewhere in the depth of my consciousness, I did feel the nearest approach to a sigh of relief — and to a sudden propensity to laugh; for my papers had all been printed in the heart of London. But, to my knowledge, my face — with the help of the Gods — remained as blank as though the man had been talking to me in Chinese. And I made no reply. To have said “yes” would have at once raised suspicions — “How was it that my scruples had so quickly vanished?” the man would have wondered. And he would have perhaps found out that I was trying to lead him along a false track. On the other hand, I could not have said “no.” That might have led him to think of London.

“So you will not tell us anything?” asked Mr. Manning (or whatever his name was) at last.

“What made you suppose that my papers were printed in France?” asked I, in return.

“Well . . . certain particularities in the print,” answered my interrogator. “We are practically sure of it,” he added.

“I have nothing to say,” I declared, putting on a feigned expression of concern, — as though the papers had really been printed in France and as though I feared it would soon be discovered by whom.

The man did not insist. But I believe that he felt more and more convinced (if he ever had been at all) that the propaganda had come out in black on white in some Parisian back shop. He took a paper and a penholder and noted something. Then he asked me if “I minded”

enlightening him on a few more points concerning “my past.”

“It seems you were in India during the war,” said he; “how is it that you were not in Europe working for your cause?”

“Only because I materially could not come in time,” replied I. “I did everything, absolutely everything I could to come. But I waited months for my passport. And the last Italian boat that I was hoping to take never left. Italy entered the war a fortnight too soon.”

“And you had . . . set plans, as to what you were going to do in Europe?”

I reflected: should I tell the truth or not? After all, what did it matter, now that I was caught anyhow? I did not care any longer if “they” knew.

“I intended to broadcast war propaganda in favour of the Axis, in Greek, in French, and in Bengali,” said I. In my voice one could have detected the infinite regret that I had not in fact done so. But my interlocutor looked upon me with nearly as much interest as if I had. “. . . with the deliberate intention of broadcasting on behalf of the Axis . . .” he wrote down upon his paper. And turning to me he asked: “Did the Party know of your intention?”

“I hope some members of the Party did, at least,” replied I.

“And what did you actually do in India, after the failure of your scheme?” was the next question.

My answer — in perfect keeping with the truth, if not with *all* the truth — sounded like a joke calculated to thrust the man from the sublime spheres of what appeared to him as premeditated high treason, clown to utter triviality: “I fed stray cats,” said I simply.

“Cats!” exclaimed the man cross-questioning me.

“Yes, cats,” I repeated; “about hundred and fifty of them a day, during the Bengal famine, and some dogs too. Twice a day, I used to go down with rice, fish and milk for them, and feed them in turn in two or three courtyards where they used to gather. And there was a queue of about fifty of them, kittens and all, every evening along the winding iron staircase that led to my terrace. And I had thirty-five in my house alone. You can enquire whenever you like whether I am speaking the truth or not. All the locality knew me, during the war, as “the cat ‘mem-sahib’!”

“How lovely!” said, with a smile, the young woman who was sitting opposite me, listening. “I too, simply adore cats!”

My interrogator had the good sense not to ask me why I had not devoted my whole energy to human beings. He wished to avoid useless discussions. But he did say; “Surely, you did not do nothing but that?”

“Indeed not,” I replied with utmost ease. “I also wrote a pamphlet entitled *Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity*, about the Hindu-Muslim problem; and a book entitled *Joy of the Sun* — the life of King Akhnaton of Egypt told to young people; and another book, *A Son of God* about the same three thousand three hundred year-old Pharaoh.” All this was perfectly accurate. But it did not seem to satisfy my questioner’s curiosity.

“You also used to receive members of the Allied forces in your flat,” pointed out the latter at last. “Or am I mistaken?”

He was not mistaken. That, I knew. It was nearly a fortnight since I had been arrested and, evidently, thought I, some sort of an enquiry had been made about

me in India. It was no use trying to deny known facts. But, . . . there was a way of presenting them . . .

“My husband was always there when those men carne,” said I, not knowing at first what else to say — for the remark had somewhat surprised me — and pretending I wished to assert my innocence from a moral point of view.

“We never had the slightest doubts about *that*,” replied the man. “But how did those people become acquainted with you?”

“I used to bring them home every Wednesday evening from the ‘East and West Club’, then situated in Chowringhee Terrace,” said I, in a casual manner.

“And why were you so keen on bringing them home?”

“To put them in touch with my husband.” My words must have had the accent of sincerity, for what I said could not have been more true.

“Ah, ah!” . . . muttered the police official.

“Certainly,” pursued I, with imperturbable assurance; “my husband as an Indian, and an old-fashioned one, a real one, well-versed in Sanskrit lore, astrology, etc., and all subjects particular to India. Now, the very purpose, the *raison d’être* of the ‘East and West Club’ — the laudable intention of Rev. Charles Milford and of his wife Mary Milford, its founders — was precisely to put members of the Allied forces, both British and American, in touch with interesting Indians; to give them a taste of Indian home life and pleasant memories of their stay in the East. I was just fulfilling the purpose of the Club to the best of my capacity.”

Without flattering myself, this was logical, plausible; irreproachably well put.

“And what did your husband talk about with our

men?" asked my interrogator, Mr. Manning, or whatever was his name.

"I could not tell," replied I. "Perhaps about Indian history; or about astrology, if they were interested. I was not generally present at their talks."

"Why weren't you?"

"Because it is not the habit of Indian wives to sit in the company of strange men. At the Club, of course, it was different. We were all modern there. But at home, I observed the old custom. At the most, after serving coffee to the men, I used to show them my cats . . ."

"And what did you talk about when alone with them at the Club or on your way home?" asked my interrogator.

"About the heat; or about Indian food; or something like that. I never used to say a word about the war, or about politics."

"Didn't they ever ask you what views you had?"

"Yes," replied I; "they did. But I always told them I had none, and that I was interested only in Antiquity. It avoided all possible unpleasantness . . ."

The man took to questioning me about my husband. "Does he hold the same views as you?" he asked me.

"I hope so," answered I. "I used to believe he did, of course. But, as I said already in Düsseldorf, I know nothing of other people's views — although I cannot help feeling that any high-caste Indian proud of his own tradition is bound to hold our views, knowingly or unknowingly."

"Your husband seems in sympathy with you all right, if one judges him by his letters," declared the man. "How long is it since you have not seen him?"

“Over three years.”

“And he does not feel lonely, without you?”

“I hope not. I believe him to be spiritually rich enough never to feel ‘lonely’. I never do, who am, spiritually — and intellectually — his inferior.”

“I cannot understand why on earth he married you.”

“It would perhaps be better to ask him,” replied I, with a pinch of irony.

The young woman who was present exclaimed: “A very good answer!”

At last Mr. Manning — or whoever he was — asked me how I had managed to distribute my papers in public places all over Germany, for so long, without getting into trouble.

“I suppose I used to give them only to the right people,” said I.

“I am sure you did, — otherwise you would have been in jail months ago. But how did you recognise those who shared your ideology? That I would like to know.”

“I don’t know myself. I used to feel them, somehow, even before they spoke,” I replied.

“I bet she just picked out the handsome ones!” put in the woman, summing up what she thought of my way of detecting at first sight who was a National Socialist and who was not.

“Well, this was doubtless supposed to be a joke, but there is some truth in it,” said I, to the surprise of both my interlocutors. “When I used to see, in a face, not merely regular features and the external signs of health, hut that indefinable stamp of combined intelligence, willpower and fervour; of serene and patient strength, of courage and love — of all round sanity

which constitutes real beauty, then I used to say to myself: 'This one looks like one of us; let me talk to him — and perhaps I shall give him a couple of leaflets'. And I never made a mistake, although I am no expert at reading thoughts. That alone would go to prove that every National Socialist is one among a real human élite; a brotherhood of higher beings."

"We will see you again in Düsseldorf on the 7th," said the man at last, putting an end to our talk. Then, I had a moment of weakness; I remembered the beginning of my book that was in the hands of the police. I could not help asking Mr. Manning (or whatever his name was) whether he had read it and what he thought of it.

"Well," answered he, "I cannot exactly say I like it. It may be well written; I am no literary critic. But I don't know where you went and got your information about Dunkirk. It is all false . . ."

"What is false, for instance?"

"It is false to pretend that our troops were scared of the Germans; also to say that Hitler sincerely wanted peace . . ."

"Oh, that is all right!" thought I condescendingly. "Who wants to admit that his country's army was ever scared of anybody? And who is prepared to agree that the 'enemy' has acted in good faith?" I turned to the police officer: "Do you think that there is any slight possibility that my manuscript might be spared?" asked I unable not to plead in its favour at least once. "If the statements I make in it are so obviously and so shockingly false as you seem to think, then it is surely not dangerous; nobody would take it seriously. I do not intend to publish it anyhow. That is obvious from its contents."

“I cannot answer ‘yes’ nor ‘no’,” said the man. “The decision does not lie with me.”

“Could you not at least, if they consult you, point out that the writing is not dangerous. It is too out and out National Socialistic anyhow, for anyone to take the trouble to read it, save a handful of enthusiasts . . .”

“I don’t quite agree with you there,” said the man. “Personally, had it not been for the dedication, I would not have found out that it was Nazi stuff before I came to the second chapter, (*sic*). As for your other manuscript,” he added, speaking of the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, “it is not political at all . . .”

I was amazed — dumbfounded. “Either this man must not have read the first line of my writing,” thought I, “or, . . . he must be a perfect idiot, or he is trying to deceive me.” But I said nothing. I prayed the invisible Powers that all my readers in the circumstance might remain blind to the meaning of my writings, and *not* destroy them. A slight, very slight ray of hope — which I did not dare to encourage — dawned on that day, in my consciousness, for the first time since my arrest: “*Perhaps*, they will spare my manuscripts all the same . . .” My reason rejected it as something utterly absurd. My heart clung to it.

* * *

On the following Sunday afternoon, as the prisoners of the D wing — the so-called “war criminals” — were coming back to their cells from the recreation room, the door of my cell was opened and . . . in stepped two of the latter; my friend H. E. and a tall, slim, also blonde younger woman. The wardress on duty — one of those who were, in H. E.’s words, “entirely in order” locked the

door behind them. “Splendid!” exclaimed H. E.; “*now*, we are free for a while.”

And spontaneously, — as though a miracle had happened, and the Occupation with all its trail of shame and misery had been wiped away in the twinkling of an eye, and the grand days had come back — the three of us raised our right arms in the ritual gesture and uttered from the depth of our hearts the magical syllables — cry of deliverance; war-cry; cry of love that nothing call smother; Germany’s cry of joy at the long-delayed re-conquest of her real free self: “Heil Hitler!”

My left arm around H. E.’s waist, the flame of defiance and the light of fervour in my eyes, I stood between the two blonde daughters of resurrected Germany, I, the dark-eyed daughter of the Mediterranean; the messenger of the faithful Aryans of the Far South and of the whole world. And there was no difference between them and I.

“Once,” thought I, — after the divine minute had passed and I was again able to think — “the salute was compulsory, and the two words also. One walked into a grocer’s shop and uttered them as a matter of course, half the time without thinking about what one was saying — as one says ‘Good morning!’ — and then, turning to the shopkeeper, one added immediately: ‘Give me a pound of *sauerkraut* please.’ Now . . . the two words, already four years forbidden, have really become holy words; now, those alone pronounce them at all, who mean them, with all their heart and soul, — who would die uttering them; and those who titter them together — as we three — feel hound to one another forever. Now, they have re-conquered their meaning and their power; the spell-like power they had, among the storm-fighters of before 1933.”

H. E. introduced me to the other prisoner, H. B.

another victim of the Belsen trial. They both sat upon my bed, and for two hours — until the feeding time came — we talked freely. “My dears,” said I, “how unpredictable is the slowly unfolding pattern of life! Three and a half years ago, when I read about those disgusting trials in the papers, and saw your names in print, among many others, and believed all was lost, who could have told me that one day, I would meet you in prison, and have the joy of telling you: ‘Nothing is lost, as long as we keep our spirit. — Hope and wait!’ And who can tell us today whether, in a few years to come, we shall not be greeting together the return of our Führer amidst the delirious enthusiasm, this time, of a whole continent? Fortunately the world is governed by the Invisible. And the Invisible laughs at the U.N.O., and at the Occupation Status and at the Control Commission, and all such ephemeral inventions of silly dabblers in politics.”

The two women told me something of the atrocious way they and the rest of the German staff in charge of the Belsen camp were treated in April 1945, when the British Military Police took possession of the place. They spoke of the lorries full of frenzied Jews, sent there especially to inflict all manner of ill-treatment upon them — and especially upon the S.S. men, warders of the camp. They described to me how, after four days’ horrid confinement, without food nor water, in their own filth, they had themselves been made to bury, with their own hands, under the threat of British bayonets, the bodies both of the dead internees and of the slain warders, and were not given even water to wash themselves of the stench, but were compelled — rather than nothing at all — to use their own urine for that purpose. They told me of the howls of the unfortunate S.S. men whom *they saw* disembowelled alive by creatures wearing the British Military

Police uniform (let us hope, for the honour of the Aryan race, that these had all some amount of Jewish blood) and of the thin, long-drawn, high-pitched shrieks of the tortured.

I listened intently. With my naturally vivid imagination, I pictured to myself the ghastly scenes. And I felt every hair of my skin stand erect, and an icy cold sensation run along my nerves and penetrate me through and through. It was surely not the first time that I had heard of such achievements of the fighters for peace and reformers of mankind. I knew of plenty of atrocities performed by the “maquisards” — the “heroes” of the French “résistance” — especially from August 1944 onwards; French people had told me themselves of these things in 1946. And I remembered many similar facts of which I had heard in Germany. But, few instances of anti-Nazi barbarity as repulsive as those I had just heard, had yet been related to me by the very people who had witnessed them hour after hour, for days on end. These surpassed, if possible, even the horrors of Schwarzenborn and of Darmstadt . . .

I gazed at the two women. In my mind, I recalled other tortures, outlandish ones, equally ghastly, but more long-drawn, more methodical, more scientifically studied, more artfully applied, things unheard of, that took place in imperial China, in Korea, in old Japan, and that I knew. And something akin to enthusiasm possessed me. I smiled at the vision of the wide world, spread before me, and at the endless unknown possibilities that might be offered to me, who knows how and when, in the course of the next thirty years. “My martyred comrades, my loved ones!” said I, in a clear, almost inspired voice, “‘They’ have thrown you to the Jews. May I, one day, be given the power and the opportunity to throw *them*

to torturers of Mongolian blood! — to yellow men, with blank faces and slit eyes. On that day, I shall avenge you! By the unseen Forces, heavenly, earthly and subterranean, that govern all things, I swear it!” And as I said that, I felt a current of power ascend my spine and emerge from the top of my head; and deathly destructive waves rush forth from my body, irresistible. In invisible space, where nothing is lost, that energy, released in an impulse of righteous indignation, is still now working to bring about the downfall of our enemies. Who can stop it?

* * *

On the 7th March, I was again taken to Düsseldorf. Snow had been falling for several days, and under the grey sky, the landscape had become dreamlike I gazed at it from the windows of the car, with passionate admiration, — conscious that the time was drawing nigh, when I would see nothing but the prison courtyard, day after day — and I talked to Miss Taylor, the English policewoman, who had come to fetch me and who sat at my side.

“You are not too unhappy in jail?” she asked me.

“I? Not at all. I am, on the contrary, very happy,” replied I. But I did not tell her that I owed most of my happiness to the fact that, glad to seize upon this opportunity of mocking the Occupation authorities, the German staff left me do practically all I liked.

“*You* would be happy anywhere,” remarked Miss Taylor.

“Perhaps,” said I.

In Düsseldorf, the hearing of my case was put off another week. And I was taken back to Werl in the afternoon. “I wish they could keep on adjourning my

trial like that” said I in a joke, “and thus afford me the pleasure of a motor-drive every eight days!”

On the 14th of March, once more Miss Taylor was waiting for me at 7 o'clock in the morning. Once more, from the windows of the car, I watched the scenery and the passersby, as we rolled through Dortmund, Duisburg, Essen, etc. . . . Every time I saw ruins, I inwardly prayed for speedy revenge, and I longed for the day when I would see flags bearing the swastika hang from the windows of the rebuilt houses.

At Essen, I asked to get down from the car for five minutes pretexting “a very urgent necessity.” Miss Taylor got down with me but, as I had expected, did not follow me behind the ruined wall that I had chosen as a screen between myself and possible onlookers. Taking a piece of chalk out of my pocket, I wrote upon the smooth surface that had once been a part of a German home, the sweet, the triumphal — and now defiant — words that contain the whole of my emotional life: “Heil Hitler!” Sooner or later, from that road on the side of which the car was now waiting for me, or from another, someone, — some German workman out of employ, cursing the damned Occupation for his present-day misery; some housewife, remembering how lovely life was, under the Führer's rule, compared with now — would come to this lonely spot and read them. And for a minute, his or her heart would beat in tune with mine, thought I.

At Düsseldorf, I was confronted in Court with my unfortunate collaborator — Herr W. — I, on the bench of the accused; he, although still himself a prisoner on remand, in the witness box. He looked dejected — if not quite so much so as when I had had a glimpse of him, two days after my arrest. Doubtless, he had suffered in prison.

He gave a very clever account of how we had started talking at the “Catholic Mission” of the railway station of Cologne. We had talked in presence of the woman on duty at the mission on that night. And after a while, — in order that she might not follow the conversation (for who knew what views she held?) — we had talked in French. Herr W. had related to me the horrible story of his three years’ captivity in the heart of Africa; and I, practically sure that he was one “of the right sort,” had translated to him, from the English original, passages from the third chapter of my *Gold in the Furnace*. Now, before the Court, Herr W. said nothing that could lead one to believe that, as a National Socialist, or even simply as a German, he had liked the spirit of my writing.

“She read to me, in French, a few passages from some book,” said he — he did not, in fact, state that it was from *that* one — “but it was much too difficult for me to understand, as my French is not good. I just nodded my head in assent, out of courtesy, without grasping what it was about.”

In reality, he had agreed enthusiastically with whatever I had read to him. But I was glad he did not say so, for his sake and for mine. “The less attention is drawn upon that book of mine the better,” thought I. Herr W. pursued: “As for the lady’s views . . .” He was probably going to say that he never even suspected them. But I was only too glad to proclaim them.

“Don’t be afraid of saying that I am a National Socialist,” shouted I from my corner. “Now that I am caught, let the whole world know it! I am proud of it.”

There were signs of increased interest among the German public come to hear the case. Miss Taylor, sitting at my side, told me, however, not to speak until I was questioned. The judge asked me “not to interrupt,” and Herr W. resumed his account. He pretended that

he had no political faith whatsoever since the end of the war — he could hardly say he had never had any before, being a volunteer S.S. man since 1939 — and he stated that he had taken my posters to stick up merely because he was expecting that I would have paid him for doing so! He added that he was out of employ, and in dire need of money — which, doubtless, was true.

I listened from my bench and compared what I was hearing with what Herr W. had told me a month before, in the empty train. I remembered his enthusiastic readiness to stick up my posters as soon as he had seen one of them. I recalled the devotion with which he had spoken of the Führer: “Our beloved Hitler! So it is for the love of him that you have come to us, from the other end of the world!” His words, and the warmth with which he had uttered them, I could never forget. And now . . . he denied in public that common sacred faith that bound us! . . . And why? No doubt, to avoid a heavy sentence for himself in his own coming trial. “I would never do that — I, who never was even a member of the N.S.D.A.P., let alone of the S.S. élite,” thought I.

Yes; but then, I reflected, *I* had not toiled three, years in a slave labour camp in the Congo, under the whip of Negroes, with hardly anything to eat. And I had not been wounded fifteen times in the Führer’s service. And I had not, now, undergone cross-questioning under the same horrid conditions as this young man probably had; nor had I, in prison, to endure the same hardships. What had I been doing, at least up till 1942, while he was fighting upon the battlefields of Europe? Walking down Chowringhee Avenue under my bright-coloured parasol, feeling happy; boasting of Germany’s lightning victories and talking of the coming world New Order, in Indian tea parties! And even after that, I had not incurred any

danger. So, naturally, *now*, I could afford to be defiant.

I felt deeply ashamed of my first reaction of self-righteousness and severity. “Poor boy!” thought I, “he has the right to try to avoid further useless suffering. He has proved who he is, in ten long years of action. And nobody believes him, anyhow, when he says that “he no longer clings to any ideology.”

The judge asked me if I had any question to put to Herr W., or anything to add to what he had said. I declared that I had “nothing to add.”

During our midday meal. Miss Taylor commented upon my collaborator’s attitude and spoke of his “lack of moral courage.” “It must not surprise you,” she concluded; “they are all like that. You should have seen the ‘top ones’ on trial at Nuremberg, shifting the responsibility unto one another — each one merely trying to save his own skin . . .”

“I refuse to hear a word of criticism, let alone of blame, against the martyrs of Nuremberg,” said I. “Even if what you say were true — which I do not believe for a second — still they are my superiors, and I have no business to find fault with them; much less to allow anti-Nazis to find fault with them in my presence. If you care at all to talk to me, talk of something else.”

“You are the limit, really!” exclaimed the policewoman. “But remember that you are not a German . . .”

“Maybe.”

“. . . and that you do not represent Germany.”

“I have never pretended to. Still,” said I — and a defiant smile brightened my face — “let me tell you that ‘next time’, when the Democracies are crushed and lie in the dust, twenty times more devastated even than Germany is now, then, you will not find in the whole world

a single non-English person to stand by you in admiring loyalty as I stand by the Germans today. You will not even find mercenary friends, as you did last time, for you will have no money left. Germany today has no money, no power, no international status. But she has the magic of Hitler's name, and his everlasting Idea. What will *you* have, to retain a foreigner's devotion, when your material power will be gone?"

Miss Taylor made no answer. There was none to make.

In the afternoon other witnesses — Wilhelm Kripfel, the policeman who had first dealt with me, and his superior, head of the police office in the Cologne railway station; Gertrud Romboy, the woman on duty at the Catholic Mission of the same station, on the night I had made the acquaintance of Herr W. there; the *Oberinspektor* Herr Heller, and the man who, in Düsseldorf, had taken down my statement as to "why" I had contributed to keep the Nazi spirit alive, were heard in turn.

Gertrud Romboy's account of the enthusiastic manner in which Herr W. had spoken of me, was, from the standpoint of the Court, most damaging to the young man. It showed as plainly as could be that, although he might have been hungry, nothing else but a sincere National Socialist faith had prompted him to help me. And, while I would have admired Herr W. had he boldly stated this, himself, I was indignant as I heard Gertrud Romboy imply it so obviously, as though she were doing all she could to render the sentence against him as heavy as possible. Indeed, she told the truth *and all the truth* before the Lower Control Commission Court, as she had sworn she would. She was none of us — or, in the circumstance, she would have lied, or feigned ignorance. But

even more than her apparent desire to bring punishment upon Herr W. (as well as upon myself) the hasty confidence with which Herr W. had spoken to her and given her a leaflet of mine on his return from the platform of the station, amazed me. Could he not have, first, taken the trouble to find out whether the woman was safe or not? I recalled the fact that, if Herr W. had been arrested at all, it was because, after sticking up as many as he could of my posters all night, he had not stopped doing so when day had dawned; that, actually, thinking himself alone in the midst of a ruined part of Cologne, he had applied fifteen of them in a row against the smooth surface of what had once been the wall of a bank, at 8:30 a.m. or so, — in broad daylight. I had read those details in a summary of his arrest, and of the witnesses' first statements, that had been handed over to me in prison. Now, for the second time I thought, — notwithstanding all the respect I had for the young man's sincerity and zeal, and for the genuine efforts he had made to save *me* from arrest —: "I never would have believed that an S.S. man could be such a clumsy fool!"

It was decided at last that, "given the very serious nature of the charges against me," my case exceeded the competence of the Lower Control Commission Court and would therefore be heard at the next sitting of the High Court of similar character. I was told that the final hearing would not be further postponed. (The mental doctor's report, read by the judge, stated indeed that I was "of more than average intelligence" and "fully responsible" and "fit to undergo trial.") I was asked if I wished to be defended. I replied that I was quite able to defend myself — or rather to state, myself, the reasons that had prompted me to act as I did. "I am proud of what I have done." I added, "and would begin again if I could

though, — I hope — this time, less clumsily, taking full advantage of bitterly acquired experience.”

The judge took a pencil and a piece of paper. “Will you repeat this, if you please?” said he.

“Most gladly!” answered I. And I repeated the sentence, smiling at the German public. And the judge wrote it down.

“So you don’t want a lawyer to defend you?” he asked me, when he had finished.

“Oh,” said I, “if it is the custom, and if *I* am not to pay him, I don’t mind having one. But I wonder what he will be able to say in my favour. Anyhow, I also wish to speak, personally. I hope I shall be allowed to.”

“You will,” replied the judge, “provided you do not intend to make a long political speech.”

“I just want to make a short one,” said I. The public laughed. “Moreover,” I added, “I do not know how far it will be ‘political’, for in my eyes National Socialism is far more than mere ‘politics’.”

* * *

As I was walking down the large staircase by the side of Miss Taylor, a woman — who had been listening among the public — approached me and said: “I would very much like to have a talk with you.”

“So would I,” I replied, “but I am not allowed to.”

Miss Taylor intervened. “Come along,” she said; “you are not to get in touch with the public.”

But I turned to the woman who had spoken to me — and to all those who could hear me — and said: “Know, yourselves, and tell all Germany, that neither threats nor bribery, neither severity nor kindness, will ever ‘de-Nazify’ *me*; that, in my eyes, the interest of National Socialist Germany is the interest of the Aryan race at

large; and that I am waiting for the Day of revenge and resurrection. Wait for it, you too, in the same spirit. Heil Hitler!”

Miss Taylor — who had not understood all that I had said, but who had guessed, more or less, what it could be — held my right hand down to prevent me from making the ritual salute. I looked at her and said: “That is easy. But all the might of the united Democracies cannot hold my spirit down.”

She replied nothing.

She took me to another building, and gave me a cup of tea. An Indian, whom I had noticed by the side of the representatives of British justice during the hearing of the witnesses, came in and introduced himself as the envoy of the Indian Consulate in Berlin, specially sent to attend my trial and to interview me. He looked like a South Indian, and told me he was called Francis. “A Christian from the Southwest coast,” thought I. And I was right, for the gentleman told me a minute later that he was from Travancore. I had visited the place in 1945. We spoke about it for a while. Then, he asked me “how I had come to be mixed up with National Socialism,” and, for the hundred thousandth time I had to point out, in as concise a manner as possible, the logical connection between my life long yearning after the ideals of Aryan Heathendom — which are ours — and my departure to caste-ridden India. “the land that had never denied the Aryan Gods,” in 1932. The things I said were the least likely to flatter the feelings of an Indian convert to Christianity, brought up, in all probability, in an atmosphere of democratic “liberalism” — in other words, of lies. But I could not help it. I spoke the truth.

“Would you like us to try to have you sent back to India?” asked the official.

“I would love to go back for some time,” said I. “There are a few things I would like to ask my husband, when I see him again. But on no account would I run the risk of getting stuck there — like I did in 1939 — where interesting developments start once more in the West.” I thanked the gentleman, however, for the interest he took in me.

After that, Miss Taylor brought me back to Werl. In the motorcar, travelling with me, was, this time, my luggage, which the police had given me back.

“I wonder what they did with my manuscripts,” I could not help saying.

“They told me they kept whatever was of a political nature, and gave you back the rest,” replied the policewoman.

I felt my heart sink within my breast, believing my precious writings were now lost to me and to those for whom they had been written. I spoke little during the journey. Over and over again, I read the list of the things which the police had given back to me, grateful to Miss Taylor for letting me see it before hand. Several large and small “copybooks” were mentioned in the list. But I did not remember how many copybooks I had. There was one ray of hope: the *Programme of the N.S.D.A.P.* was definitely mentioned on the paper. I recalled the booklet bearing upon its bright-yellow cover a picture of the red white and black swastika flag — and thought: “If they can give me back that, they can give me back anything!” But I did not dare to believe it.

When we reached Werl, Miss Taylor, who had herself taken charge of the few jewels I still possessed, handed them over to the prison authorities. My Indian earrings

in the shape of swastikas were there with the rest. They were mentioned on the list. My luggage was carried to the “Frauen Haus” and, on the request of Miss Taylor — who was kind enough to understand my desire to inspect it at ease — deposited in my cell, under my bed.

As soon as I was alone, I opened it. And my heart leaped: there, before me, lay the thick light brown copybook with a red binding in which were written, in my own handwriting, the three first chapters of my *Gold in the Furnace*, and a few pages of the fourth! And there was, under it, the dark red copybook containing the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, and the whole typed manuscript of my unpublished *Impeachment of Man*, finished in 1946, with a quotation of Dr. Goebbels, an extract from the famous *Diaries*, added in early 1948 upon the outside page . . . ! I could hardly believe my eyes. I took a glance at the precious pages, to see if any had been torn out, or if any lines had been effaced. No; all was in order — just as I had left it on the day of my arrest. Tears filled my eyes. And an overwhelming gratitude rose from the depth of my heart, not towards the police or the British authorities, enemies of all I stand for, who had spared my writings not knowing what they were doing, but towards the Lord of the unseen Forces Who had compelled them to spare them, knowing fully well why. Now more than ever I felt sure that, sooner or later, National Socialism was destined to triumph. I smiled; and in an outburst of almost ecstatic joy, I repeated the words of Leonardo da Vinci, read long ago: “*O mirabile giustizzia di Te, Primo Motore!*” I felt so light, so exultantly happy, that I would not have found it strange, had my body been lifted from the ground.

I continued examining my things. The police had kept the photograph of a young German whom I had met somewhere in the French Zone. Knowing who I was, and what I was doing (for I had given him, too, a bundle of leaflets) the youngster had had the courage to sign his name under the few words he had written behind the photo: "Remembrance from an S.S. soldier." I now felt anxious for him, and prayed with all my heart that "they" might never find him. Mr. B's letters ending with "Heil Hitler!" they had also kept; as well as two issues of a certain English review containing several beautiful portraits of the Führer. But the other portrait I had of him, — one of the best ones; and one that had been following me in all my travels for who knows how long — they had left me. That too, I could hardly believe. And yet it was true! There was the adorable face gazing at me once inure, now as always; the Face I have yet never seen in the flesh, but whose light sustains me in the struggle for the triumph of truth. "*Mein geliebter Führer!*" I whispered with devotion, holding the priceless photograph to my breast. I then lay it upon the table against the wall, facing my bed. And I continued my inspection.

The police had also left in my possession a booklet of military songs and another one of *Fighting Songs of the Movement*, and . . . one sample of each one of my leaflets, as a remembrance! Attached to the longer one — the one I had composed in Sweden, in May, 1948 — was a small square of typed paper containing the methodical enumeration of the four mistakes in German that had been found in the printed text. I could not help being amused at the ironical haste they had shown in correcting them, as though to tell me: "Look here; before indulging in Nazi propaganda, you'd better go and improve your German a little!"

“I certainly shall,” thought I, as though answering the challenge in my mind. And I felt ashamed of myself for not having studied Hitler’s language more thoroughly, years and years before.

At last, I sat down and started copying, in the thick light-brown copybook with a red binding, Chapter 4 and Chapter 5 of my *Gold in the Furnace*, which I had, all these days, been writing upon loose sheets of paper. Then, I wrote the title of Chapter 6, “Chambers of Hell,” and laid down the plan of it.

* * *

Life continued for me, the same — or nearly the same. The wardresses came and had talks with me in my cell, as before. Frau Oberin often came herself, although, as a rule, she preferred calling me over to her office. Once, she told me how “oriental” I appeared to her in my outlook on life.

“‘Oriental’ in what way?” asked I.

“Well, there are certain values,” she said, “that we accept implicitly. They may be Christian, or whatever you like to call them, and be, as you say, ultimately traceable to foreign influences. But they have become a part of our subconscious self. I have never met, even among those who share your views in Germany, anyone who rejected those values as cynically as you do. From the little you told me about the Hindu attitude to morality — life-centred, as opposed to man-centred — I conclude that your long stay in India has greatly influenced your philosophy.”

“Never!” said I, vehemently. “I hated the man-centred creeds — all of them; the ancient and the modern; the religious and the political, and those that are both —

with bitter hatred, years before I even thought of going, to India. I cannot remember myself but as a rebel against such Christian ideas as 'the dignity of *all* men' (just because they happen to be 'human') and the 'value of *all* human souls', etc. Still, in India, I was often told I was profoundly 'Western' because I had nothing of the other-worldly mysticism, and nothing of the resigned acceptance of things as we find them, that are supposed to characterise the 'East'; also because I used to say that, even if I could, I would not wish to break away from the endless circle of births and rebirths, but would *prefer* to come back to earth again and again, for life is lovely, at least among the higher forms of its highest manifestations. The Indians were right. I am thoroughly European — but a European of ancient Europe, exiled in our times; an Aryan, impermeable to those Christian values that have nearly killed the soul of this continent and therefore as foreign to most of our contemporaries as would be a resurrected daughter of the Pagan North or of Pagan Greece."

"You are perhaps right," said Frau Oberin.

"I know I am right. And that is why I look so, 'Eastern' to you, in spite of my National Socialism, and so 'Western' to so many Indians, in spite of my life-centred outlook. But I am not alone. I know quite a number of people — here, in Germany — who are just as 'cynical', *i.e.*, just as radical as I am concerning the moral values brought to us by the Jewish *Weltanschauung* to weaken us and to destroy us. In them, — the true disciples of Nietzsche — I put my hope. They are the ones who shall 'march still further on, when all falls to pieces' as it is said in the old *Kampflied* to which a more than material meaning can be given," concluded I.

"Perhaps," said Frau Oberin. "I doubt, however,

whether you will find anyone to understand you in this prison.”

“I have already found one, at least.” “Who?”

“One of the so-called ‘war criminals’.”

“Your friend H. E.? Yes; it may be. She speaks very highly of you, indeed. She seems to like you.”

“I am glad if she does. I admire her.”

“What would you say if only you knew some of the men, imprisoned here for so-called ‘war crimes’? There are some perfect types of idealists among *them*, — people according to your heart.”

“Oh, I wish I could come in touch with them!”

“Unfortunately, that is not possible,” said Frau Oberin. And she added: “Don’t tell anybody that I have been speaking of them to you. As the head of the ‘Frauen Haus’, I have to be very, very careful about all that I say.”

“Rest assured I shall not speak,” replied I; “but do tell me: *you* do not really accept any other values but ours, in the bottom of your heart, is it not so?”

Frau F. Oberin looked at me sadly, and just replied: “I repeat: I have to be very, very careful.” And she changed the conversation. She told me about her brother, who had been killed on the battlefield in Russia, and she showed me a picture of him, — an energetic looking and handsome young man, with light, wavy hair.

“I loved him very dearly,” she said.

“She has sacrificed more than I ever can, for the cause I love,” thought I. And I recalled the thousands of German women who have lost one or more than one of their dear ones upon the battlefields of Russia and elsewhere. I was alone. I had nothing to lose, save my manuscripts; and they had been given back to me. I

looked at Frau Oberin's sweet and dignified face, and felt humble.

* * *

I was no longer alone during the "free time." Two new prisoners — a Czech woman, charged with espionage on behalf of Russia, and a Belgian woman already sentenced to six years' imprisonment for "collaboration with Germany during the war" and waiting in Werl (with her two-year-old daughter) for the Belgian police to take charge of her — now accompanied me around the courtyard, a few minutes in the morning and in the afternoon.

I used to speak freely to the latter, since the day she had told me why she had been sentenced. She professed to admire all I stood for although — she herself admitted — she had followed her German husband (one of the right sort, garrisoned in Belgium during the war) "not because of his National Socialist faith, but because she loved him."

"I could not even flirt with a man who did not wholeheartedly share our faith, let alone love him," had I spontaneously replied to that. "But, of course," I added, "I should perhaps better be silent. For I have no experience whatsoever in the matter. Had no time for it — even when I was young."

I hardly ever spoke to the other prisoner, who was "on remand." It was Miss Taylor who had told me who she was. And the nature of the charge against her did not render her particularly sympathetic to me. However, once, I had no choice but to walk around the courtyard by her side, as we were alone.

"Little Kareen and her mother have a visitor today," said the woman: "the child's father, I believe." And she

added: "I too, have a child — a boy, twice as old as Kareen. And my husband too is a German."

"Yes, some damned Communist, most probably," thought I to myself. I was not interested.

"In general, if I am not mistaken," said I — just to say something — "there is not much love between Germans and Czechs."

"That is true — unfortunately," replied the woman. And she related to me some of the ghastly happenings that took place in her country after the war. "The Czechs were particularly cruel to the S.S. men," she said. "In several places, they hung in a row as many of them as they could lay hands upon, not by their necks, as one might think, but by their arms; and then, they lit fires under them, leaving them to die the most atrocious death, as slowly as possible."

I had not the slightest doubt that the young woman spoke the truth. She had no interest to lie to me, and to run down her country in my eyes. Moreover, the picture she had evoked was in perfect keeping with all I knew already about anti-Nazi atrocities. And never, perhaps, did I feel in more complete agreement with a certain German comrade of mine who had told me, in 1948, that, "when the day of reckoning comes" not a single Czech should be allowed to live. However, I controlled my feelings. "Fortunately," said I, as calmly as I could, "there exists a divine Justice, immanent in this world. Its machinery grinds slowly, but grinds fine — and is deaf to tardy demonstrations of repentance. I am waiting to see what bloody pulp will drop, "next time," from its merciless iron teeth. I am waiting to see all the martyrs of our cause avenged a hundred thousand times, and to rejoice at the sight."

The young woman said not a word. Perhaps she

suddenly realised that I had identified myself with National Socialist Germany far more than any foreigner could, in her estimation, and she regretted having spoken too much.

* * *

A member of the British staff of the prison named Stocks — a tall, fat man, with a jolly, red, round face, and twenty-nine years of coercive service in such rough and interesting places as the treaty ports of prewar China — used to invent (whenever he could) some pretext to call me over to the building in which stood the Governor's office, and to have a chat with me (in some other room, needless to say). A wardress always came with me and sat there during our conversations. The man was a little coarse, but friendly. He radically disagreed with me on most important questions — he would never admit, for instance, that Mr. Churchill, acting, willingly or unwillingly, as an agent of international Jewry, bears the responsibility for this war. But he agreed with me that a healthy baby of good Aryan blood can never be “conceived in sin” and, in his forceful and picturesque language, dismissed the teaching of the Christian priests on that point as “a lot of b . . . ls.” Moreover, he used to give me odds and ends of useful information about some members of the prison staff — telling me, for instance, that the interpreter who used to accompany the Governor in his visits to our “Frauen Haus,” on Friday mornings, had been, himself, a political prisoner in Werl, under the National Socialist régime; or that the other German whom the British had appointed as the head of the men's section of the prison was “a man who had suffered in Hitler's days” (which I had immediately translated, in my mind, as “a confounded anti-Nazi”). And I knew I

could say practically anything to him without fearing he would go and repeat it to the Governor.

“Why do you use those people in your services?” asked I, once, speaking, precisely, of all those German enemies of National Socialism who hold well paid posts under the Occupation. “Don’t you realise that they are the scum of the earth?”

“Most of them are,” admitted Stocks. “But . . . we have to show some consideration to those who helped us.”

“Hum!” thought I, “not merely anti-Nazis, but active traitors, eh! Nothing surprising: every anti-Nazi of Aryan blood is a traitor to his own race — *a fortiori* a German one.” And I remembered some information I had gathered in 1946, in London, from a very reliable source, — to my horror — concerning traitors in Germany during the war. But I said nothing.

“Don’t you realise,” asked I again, another time, “that you cannot ‘de-Nazify’ the Germans any more than you can ‘de-Nazify’ me?”

“We all know that,” answered Stocks.

“Then, why do you pretend to try? Why do you keep up the farce? You are only sowing hatred.”

“Maybe; but it is a part of our policy. We have to do it, whether we believe in it or not.”

“But, again, why?” said I. “To deceive the Russians? Or to continue. deceiving your own people?”

“I am only repeating: it is a part of our policy,” replied the man. “And I wish I could meet you in free surroundings, when you are yourself free.”

“But,” said I, “when the West is sufficiently scared of Communism to realise the necessity of standing united against it, then, it will simply have to accept National Socialism as the only salvation. There is no other policy.

Only a totalitarian organisation inspired with an ideal as radical, as uncompromising as that of Marxism, can beat totalitarian Marxism; the united Democracies can never prevail against a totalitarian block.”

“But they did, this time,” answered Stocks — a little hastily. “*We* beat *you* in this war.”

“No,” said I, with a bitter smile; “don’t believe it. Your then ‘gallant allies’ the Russians did it; not you. And next time you will have the choice between being kicked about by them or by us — unless it be by both . . . who can ever tell?”

“But you and your friends would never ally yourselves with the Communists?”

“I don’t know. It would not be worse than allying ourselves with you sneaking people, at any rate. Personally, I loathe you both. They stand for an ideology of disintegration which is the opposite of ours, in spirit. You have no ideology at all and fight — or rather incite other people to fight — for your big businessmen’s pockets, which is even more repellent in our eyes. A sincere Communist can, sometimes, be brought to acknowledge his delusion and to join us. *There are no sincere Democrats*, apart from downright imbeciles. You people can never be brought to join anything great. You are too afraid of excess, too devoid of strong impersonal feelings, too hopelessly mediocre.

“Next time,” I pursued. “I shall do what I am told; what we shall all do. I don’t know — and don’t care — what that will be. I have absolute confidence in those, infinitely more intelligent than I, who live solely for the triumph of the eternal Aryan values, as I do, but who fully understand the intricacies of ‘*Realpolitik*’, which I do not. I shall do what they tell me — even be your ally (for a time) if they decide I should. But I shall not, for all

that, change my opinion about you and your parliamentarism, — your worship of *quantity* as opposed to quality; your false ‘human’ values, your lying ‘individual freedom’. I know the worthlessness of all that — and yours.”

The man looked at me with interest. He offered me a cigarette which I politely refused for I do not smoke. Then, at last: “You see,” said he, “you are deadly serious about things. We are not. Why are you so serious? Why don’t you just live, have a good time, and let things take their course?”

“But I do live,” replied I. “In fact, my life is far more interesting, far more intense, than that of most of you Democrats.”

“But you don’t enjoy yourself!”

“I did — a few years ago. And I shall again,” said I, thinking of “enjoyments” of an entirely different nature from those the former British “bob” of Shanghai had in mind.

“But when?” exclaimed he, “you will soon be getting too old.”

“I shall enjoy myself *now* — next week or the week after — when I speak before you mighty ones of the day, at my trial,” I answered. “And in a few years’ time, when our turn will come to be vindictive and arrogant; harsh; and bitingly ironical. I shall not be too old to gloat, if I am not able to do anything better.”

“But *we* are not vindictive,” said the man.

“You think so? I don’t.”

“Well, I am not, at least. If I were the judge, I would set you free.”

“Would you, really?” replied I. “Then, why are you here in service in occupied Germany, if you don’t care more than that about the future of Democracy?”

“I am here for my bread and butter,” declared Stocks. “And I am, naturally, loyal to those who pay me.”

“I am here for the triumph of order and truth. And I am loyal to my Führer and to his faithful people whom I love and admire. All the riches of the world could not detach me from them.”

The man laughed. “That’s all very well,” he said: “But you see, *I* love and admire nothing but pretty women. And all I care for is to have a good time.” And he started talking in a light and loose manner about what a “good time” meant to him.

The wardress who had brought me in was sitting on her chair, opposite me, and looking out of the window. I was thinking: “What a pity this German woman does not know English! For the talk of this representative of the democratic forces in uniform would do nearly as much harm, I presume, to the flimsy prestige of the Occupying Powers, as a dozen of my posters stuck about the walls. I must tell Frau Oberin and the others about it!” And in fact, I did tell them. But for all practical purposes, I decidedly preferred Stocks to the Governor. I was — rightly or wrongly — under the impression that, even if he had been in the Governor’s position, he would never have interfered with my activities in jail. He seemed far too engrossed in his own affairs.

* * *

H. E. spent another Sunday afternoon in my cell — alone, this time. She repeated to me, in detail, the account of the Allied atrocities she had witnessed in 1945, and the story of the iniquitous Belsen trial; of which she was one of the main victims.

“The witnesses against us, mostly, if not all Jewesses, had been flown over by the Allies to England, to America, or goodness knows where, immediately after their statements had been taken down. *They did not appear in our trial*, which was conducted merely upon the evidence they had given. Moreover our judges knew not a word of German, and we not a word of English; and the interpreters who translated what we said (and what our accusers had dictated before they had left) *were all Jews.*”

I wrote down every word she said — matter for Chapter 6 of my *Gold in the Furnace*.

“You should not *write* those things,” said H. E.; “if ever they searched your cell and found out that I have been telling you all this . . . I would have to suffer for it terribly.”

“Rest assured they will never find out, even if I do write down every item of it,” said I. “Look at this!” And I handed over to her the rough paper on which her account was in black and white.

“What language is this?” asked she, at the sight of the unfamiliar signs.

“Bengali,” replied I; “my husband’s language.”

“And you write it from left to right, like German?”

“Naturally. It is also an Aryan tongue — derived from Sanskrit. All Aryan tongues are written from left to right.”

“But would they not find someone to decipher it?”

“Let them!” said I. “Nobody could ever translate to them what this means *to me*. See, here, for instance, those five words in a row — all very harmless, current Bengali words, without any connection with one another. Well, they each begin with the same letter as each one of the names of the camps in which you worked from 1935 onwards. I shall understand, when I use these notes. Nobody else possibly could.”

“You are more resourceful than I thought,” remarked H. E.

“One has to be.”

“But tell me: you will repeat all I told you of our enemies’ atrocities in that book you are writing, will you not?”

“Naturally. Or rather, I shall repeat *some* of them, lest my Chapter 6 become longer than the rest of the whole book.”

“But that is in English!”

“Don’t fear. The book is not to be published before I am free, anyhow. And that will not be tomorrow. If they discover it in the meantime, they will not understand that the information conies partly from you.”

“Be very careful,” repeated my new friend.

“Rest assured I shall,” said I. “Only you must promise me that, when our day comes again, you will expose those people’s horrors publicly, and add the weight of your priceless testimony to my impeachment of their hypocrisy.”

“Naturally, I shall!”

“When I am sentenced, I hope they will put me in the D wing, with you and the others,” said I. “You will introduce me to those who are ‘in order’ and who have suffered. And in our recreation hours, I shall hear more about the ghastly behaviour of those ‘defenders of humanity’, and when I am free, I shall be in a position to write a book about their crimes — and their lies — alone; to disgrace them before the whole world. Oh, how gladly I shall do it! In fact, in a way, I was lucky to get arrested and thereby to come in contact with you. Look what damaging evidence against ‘them’ I would have missed, if I had remained free! And I would not have known you, either. I only hope they will not refuse to put me in the D wing.”

“Why should they?”

“Precisely, for fear that I might hear too much.”

“There is something in that, of course. Still; where else could they put you? You are a ‘political’, if not a ‘war criminal’ like us.”

“I had not the opportunities you had to become a ‘war criminal’ — unfortunately,” replied I. “Yet, if they knew a little more about me, they perhaps would look upon me as one. There are many varieties of ‘war crimes’ as you know. By the way — I never asked you — what is it that made *you* a ‘war criminal’ in their eyes, apart from your National Socialist faith? I mean: what were you charged with? And what did you actually do? You can safely tell *me*. Personally, I could not care less what any of us might have done to the Jews and traitors who stood in the way of the New Order. What ever you did, I can never blame you. I probably would have done worse myself, had I been given a chance. But if it be something likely to lessen the value of my chapter from the propaganda point of view, I shall just not mention it.”

H. E. smiled, and patted my shoulder affectionately: “I know you are safe and loyal,” said she; “But you can mention it without fear: all I did was to give a few slaps to one or two of our internees — not for the pleasure, of course, but because I had caught them stealing. I never flogged or ill-treated any of them, whether in Belsen or in my other camps, as the Jewesses accused me of having done. Nor has H. B., who came here with me the other day.”

“Good God!” exclaimed I. “And you have got fifteen years just for *that!* Why, *I* have done more than that!”

And in a low, very low voice, I started talking: “Yes, surely, if I had managed to come to Europe, it

would have been a thousand times better. Still, you know, where there is a will, there is a way . . . So, during the war . . .”

H. E. was listening intently. When I had finished, she asked me in a whisper “Have you been relating this to anyone in Germany?”

“Only to one comrade; an absolutely reliable man who had promised never to say a word. But I thought I could, to him . . . and to you.”

My friend squeezed my hand. “Oh, with me, it is all right! *We* understand each other. But give me the assurance you will never speak of this to anyone in this prison, nor let out a word likely to put ‘those people’ on the track, during your trial.”

It was my turn to smile. “My dear! If only you had heard me talk to ‘those people’ — our persecutors. I have made fools of them right and left . . . while giving them) the impression that I was the biggest fool in this world. Not any later than the other day, when that tall police officer came from Düsseldorf to question me — you know? The man I mentioned to you on the following morning — you should have heard me! And mind you: I never spoke a word against our Ideology. I never said I did not firmly believe in it, or that I regretted what I have done — On the contrary! As far as my feelings and philosophy are concerned, I am always perfectly truthful. So am I, also, about the facts which ‘those people’ know already or are bound to discover . . . As for the others, as for the contributions of mine of which there is no trace . . . that is a different thing . . . !”

But H. E. said: “Be careful, however; for we are living in atrocious times. Prudence will help us to survive, until our day comes.”

The wardress on duty, — one of those who were “in

order” — opened the door to tell us that time was up. “Good bye, then,” said I, to my friend. “And come again. We have plenty of interesting things to tell each other. Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!” replied H. E. as she walked out of my cell. The wardress smiled at us, and shut the door behind her.

* * *

One morning, — I had finished Chapter 6 of my book, and was now busy writing Chapter 7 — the door of my cell was opened and in came Fräulein S., Frau Oberin’s assistant. “I am not stopping, this time,” she said, cordially; “I only rushed in to tell you that the date of your trial has been fixed. It will be on the 5th of April.” She handed over to me a copy of my charge chart, both in English and German, and a paper summoning me to appear before the Court on the mentioned day. And she left.

At once, a more than earthly joy filled my heart; and tears came to my eyes. “The 5th of April!” I repeated, with an ecstatic smile, “the 5th of April! . . . So, it will be exactly two years after *that* night; two years after my unforgettable Watch of Fire . . . !”

And as vividly as though it had been only a day before, I remembered the dreamlike landscape of Iceland: the bright nocturnal sky, streaked with transparent, moving hangings of lurid green and purple; the honey coloured moon, obscured by a long black cloud of volcanic ash; the shining snowy hills all round me, wider the phosphorescent lights of heaven; and before me, the lava stream, with the gaping mouths of fire that appeared in its dark, convulsed crust, and, beyond that, the seven craters of the erupting Volcano, two main ones, five small

ones, flaming and smoking and projecting white hot quarters of rock in flashes of pink light. I remembered the incandescent boulders that loosened themselves from the crust of the lava stream, and rolled down its steep black and red surface before my eyes (one had nearly rolled over me). And I remembered the unceasing tremor of the earth beneath my feet and the solemn, awe-inspiring roar of the burning Mountain, echoing at regular intervals the sacred primaevial Sound: "Aum!" And I recalled how, exultant, ravished in religious rapture, I had walked up to the lava stream — as close as I possibly could — singing a hymn to Shiva, Lord of the Dance of Life and Death, in the language of far-away Bengal. Then had begun my whole night's watch along the river of fire, in a spirit of adoration, from about 11 o'clock until sunrise.

And like on that Night at the sight of the flames, of the smoke and of the northern lights — and at the sound of the regular, subterranean roar, — tears rolled down my cheeks; this time, tears of joy before the beauty of invisible correspondences in time and space; and tears of gratitude towards my Destiny. "*O mirabile giustizzia di Te, Primo Motore!*" thought I, once more. "Hast Thou decreed that I should exalt the grandeur of National Socialism) before the German public, exactly two years after *that* unforgettable experience? Hast Thou decided to render that day twice sacred in the history of my life?"

Whatever would be the sentence pronounced against me, I knew, now, that the day of my trial would be my greatest day. "Only when I see the Führer with my own eyes, on his return, will I be as happy," thought I. And I knew, now, that one day, he would return; that one day, his people would acclaim him again, in delirious crowds. And in my mind were blended, as two parallel manifestations of the Divine, the roar of the burning

Mountain at regular intervals: “Aum! Aum!” and the equally irresistible roar of Germany’s millions, a few years back and in a few years to come: “Sieg! Heil! . . . Heil Hitler!”

My humble testimony, to be given on that hallowed 5th of April, would be one of the first stirs in the depth preceding the new great outburst of indomitable power and elemental joy.

* * *

I told everybody about this miraculous coincidence of dates: Frau Oberin, her assistant, my friend H. E., the wardresses who were “in order” and even those who were not (or rather, of whom I did not know whether they were or not). Then, one day, I was called to meet the lawyer who had been appointed to defend me. I met him in the room in which Mr. Manning (or whatever was his name) had questioned me, three weeks before, about “my past,” and in which I had had, since that day, a few talks with Mr. Stocks.

The lawyer was a short man, young, of agreeable approach, in military uniform as the rest of them.

“Do you intend to plead guilty or innocent,” he asked me.

“Guilty,” said I, as regards the main charge against me. “I mean ‘guilty’ technically speaking; for in my own eyes, far from being blamable, I have just done my duty. As regards the two minor charges, I shall plead innocent.”

The two minor charges were that I had crossed the border between the French and the British Zone, without a military permit for the latter, and that I had been found in possession of a five pound banknote, and of one thousand and some odd francs of French money.

“You are right,” said the lawyer; “everybody travels from one Zone of Western Germany to another without a permit, nowadays; and all foreigners keep some foreign currency for the day they will leave the country, knowing very well one cannot exchange marks at the frontier. I have some French francs myself — otherwise I could not even hope to have a cup of coffee in a French station, on my way back to England. But you cannot get away with your main charge: the evidence against you is overwhelming.”

“I would not deny what I have done, even if I could,” replied I; “I am far too pleased with it. It is one of the best things I did in my life.”

“Do you intend to speak?”

“I do.”

“If I were you,” said the lawyer, “I would speak as little as possible. You could just answer the questions the judge will put to you.”

“But,” exclaimed I, “I am not going to miss this golden opportunity of saying a few things which I wish the German public to hear! I have nothing to deny. But I wish to state *why* I have acted as I did. It is a public profession of faith I wish to make. Goodness me, it is a long time since I have not been able to make one!”

“I suppose you realise,” answered the lawyer, “that the more you speak in that trend — in other words, the more passionately Nazi you appear — the heavier will be the sentence pronounced against you.”

“How heavy, for instance?” asked I, out of curiosity.

“Well,” said the man, “normally, if, without denying your faith, you do not speak too much, you should get away with a year’s imprisonment at the most. In ’45 or ’46, of course, you probably would have been shot. But we are now in ’49. Still, if you say things likely to

make the judge lose his temper you might be given anything varying from a few years' detention to a death sentence. Mind you, I do not believe for a minute that we would ever go, *now*, to such extremes of severity. Remember, however, that, rightly or wrongly — wrongly in your eyes; rightly in our own — we are here to put down National Socialism, and that the more ardently you stick up for it, the worse it will be for you. Remember that you are appearing before a military Tribunal and that, whether it actually chooses to do so or not, the Court *has* the power to condemn you to death."

I looked at the man, and smiled; and said, from the bottom of my heart: "Oh, I wish it would use that power in my case!"

There was in my voice the unmistakable accent of sincerity; the yearning of years; the burning regret of wasted years; the thirst of redeeming martyrdom. Surprised as he seemed, the lawyer must have been convinced that I had spoken according to my genuine feelings. "Why such a haste?" asked he, "Are you tired of life?"

"No," said I. "I am anything but tired. But I believe that, even if they just mentioned it in the papers in two or three lines, my condemnation to death would perhaps do more to kindle the National Socialist spirit in Germany than the ten thousand leaflets I have distributed and than all the books I might write. And that is not all. There would be, also, the joy of the last sunrise upon my face; the joy of the preparation for the greatest act of my life; the joy of the act itself Draped in my best "sari" — in scarlet and gold, as on my wedding day, in glorious '40 (I hope they would not refuse me that favour) — I would walk to the place of execution singing the Horst Wessel Song. I, Savitri Devi, the ambassador of southernmost and easternmost Aryandom as well as a

daughter of northern and southern Europe. And, stretching out my right arm, firm and white in the sunshine, I would die happy in a cry of love and joy, shouting for the last time, as defiance to all the anti-Nazi forces, the holy words that sum up my lifelong faith: 'Heil Hitler!' I could not imagine for myself a more beautiful end."

"I see you are decidedly a 'real' one," said the lawyer. "And I do not know what one can invent to defend you in the circumstance. Still, I hope your dream of martyrdom will not materialise."

"If the immortal Gods think I can be more useful alive, then, and then alone, I shall be glad to live," answered I; "To live, — in order that one day, — I hope, — all our enemies bitterly regret that the military Tribunal of Düsseldorf did not sentence me to death on the 5th of April 1949, when it had a chance."

* * *

I was brought back to my cell. A strange exultation possessed me. For a long, time, I paced the room to and fro; I sang — although it was forbidden to sing. Then, I gazed at the Führer's portrait that stood upon my table, against the wall. I remembered the lawyer's words: "The Court has the power to condemn you to death." And now, just as a while before, my heart answered: "I wish it did!"

A ray of sunshine fell directly upon the stern and beautiful Face, and made it look extraordinarily alive. "Yes," thought I; "I wish they did kill me. It would be lovely to die for thee, my Führer!" But again, after a while, I reflected: "It would also be lovely to continue to live for thee, and, one day, to greet thee on thy return!"

And I prayed intently, with all the fervour of my being, to the Power within fire, within the Ocean, within the storm, within the Sun; the Power Whose majesty I had witnessed two years before, in the burning and roaring Mountain: “Decide Thou my fate, Lord of Fate! For Thou alone knowest how Thou canst use me for the triumph of truth. I shall do nothing to avoid the heaviest possible sentence from our enemies. I shall defy them, happen what will — and bear the consequences with a smile, whatever these be. I feel, I know, it is my appointed role to defy them and their ‘de-Nazification’ schemes. If they kill me, I shall be glad. But if they spare me in spite of my defiance, I shall take it as a sign from Thee that National Socialism shall rise and rule again.

“Lord of Life, Thou hast raised the everlasting Doctrine under its modern form; Thou hast appointed the Chosen Nation to champion it. Lord of Death. Thou hast allowed the forces of death to prevail for a while. Lord of Order and of Harmony, Lord of the Dance of appearances; Lord of the Rhythm that brings back spring after winter; the day, after the night; birth after death; and the next age of truth and perfection, after each end of an age of gloom, Thou shalt give my beloved comrades and superiors the lordship of the earth, one day. If I survive this trial, I shall take it as a sign from Thee that this will be in my lifetime, and that Thou past appointed me to do something in our coming new struggle.”

I felt happy, having thus prayed. I then sat down, and laid down in black and white the few points I wished to stress in the speech I would make before my judges.

When that was done, I read a section of the Bhagavad-Gita.

CHAPTER V**THE GLORIOUS DAY**

It was a lovely spring day. Seated in the motorcar by the side of Miss Taylor, I gazed out of the window at the new landscape: tender green grass and tender green leaves; and flowers, masses of flowers; lilacs and fruit blossoms, white, pink, yellow, red, and pale violet, in the sunshine. And, I gazed at the pure bright sky. I knew this was my last day of relative liberty. I was, now, really going to be tried — and sentenced. After that — whatever the sentence was to be — I would no longer be taken to Düsseldorf every week or fortnight; no longer be given glimpses of the outside world. And I breathed deeply, as though to take into my body all the freshness and all the vitality of the invincible living earth. Never in all my life had I found the fragrance of spring so intoxicating; never had things seemed to me so beautiful. At times — when the car rolled past some particularly fascinating spot — an intense emotion seized me, and tears came to my eyes. I felt as though, through the glory of her sunlit fields and of her trees covered with blossoms, Hitler's beloved fatherland was smiling to me — greeting me on my last journey to the place where I was destined to defy her oppressors.

My luggage was travelling with me, at the back of the car. It is, it seems, the custom: there is always a hope that a prisoner on remand *might* get acquitted, in which case he or she is set free at once, without having the trouble to come back to prison in order to fetch the luggage left there. However, I had known nothing of

the existence of that custom until Mr. Harris, the British Chief Warder at Werl, had informed me of it on that very morning while I was waiting in his office for the car to come. When, on the night before, the matron of the prison had told me that I was to take *all* my things with me, I had been at a loss to understand why. And, — ill acquainted as I still was with the mysterious ways of British justice — I had feared that, perhaps, my precious manuscripts were to be used as evidence against me and then destroyed. All night I had not slept, wondering how I could possibly save them, if that were the case. And early in the morning, when my dear comrade H. E. had come, as usual, to fetch her tea, porridge and white bread — and, this time, to wish me “good luck” in my trial — I had told her: “I fear they regret having given me back my writings. It looks, now, as if they want them, for I was told to take all my things to Düsseldorf. But I shall leave my manuscripts here behind the cupboard, rolled up in my waterproof. Tell Frau So-and-so; she is on duty, I believe. And ask her to hide them for me until I come back. Or hide them yourself, somewhere in the infirmary. Nobody will look there. Save them! — not for my sake, but for the sake of the truth I have written in those pages.”

“I promise I shall do so,” had answered H. E.: “And at your trial, remember that we will all be thinking of you, and that we all love you,” she added, speaking of those of my comrades, the so-called “war criminals,” who were genuine National Socialists, and, perhaps, of all the members of the prison staff — Frau So-and-so and others — who were too.

“I hope I shall be worthy of your love,” had I replied. “This is my greatest and my happiest day. Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!” had said H. E. raising her hand in her turn.

Now, in the car, I was thinking of that last greeting, and looking at the landscape. Suddenly I realised the tragic fact that H. E. and H. B., and Frau M. and Frau S. and Frau H. and all my other true comrades, of whom I was now beginning to know the names, and thousands of others, all over Germany, had not seen the beauty of spring since 1945. I knew it before, no doubt. I had never felt it so painfully. “Poor dears!” thought I. “Until when?” And some were captive even longer still: Rudolf Hess was, for instance, since 1941. “Yes; until when?”

The vivid picture of them all, cut off from the world of action for such a long time, after the intense life they had lived during the first struggle and the glorious following years, saddened me profoundly. And I also recalled all those who had been killed off as “war criminals” by our enemies. “Oh, thought I,” if there is any such thing as consciousness after death, may they hear me today! I shall speak as though they were present.”

The car rolled on. Between expanses of lovely countryside, we crossed the ruined towns: Dortmund, Duisburg, Essen, . . . As we were passing before the skeleton of the immense Krupp factories, Miss Taylor said to the policeman seated on the other side of her: “A part of these are being repaired and will soon be working again — for us. Really, war is a stupid business! We wrecked these factories and tomorrow we will again be buying from them.”

I could not help putting in my word — although I was a prisoner, and the policewoman had not addressed me. The fact is that I had despised the representatives

of the Allied Occupation from the start, and that all their outward courtesy to me had only served to increase in me that contempt. I never cared if I did hurt any of them, individually, through the way I expressed my resentment towards them as a whole.

“And what about the hundreds of factories which you people have been and are still dismantling?” said I, bitterly.

“That was, — and is — a great mistake on our part, from the standpoint of our interest,” replied Miss Taylor. “Sooner or later, we will have to help to build them up and to equip them anew, for the sake of our own defence against Bolshevism. Ultimately, it is the British taxpayer who will suffer for the damage we are doing.” It looked exactly as though the representative of the Allied Occupation was trying her best to propitiate me — the defender of National Socialism; Germany’s friend . . . Did I also represent the future — the coming revenge of the dismembered Nation — that the policewoman felt so keenly the necessity of doing so? If that was the case, her attempt only had the contrary effect.

“It will serve you right; oh, how it will serve you right!” I burst out. “Why did you, in 1939, go and wage war upon the one Man and the one people who could have kept back Bolshevism? Why did you ally yourselves with the Russians in order to crush National Socialism? You only deserve to perish, and I heartily wish you do! I wish I have the pleasure of seeing you, one day, not all exterminated — that would be too glorious and too merciful an end — but ground down to the level of a twentieth-rate nation, mourning, for your past splendour for a generation or two and then forgetting even that; a nation having less in common with the builders of the historic British empire than the unfortunate

Greeks of today have with those of the Periclean age. I wish I could come back, from century to century, and tell you, with merciless glee, over and over again, until you sink into the unconsciousness of the dead: ‘This gnawing decay is the wage of England’s crime in 1939.’ And I wish to see the same slow paralysis, the same nightmare of dwindling life in death, torture the descendants of *all* those Aryans who from 1939 to 1945 — and after 1945 — sided against Hitler’s great new humanity. May it spare those alone who will recognise the treachery of their unworthy fathers and spit at their memory and boldly join the resurrected New Order.”

To my own surprise, this vitriolic tirade, apparently, prompted Miss Taylor to propitiate me all the more. She started pleading for the British people while admitting the “mistakes” of British policy. (The crime of 1939 she euphemistically called a “mistake.”) “Many of us are growing to believe that it would perhaps have been better for us to ally ourselves with Germany,” said she.

“Well, begin by building up the factories you spoilt and putting an end to your ‘de-Nazification’ nonsense,” said I, speaking in the name of the German National Socialists, “and then, perhaps, we shall condescend to consider what we *might* do. But even then,” — I added after a pause — “what about the magnificent forests, Germany’s pride, that you have massacred? I wish that, in the next war, three at least of your people are killed for every tree you have cut down, out here — apart from those who will die so that my comrades and superiors will be avenged.”

“And yet, we are not so bad as you think,” said Miss Taylor, determined to draw my mind away from bloodthirsty thoughts — if she could. “Be impartial and

look how we treat your friends, here: we are releasing the political prisoners little by little; and they don't work in prison, like the others . . ."

My first impulse was to interrupt her and to say "What rubbish! My comrades, the so-called 'war criminals' in Werl, all work. More so, I know that one of them at least — H. B. one of the victims of the Belsen trial — is forced to empty the sanitary pails from the cells, along with the thieves and murderesses appointed to that work. I have seen her do it. I have seen her empty my pail. Don't tell me tales!" But in order to say that, I would have had to admit that I was in touch with some of the so-called "war criminals." Miss Taylor would perhaps tell Colonel Vickers . . . And then? No; it was better for me to say nothing; to continue listening to the lies of democratic propaganda . . .

"They don't work?" said I, feigning ignorance and astonishment. "Is it so, really? What do they do, then, all day long?"

Miss Taylor seemed pleased to think that I believed her. "I don't know," she answered. "Those who like can write their memoirs. Some do. General Kesselring is writing his. I know. We allow him to. As for General Rundstedt, we even set him free on *parole* — free to travel about Germany, to go and see his family, and come back to a comfortable prison till his next leave! Indeed, I tell you, the French would never do that! Nor the Germans themselves, if ever they had us. As for the Russians . . ."

"Hum!" thought I, "I wish I could investigate into that statement of hers about Rundstedt. If it is true, there must be some fishy business behind it. These people do nothing for nothing."

And can the political prisoners have light in their

cells after 8 p.m.? asked I, — knowing perfectly well that my friend H. E. had no light after eight o'clock any more than the others, whether "war criminals" or ordinary delinquents.

"Certainly," said Miss Taylor.

Then she started speaking about the English men and women arrested in England, during the war, under the 18B act. "The 'internment camps' in which they were placed," said she, "had nothing in common with the 'concentration camps' in which the enemies of the National Socialist régime suffered in Germany."

"You'd better not expatiate on that subject," observed I: "I know too many 18Bs."

"I know a few too," answered the policewoman.

"I bet you do," said I. And to show her how impossible it was to convince even a moderately well-informed Nazi that such a thing as "humanity" *exists* among our opponents, I added, with an ironical smile "Perchance, do you know anything about the torture chamber in Ham Common?"

"I never heard of it, and I don't believe it ever existed," exclaimed Miss Taylor. "You, of course, will believe anything provided one of your own lot says it!"

"And even if I did, that would not make me more gullible than the most 'enlightened' Democrats," retorted I. "But I happen to know a man — and an Englishman, too — who was tortured, during the war, precisely in the place I just mentioned, for no other reason except that he was one of us and that he knew, or was supposed to know, too much. And you had other such places, although you pretended — and still pretend — to be horrified at our 'barbarity'. Now, don't tell me the contrary, for you will be wasting your breath."

Miss Taylor deemed it useless to continue her plea. However, she made an ultimate attempt to placate me, — and at last, she spoke of something that *was* true: “We have spared your writings,” she said.

She was right, — for once. They had, indeed, done so. And I wondered whether the French or the Americans — let alone the Russians — would have done it. (I would certainly *not* have done it, in the case of an anti-Nazi manuscript fallen into my hands, had I had power.) I was grateful to the Gods for what I considered as a miracle. But I was not in a mood to give credit to our persecutors, whatever their nationality.

“Oh,” replied I, “I suppose you only spared them because, in your eyes, they appeared written with too much fervour to be dangerous . . . for the time being . . .”

But in the bottom of my heart, I repeat, I thanked the heavenly powers for the fact that the precious pages were lying somewhere in safety, in Werl, and that I would find them again — and continue writing them — after my trial would be over, if I was allowed to live.

* * *

We reached Düsseldorf. We waited a little before entering the hall in which I was to be judged. Along with my other things, my few items of jewellery had been given back to me. I had them in the attaché case I held in my hand, as on the day of my arrest. Among them, were my Indian earrings in the shape of swastikas. “I have half a mind to wear those,” said I to Miss Taylor, “What can ‘they’ do? Give me six months extra, a year extra, for ‘contempt of Court’? Let them! The pleasure of wearing the Sign of the Sun and of National Socialism, in front of everybody, is well worth it!”

Miss Taylor gazed at me to make sure that I was speaking seriously. To her amazement, I was. “What a baby you are, for a woman forty-three!” she said at last. “I really fail to see what good this can do, not for you (I know you don’t care) but for your precious cause. The people who have come to hear you will no longer take you seriously when they see you trying to defy us by such a showy exhibition. Do as you like, of course. It’s all the same to me. But in your place . . . from *your* point of view . . .”

I reflected. Perhaps there was something in what she said. “After all,” thought I, “it matters little. They will see what I am, fast enough, when I open my mouth . . .”

The witnesses whom I had seen on the 14th of March were all there: Gertrud Romboy, — who pretended not to notice me — the policeman Wilhelm Kripfel, the *Oberinspektor* Heller, and the others. A man whom I did not know, dressed in lawyer’s robes, approached me and told me that he had been appointed to defend me, as, at the last moment, my lawyer had been prevented from coming. (It occurred to me that, in reality, he had possibly decided that it was impossible for him to defend someone so glad to suffer as I was, for her beloved cause, and that he had just shifted the task unto a colleague.) I repeated to this man what I had already told the first lawyer, namely that, under no consideration did I wish to appear less responsible than I was, or less fervently National Socialist, and that I would myself see to it that I did not.

When the lawyer had gone, a man in military uniform came up to me and put me the most unexpected question of all: “Well, Mrs. Mukherji,” said he, “how is your book getting on? You surely have finished

Chapter 4. How many new chapters have you written while on remand?”

I was taken aback. “Is this man sent to find out what I have been writing in prison, so that ‘they’ might control it and, if they like, destroy it?” thought I. “What shall I tell him? To pretend I have completely forgotten about the book will not do; it would arouse suspicion — for he would not believe it.”

“My book?” said I, turning to the man, and speaking with as much naturalness as I possibly could, “I have not touched it. I had many letters to write, and wanted to finish them before doing anything else. And also, I was not in a mood. I shall continue writing later on — if it is allowed. Otherwise I shall wait till I am free. It is no use getting into trouble with the prison authorities.”

I hoped the man believed me. But I was not at all sure he did. He opened a cardboard cover he carried in his hand and showed me a typed copy of the first pages of my book up to the beginning of Chapter 3. I had completely forgotten about that copy — one of the three I had typed in London, on my last journey, precisely to save as much as I could of the book in case it ever fell into the hands of the police, on my return to Germany. (I had left one in England, at a friend’s, and had sent the other to India.) But whatever I had written since my return was, of course, not in those copies. To this one I had barely had the time to add, in my own handwriting, just before my arrest, a page or two of my Chapter 3. I read once more the last words I had copied — my personal comment upon a true episode illustrating Germany’s spirit in the midst of atrocious conditions, in May, 1945: “Hail, invincible Germany! Hail, undying Aryan youth, élite of the world, whom the

agents of the dark forces can starve and torture, but can never subdue! That unobtrusive profession of faith of two unknown but real Nazis, in 1945, is, itself, a victory. And it is not the only one.”

“You wrote that, is it not so?” the man asked me.

“Yes, I did,” replied I. And I could not conceal a certain pride in the tone of my voice. For I was aware that my ardent tribute of admiration to Germany, now that, materially, she lay in the dust, was also, — and all the more, precisely because I am not a German — a victory of the Nazi spirit over force of money, over force of lies, and even over force of arms. But I said nothing more.

The man walked away after wishing me “good luck” in my trial.

* * *

At last, the time came for me to appear in Court.

“Your comrade has got six months,” Miss Taylor told me — she had just heard from someone what sentence had been pronounced against Herr W. — “I suppose you will get a year or so.”

“You forget that I am not going to lie, and say I did it in the hope of money,” replied I. “I am far more interested in what the Party will think of me in 1955 than in what ‘these’ people might do with me now. I also bear in mind what fact I am about to leave behind me, forever, in the irrevocable past.”

For a second or two, I held in my hand, with love, the little portrait of Adolf Hitler that hung around my neck. “May I speak as though thou wert here present, listening to me, my Führer!” thought I, as I crossed the threshold of the hall and walked slowly to my place in the dock, my head erect, my eyes bright with joy.

The hall was packed with people — representatives of the press, and members of the German public. “There has never been such a crowd of onlookers in a trial like this since 1945,” said Miss Taylor.

Under the enthusiasm that possessed me, I felt supremely calm — blissful; the word is not too strong a one. I felt invincible. I *knew* I was invincible. I embodied the Nazi spirit — the everlasting soul of Aryan Heathendom, in its primaeval strength, pride and beauty. My face must have beamed, and I must have looked beautiful — as one always does when one is raised above one’s self. I felt as though, from all the prisons and concentration camps in which our enemies still retain them, from their destitute homes, from their beds of suffering — and from beyond the limits of the visible world — my martyred comrades and superiors had fixed their eyes upon me and were crying out to me: “Speak for us, who cannot speak! Defy in our name the forces that have broken our bodies and silenced our voices, Savitri, daughter of the Sun,¹ Aryan woman of all times!”

On the left, against the wall, behind the judge’s seat, was spread out the Union jack — in the place where the Swastika banner would have been seen, in former days, above a portrait of the Führer. But the sight of it, — reminder of the fact that Germany was occupied — did not disturb me (any more than that of the two Jews whom I noticed, seated right in front, on the first bench, among the public). Nothing counted, nothing existed for me, but the living spirit that I represented, and the living Nation — the Nation Hitler so loved — that I felt looking

¹ My Indian name, Savitri, means in Sanskrit “Solar Energy.”

to me from beyond the narrow limits of that hall, waiting for the few words that she would never forget.

An overwhelming consciousness of solemnity — a sort of religious awe — took hold of me as, exactly two years before, on the slopes of the divine Volcano. A cold, delightful thrill ran along my spine and throughout my body. In a flash of hallucinating memory, I recalled the roar of the burning Mountain, and the tremor of the earth — like a throb of subterranean drums accompanying the Dance of Destruction. I could not sing, as when I had walked up to the stream of lava. But somehow, within my mind, I identified the ever-vivid remembrance of the eruption with an anticipated inner vision of the coming collapse of the Western world, in the thunder and flames of the next war. And, along with that deafening, crushing, all-pervading noise, — answering it, covering it, dominating it — I heard within my heart the music of the victorious Song, of the Song of Resurrection — the Song of my undaunted comrades, alone alive among the dead; alone standing, and marching, in the midst of the general crash; alone worthy to thrive and to rule, upon the ashes of those who chose the way of disintegration and death — *our* Song, in the struggle, in victory, in the dark years of persecution, in the unconditional mastery of the future forever and ever: “*Die Fahne hoch! . . .*”

Never had I felt its conquering tune so powerfully within my nerves, within my blood, as though it were the mystic rhythm of my very life. Tears filled my eyes. I remembered the hundreds of miles of ruins that stretched in all directions, beyond the spot where I stood, — the torn and prostrate body of holy Germany. All that would be avenged, one day, in a volcanic upheaval. And above the noise of crumbling Christian civilisation, the

Song of the young hero Horst Wessel would resound heralding the final New Age. And above the flames and smoke, the triumphant Swastika Flag would flutter in the storm, against the glaring background of explosions unheard of . . . “. . . *Bald flattern Hitlerfahnen über allen Strassen . . .*”

Oh, how happy, how invincibly happy I was!

I looked at the judge, at the public Prosecutor, at the lawyer, at the other representatives of the long-drawn Occupation, in military uniforms, and at the two ‘Yids’ grinning on the front bench — delighted at the idea of watching a Nazi’s trial. And I thought: “Where will these all be, in ten years’ time? While *we . . .* we shall survive because we deserve to; because the Gods have decreed that we shall. May my attitude show today how indeed we deserve to rule, we, the sincere, we the fearless, we the pure, the proud, the strong, the free, the detached — the beautiful; we National Socialists! For if I, the least among us, am worthy, then how much more so the others!”

The judge made a sign, and everybody sat down.

Then, he asked me, for the sake of formality, my name, my age, etc. . . . and the procedure began. After the hearing of several witnesses, I was acquitted of the minor charge of having been found in possession of a Bank of England five pound note. I think I can say that the answer of one of the witnesses, named Mr. Severs, finally decided my acquittal. Shown a five pound banknote, he stated that he could not recognise, in it, the one found in my handbag on the day of my arrest. And the next charge was brought forth, namely that, while not being a German, I had entered the British Zone of control without the required military permit — for, as I

have already said, my permit was good for the French Zone only.

Again, witnesses were heard, as in connection with my first charge. I was beginning to feel a little bored — for my main charge was the only one that really interested me — when to my surprise, I noticed in the hands of the lawyer, who was seated in front of me, a letter written in my husband's bold and elegant handwriting, so well-known to me. Or was I mistaken? I peeped over the man's shoulder and, at the bottom of the last page, I read the signature: Asit Krishna Mukherji. It was indeed a letter from my husband. Curiosity — mingled with a certain feeling of apprehension — stirred me. And when, at last, the hearing of my case was put off till the afternoon, I asked the lawyer to let me have the message. He willingly agreed. I read it in waiting for my midday meal.

It bore in large letters, at the left top corner of the first page, the word "confidential," and was addressed "to the Chairman of the Military Tribunal, Düsseldorf." It was an extremely clever and shameless plea for clemency in my favour. In four pages of obsequious prose, it contained, along with some accurate statements, — such as a passage about my lifelong yearning after the old Norse Gods no less than those of ancient Greece — some half-truths, artfully dished up, and a sprinkling of blatant lies. The accurate statements were casually made, in such a manner, that it became very difficult if not impossible to draw from them the logical conclusions, *i.e.*, the seriousness, the solidity — the orthodoxy — of my National Socialist faith. The half-truths were twisted, with experienced ease, into downright lies. The fact, for instance, that, after three atrocious years of despair, I had regained confidence in the future of my race in

Sweden, mainly through a conversation with a world-famous National Socialist of that country, the explorer Sven Hedin, in 1948. was presented as though I had, myself, become a National Socialist in 1948! And even so, according to this letter, my socio-political convictions boiled down to just a “personal admiration for Adolf Hitler”! The spirit that had animated my whole activity in India — the spirit, nay, that had prompted me to go to India — the land that had never denied its Aryan Gods — was most carefully concealed. And, worse than all, I was presented not merely as an “intensely emotional” and gullible woman, who had “certainly been exploited by interested people,” but as “an out and out individualist” (*sic*) who “could not but be emphatically opposed to any régime of absolute authority” (*sic*).

In spite of my growing indignation, I could not help admiring the serpentine persuasiveness that my husband displayed in dealing with our enemies. This was indeed a letter of my subtle, practical, passionless, and yet unfailingly loyal — and useful — old ally; of the man I had seen at work, day after day, during and already before the war, for years; of the man who had, to some extent, prepared and made history, without anyone knowing it — save I; who, had only Germany and Japan won this war, would have been, today, the real master of India. But that accusation of “individualism,” written against me in black and white, (never mind with what laudable intention) was more than I could stand. Turning to Miss Taylor after I had finished reading the letter I burst out: “Have a look at this masterpiece of slimy diplomacy, for it is well worth it!”

The policewoman read the document. “It is most cleverly laid out,” concluded she, handing it back to me. “Naturally, I — who am beginning to know you, by now

— can see through it. But the judge does not know you. I tell you: your lawyer could take a splendid advantage of this and . . .”

“And obtain an incredibly light sentence for me — lighter even than Herr W.’s,” said I, with contempt. “An incredibly light sentence, at the cost of honour! And you think I am going to stand for that?”

“Stand for what?” replied Miss Taylor, genuinely astonished. “There is no question of honour. Your husband has not insulted you. He has only, with amazing mastery, exploited the very truth for your defence. He says a few true things — among others — doesn’t he?”

“True things! My foot! I’d very much like to know which,” I burst out. “He admits that my whole philosophy has its roots in my preeminently Pagan consciousness, which is, of course, true enough. But that is about the only accurate statement he has made in this disgraceful letter. He mentions my love of animals, too, and my strong objection to any infliction of suffering upon them, for whatever purpose it be; but he does so only in order to imply that *a fortiori* I surely object to our ruthless treatment of dangerous or potentially dangerous human beings, *which I do not*, as I told you a hundred thousand times. And he knows, better than anyone, that I do not — any more than he does himself. And he should know that I don’t want to pass for a silly humanitarian in front of everybody, even if that could set me free. I have not come here to be set free, or to get a light sentence. I have come to bear witness to the greatness of my Führer, whatever might happen; to proclaim the universal and eternal appeal of the ideals for which we fought, and to defy the forces of a whole world bent upon killing our faith. It is the only thing I can do, now. And nobody shall keep me from

doing it. I don't want to be excused, defended, whitewashed, as though I had done something wrong. And especially not, with such damaging hints as those. Have you noticed that passage at the bottom of the second page, in which I am presented as though I were one of those sentimental non-German females whose main, if not sole, contribution to the war effort of the Third Reich consisted of dreaming about the Führer as often as they could? Such a soppy lot! I don't want to be lumped with them; they are not my type. And what would my comrades think of me?"

"Now, don't get excited," said Miss Taylor, "and let your imagination run away with you. Who tells you that your husband tried to 'lump you' with such women? He has just used the words 'personal admiration' to characterise your feelings towards your Leader. What is the harm in it? You *do* admire him, I suppose."

"I worship him. But that is not the point. I tell you my husband has written those words purposely, so that our persecutors might not take me seriously. The proof of it you can see a few lines below, where I am described as 'never having been interested in the political side of National Socialism' — as though it were possible to separate the 'political side' from the philosophical, in an organic doctrine as logically conceived as ours! You can see it in that mendacious statement where I am called 'an individualist' naturally opposed to 'any régime of absolute authority'. *I*, of all people, an 'individualist'! *I*, opposed to authority! What a joke! Doubtless, I value *my* individual freedom — the freedom to salute my friends in the street, anywhere in Europe, anywhere in the world, saying: 'Heil Hitler!'; the freedom to publish my writings with every facility. Doubtless I hate the authority *now* imposed upon me —

and upon all those who share my faith — in the name of a philosophy different from ours. But which National Socialist does not? And I surely would like nothing better than to see an iron authority impose *our* principles — *my* own principles — upon the whole world, breaking all opposition more ruthlessly than ever. Which National Socialist would not? I am in no way different from the others. But my husband has been trying all the time to persuade our enemies that I am. There lies his whole trick: he has tried to persuade them that I admire our Führer without being, myself, a full-fledged National Socialist, aware of all the implications of his teaching; in other words, that I am an over-emotional, irresponsible fool. And *that* is precisely what makes me wild.”

“He only did it to save you,” said Miss Taylor. “And I am sure there is not one of your German friends who would not understand that.”

“They might. But *he* should have known, after eleven years of collaboration with me, that I never wanted to be saved,” replied I; “and if anyone dares to read that letter in Court, I shall say a few things that will make its author regret ever having written it. I shall prove that I was what I am — and he too — years before 1948. I don’t care what might happen to both of us as a consequence!” I was out of my mind.

“Now, don’t be silly; don’t be a child,” said Miss Taylor, softly: “and especially, don’t speak so loudly: it is not necessary for everyone to hear you. Nobody forces you to make use of this letter. Tell the lawyer not to produce it, and he will not. But it was written with the best of intentions, I am sure. And *that* you should appreciate.”

“I probably would,” said I, after a moment’s reflection, “if only I could be sure that he wished to

save me, *not* in order to spare me hardships for my own sake, but solely because he judges me more useful to our cause — or at least less useless — free than behind bars. If *that* were the case, I would forgive him.”

“Quite possibly that is the case,” replied Miss Taylor.

We had finished our meal, which had been served to us at the “Stahlhaus” — now the British Police Headquarters. We returned to the building in Mühlenstrasse where my trial was taking place. I handed back my husband’s letter to the lawyer, telling him most emphatically not to mention it under any consideration.

“But you don’t seem to realise to what an extent I could exploit that letter in your favour,” said he.

“I know you could, but I forbid you to do so,” replied I. “My honour as a National Socialist comes before my safety, before my life, before everything — save, of course, the higher interests of the cause.”

“All right, then. It is as you like.”

No sooner had I thus made sure that my responsibility would be fully acknowledged, I regained my calm — and joy.

The procedure concerning my second minor charge continued. The judge now wished to put me a few questions, “But first, are you a Christian?” he asked me — for I was to swear to tell the truth.

“I am not,” replied I.

“In that case, it would be no use you swearing upon the Bible,” said he. “Upon what will you swear?”

I reflected for a second or two. No, I would not name any book, however exalted, however inspired. I would name, in a paraphrase, the cosmic Symbol of all power and wisdom, which is also the symbol of the resurrection of Aryandom: the holy Swastika.

“I can swear upon the sacred Wheel of the Sun,” said I, firmly, hoping that, if the judge and the other Britishers present did not understand what that meant, most of the Germans would. I spoke thus, for I did not intend to tell any lies. If a question were put to me about things I wished to keep secret, I would simply refuse to answer it. One can always do that.

But the judge did not accept my suggestion. Perhaps he knew, after all, what the Wheel of the Sun is. He asked me not to swear at all but to “declare emphatically” — in some non-confessional formula so devoid of poetic appeal that I have completely forgotten it — that I would tell “the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth.” I did so; and then explained why I had not bothered to obtain a military permit for entering the British Zone: an official of the French Security Service in Baden Baden (92 Litschenstrasse) had positively told me, that “nowadays” one could travel wherever one liked in western Germany provided one had an entrance permit into one Zone. This was a fact.

The judge, however, this time, did not acquit me. “This is, of course, a purely technical offence,” said he. “Yet, it has been committed.” And he proceeded to the examination of the witnesses in connection with the main charge against me — namely that of having indulged in Nazi propaganda. Once more I became thoroughly interested in what was going on in my immediate surroundings.

All the witnesses were witnesses on behalf of the Prosecution — witnesses who were called in to prove that I had indeed done that with which I was charged, and that I had done it intentionally, fully aware of what I was doing. Every word they uttered “against” me, filled me with satisfaction. At last, — after how many years of concealment

for the sake of expediency, — I was appearing public in my true glaring colours. Had it been possible for me to continue to be useful in the dark, naturally, it would have been better. But it was no longer possible. So I was glad to see the picture of my real self emerge little by little, from accumulated evidence, before a few representatives of my Führer's people. "Let them know," thought I, not without a certain pride, "that in this wide, venal world that accuses them and condemns them, and reviles them, because — for the time being — they failed to conquer, they still have at least one faithful friend!"

Finally, the police official before whom I had made a voluntary statement on the 21st of February, came forth and read that statement: "It is not only the military spirit, but National Socialist consciousness in its entirety that I have struggled to strengthen, for, *in my eyes, National Socialism exceeds Germany and exceeds our times.*" I smiled. "Nothing could be more true," thought I. The newspaper reporters took down the words. "They will not dare to publish them, lest their licences be cancelled," thought I again — "for that would be pouring oil upon the fire."

It was the Public Prosecutor's turn to speak. He summed up the evidence that the witnesses had brought, putting special stress upon my own statement which the last witness had quoted. He then proceeded to give a brief account of my academic qualifications and of my career. "Here is a woman who is obviously intelligent," said he; "who has obtained the highest degrees a University can confer upon a scholar — she is a master of sciences; a doctor of literature; — who has travelled over half the surface of the globe; who has taught history and philosophy to students, and held public meetings; who can

speaking and writing eight languages and who has published a few books lacking neither in original thought nor in erudition; and yet, . . . in spite of all that (*sic*) we are compelled to acknowledge that she is a fervent National Socialist . . .”

From the corner where I was seated, just opposite him, I lifted up my head with pride as though to say: “Surely I am! It is my greatest glory.” But I could not help being amused — at the same time as a little indignant — as I heard the words “in spite of all that.” “The damned cheek of this man!” exclaimed I, in a whisper, to Miss Taylor — for she was the only person I could possibly speak to — “in spite of all that’ he says, as though a higher education, experience of foreign lands, thought, erudition and what not, were incompatible with a sincere Nazi faith! I wish I could tell him that my little knowledge of history and my prolonged contact with people of all races have made me more Nazi than ever — if that were possible!”

“Shhh! Don’t talk,” said the policewoman.

But the Public Prosecutor had caught from his place the movement of my head and the happy smile that had accompanied it.

“See,” pursued he, “she gladly admits it. She is smiling. She is proud of it!”

“I am!” exclaimed I.

There were responsive smiles of pride and sympathy among the German public. But the judge asked me “not to interrupt.” And the Public Prosecutor Continued. “A fervent National Socialist,” said he, “and an active one, to the extent of her opportunities. She has come all the way from India in order to do what she could to help the dangerous minority with which she has identified herself completely — the minority that has never acknowledged

defeat. She has printed at her own cost, brought over to Germany at her own risk, and distributed a considerable number of those papers which constitute the ground of the present charge. Her case is particularly serious, for she illustrates how strong a hold National Socialism still retains today upon certain people — unfortunately more numerous than we are generally inclined to believe — who are, precisely, anything but irresponsible agents or men and women swayed by the lust of material gain. She represents the most dangerous type of idealist in the service of the system that has brought nothing but destruction upon this country and upon the world at large. We only have to look out of the windows of this hall to see what National Socialism means: ruins. We only have to remember this war in order to understand where that system has led the people whom it had succeeded in deceiving. And if we remain here today, it is to avoid further war, further suffering, further ruins, by keeping the pernicious Ideology from regaining appeal, and power. The accused, Mrs. Mukherji, has, I repeat, come to Germany on purpose to strengthen it: on purpose to undermine the work we have set ourselves to do. And during the few months of her stay she has already, through her leaflets and posters but, doubtless also through undetectable private propaganda, — through her conversations, through her whole attitude — done more irreparable harm than can accurately be estimated. I therefore demand that an exemplary sentence should be pronounced against her by this Court.”

I could not say that these were textually the words used by the Public Prosecutor. I have not stenographed his speech. But this *was* the general trend of it. And some of the sentences I remember word by word, and have reported here as they were uttered.

I boiled with indignation, as could be expected, when I heard the man slander our faith and declare — his arm stretched backwards, towards the window behind him — that the ruins of Düsseldorf and of all Germany were the result of National Socialism. Surely, I would answer that accusation, at least reject it in a biting sentence, when my turn came to speak. Yet, the best answer to it would be, no doubt . . . the next war — direct consequence of the defeat of Germany in this one; and divine punishment for England's refusal to conclude with the Third Reich an honourable and lasting peace. Oh, then! Then, I would gloat to my heart's content over new and even more appalling ruins — not in Germany, this time. And if I met such people as that Public Prosecutor, I would laugh in their faces and tell them: "Remember how you used to say that the ruins of Germany were the work of National Socialism? Well, whose work are your ruins, now? No doubt, that of your confounded Democracy — of that Democracy you once had the impudence to try to make *us* welcome. Eh, look now and see where it has brought you! Ah, ah, ah! How it serves you right! Ah ah ah!" Oh to speak thus, one day, with impunity, to our enemies half-dead in the dust!

Yet, I could not help admiring the way the man had, from the democratic standpoint, characterised me. After one's own people's love, nothing is more refreshing than the acknowledgement of one's harmfulness by an enemy. For years, I had positively suffered from the fact that our opponents did not seem to believe me when I expressed my radical views and uncompromising feelings. God alone knows what forceful language I had always employed! But half the time the nonentities — the "moderate" people, the "decent" people, usual supporters of all we hate the most — would tell me, in the patronizing

tone which grownups sometimes use when speaking to adolescents: “You say that, but you don’t really *mean* it; surely you would not *do* it!” Had I been in a position to do so, I would have gladly sent them all to their doom, — even without them being dangerous to us — for the sheer pleasure of showing them that I *did* mean it, and was in no mood to be taken for an irresponsible chatterbox. Now, here was, at last, a man from the “other side” who knew that I “meant it” and “would do it” all right, if only given half a chance; a Democrat in whose eyes I was “the most dangerous type of idealist.” I thanked him, in my heart, for recognising my calculated purposefulness no less than my love and hate, and for not treating me as an emotional child. I thanked him for demanding “an exemplary punishment” for me. Had he demanded a death sentence, I would have been fully satisfied.

The judge told the lawyer that he now could speak. The latter declared he had nothing to say. It was the Public Prosecutor himself who reminded the Court of the existence of my husband’s letter.

“The accused does not wish that letter to be produced,” said the lawyer.

“Certainly not!” shouted I, from my corner. “I don’t want the whitewash. It is nothing but a concoction of half-truths and downright lies, anyhow.”

This public declaration was enough to deprive the document of whatever practical value it might have had. The judge did not insist. He turned to me; “Do you wish to speak?” he asked me.

“I do,” replied I; “although I have nothing to say for my defence, I would like to state the reasons that have prompted me to act as I did — if those reasons interest the Court.”

“They certainly do,” said the judge, giving me, at last, the opportunity that I had been so eagerly awaiting.

I had prepared a short but precise, and — as far as I could — well-composed speech, containing more or less whatever I wished to say. I forgot all about it. I forgot the presence of the judge, as well as of the other representatives of British power in conquered land. I felt again raised to the state of inspiration which I had experienced on entering the hall, on the morning of that unforgettable day. I found myself speaking, not merely before the British Military Tribunal of Düsseldorf, but before all Germany, all Aryandom; before my comrades, living and dead; before our Führer, living forever. My words were mine, and more than mine. They were the public oath of allegiance of my everlasting self to my undying race and its everlasting Saviour and Leader.

“I have never had the conceit to believe that by distributing a few leaflets and sticking up half a dozen posters, I would, alone, provoke the resurrection of National Socialism, out of the ruins and desolation in the midst of which we stand,” said I, in a clear voice that was, also, mine and more than mine. “Those ruins are not, as the Public Prosecutor has, just now, tendentiously asserted, the consequence of our Führer’s policy. They are, on the contrary, the marks of the savage war waged upon National Socialist Germany by the coalesced forces of disintegration from East and West, lavishly supported by Jewish finance, to crush in this country the kernel, the stronghold of regenerate Aryandom. The heavenly Powers, Whose ways are mysterious, have permitted the disaster of 1945. It is their business — and not mine — to raise National Socialism once more, in the future, to such prominence that its right to remain the one inspiring force of higher mankind shall never again be questioned.

I, the powerless individual, can only, as I wrote in my posters, ‘hope and wait’.

“Whatever I have done, I did, therefore, not in order to win immediate success for the cause I love, but in order to obey the inner law of my nature, which is to fight for that which I firmly believe to be true. The most sacred Book, revered throughout India, — the Bhagavad-Gita, written hundreds of years ago, — tells all those who, like myself, are militant by heredity, warriors by birthright, to fight steadfastly, regardless of gain or loss, victory or defeat, pleasure or discomfort. And our Führer has written, in the self-same spirit, in Chapter 2 of the second Part of *Mein Kampf*: ‘Whatever we think and do should be in no way determined by the applause or disapproval of our contemporaries, but solely by the obligation that binds us to the truth which we acknowledge’, or, to quote the actual text itself: ‘*Allein unser Denken und Handeln soll keineswegs . . .*’.”

Compelled as I was, by order of the Court, to speak in English, I was at least going to quote those words of Adolf Hitler also in their original German (which I happened to know), for the edification of the public, when the judge interrupted me:

“I am not concerned with what your Führer wrote or said,” he burst out, irritated. “And please remember that you are not here addressing a political meeting, and turn to the Court, *i.e.*, to me, and not to the public, when you speak.”

“All right! But don’t believe I really mind in what direction I speak,” thought I; “In all directions, there is Germany!” And, turning to the judge, I said: “I am sorry if the Court is not interested in what my revered Führer has written. But, in a speech intended to explain what motives have prompted me to act as I did, I could

not help quoting those words of his, for their spirit has ruled my life, even before I knew of them; and it rules it today, as before; and it shall always rule it, inspiring every thought, every sentence, every action of mine.”

“Well, continue,” said the judge impatiently.

“I have just stated,” pursued I, “that I have acted, first, to express myself, to fulfil my own nature, which is to live according to my dearest convictions. But that is not the only reason. I have come, and I have acted as I did, also, in order to give the German people, now, in the dark hour of disaster, in the hour of martyrdom; now, in the midst of the ruins heaped all round them by their enemies, — who are, at the same time, the enemies of the whole Aryan race — a tangible sign of admiration and love from an Aryan of a far-away land. One day, — I know not when, but certainly *some* day — the whole Aryan race, including England, including the nobler elements of the U.S.A. and of Russia, will look upon our Führer as its Saviour and upon the German people, — the first Aryan nation wide-awake — as the vanguard of higher humanity. I have done this in the gloomy years 1948 and 1949, so that it might remain true forever that, foreshadowing that great day to come, one non-German daughter of the Race, at least, has remained faithful to the inspired Nation, — grateful to her for sacrificing her all, in the struggle for the supremacy of true Aryandom — while so many, even among her so-called friends, have proved unfaithful and ungrateful. I have done it because, notwithstanding my powerlessness and personal insignificance, I know I am a symbol — the living symbol of the allegiance of Aryan mankind to the Führer’s people, tomorrow, in years to come, forever, in spite of temporary defeat, humiliation, occupation; in spite of the efforts of the agents of the dark forces to keep Germany

down; nay, *because of* the superhuman beauty of National Socialist Germany's stand in the depth of defeat, humiliation, and persecution.

“And there is a third reason why I acted as I did. I did so to defy the victorious Democracies, thus heralding the final victory of the Nazi spirit over the power of money. Yes, I did it to defy *you*, the enemies of our eternal faith, hypocritical ‘champions of the rights of man’, ‘crusaders to Europe’ and what not; powers who have allied yourselves to the Communist forces to crush National Socialist Germany and — if possible — the National Socialist Idea, on behalf of the Jews. The easy task, you have done, and done thoroughly: night after night, for months, for years on end, you have poured streams of phosphorus and fire over this unfortunate country until nothing was left of it but smouldering ruins. With up-to-date bombers, — with Jewish money — how easy that was! And now, you have set yourselves to a more difficult task: the ‘conversion’ of Germany to your democratic and humanitarian principles; the ‘de-Nazification’ of all those who once shared the same faith as I. The future will tell, I hope, how futile that grand-scale task was, nay, how it carried within it the seeds of the reaction that will, one day, crush the powers in the name of which it was undertaken. In the meantime, already as early as yesterday, I distributed those papers, written by me alone, and under my sole initiative and my sole responsibility, in order to defy your ‘de-Nazification’ campaign; in the meantime, as early as today, I stand here and defy it and defy you, once more, in the name of all those, Germans or foreigners, who ever adhered to our National Socialist faith, sincerely and in full awareness of its implications.

“I stand here and proclaim, with joy, that neither

threats nor promises, neither cruelty nor courtesy, nor kindness can 'de-Nazify' me — a woman, not a man, and not a German woman at that; me, a nobody, who has never enjoyed any manner of power or privileges, or personal advantages, under the Nazi régime, but who, admires it without reservations, for the sheer sake of the beauty of the new generations of supermen that it was creating, under our eyes. I repeat: how easy it was to smash the material power of the Third Reich! But to alter the faith even of the most insignificant foreign admirer of Hitler's New Order, is not so easy. It is impossible. All your soldiers, all your battleships, all your tanks, all your super-bombers and all your propaganda — all your power and all your money — cannot do it. Nothing can do it. I have acted as I did, in order to stress that fact. And now, powerless and penniless as I am, and a prisoner, now more than ever, all your 'de-Nazification' schemes fall to pieces at my feet. Whatever you do with me, today, I am the winner, not you. And along with me, in me, through me, the everlasting Nazi spirit asserts its invincibility.

"I have nothing more to say. I thank my stars, once more, for the opportunity afforded me to express in public, before this tribunal, my unflinching loyalty to my Führer, my loving admiration for his martyred people. And . . ."

I was going to add that my only regret was that, on account of the censorship, my words would surely not be reported *in extenso* in the papers of the following day; and I would have ended my speech with: "Heil Hitler!" But the judge, once more, interrupted me:

"We have heard enough, more than enough," said he. "You might have your convictions — with which I am not concerned — but I am here to apply the law."

Certain Powers have fought six years to put down that régime which you so admire. And the law, today, expresses the will of those Powers, who have won the war at the cost of great sacrifices. As for you, not only are you not sorry for what you have done, but you take pride in it . . . You use the most provoking language . . .”

I did not hear the rest of what he said; for in my heart, I was ardently praying to the invisible Forces: “May this man condemn me to death, unless you have set me aside to play a useful part in our second rising!”

At last the judge concluded: “. . . As a consequence, the Court sentences you to three years’ imprisonment, with the possibility of being deported back to India within that time.”

I was dumbfounded — and a little disappointed. My first impulse was to exclaim: “Only that! I presume you people are not really serious about ‘de-Nazification’ and the like.” But I said nothing, remembering my prayer. “It must be that we shall indeed rise again, and that I will then have something to do,” I thought. And once more, I felt quite pleased. The idea of going back to India — now that I would not be allowed to remain in Germany, anyhow — delighted me. I would have my book printed there, quietly, after finishing it in jail. That would be fine! And I would come back, — and bring it with me — as soon as things changed. In a flash, I recalled my home, my cats. And I was moved. But I repressed all expression of emotion. Many people among the public, newspaper reporters and others, seemed willing to speak to me. I would have been only too glad to speak to them. But Miss Taylor would not let me, unless I first asked the judge’s permission. So, turning to him I said: “Could I not have a talk with the representatives

of the press at least, if not with other people also?"

"No," replied he stiffly, "you cannot have any press interviews, if you please."

"All right," said I. I waited till he and the Public Prosecutor and the other Britishers had left the hall. Already, quite a number of onlooking Germans had left also. But that, I could not help. Turning to the few that were still there, before Miss Taylor (who had walked ahead of me) had the time to look around, I lifted my arm and said: "Heil Hitter!" Several would have answered my salute, had they dared to.

A young press reporter, a woman, followed me down the staircase. "I so much would like to interview you," she told me.

"We are not allowed to talk," replied I, "that is democratic 'liberty'. But you have heard me speak, haven't you? Could you not follow all I said?"

"That is just it," said she; "I followed most of it, but there is one passage I did not quite understand. And I also wanted to ask you . . ."

Miss Taylor intervened. "The judge told you that you can't have press interviews," she put in.

"Well," exclaimed I, "I have an hour or two more of relative freedom to enjoy before going back to prison for three years, and, damn it, I intend to take the fullest advantage of it if I can!"

But the press reporter had already vanished.

* * *

Miss Taylor took me to another building and there, kindly offered me a cup of tea and — which I appreciated infinitely more — presented me with a bottle of ink and a thick copybook, priceless gifts, now that I was going to

jail for good. It appeared to me that she was inclined to be much more considerate, — nay, that she could even be friendly towards me — when there were no other members of the police about the place. “The book you are writing, you will finish in prison,” said she. And she added, to my amazement: “You will finish it with this ink, and on this copybook. Thus you will have a lasting remembrance of me.”

“If you really intend to help me, knowing who I am and what I am writing I cannot but thank you,” replied I suddenly moved. “But do you? And would you still, if you knew *all* I have written already, and all I hope to write?”

“Why not?” said Miss Taylor. “You are not writing against England,”

“I am not; that is true. I am writing against those who, in my eyes, have betrayed the real interests of England no less than of all Aryan nations. And those are, I repeat, all those who fought to destroy National Socialism, through criminal hatred or through ignorance.”

“I am too much of an individualist to be able to say that I *like* your régime,” said Miss Taylor, “but I can understand all that it means to you, and I like *you*. I like the attitude you kept throughout your trial. I appreciate people who stick to their convictions, and who fear nothing.”

I wanted to say: “Then, why do you accept to serve under the Occupation authorities, who are here to do all they can to ‘de-Nazify’ Germany? The virtues you say you love in me are just the rank and file virtues you would find in any one of us National Socialists. How can you wear the uniform of our persecutors, if you mean what you say?” But I did not speak. I knew Miss Taylor would not follow me so far. She was not one of

us, after all. "It is very kind of you to help me," said I, only. "Few gifts have I received, which have pleased me as much as yours."

Then, I went and took out of my brown attaché case my Indian earrings in the shape of swastikas, and I put them on "Now that I am sentenced," said I, "I am wearing these. With them on, — like in the great days — I shall, from the windows of the car, for the first time, admire the beauty of the German spring (for the last time for three years, at least). And with them on, I shall walk into prison. Can anyone prevent me?"

"No one will try to," said Miss Taylor. "We are not in the Russian Zone."

These last words stirred my resentment. "Damned hypocrites," thought I, "you perhaps imagine I am going to like you any better than I do 'them', for allowing me that tiny satisfaction for two hours. If so, you make a mistake. I detest all anti-Nazis alike." But I said nothing.

Another English woman in police uniform, whom I had seen at my trial, had tea with us. Men in uniform passed by us, occasionally. Some stopped a minute. They saw my earrings, but made no remarks. I looked straight into their faces with something of the aggressive expression with which I used to look at the Englishmen, Frenchmen, — and specially Jews — whom I crossed in the streets of Calcutta in glorious '40, '41, '42. In my mind, I recalled those years. And I recalled my trial, and the prayer I had addressed the Gods, and I thought: "More glorious times are to come, since these people have not decided to kill me. This is the sign I had asked for. I must accept it and not doubt." I was happy.

"I think your case will come out on the B.B.C.," Miss Taylor told me, among other things.

“I hope it does,” replied I, not out of vanity, but from a practical standpoint of propaganda. “I know it will never suit ‘them’ to broadcast the whole of it; still, better a little encouragement to our friends all over the world than none at all.”

Yet, I did not think *only* of our friends. I also had our enemies in mind. “It will do them good to see that they cannot even ‘de-Nazify’ a non-German,” thought I. “I wish it would induce them to stop that large-scale farce!”

Then, suddenly, I remembered a few of the ‘Yanks’ who used to come to our house in Calcutta, during the war — useful ‘Yanks’ (from our point of view); a little childish, loving food and drink, gullible, more loquacious than soldiers should be, and — a great point — not a bit suspicious of us; ‘Yanks’ who took my husband for an interesting Indian Democrat, and me for . . . a half-pathological case (for what else could be a woman who spends her time writing hooks about Antiquity and feeding stray cats?).

Now, those ex-crusaders to Asia, ex-fighters for humanity and Democracy on the Burmese front, if they happened to switch their wireless to the B.B.C. London, would hear of “Savitri Devi Mukherji, sentenced to three years’ imprisonment by the Military Tribunal of Düsseldorf, for Nazi propaganda in occupied Germany.” They would remember the name, the house, — and, perhaps, some of the things they had casually said, in that house, and forgotten: things that were, naturally, “not to go any further”; and, perhaps, also . . . some occurrences, . . . that had remained unaccountable.

And they would say to themselves: “Gee! If we had known *that!*”
 . . .

I could not help laughing, as I imagined their reactions —

and their retrospective rectifications of opinion concerning that woman who lived “outside this ideological war and outside our times” — as some said — and who had a house full of cats. Appearances are deceptive, especially in wartime.

But Miss Taylor got up. “I must now take you to Werl,” she said, “or it will be eleven o’clock before I can come back.”

I followed her to the car that was waiting for us downstairs.

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PART II
WHISPERS

CHAPTER VI**THE DOORS CLOSE**

The car carried me through the half-ruined streets of Düsseldorf, for the last time. I was not destined to see the town again — at least, not for a long time. As I sat and gazed at it through the window, I thought: “It is, now, a fact forever that I have been tried here, today, the 5th of April, 1949.” And turning to Miss Taylor, I said “How sweet it is to ponder over the irreversibility of Time, and the irrevocability, the indestructibility of the past! Only the great moments of our life count. The rest of it is just a long preparation in view of those blessed hours of intense, more-than-personal joy. I have lived such hours today — others on the night of my arrest, the most beautiful night of my life; others in glorious '40, when I thought the world was ours. Nothing can rob me of those divine memories. Oh, how happy I am?”

I paused, and smiled. We were now outside the town, rolling along the great *Reichsautobahn*. I continued: “It is the same in the life of nations: it is not the length of historic epochs that matters; it is their intensity — and their beauty. Before the twelve ineffaceable years of King Akhnaton’s rule at Tell-el-Amarna, millenniums of Egyptian history fade away into dullness; Greece is Periclean Greece — a few brief years of unparalleled glory; and the history of Germany, in the eyes of generations

to come, will be the history of the twelve ineffaceable years of Adolf Hitler's dictatorship . . . plus, — I hope — that of his second coming and second reign; in other words, the history of National Socialism.”

“What about Bismarck?” said Miss Taylor. “And what about the Pan-Germanist movement, already before the first World War?”

“Bismarck, and the Pan-Germanists after him, only prepared the ground for Adolf Hitler,” replied I. “It is the Führer who gave Pan-Germanism its right meaning — its only possible meaning in the world of tomorrow, in which material frontiers will have less and less importance; it is he who integrated it into broader Pan-Aryanism, showing the Germans the only solid ground upon which they can and should claim supremacy.”

“Which ground?”

“The fact that they are the first Aryan nation wide-awake, as I said just now, at my trial. Oh, I am glad I said that! I am glad it shall now be true forever that I said it, even if people forget it. You remember, once, you reminded me that I am not a German? Well, in one way, so much the better — for it is precisely because I am not one that the few truths that I have expressed today take on all their meaning. Don't I know that?”

Miss Taylor did not answer. But I recalled in my mind a few verses of Victor Hugo which I was made to learn in the school where I used to go, as a child, in France. The verses, end of a passionately patriotic poem written after the defeat of France in 1871, were the following:

“. . . Oh, I wish,
I wish I were not French so that I could say
That I choose thee, France, and that, in thy martyrdom,

I proclaim thee, whom the vulture torments,
My country and my glory and my sole love!"¹

In school, we were asked to admire these words. Now, I could not help comparing them with my own sincere homage to Germany, after the bitterest defeat in her history. "Hum!" thought I, with a feeling of satisfaction; "that is all right enough. But Victor Hugo *was* French. I am *not* German. It makes a hell of a difference — even if my homage be less dramatically worded than his and, in addition to that, nothing but prose."

* * *

Apart from Miss Taylor and myself, a policeman in uniform and a young Englishman, sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for theft and also going to Werl, had taken place in the car. I told that young man what sentence I had been given, and what for, in answer to which he started vehemently proclaiming his personal adherence to the democratic principles in the name of which England had fought. I looked at him with inner contempt, and experienced once more that malignant contentment which I always feel at the sight of the worthlessness of our opponents. I said, ironically: "How interesting it is to hear *you* defend Democracy!" — which meant in reality: "How lovely it is to meet such an ardent Democrat, who is at the same time a thief!" (the words that I would doubtless have plainly uttered, had I

¹ ". . . Oh, je voudrais,
Je voudrais n'être pas Français, pour pouvoir dire
Que je te choisis, France, et que, daps ton martyre,
Je te proclame, toi que ronge le vautour,
Ma patrie et ma gloire et mon unique amour."
Victor Hugo "*A la France*" (*L'Année terrible*)

not wanted to avoid possibly hurting Miss Taylor, who had, only an hour before, made me that invaluable present of ink and paper). I then completely lost interest in the man, and I looked once more out of the window.

That road to Werl, that I was beginning to know so well, I was following for the last time. I was, now, really going to prison — to stay there. And I was happy to go, and happy to wear my symbolical earrings on the way, and to keep my defiant attitude. I knew that I would always keep it; that it was the very meaning of my life; that it would stick to me, even after I were dead, no doubt, in the minds of the few who might remember me. Yet, the sunlit fields, full of daisies and buttercups, and the tender green bushes along the road, and the fruit trees covered with blossoms seemed to me still more beautiful than they had in the morning. For this time I knew I would not see them again. “Another spring like this one will come and go, and I shall not see it,” thought I; “and another will follow, and I shall not see that one, either, and a third one will come, and I shall not see that, unless they decide to send me back to India. But it does not matter. I would not exchange my destiny for anybody’s — not even for that of my comrades who died in 1940 with the illusion of victory in their hearts. For I know, now, that, one day, I shall see the resurrection of National Socialism — and the revenge I have so longed for . . .” Thus I reflected. And I *was* happy. In the splendour of that German spring — the first I had seen; the last I would see for a long time — I hailed the everlasting victory of Life over Death. “As these trees have bloomed out of the bleak barrenness of winter,” I thought, for the hundredth time, “so, one day, out of those ruins of which the sight now haunts me, the martyred land will live and thrive and conquer again.” And tears came to

my eyes as I imagined myself among the frantic crowds of the future, on the Führer's return. Still, along with deep happiness, there was now a certain sadness in my heart, because of the overwhelming loveliness of the countryside that I was admiring for the last time.

The car rolled on. I was silent, — lost in the contemplation of the bright sky and new green earth and bright coloured flowers; breathing the fragrance and radiance of life reborn; clinging eagerly to the sight of the sunlit world, as though my last hour of relative liberty had been also the last hour of my life. I knew that every revolution of the wheels under me — now rolling at full speed — was taking me nearer to Werl, nearer to captivity. And I realised, more than I ever had before, how sweet freedom is. And although I regretted nothing — although I would have reacted just the same; spoken the selfsame words of faith and pride; defied the enemies of National Socialism with the selfsame aggressive joy, had it been possible for me to go through my trial again — I had, for a minute, the weakness to admit, in my heart, that it would have been lovely to remain free. And tears came to my eyes. But then, suddenly, I recalled H. E. and my other comrades and superiors imprisoned at Werl, and elsewhere, all over Germany: I recalled Rudolf Hess, a prisoner since 1941, and felt ashamed of myself. Yes, who was I to feel sad for the beauty of spring when the very sight of it had become, to them, like the memory of some former life?

My sadness persisted — perhaps even increased — but was no longer the same. I could have burst out weeping, had it not been for the presence of Miss Taylor and of the two men (and especially of the German driver) and for my desire to keep my standing at any cost. But I would have wept over my comrades' long-drawn captivity, not over

the prospect of my own; over the persecution of National Socialism — the faith of Life and Resurrection in our times: the faith of the young, of the healthy, of the beautiful — in the midst of that invincible rebirth of Nature, in spite of it, in a spirit that was, and is, in my eyes, an insult to it. I imagined H. E. free again, one day, crossing in the opposite direction that threshold of gloom towards which the motorcar was now carrying me. That day would surely come. But when? When, thought I, would the doors of all the prisons of Germany, and elsewhere, of all the postwar concentration camps, be thrust wide open, and when would we, militant National Socialists, — the youth of the world; the children of spring — come forth and sing, once more, along the highways, our triumphant songs of the great days? Oh, when?

We entered Werl. The Sun had set, but it was daylight still. The road that led to the prison was one mass of flowers. Hanging over the walls of the private gardens that lay both sides of it, thick carpets of new green leaves and millions of tender petals, — white, yellow, pink, red, pale violet — nearly touched the car. I gazed at them, and inhaled as deeply as I could their intoxicating fragrance, as we drove up to the huge dark prison doors.

I got down from the car. I helped the driver to take out my luggage. Then, Miss Taylor rang the bell. And we waited . . .

A golden sky shed its light upon the many-coloured flowers, upon the quiet street through which we had come and the quiet little space where that street met the one that ran parallel to the prison walls; and upon those great high walls themselves, — the forbidding limit of the different world into which I was now to enter definitively; to which I already belonged. The windowpanes of the neighbouring houses facing west, shone like gold. And a soft

breeze brought me the breath of the gardens, — the breath of the world of the free. We might have waited half a minute: perhaps a minute. Again, I thought of my comrades — some six hundred men and a few women, among, whom H. E. — behind those walls for nearly four years. And I realised in absolute sincerity that, had it been possible, I would have gladly remained, myself, a captive forever — renouncing the right to see trees and flowers and even the divine sky for the rest of my life — if, at that price, I could have set them free. I would have, indeed! (I would *now*, — after tasting freedom once more, in full knowledge of its worth.) And I prayed to the One Whose effulgence is the effulgence of the Sun: “Give *them* back freedom and power, Lord of the unseen Forces that govern all that can be seen! Restore our New Order, image on earth of Thine eternal Order! — and I don’t care what happens to me.”

I heard the noise of a key in the thick iron keyhole. Slowly, the huge heavy doors were flung open. I crossed the threshold . . . and could not help turning around my head to take a last glance at the lovely, peaceful evening, at the golden sky; to breathe the smell of flowers once more. There was something solemn in that ultimate, fleeting vision of beauty. There was, in that instant, an experience that I would remember as long as I lived. I was not unhappy — on the contrary: a deep, serene joy filled me, and I crossed the threshold with a smile. I knew my place was there, among the others who, like I, (though more intelligently, more efficiently than I) had done their best for the Nazi cause and who, like I, had fallen into our enemies’ hands. And I was intensely aware of being, for once in my life, *in my place*, — in my place at last! In my place, at least in the hour of persecution, I who, years and years ago, should have come and

shared with those of own race and faith, the glorious life of the great days; I who should have come during the first struggle for power, — when I was twenty — instead of wasting my energy in Greece . . .

With a resounding noise that made me involuntarily shudder, the huge heavy doors closed upon me. Tears came to my eyes. I was now in my new home. And I thought of H. E. whom I would soon meet again; of the other so-called “war criminals” whom I would have the honour and the joy of knowing. For surely — I thought — I would be transferred to the D Wing. I was happy — and moved. Once more, in a flash, I recalled the glory of spring beyond the now closed doors, — and, also, the skeletons of houses and factories, the miles and miles of charred and blasted walls that cried for vengeance under the sky, day and night; and the people for whom I had fought, in my clumsy manner, and for whose freedom I would have undergone anything. “Germany,” thought I, “in former years, I did not know myself how much I loved thee!” And I felt that there was, between my Führer’s people and I, a definitive link that nothing could ever break nor slacken.

* * *

Miss Taylor took leave of me after the German warder had signed the paper she handed over to him, (thus testifying that I was no longer in her custody.) I had drawn my scarf over my head to hide my earrings from the sight of the warder. Members of the British police in Düsseldorf had seen me wearing them, it was true, and had expressed no objection. But I did not know who these warders were; and if, as Mr. Stocks had once told me, the man whom the British had appointed as the head of the male section of the prison was a notorious anti-Nazi,

there was no reason not to presume that some at least of the warders were of the same kind. And I knew — from my comrades — that a German anti-Nazi is generally much worse than any representative of the Occupying Powers (with, of course the exception of the Jews). After a while, a wardress from the “Frauen Haus” came to fetch me. Two prisoners, — ordinary delinquents — walked ahead of us, carrying my luggage, while the wardress and I talked in a friendly manner.

We reached the staircase leading to the “Frauen Haus.” Frau So-and-so and another one of those who were definitely “in order” were on duty that night, along with the wardress who had come to fetch me, and a fourth one. It is Frau So-and-so who opened the door for us on the landing. “Well . . . ?” asked she, as soon as she saw me.

“All right,” replied I. “Got three years. Expected much worse, especially after speaking as I did.” Then, after a minute’s pause I enquired about the one thing that had worried me all day: “Do you know if H. E. has found my manuscripts?” said I, eagerly. “I asked her to hide them . . .”

“Your manuscripts are in safety in Sister Maria’s office,” replied the faithful wardress. “H. E. and I saw to it. You’ll have them back tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you!” exclaimed I, from the bottom of my heart; “oh, thank you!”

I was taken back to my cell, and Frau So-and-so ordered some supper for me. While I was waiting for it, the four wardresses gathered around me. They admired my earrings, and commented upon my sentence. “Three years is a long time,” said one; “why, that woman in No. 48, who is here for having killed her newborn baby, has got only three years!”

“Naturally,” replied another; “a German baby more

or less makes no difference in the eyes of 'those people', while a blow to their blinking prestige does."

"Well," put in a third one, "we must try to put ourselves in their place. We have lost the war. It is a fact. And here is a woman who comes all the way from India and takes our side openly. In '45, they would have shot her. Of course, times are changing — and rapidly, it seems." And turning to me she said: "I was afraid, however, that even now 'they' would give you more than three years. You were lucky."

"Anyhow, don't imagine it is my fault if 'they' sentenced me only to that much," said I: "for it surely is not. I spoke the truth, and was not a bit afraid of 'them', I can assure you." And I repeated, summing it up the best I could, what I had stated in my speech before the military Tribunal. The wardresses were amazed "You said *that* and 'they' left you get away with three years! Gosh, it looks as though times are changing!"

"'They' perhaps wished to make a good impression upon the Indians, who knows?" suggested I. "The last time I was in London, I was told that there was now a terrific Communist propaganda campaign going on, all over India. These Johnnies probably want to show the Indians how lenient they are, compared with the Russians. They want to propitiate their ex-colony . . ."

"That's it, that's it!" exclaimed the fourth wardress. "They are afraid. A good sign!"

"You know what you would have got, if the Russians had caught you in their Zone?" put in another. "Deportation for life to Siberia, or something like that . . ."

"I believe it," said I. "And so would I, if I had the power to do what I please with one of our sincerest opponents, send him or her to deportation for life — or to immediate death. The Communists are our real enemies,

and know it. But these people . . . these sappy Democrats, these liars, they don't know themselves what they are nor what they want. Yesterday, they joined the Reds to crush our Ideology. Tomorrow, when they are sufficiently scared of the Reds, they will crawl in the filth to lick our boots — after all they did to us — and implore our help against the Reds Our help! I wish we keep them crawling as long as it is expedient, or as long as it amuses us, and then give them a good kick and turn against them! But, of course, I am not the one to decide in that intricate game of convenient alliances. It exceeds my brains by far. All I know is that I despise the Democrats whatever they do, and that, if they imagined they were going to gain the slightest sympathy from me by being lenient to me, they made a great mistake. I wish I can, one day, make them feel sorry they did not kill me when they could have”

“My God, if only they could hear you now, I bet they would already feel sorry!” said one of the wardresses, laughing.

I laughed too. My supper was brought in: six slices of white bread, some macaroni and cheese baked in the oven, some butter, some plum jam, a bun with raisins and a jug of hot tea, with sugar and milk. The wardresses, wished me good appetite and good night, and left my cell. I ate the macaroni, a slice of bread, a little of the jam, and put all the rest by for my friend H. E.

Then, I wrote to my husband a letter of twenty pages reproaching him with having tried to save me from captivity when I did not want to be saved, and telling him how happy I was to have spoken as a true National Socialist before, the representatives of the Allied Occupation and before the German public.

* * *

The next day, early in the morning, H. E. came to my cell. The wardress on duty — who was “in order” — pulled the door behind her. We talked a few minutes. “I hear you have got three years,” said my comrade; “you were lucky. I expected you would get at least five; and most of us said ten.”

“Yes,” replied I: “I know. And yet, I did all I could to show the judge and every person present that I was not afraid to suffer for our cause.”

I repeated to her the essential of what I had said in my speech. And I told her about the letter my husband had written, and specified that I had forbidden the lawyer to mention it. H. E. looked at me intently and said “You are truly one of us. I shall never forget you. As you say, the heavenly Powers have spared you for you to take part in our coming struggle.” She put her arm around my waist and squeezed my hand, while I rested my head upon her shoulder for a second or two. I was happy.

“You know,” continued H. E. after a while, “in all my career, I met only one non-German whom I could compare with you. It was a Polish woman whom we caught spying on behalf of England during the war, and whom we shot. I was present at her trial, and remember her speech. You remind me of her . . .”

“Thank you very much for comparing me with an agent from the ‘other side!’” said I, jokingly.

“You must not laugh,” answered H. E. “She might have been misled; she might have been, without realising it, ‘a traitor to her own race’, as you so rightly call all Aryans who opposed us, — for she was no Jewess, I can assure you. But she was sincere and fearless, as you are.

And as I saw our men led her out of the hall, I could not help regretting she had not devoted her fine natural qualities of character to our cause.”

“Well,” said I, “I am glad she was caught and shot. To waste Aryan qualities in the service of Jewish interests, knowingly or unknowingly, is sacrilegious: it is casting pearls before the swine. But tell me: what do you think of the letter I wrote to my husband last night, in answer to his effort to ‘excuse’ me in the eyes of the authorities? See . . .” And I translated to her one or two sentences out of it.

“You should not send it,” said H. E. “It will sadden him, without any profit to the cause. Poor man! He only wrote as he did to try to get you off, as any one of us would have done, if it had been possible. He did his best for you — and for us. Promise me you will not send that.”

“Perhaps, then, I shall not. I shall alter that and a few other passages . . .”

“Yes, do,” said my friend. And anticipating that which I was going to ask her, she added: “I shall bring you back your manuscripts as soon as Sister Maria comes. They are safe. Frau So-and-so must have told you . . .”

“She did. I do thank you for keeping them! I was afraid for them although, apparently, I had no reason to be.”

I then gave her the food and tea that I had put aside for her on the evening before, and my morning’s porridge and white bread. “I’ll take half now and half when I come back,” said she, “for I’ll never be able to carry all that along the corridor without being noticed.”

We parted as usual, greeting each other with the mystic words: “Heil Hitler!”

* * *

I was working on the Chapter 7 of my *Gold in the Furnace*, — of which Sister Maria had just brought the manuscript back to me — when Fräulein S. (Frau Oberin's assistant) came into my cell and bade me follow her "to the Governor's." To my surprise, I was not taken downstairs and across the prison grounds to the Governor's office, but just across the corridor to Frau Oberin's office, where the Governor was waiting for me. (This surprised me, because it was a Wednesday; and the Governor did not generally come in touch with the prisoners there, save on his regular visits to the "Frauen Haus" on Friday mornings.)

Colonel Vickers was sitting at Frau Oberin's desk. The German interpreter — about whose politics I had heard, from Mr. Stocks, more than enough to dislike him heartily — and Mr. Watts, a dark man with a prominent paunch, who, occasionally, used to replace the Governor — were also present, the former standing up, the latter seated in an armchair. Frau Oberin and the matron of the prison, — the elderly blue-eyed lady, with white hair, who had received me on the day of my very first arrival at Werl — were standing up. So was Fräulein S., who had just entered the room with me.

The Governor gave me an abrupt "Good morning" in answer to my salute, and addressing me rather bluntly, said, to my great astonishment: "The Court has, I see, sentenced you to three years' imprisonment. Your case is no business of mine, as I have told you once already: I am here only to look after you during the time you remain in my charge. But I cannot help noticing that yours is the heaviest sentence ever given a woman by a British Court, for such an offence as yours, since we are in this country. There must be a reason for it, for our justice is fair. However, you have the right to appeal for

a revision of your sentence, — if you like — provided you can produce sufficient evidence to show that it should be revised. But I must warn you that, if you do so without serious grounds, you run the risk of getting a still heavier sentence for having made us waste our time . . .”

“I have not the slightest desire to appeal either for justice or for clemency,” said I, standing before the desk, with a ray of morning sunshine upon my face, feeling happy. “Had I wished to, I would have, already during my trial, made use of the letter which my husband had sent the authorities to try to whitewash me. I refused to do so. Moreover, given the present circumstances, and given all that I stand for, I consider my sentence extremely lenient.”

“All right,” replied Colonel Vickers, accepting, possibly with a little surprise, but without comments, the unexpected glimpse I had thus just given him of my real self. And, turning to Frau Oberin and to the matron, he said, speaking of me: “She must wear the prisoners’ clothes; and she must work. She will be given the special British diet, as before, being a British subject. But that is all. And if she is ever caught distributing food to other prisoners, her privilege will be cancelled.”

The interpreter translated the words into German for the benefit of Frau R. the matron. Frau Oberin knew enough English not to need a translation.

Then the Governor said to me: “I hope you understand me.”

“I do,” answered I, — all the time firmly determined to continue to give the best of my special food to H. E. without getting caught.

“If your behaviour is satisfactory” pursued he, “you will, regularly, be remitted of one quarter of your penalty, which means that you will serve two years and three

months instead of three years, in supposing that you are not sent back to India in the meantime.”

“May I know,” asked I, “When they are likely to send me back to India?”

“Regularly, not before you have served at least one third of your term of imprisonment, that is to say, not before one year,” replied the Governor. “So you have not to think of that possibility for the present. Have you anything more to ask?”

“I would like to know,” said I, “If I may have light in my cell till 10 p.m.?”

“No.” answered Colonel Vickers; “it is not the rule. And I can see no reason justifying an exception in your case. Besides, it is natural that you should go to bed early, as you will work all day.”

“It is all right,” said I inwardly resentful, outwardly indifferent. “I only asked that, as I was under the impression that political prisoners were allowed light in their cells longer than the others.” I remembered what Miss Taylor had told me the day before, on my way to Düsseldorf.

“Political prisoners are the last people to whom we give light after time — the last ones, in fact, to whom we grant any privileges,” said Colonel Vickers. And, (ignorant as he was of what Miss Taylor had told me about General Kesselring and others writing their memoirs, and General Rundstedt being temporarily released on parole) he added: “We do allow light after eight o’clock to some; but those are all prisoners who write for us, or who do secret work for us in one way or another” (*sic*).

I pretended not to pay the slightest attention to what I had just heard (as though it did not interest me) and I put forth no further claims concerning light, or writing facilities. I knew the German staff would be easier to

tackle, in these matters, than the representative of British power in occupied Germany. At least the staff of the “Frauen Haus” would be. And the as days were getting longer and longer (a fact which no Occupation forces could alter) I would soon be able to write till ten or half past ten at night anyhow. But I was impressed by Colonel Vickers’ statement: and I immediately drew my own conclusions from it. It threw, indeed, unexpected complementary light upon Miss Taylor’s discourse about British “kindness” to so-called “war criminals.” Now I knew — from a responsible authority — how selective that supposed “kindness” was, extending as it did only to those willing to “do secret work” for Germany’s victors. . . . Well, I was certainly never going to win myself privileges at the cost of such a bargain. Not I!

“Now, I have little time to spare,” the Governor at last told me: “if there is anything you think you need, you can ask Miss M., who is in charge of the women’s, section of this prison. And you can do what she permits you to do. Good morning.”

I bowed in reply, and now Fräulein S. took me back to my cell. The person the Governor had said I should consult and obey, “Miss M.,” was none other than the one whom we prisoners knew as Frau Oberin. She had always shown a particularly sympathetic interest in me, and H. E. who was in Werl so long, had told me that she was a “first class person,” well disposed in our favour and “absolutely reliable.” And when I had asked my friend whether the lady was actually “*in Ordnung*,” *i.e.*, a sincere National Socialist, she had replied: “She could not tell us so even if she were. Like all those who have managed to retain a job under ‘these creatures’, she is, compelled, to be exceedingly careful. But she will help you as much as she can. She has helped *me* a lot.” Doubtless,

I would be able to write, if it depended upon her, thought I. And again I felt that, the less Colonel Vickers suspected the fact that I was writing, in prison, under his nose, such a book as *Gold in the Furnace*, the better it would be for me; and the better for the safety of the book — the better for the Nazi cause, which the book was intended to serve, one day.

* * *

In my cell, I continued to write my Chapter 7 on “Plunder, Lies, and Shallowness.” Upon my table, open at different places, were spread out three or four issues of the *Revue de la Presse rhénane et allemande*, — selected typed extracts of the German newspapers concerning happenings in occupied Germany, which a French official in Koblenz had very kindly handed over to me as “useful information” for my proposed book, in perfect ignorance of the nature of the book and therefore of the spirit in which I was to use any document.

Time passed. Some two hours after lunch, *Oberwachtmeisterin* S. the lady who used to supervise the prisoners’ work in the whole women’s section, came in. Middle-aged, short, and a little stout, but extremely elegant, — dressed with utmost sober taste — she was energetic, firm, efficient, of more than average intelligence, and could be charming when she liked. She had always been charming in her relations with me, showing more interest in my career as a writer and in my activities in India than most other members of the prison staff. However, I had not yet made out whether she was “in order” or not. H. E., who knew her much longer than I did, *thought* she was, but was “not quite sure.” Frau S. herself had repeatedly told me that, since the end of the war she was “fed up with all ideologies” and that she did

not wish to hear a word about any. All I knew with certainty was that she was one of the members of the staff with whom I had the greatest pleasure of talking.

She walked in and asked me with a smile: "Well, how are you getting on? And what has the Governor told you, this morning?"

"He said I must work," answered I.

"And what work would you like to do?" enquired Frau S. "What are you able to do? — for here some of the prisoners knit, others make nets or bags or baskets; others, who know the trade, make dresses. Do you know how to make anything?"

"I am afraid I don't," replied I. "But I can learn."

Frau S. smiled again. "It takes time to learn," she said. "It is better to do what one is made for." And after a pause she asked me: "Apart from writing, and from lecturing in public — and, doubtless, also privately, to your husband and all your friends — what did you do when you were home in India?"

"I used to give lessons in languages, and do translations, when I needed more money than my husband could afford to give me. Otherwise, I did a little painting, I went to a few tea parties; did practically nothing."

"A National Socialist woman should be skilled in all manner of household work," said Frau S. watching me ironically, to see how much the irreproachable orthodoxy of her statement would impress me. She was not the first person in Germany to remind me of that, and to make me feel utterly ashamed of myself. For a second, the acute awareness of possibilities lost forever, — the retrospective vision of the woman I *could have been* — was painful to me. And I looked at Frau S. with such depth of sincere sadness that the irony vanished from the glance of her sparkling grey eyes.

“Perhaps I was wrong not to have striven, in my youth, towards that all-round realisation of my womanhood implied in our ideals,” said I. “I don’t know. I somehow seemed to feel that I was destined to be a wanderer all my life . . . Anyhow, it is no good thinking of the past. Now, my household is my cell. And I shall try to keep it as clean and tidy as I can.”

Frau S. patted me on the shoulder. “I am sorry if I made you feel sad,” she said; “I did not intend to. Now, tell me frankly: what would you really like to do? What would you do if you were free?”

“Continue to write my book,” replied I, unhesitatingly.

“Well, continue now,” said the *Oberwachtmeisterin*, to my amazement and to my joy. “I shall bring you, for the sake of formality, a little easy work which you will finish in an hour or so. The rest of the day, continue your own real work — your work that matters.”

I was deeply moved. “I can find no words eloquent enough to thank you,” exclaimed I, in a sincere outburst of gratitude, as tears came to my eyes. “This is the greatest favour you could do me. And...” — I could not help adding — “I cannot bring myself to believe that you would regret your kindness if you knew what I am writing.”

“I don’t want to know — *now*,” replied Frau S. “It is in English, isn’t it? I can’t read English. One day, if it is ever translated into German, as I hope, I shall be glad to read it.”

“If the Gods spare my manuscript till then, answered I; “and if my comrades consider it worth translating . . .”

Frau S. smiled, squeezed my hand, and left the cell.

I was happy. Before my written tribute of admiration to Germany could be translated and published, things would surely have to change a lot. Did Frau S. really think they were likely to? And so quickly? It would be a miracle. But I believed in miracles. My condemnation to three years' imprisonment only — after the attitude I had shown throughout my trial — was a miracle. The presence of my precious manuscripts, intact, upon the table before me, was a miracle.

I looked up to the bright sky; to the Sun, king of all the Gods, that shone beyond my nontransparent windowpanes and my iron bars. "Invisible Forces Who govern all things visible," I prayed, "give my German comrades freedom and power. . . . Oh, bring back our grand days!"

* * *

The next day, the 7th of April, in the afternoon Frau R., the matron of the prison, came to fetch me. "Take your things with you — all your things," she said. Two prisoners, whom she had brought with her, caught hold of my trunk and dragged it out of the cell, while I took my coat, my attaché case, some books, all I could carry. My manuscripts, too voluminous to be hidden, I pushed into the draw of my table, with my inkbottle, pen and pencils. The portrait: of the Führer was there too, between two sheets of paper, as Frau Oberin had told me; in the morning, that it was safer for me not to keep it out, at least in the daytime when so many eyes could see through the spy hole of my cell. Before I left the place, however, the matron opened the drawer.

"You must take these papers also," said she; "everything."

"But these I need," ventured I to reply. "These are my writings."

“The Governor said you are to work,” answered Frau R.; “he did not mention writing.”

“I know. I heard him myself. But in the evenings, mayn’t I do something to occupy myself? The Governor told me he had no time to enter into the details of my daily routine, but left that to Frau Oberin. I’ll ask her whether I may write after working hours.”

“Others clean their cells and mend their stockings after working hours,” said the matron. “However, if Frau Oberin allows you to write, I have no objection. She is responsible. I only do what I am ordered.”

“So, must I take my papers or leave them here?” asked I, inwardly anxious.

“All right. Leave them,” agreed the matron, to my relief. “But we must ask Frau Oberin, before you may definitely keep them.”

I was taken into the little room into which I had entered on the very first day I had come to Werl. I was asked to undress, and my civilian clothes were put away, carefully catalogued along with the rest of my possessions. And I put on the prisoners’ uniform: over prison linen and a thick grey woolen petticoat, dark blue overalls and a grey apron. I was also given a dark blue woolen pullover and a black jacket to wear when I went out into the courtyard during the “free hour,” or even in my cell, for it was still cold.

I took off every bit of jewellery I wore — gold bangles, gold chain, rings — all save the iron bangle on my left hand (in Bengal, the sign of the indissolubility of marriage). Before giving up my gold chain, I took off the glass portrait of the Führer that I used to wear on it, and put it in my pocket. But the watchful matron caught any gesture: “What are you trying to hide?” she asked

me. I had no alternative but to show her the precious little object.

“I don’t want to part with *this*,” said I, eagerly. “Don’t take it away from me! It is the last treasure I have. It will do no harm to anyone if I wear it around my neck on a plain piece of string, as some other prisoners wear a cross. Nobody will even notice it.” I was moved, as I uttered these words. The little object was our Führer’s likeness. It was also the gift of a sincere Nazi, who loved and trusted me, whom I loved and trusted; the gift of persecuted Germany, to me. “Oh, don’t take it away from me!” said I, again.

“All right, then; keep it,” replied to my surprise, and joy, Frau R. — she who seemed, so much of a disciplinarian. Had she been touched, in spite of herself, by the spontaneous expression I had given my feelings? Or did she calmly consider it her duty as a German to show kindness towards a true friend of her country) I shall never know.

I thanked her enthusiastically for the favour she had thus done me. Then, as I gathered a few toilet objects to take back to my cell, I asked her: “May I also take this box?”

“What is in it? Face powder? You are not to use that, here in prison,” said the matron.

“It is only talcum powder,” replied I with ease, opening the box, practically full, at the bottom of which I had hidden, the day before, carefully wrapped in soft paper, my Indian earrings in the shape of swastikas.

Frau R. examined the box, without caring to empty it; saw that it was indeed talcum powder, and said, to my delight: “Yes, you can keep it.”

I then; looked at myself in the large mirror that the room contained, and was disappointed. Prisoner’s clothes,

decidedly, did not improve my appearance. I looked much better in my brown tailored suit, or in my lovely dark red frock (both gifts of comrades in England on the occasion of my departure to Germany) or, of course, in any of my “saris.” But I realised that, now, I was dressed like H. E. and the other captive Nazi women, who had all suffered so incredibly more than I for our common cause. And the clumsy, ill-fitted uniform appeared to me as a mantle of glory. And I smiled at myself in the mirror.

“Well you look a pretty girl all the same, in those clothes, don’t you?” said the matron, good-humouredly.

“I do, I know,” replied I with conviction. “An intense inner life — like ours — always makes one pretty.”

In my mind, as a memory from another world, I recalled the Greek nationalist that I had once been — the girl of eighteen who wore hand-woven, brightly embroidered frocks of peasant cut, bought in Athens, and who proudly used to declare: “Paris dictates its taste to all women save me.” And I recalled the woman who had sailed to India a few years later in search of an unbroken Aryan tradition, and who adopted the Indian “sari” to look more of an ancient Greek, more of a Pagan Greek, more of an Aryan Heathen of all times. How all that stress upon externals now seemed childish, desperately childish to me! Had I, for *that*, missed my fulfillment and done only half my duty? For the spirit of eternal Aryan Pagandom was here, in the ardent hearts and disciplined lives of men in brown or greyish green uniforms, not there, in the Near or Middle East, in vain draperies, nor even in unbroken traditions, followed with less and less understanding. And now, after the disaster, it lived and gleamed, invincible, in the hearts

and lives of the selfsame undaunted minority — in my comrades, so many of whom wore prisoners' clothes like I would, henceforth. Far better than that of the bejewelled woman in Greek or Indian dress, the picture the looking glass now sent back to me symbolised the realisation of my lifelong yearning; *was* the picture of my real self.

As I was coming out, I met *Oberwachtmeisterin* S. in the corridor. I had not seen her all day. She told me, (doubtless out of courtesy) that my new clothes suited me well; and then, addressing me as though I were a friend, not a prisoner, she said: "Do you know that your case has come out on the wireless, last night? They broadcasted one or two of the things you told them at your trial. Indeed, you spoke well."

She followed me into my cell. The wardress on duty, who accompanied me, left us and went her way. "They also stated that you sold your beautiful Indian jewellery in order to finance your activities in Germany," pursued Frau S.

"It is true," replied I. "But why speak of it on the wireless? Any sincere National Socialist would do as much, I hope. However, if the little they said about me, and especially the little they broadcasted of my speech in Court, has contributed to make even one extra German feel proud of his natural Aryan nobility; if it has made even one realise, more vividly than before, what a great thing Adolf Hitler has done for Germany in making her the conscious stronghold of reborn Aryandom, then I am happy; then I don't mind sitting here three years — or ten, at that — without seeing a tree . . ."

But as I uttered these words, the fleeting picture of bright green fields full of violets, daisies and buttercups; of fruit trees covered with blossoms — the glory of Spring —

rushed back to my memory like a vision of lost paradise, and tears filled my eyes. Yet I still meant all I said.

“Without seeing a tree!” repeated I after a short pause, during which the fleeting vision had forced itself upon my mind, more alluring than ever. “Oh, how beautiful the trees were, in their springly garb, on the day before yesterday, — my last day of liberty! How beautiful were the bushes and the fields full of flowers, along the great *Reichsautobahn* . . . and how lovely the pure sky, and the sunshine, the divine sunshine! . . . I took a last glance at all that and the heavy doors closed upon me. But it does not matter. It is my place, here, among my persecuted comrades — among those who loved our Führer to the end. And if, even from here, indirectly — through the comments of our enemies upon my case — I have been, at least once more, of some use, well, I am glad.”

Frau S. gazed at me earnestly. “I should not tell you this,” said she, lowering her voice, “but I shall, all the same. And you must believe me, for I speak the truth. Beyond those heavy doors that closed on you, every faithful German, every true and worthy German, respects you and loves you.”

Had I just been told that the world was now mine, I would not have felt more intensely moved. “My Führer’s people,” whispered I, as the tears I tried in vain to hold back ran down my cheeks; “the men of iron, whom he so loved. They!”

In a flash, I evoked my first unforgettable glimpse of the martyred land ten months before: the ruins of Hamburg, the ruins of Brem, of all the towns I had seen on that night of the 15th of June 1948. I recalled the words two humble railway men had then addressed me — instead of denouncing me to the police — when they caught me

distributing my first handwritten leaflets: “We thank you, in the name of all Germany,” words I would remember as long as I lived; words of the working élite of pure blood, erect and dignified amidst the most appalling material desolation. I had seen more of that élite, since then; I had admired it. I knew, now, that no force in the world could kill it; I knew that it would always be there for me to continue to live for — I, who in the despair of 1945, had declared to someone, in India, my desire to “turn my back on mankind, forever.” And lo, a responsible woman and a German was telling me that, in the heart of that superhuman suffering élite I now had a place . . .

“No glory,” replied I to Frau S.; “no broad-scale international honours, absolutely nothing in the world could touch me more than that which you have just said. Tell those faithful Germans of whom you speak, that I am aware of the sacred link that binds me to them, forever and ever. Tell them that I too, love them.”

“I shall,” said the *Oberwachtmeisterin*.

And she added, in a very low voice: “Among them are people whom I know personally; people who once held important posts in the Party — in which I was too. But promise me you shall never say a word of all this to anyone, not to Frau Oberin, not to any of the wardresses, however much ‘in order’ they be; not even to your friend H. E. Can you really keep it secret?”

“I promise I shall,” said I.

“I’ll come and see you again tomorrow morning,” said Frau S. “*Auf wiedersehen!*”

“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

CHAPTER VII

HUMILIATION

The next day, the 8th of April, in the afternoon, I was transferred to cell No. 92, in the B wing.

My trunk, my attaché case, all my things, had been put away into the common cloakroom where the belongings of all the prisoners were kept. But Frau Oberin had allowed me to have my manuscripts, and a few books: H. R. Hall's *Ancient History of the Near East*; a book about the *Mythology of Ancient Britain*; Dr. Herbert Gowen's *History of Japan*; two books of Mongolian history, and one about the *Art and Civilisation of Ancient America*, — apart, of course, from my precious English translation of the Bhagavad-Gita.

I loved those books. They reflected my lifelong interest in the history of all civilisations; they represented something of that stock of information out of which I had drawn, for years, picturesque illustrations in support of our philosophy. I was grateful to Frau Oberin for allowing me to keep them; more grateful to her still for allowing me to keep my manuscripts and to continue writing. I was grateful to the *Oberwachtmeisterin*, too, for her silent and sympathetic collaboration.

I put my manuscripts into my table drawer. I hid the Führer's portrait in the cover of the *Mythology of Ancient Britain*, and *Das Programm der N.S.D.A.P.* (which I had also managed to keep with me, for references) between the illustrated pages of the *Art and Civilisation of Ancient America*. I then disposed the books upon two of the shelves of my new cupboard —

much smaller than the one I had in cell 121 — and lay upon my bed, less in order to rest (for I was neither sick nor tired) than in order to reflect.

I could not make out why I had been transferred here instead of to the D Wing, where were the cells of all my real comrades. Had they put me in this cell only for the time being? Or was I never to go to the D Wing at all? And again, why?

Once, and once only — on the morning following my return to Werl, before the Governor had come — I had been sent down to spend my “free hour” with those of the D Wing, who had welcomed me with joy. I had had the honour of walking around the courtyard by the side of Frau R. — formerly holder of a responsible post in the management of the Ravensbrück concentration camp, now a so-called “war criminal” sentenced to lifelong imprisonment by our enemies, — and of hearing her address me as a friend. And I had had the pleasure of telling her: “Don’t believe you will stay here all your life! Oh, no! I was but yesterday still in touch with the outer world, and I can assure you that things are changing. An implacable justice will one day fasten its grip on these people and avenge you, avenge us all, and bring us back to power, this time on a world-wide scale, — although I do not know myself how.” And the woman, nearly four years captive, had smiled to me and answered: “I wish you are right. Oh, how I wish it! One always hopes.” But time had come for us to go back to our cells, and we had parted. And then, the Governor had come, as I have already related. And I had had no further contact with my comrades — save of course with H. E. who, as usual, came every morning to my cell, collected whatever tea, white bread, porridge or other food I had for her, greeted me with a sincere: “Heil Hitler!” whenever we were

alone (or when Frau So-and-so or any other of the wardresses who were “in order” happened to be on duty) and departed, always in a hurry. I had, morning and afternoon, been sent out with the ordinary delinquents, thieves, black-marketeers, abortionists and so forth. And, goodness, how dull these were! They talked about practically nothing but food . . . and men — trivialities.

While I was in No. 121, I had been given a plant in a flowerpot — a pretty plant, with peculiarly tinted leaves, green on one side and violet on the other, or dark red on one side and pink on the other. I had admired it for five minutes and then, I had watered it regularly and kept it as well as I could. But I had been too completely absorbed in other thoughts to pay much attention to it. Now, I remembered the beautiful and harmless living thing, and regretted that I had not bothered to take it with me. For the first time, I missed it. For the first time, I pondered over the loveliness of its shiny coloured leaves. To my own surprise, the idea that nobody would water it, this evening, brought tears into my eyes and a feeling of guilt into my heart. “Poor plant!” thought I, “I must tell one of the wardresses (or Frau Oberin herself, if I see her) that I want it.” But accustomed as I was to be sincere with myself, I could not help wondering whether I would have given it a thought, had I been in a cell of the D wing, next to some woman whom I could love and admire and with whom I could expect to talk, during the “free hour”, about the excellence of National Socialism, the crimes of the Democracies, and that irresistible revenge that I was — and am still — so intensely longing for.

My evening meal was brought to me, as usual. The wardress on duty was one of those whom I liked the most, one of those who were “in order.” I told her about the

plant. "Of course you shall have it back," said she, most amiably; "you shall have it, perhaps not at once, — for Frau R. is now very busy supervising the distribution of bread and "coffee" — but certainly tomorrow morning. I am glad to see you love your plant. I have already noticed how it has grown, since the day it was given to you."

"Could I also ask you," said I, "why they put me here instead of in the D wing?" "I don't know myself," replied the kind wardress; "It baffles me, too, believe me; for your place is there, with the political prisoners not here, with this lot. But I have heard that you were put here by order of the Governor . . ."

"But why?" exclaimed I; "why? Does the Governor imagine he is going to 'de-Nazify' me by separating me from my comrades, or what? If that is why he did it, dear me, what a fool he must be! For I have remained for years — by force of circumstances — out of touch with people of our faith, compelled to hear nothing but the damned 'humanitarian' propaganda of our enemies, wherever I went. Did that 'reform' me? No fear! It would have made me even more of a Nazi than ever, if that had been possible."

"You are right," agreed the wardress. "We all know this is just nonsense. No one can 'reform' a responsible man or woman who knows what he or she wants. But what can we do? We have no say in the matter — nor has Frau R. nor Frau Oberin herself. We have lost the war and our country is occupied. We are all as powerless as you — all in bondage. The representatives of the Occupying Powers do what they like here, as everywhere else in Germany."

"I know," answered I, bitterly, all my hatred for the

Allied Occupation filling my heart, along with that consciousness of the uselessness of effort, which is the most painful feeling of all. "I know. Oh, for how long, for how long more?"

"Nobody can tell."

I would have willingly continued the conversation. But Frau X. had no time. "Your supper will get cold. And I have also to take back the container," said she, after a short pause, for the sake of putting an end to our talk. I emptied the large round aluminium vessel, of American make, in which the food had been brought to me; as usual, I put by whatever I could for H. E., and ate the rest.

When the wardress came back, she told me that it was the turn of the prisoners of the B wing to go to the recreation room (where every separate batch of us was allowed to spend two hours every week or so). And she added, — as one's presence there was not compulsory — : "Would you care to go too? Just to see how you like it? I know it is no company for you. But it can be an experience for you. Take it in that light, as I can't send you to the recreation room with the D wing, however much I would like to do so."

Her kindness and consideration touched me all the more that I knew that she was "in order," and that she understood, as only one of us could, how painful this separation from my comrades was to me. I thanked her.

"I shall go," said I, making up my mind. "Even if these are not political prisoners, they are at least German women, most of them. And among them, I dare say there are some good elements; perhaps even . . ."

"Don't you go and try to indoctrinate them," interrupted Frau X., forestalling in me a very natural propensity.

“You never know whom you are speaking to, in that lot. Be careful!”

I said I would be. Yet, I could not help hoping that, even among those women I would find some who, whatever might have been their weaknesses, had retained enough German pride to look back to the National Socialist régime with nostalgia, and, along with me, a foreigner, — along with us — to yearn for its resurrection; some whom, in course of time, I might trust.

* * *

I walked out into the corridor. Some prisoners were already there; others were coming out of their cells. The wardress was opening the doors, one after the other. I had, suddenly, the most vivid impression of being in a sort of “zoo,” of which the keeper was now letting the inmates out for a while. I had noticed how wild beasts do not rush out of their cages as soon as the iron bars are lifted but how, strange as this might seem, they slowly walk out, as though they knew that the freedom offered to them is only relative, and temporary — hardly worth mentioning. The imprisoned women did the same; even after the wardress had flung the doors wide open, they did not appear in a hurry to come out. They came forth slowly, and pulled behind them the iron bars that shut their cells from outside; or they loitered inside for a minute or two, putting away the utensils in which they had eaten their supper, adjusting a comb in their hair, or seeking a pocket handkerchief. They knew that it was not liberty that they were going to enjoy, but just two hours’ relaxation in the recreation room of the prison. And I was an animal in the “zoo” no less than any of them; only, perhaps, a little wilder and prouder animal than most of them — a Bengal tigress, straight from the jungle.

One of the two cells next to mine — that both bore upon their doors a Z. (standing for *Zuchthaus*, i.e., penal servitude) in the place of my G. (*Gefängnis*, i.e., imprisonment) — was not opened. “She does not come out?” enquired I, referring to the inmate of the closed cell, towards which I pointed.

“No,” answered one of the prisoners in the corridor; “she is punished; she’s got a fortnight’s ‘*Hausarrest*’.”

“What for?” asked I, casually, — not really interested, but trying to be courteous.

“For standing half-dressed against her window and dropping love letters to the men, when they come to work in the courtyard.”

The prisoner walked along with me, in the direction of the recreation room. “A silly woman,” she pursued, commenting upon the behaviour of the one who was confined to her cell. “I know it must be hard to be shut in for two weeks, and to work on nothing but dry bread and water. But she asked for it. I would not do what she did. Would you?”

The question was enough to stir me out of the polite indifference with which I had, hitherto, listened to the pathetic story. “*!?* I should think not!” exclaimed I, shocked at the very idea of someone addressing me such mad words as a matter of course. And I added, hardly able to conceal my contempt for all manner of sentimental affairs: “I have never written a love letter in my life. I always had better things to live for.”

“You are ‘new’ here, I think,” said the prisoner, changing topics, as we entered the recreation room together.

“Yes. I was sentenced on Tuesday — three days ago,” replied I. “But I have remained over six weeks ‘on

remand' before that. I was then in No. 121, in the C wing."

"And may I ask you what you are here for?" the woman ventured to say, somewhat shyly, as though she feared being indiscreet.

"For Nazi propaganda," answered I, simply.

The woman gazed at me with mingled surprise and admiration. "Oh," commented she, "that is something honourable, — something laudable. For what have we gained with these swine and their Democracy? Nothing but misery. You see, me: I was not a bad woman; not a jailbird by any means; I had never stolen a pin. But now life has become so hard, so impossible! Out of sheer need, I took fifty marks and an old pair of shoes from a neighbour who was none the poorer for that but who went and reported me none the less. I was caught, and got a year's imprisonment. That would never have happened to me in the Hitler days. We had everything we required, then; and plenty to eat for our children. You were right to fight those Allied bastards. I only wish they had never got you. It is a pity. How long did they give you?"

"Three years."

I suddenly recalled Hildegard X. . . ., my companion in the dark damp cell in which I had been put on the night of my arrest. She had spoken in the same spirit, using nearly the same words. Was the loyalty of the German masses to their Saviour, to such an extent, the mere expression of an unflinching gratitude of the stomach? Perhaps, thought I, although the admission saddened me a little. But I reflected: "And why not? . . . Germans are animals, in fact, like the rest of men; animals first and then Aryans; and National Socialists — Aryans fully aware of their God-ordained superiority — last of all. It is natural. Only a few among them, and incredibly

fewer still among other Aryan people, are National Socialists first and last, supporters of our Ideology solely because it is true, independently of their own comfort or discomfort. And it would be foolish on my part to expect to find representatives of that free and steadfast minority among these women." All I could do was to wish for the continuation, nay for the increase of material hardships as long as Germany remained occupied, and even after that as long as my friends did not come back to power, bringing order and prosperity with them. Then, the régime would be more solidly established than ever.

I sat down on a bench by the first of the two tables that occupied the room, thinking of this, and firmly determined to exploit the grievances of that woman whom need had led to theft, and to induce her to look upon the return of our régime as *her* only possible salvation and *her* sole hope. But I had not the opportunity of doing so: the woman went and sat at the other table, and started playing dominoes with two prisoners who seemed to be waiting for her there. And other women surrounded me.

A short, darkish, middle aged woman, condemned, I knew not for what offence, to long years of penal servitude, sat just opposite me. I remembered her face for having seen her clean my cell several times, and I knew her name for having heard the wardresses call her. "How is it that they put you with us instead of in the D wing," said she, addressing me as soon as the wardress had closed the door, after the last prisoner had come in. "And did they give you a black jacket? You should have a dark blue one. All the 'politicals' have dark blue jackets."

"And we, who have been sentenced to penal servitude

have brown ones, and those sentenced to mere imprisonment for nonpolitical offences, black ones,” explained her neighbour on the right hand; while her neighbour on the left hand (who wore a black jacket) said to me: “You should complain to Frau Oberin, and ask her to put you in the D wing.”

It was, the first time that I heard that different colours characterised, in Werl, different categories of female prisoners. I had never seen H. E.’s jacket for the simple reason that she hardly ever wore it — and had not yet worn it on her morning visits to my cell. And I now felt utterly humiliated at the idea of being made to wear a black jacket, like the ordinary criminals, I who had believed, up till then, that I was dressed entirely like H. E. and my other beloved comrades. My heart sunk within my breast; and I could have wept. But I pulled myself together. “I wish I could,” said I, answering the suggestion of that prisoner who had advised me to speak to Frau Oberin; “but I don’t think it would be of any use: somebody told me that I am separated from the other ‘politicals’ by order of the Governor.”

“That makes things a little more difficult,” remarked the woman. And another one added, nearly immediately: “But why should the Governor take such a step against you?”

“I am sure I don’t know,” said I. In reality, I was wondering whether he had suspected that, while still on remand, I had, through H. E., been distributing a few copies of my posters among the so-called “war criminals.” (I had, in fact, also distributed some to certain members of the staff, but of that the Governor could not possibly have any knowledge, for their things were never searched.) Then, I reflected that, had any search revealed the presence of papers of mine in cells of the D wing, my friend

H. E. would have told me so. “No,” thought I; “the reasons for my banishment to the B wing must be more subtle: sheer fright that I would keep our spirit alive in the D wing — or perhaps, that I might hear, from my D wing comrades, too many instances of British and Allied atrocities.” But I said nothing.

“In whatever wing they care to put you,” declared the dark-haired woman seated opposite me, “I respect you. You have defended your faith, and done no harm to anybody. I have no time for politics, but still I say: if those people who have come here to give us lessons in toleration really believe in ‘individual freedom’, as they pretend to, why can’t they recognise *you* the right to be a Nazi, and to express your convictions publicly if you feel you should?”

“Quite!” exclaimed I, glad to find a sympathiser with some regard for consistency. “And why don’t they recognise that right to us all? Why are so many of my German comrades in captivity since 1945, for the sole crime of having done their duty? Of course the Democrats are hypocrites. Don’t ask them to be just, — or even logical. Hatred and not logic has been the motive of their behaviour towards Germany, since and even before 1939. Well, let them reap hatred! Let them suffer a hundredfold what they have done to the élite of the Aryan race, and perish wholesale! They deserve it.”

A young woman seated on my right, was listening to me with interest — although obviously not with sympathy. So were two or three others, among whom was a coarse-looking blonde, seated at the other end of the table.

“It may be that *you* have done no harm to anyone,” said the former, giving me a suspicious look. “But you can’t come and tell us that your German pals have done

‘nothing but their duty’ as you say. We know them too well.”

“Hear! hear!” shouted the latter — the coarse-looking blonde — before I had time to put in a word. “And you would not look upon them as ‘the élite of the Aryan race’ if you had spent four years in Ravensbrück as I have. It is all very easy to come and stick up for Nazism when you don’t even know what it is . . .”

I felt my blood rush to my head, as though someone had given me a slap. However, I controlled myself. “Excuse me,” said I, in a cold, biting voice, “although I am not a German, I undoubtedly know more about Nazism than you do. I don’t fight for what I don’t know, like the monkeys who compose the majority of mankind, even in most Aryan countries. But that is not all: you seem to think it was the fault of the régime if you were in Ravensbrück. May I ask you whose fault it is now, if . . .”

I wanted to say: “. . . if you are again ‘inside’ — for you are surely not guilty of sticking up posters against the Occupation, as I am.” But the prisoner on my right, — the one who had spoken before the fair-haired woman — interrupted me. “It is no use picking quarrels,” said she. Every one has the right to hold the views he or she likes — even to be a Nazi. What I don’t admit — what I never will admit — is that one should arrogate to one’s self the right to behave in a beastly manner, as so many Nazis have . . .”

It was my turn to interrupt her: “As if we had the monopoly of ‘beastly behaviour’ as you call it!” I burst out. “Yes, now, since the disaster of 1945, the whole world speaks about nothing but our real or supposed atrocities. Don’t I remember the wireless in London spouting out the vilest calumnies against us, in shops,

in restaurants, wherever I went, on my arrival from India in 1946, — during the infamous Nuremberg trial! Don't I remember that culmination of a long-drawn campaign of lies! And what about the crimes of the anti-Nazis, before and especially since 1945? What about the atrocities of those 'fighters for the rights of man', damned hypocritical swine, the lot of them? What about their air raids upon Germany, to speak of something you all know: two hundred thousand civilians killed in Hamburg in one hellish night; twenty-two thousand in a small place like Düren, on the 16th of November, 1944; over thirty thousand in Koblenz on the 22nd of the same month; nearly half a million in Dresden on the 13th February, 1945, and so forth . . . Tell me: if that is not 'bestly behaviour', what is?"

There was silence. Even the woman formerly interned in Ravensbrück did not dare answer me, for fear of what the others might say. I felt that I had practically won the discussion, with that precise reference to the phosphorus horror that these women had all undergone. More so: I felt that I would win as many discussions as I liked in Germany, with *that* argument in support of my thesis; that the Allied bombers, quite definitely (although quite unwillingly) had given grist to my propaganda mill for the rest of my life.

"And if you say that this was an unavoidable calamity of total war, and can in a way be understood, if not, of course, excused," pursued I, with increased assurance; "if it is not bestly enough to condemn these bastards, what about the less well-known but no less real horrors of the anti-Nazi concentration camps, after the war, and up to this day, not only under the Russians but here in western Germany also? What about the treatment inflicted upon innocent men and women, all these years, in

places like Schwarzenborn and Darmstadt, for no other reason that they were National Socialists? I know some who have died, in these and other camps of horror, tortured mostly by Jews, under Allied supervision; I know one in Koblenz, — one of the finest characters I have ever met — who is dying, after three and a half years of martyrdom; who was beaten, starved, made to lie, shivering with fever, in a freezing cold cell. And there are thousands of others whose health has been, ruined forever. Is that not 'bestial behaviour' on the part of the Democrats, who pretend to give us 'lessons'? Their lessons! Their 're-education' schemes and what not! They are not fit to give 'lessons' to the wild man eating tribes of Africa (if there still be any), let alone to us, their superiors; to us who at least are not liars."

Several of my hearers were now inclined to take my side. But the coarse-looking blonde and two or three others (who, like her, I was afterwards told, had spent some time in concentration camps during the great days) and the woman on my right, remained decidedly prejudiced against me. They gave me glances of undisguised enmity. The woman on my right spoke. "That's all very well," said she, turning to me; "we know you people are not liars; we know it too well, in fact. We know to what extremes of brutality you can go, in action and not merely in speech; for I am sorry to tell you that the Allied atrocities, during and after the war, revolting as they might be, do not excuse those of your precious pals. Mind you, I do not speak of you, personally; you are a foreigner; you have admired the National Socialist ideology for years; you have identified yourself with it; and you have the courage to come and support it the best way you can, here, in the land of its birth, after the war, when the whole world is against it. That is one thing.

Behaving as your pals did is another. You were not here, then, and you don't know what went on in their concentration camps. We were in them; we had friends in them; we know. You seem to be hurt because you are not given a cell in the D wing. You think it is an honour to be there. I tell you, you don't know those of the D wing; you have no idea of the things they did . . ."

My heart started beating faster, as though I felt the woman would say something that I could not possibly hear without flying at her. Already she had said too much. Even more still, perhaps, than her verdict upon my comrades, her hasty reservations as regards *me*; her confidence that I was *surely* more "humane" than they, irritated me as an insult in disguise, — all the worse if it was intended to be a compliment. What was there in me that made her feel so cocksure about it at first sight?

"What did they do, which I would not have done — or which you *believe* I would not have done?" asked I, speaking slowly, in a tone of provocation. "I don't mean, of course, those who worked for money, or out of fear, being themselves internees promoted to certain minor posts when the camps were understaffed; I speak of the genuine ones — my equals and my superiors!"

"The genuine ones?" replied the woman. "All right; you shall know. Take for example that one who works in the infirmary . . ."

My heart beat still a little faster: the prisoner was referring to my beloved H. E. As though to make it quite clear to me, a woman who had been silent up till then called out: "You mean E., don't you, not the other one?" (For two so-called "war criminals" worked in the infirmary.)

"Naturally, I mean E.," said the speaker. (In Werl, the prisoners were all called by their surnames, save by

their close friends.) “She is ‘genuine’ enough, isn’t she? Well, you might or might not know that she was three years a member of the staff in Auschwitz; and next to the head of the camp, mind you; no mere wardress. I was not there myself, but somebody who was there six years, and who is now here, told me that she saw that woman, one day that she had lost her temper, flog a wounded prisoner until the poor thing was bleeding from top to toe, and then pull off her bandages, flesh and all. She saw it herself, she told me. She said that had anyone reported it to her, she would not have believed it.”

I did not believe it. I knew from the start that it was another of those innumerable lies that I was condemned to hear until my comrades would come back to power, one day, and silence the slanderers once and for all. I knew it was a lie, not because the alleged action was gruesome; but because it was a pointless, a useless action; not because I thought my dear friend H. E. incapable of murderous violence — on the contrary, I sincerely hoped she was capable of it, if necessary — but because I believed her to be too thoroughly and too intelligently National Socialist to allow herself to be guided by anything else but considerations of impersonal expediency.

“Another time,” said I, sarcastically, “you should cook up a cleverer story than this one, if you wish to impress people who have heard as many lies as I have.”

“But it is not a story; it is true,” insisted the woman; “true, and horrible enough!”

“Well,” said I, “let us put it another way. Let me tell you that, if that person whom you mention had killed her alleged victim, and cut her up in bits, and eaten the bits with mustard sauce, still I could not care less. Are you satisfied, now?”

The woman got up, and left the table. So did two or three others, among them the coarse-looking blonde.

“You should be careful about what you say, here in the recreation room,” said one of the remaining prisoners. “Things get repeated, and work their way to the Governor’s ears. Especially that woman whom you just spoke to, you don’t know what a nasty type she is. Fortunately she is going away the day after tomorrow or so. She has finished her term.”

“What is she here for?” I ventured to ask.

“Abortion,” answered the other prisoner. “She was, formerly, in some camp for the same offence. So were those two who looked at you in such a way and got up. The third one was in too, but for selling on the black market, during the war. And I was told that she is half Jewish, although she does not look it.”

“No, a quarter only,” put in another woman, who joined the conversation. “I know: one who knows her has told me; it is her grandmother, who was a Jewess, not her mother.”

“It is just the same.” replied I, with obvious contempt for such subtle discriminations.

“Quite right!” remarked the woman who had spoken first. Then, after a while, taking me aside, she said: “You know, I understand you. I too . . .” She probably wanted to say: “I too, am a National Socialist.”

I looked at her, a little sceptical, and then thought: “Who knows? Perhaps she speaks the truth?”

“Do you really mean it?” I asked the woman.

But before she had time to answer me, the door was opened; the wardress on duty appeared at the threshold. We were taken back to our cells.

* * *

I lay upon my bed, but did not go to sleep for a long time. I thought of these women with whom I had spent two hours; of the discussion I had had with them; of those who were against me, and of those who seemed sympathetic. But even the sympathetic ones were lukewarm; I felt that the great cause for which I lived exclusively was only the second or third concern in their lives, if that. Even that last one who had spoken to me somehow did not seem to me to be genuine . . . “Oh,” thought I, “if only I were in the D wing, with my comrades!”

I thought of the last afternoon H. E. and H. B. had spent in my cell; I recalled all that they had told me of the atrocious treatment inflicted by the Allied Military Police, in 1945, upon them and especially upon the S.S. men in charge of the Belsen camp — men whom I imagined handsome and strong; fearless, disinterested; absolutely devoted to our Führer and to our cause; Nazis like myself, and a hundred times better than myself. And I recalled the words I had spoken from the depth of my heart, in answer to that evocation of horror: “‘They’ have thrown you to the Jews. May I, one day, be given the power and the opportunity to throw ‘them’ to torturers of Mongolian blood!” Then, I suddenly remembered that the next day — the 9th of April — was the day on which the irresistible Mongol, Kaidu, had crushed the coalesced forces of Christendom at the battle of Leignitz, in 1241, exactly 708 years before. “The Aryan race was then united (more or less) in the Christian faith,” thought I; “But now, pretending to champion the obsolete Christian values, the whole West has consented to become the tool of the Jews, and to fight and persecute us, the sole upholders of the eternal values of Aryandom. What if, when the Mongols come again, we were on their side — for the sake of expediency?” It might seem

— and perhaps it was — a mad thought. But after all why not? I would not be worse than allying ourselves with the judaised plutocracies of the West, as I had once told Mr. Stocks.

I remembered the half-historical half-philosophical book I had begun, a year before: *The Lightning and the Sun*. I had not written a word of it since December, 1948. Now, I sat at my table, pulled the manuscript out of the drawer and, (for once, instead of writing my *Gold in the Furnace*) continued the Chapter 4, about the birth of Genghis Khan.

The wardress on duty — who was “in order” and who liked me — kindly left the light on in my cell till eleven o’clock.

* * *

Days passed. My new cell, much narrower than the first one (it was not wide enough for me to stretch out both my arms completely, from one wall to the other) presented at least the advantage of having one transparent windowpane, through which I could see the sky. Like the first one, only facing the south instead of the west, it looked over the inner courtyard around which the prisoners used to walk, two by two, during their “free hour.” The D wing used to go out with a part of the A wing; the rest of the A wing used to join the B wing; and the C wing — the most numerous, for many of the larger cells there used to accommodate three prisoners instead of one — went out alone.

Standing upon my table, my face against the one transparent windowpane, I gazed at my comrades of the D wing during their free time. I gazed at them as an exile gazes at the hills and fields of home, across the forbidden frontier; or as a young girl, forced to become a

nun, gazes from behind the windows of the cloister at the forbidden world in which she has left her heart. And I idealised them. There was naturally an abyss between them and the other prisoners, the proper delinquents of all descriptions. And my ardent imagination broadened it. Most of the D wing prisoners were innocent women made to suffer for the mere fact of having held responsible posts in the coercive machinery of the Third Reich. Some, like H. E. were sincere, selfless idealists, real National Socialists. Not being given the opportunity to know who was who, I looked upon them all as real National Socialists. And my love transfigured them. Tears dropped from my eyes as I watched them walk around and around the courtyard in their dark blue jackets. To be with them appeared to me nearly as good as being free — even better, in a way; for not only would I have contributed to keep up the Nazi morale among them, but I probably would have heard, from them, more facts damaging to our enemies than from most free Germans; and I could have collected these in a special book. (That was, indeed, thought I, what the Governor feared.)

H. E. who nearly always walked by the side of the same lovely blonde, sometimes looked up to my window. I then stretched out my arm and saluted her. On her daily morning visits, she used to tell me to be patient. Perhaps things would change, with time. Already the whole D wing was protesting to Frau Oberin against the decision that had thrown me among the ordinary criminals. And I used to put my arms around her neck and rest my head upon her shoulder and tell her: “At least, I have *you*, five minutes a day — you, who represent so much in my eyes; and I have my book, which I am writing. It is something, you know that they did not

destroy *that!* A true miracle.” And I often added: “I wish I could read to you, in Chapter 6, all that which I wrote about your last days in Belsen, from what you told me yourself.”

H. E. promised me she would try to come one Sunday afternoon, when Frau So-and-so would be on duty.

As for my own daily free time in the courtyard, it was dull, to say the least; and often depressing. So much so that, had it not been for the sake of walking in the sunshine a few minutes, and breathing a little fresh air, I would never have left my cell at all — or I would have gone out once or twice a week at the most. The company of my own thoughts, of my remembrances, of my few books, was more pleasant to me than that of the great number of the ordinary delinquents who, as I have said already, spoke about nothing but trifles, or gossiped about one another, and seemed incapable of holding an interesting conversation more than once. And yet, I had something to learn from them. In those dreary walks around the courtyard, twice a day, in company of the coarsest and commonest elements of Germany, I learnt how to discern many good qualities under the layer of selfishness, callousness and vulgarity that life — and more specially postwar life — had set over them. Among them were good-looking, healthy and strong women, who would have remained or become useful mothers, had the National Socialist régime lasted; had the wretched conditions created in Germany by defeat, not forced them into an unnatural life. “My Führer would understand and forgive their weaknesses,” thought I; “He would love them in spite of all, for they are daughters of his people, and they have suffered.” And I loved them too, — save, of course, those who, having already taken to criminal life during the great days, had brought punishment

upon themselves, then, and who bitterly hated our régime. Still, I could not help resenting my banishment from the D wing.

I would have liked to talk to the woman who had last spoken to me so sympathetically in the recreation room. Somehow, she did not seem keen to be with me during the “free hour.” She took her place in the row, always by the side of the same other prisoner, and merely greeted me occasionally in the corridor with a “Guten Tag!” which I returned. The first question put to me by practically every woman with whom I walked around was the same: “What sort of food do you get, you who are a ‘Britisher’?” It was natural, for they were all hungry; and they also all had complaints about the poor quality of their food, no less than about its quantity. H. E. whose diet was exactly the same as theirs, and whom I could trust to speak the truth, had told me that they all were “fed like pigs” — or rather worse, since pigs are generally given *enough* to eat, if not more than enough.

I felt ashamed to mention my white bread, porridge and orange jam, as I could not give them any. But the women seemed to know all about it — probably from the prisoners who used to help the wardresses on duty in distributing the food. I spoke of my midday meals, which were as tasteless as anything, being composed of potatoes and other vegetables (nearly always cabbage and carrots) merely boiled. The women showed a certain surprise at such austerity: “But we thought you British subjects were given meat with your vegetables,” said they.

“I never eat meat,” replied I: “never ate any, in fact. And I would not eat vegetables mixed with gravy. I told the Governor, when I came.”

To my great satisfaction, I had not to put up with the endless silly “why?”s and “wherefore?”s that the

mere mention of my abhorrence of animal flesh used to, provoke, as a rule, even among “intellectuals” — perhaps especially among “intellectuals” — of democratic upbringing. These simple women, brought up in the rigid discipline of our régime, were far less interfering, far more tolerant, far more liberal than most upholders of “individual freedom” that I have met. Not one even tried to force unto me the man-centred moral outlook which she might have had herself. The only comment that one of them once made was: “I know two other people who, like you, never eat meat. And they both have your views, too.”

But the women often asked me what I did with my extra white bread: “I give it to Sister Maria, for the sick ones,” I used to answer, concealing, out of tactfulness, the fact that I preferred to give my white bread to H. E. and to my genuine comrades of the D wing. One of the prisoners to whom I had once thus spoken, burst out, with undisguised resentment: “Sister Maria? I’d bet you anything that she eats it herself — or shares it with her darlings! The sick ones don’t see the colour of it, I tell you.”

“What makes you think that?” asked I, trying to look only casually interested. “And first, whom do you mean by ‘her darlings’?”

“Whom I mean? Why, those two who work, at the Infirmary, of course; the E., woman, especially, — she is the favourite of all the staff, from the Oberin downwards, and Sister Maria’s more than anyone else’s; and Frau So-and-so’s, naturally. And not she alone: all the ‘war criminals’ are. They seem to think them wonderful; while they treat us, ordinary delinquents, like dogs.”

It was painful to me to detect in this woman — as I had in many others — that bitter hostility towards the so-called

“war criminals.” “Jealousy, no doubt,” thought I, “nothing but jealousy.” And I did not reply. The woman did not like my silence. She understood that, in my heart, I took the side of my comrades. “And you too, seem to think them wonderful probably because they have your views — or because you think they have,” she pursued; “well, you can go and report what I said, if it pleases you; I don’t care!”

“I am a fighter, not an informer,” replied I with pride; “I would, no doubt, denounce a person if it were my duty — that is to say, if *we* were in power, and if the matter were serious; but now, and for trifles like this? No; I have better things to do.”

Other women would tell me, during the “free hour,” all that was going on in the prison. “You know, that one in that corner cell up there; stout, with brown, wavy hair; Emma, they call her . . .”

“Well, what about her?”

“She has again caught eight days of ‘Hausarrest’. And that dark Polish woman with short frizzy hair, also.”

“Why?”

“For dropping love letters to the men and for answering rudely to Frau Erste, (the matron). The Pole is always getting caught for writing love letters. She also calls out obscene words in her language, when men cross the courtyard, for there are plenty of Poles among them. She is mad on men.”

I was not vaguely interested. I used to answer something — make some anodyne remark — simply for the sake of courtesy.

But once one of those who seemed to know the life history of nearly every inmate of the “Frauen Haus,” took to talking to me about another Pole, or so-called so.

“You have never met that one,” said she “for she is in the A wing. But all the ‘old’ ones, like myself, know her, for she has been here a long time. Formerly, she spent six years in Auschwitz for doing I don’t know what against the Hitler Government . . .”

“Six years in Auschwitz,” thought I; “why, she must be the one whose statement was reported to me in the recreation roost; the one who slandered my Friend H. E. . . .”

I *was* interested, this time; and very much so. “What about her?” asked I, preparing to listen with all my attention.

“Well,” replied the prisoner, “she can’t bear men: she likes women. And you’d never guess what she did last year, at Christmas time, when we are a little freer than usually . . .”

“What?” enquired I.

“Well, there was then another one who also liked women, (she is out, now.) So they managed to get together and . . .”

The woman described to me, in full detail, one of the filthiest perverted sexual performances of which I have ever heard — something too disgusting to be written in black on white. “And they were caught,” she added; “and dear me what a row it made! . . .”

“The female should never have come out of Auschwitz,” said I, with a feeling of nausea. “One who can do such a dirty thing as that, for ‘pleasure’ does not deserve to live!” And after a pause, I could not help adding: “Indeed, it is refreshing to hear that such a bitch has worked against us. I always said: those anti-Nazis are the scum of the earth!”

“One has to agree that many are,” replied the woman. However, they are not *all* like this Pole.

“Perhaps. But one could not find a single such depraved specimen among us,” said I with genuine pride. “No sexually debased man or woman, no unclean person of any description, can be a National Socialist. Of that, I am absolutely sure.”

I could not help being impressed by the enormous proportion of Poles and Czechs imprisoned at Werl for theft, complicity in theft or burglary, black-marketeering, and . . . abortion. The greatest number of German women with whom I came in contact during the “free hour” were also there for abortion. Every time they thought it was possible . . . they tried to lessen their guilt in my eyes, and sometimes, they succeeded in doing so. “It is not our fault; it is the fault of those swine,” one told me, speaking of the Allied occupants. “In 1945, in 1946, even in 1947, it was terrible, out here. There was nothing to eat. Our girls used to go with those brutes for a slice of bread — or a packet of cigarettes, that bought much more. And not for their own stomachs, most of the time, but for the sake of their starving families. They often became pregnant, and then called us to ‘help’ them . . .”

I thought of those fine German girls who had been healthy and happy Hitler-maidens a few years before . . . And tears filled my eyes. “Avenge that unutterable misery, and avenge that shame, invisible Lord!” I prayed within my heart, looking to the cloudless sky. And, turning once more to the woman, I said: “You are right; it *is* the fault of those swine; and still more the fault of those who brought about the downfall of National Socialism: the fault of the traitors, here in Germany; of the Jews and of the slaves of the Jews, all over the world.”

“But things are changing,” the woman pursued;

“and the Allies are the first ones to find it out, whether they like it or not. Those very men we lay with for a packet of cigarettes in '45, we would not touch with a pair of tongs, now that we are no longer starving. Every their officers we loathe. We want our own men.”

“You are quite right,” said I, sincerely wishing that she spoke the truth.

“I myself don't approve of abortion,” continued the prisoner, coming back to her first topic. “I might be guilty of it, but I know it is not right. But on the other hand, what is one to do with so many children in times like this? And they come, sometimes, whatever people do to avoid them. What do you say?”

It was difficult to express what I thought — not because I had strange views on the subject (I had, on the contrary, exactly the same views as any other National Socialist) but because I had not the slightest experience of the problems, of the difficulties, of the daily conflicts of what is supposed to be “life”; because, in fact, I had never had a personal life nor even desired to have one, and could not, therefore, buttress my views with arguments as convincing as those another person would have used. I felt that, whatever I said would remain abstract; would sound like a party catechism, although it would not *be* just that. However, this could not be helped. And I spoke. “On principle, I strongly condemn abortion save when it aims at getting rid of the undesirable product of some shameful union,” said I. And I explained: “By ‘shameful union’ I mean the union of a man and woman of different races, or of whom one at least is a sick person or a weakling. In practice, of course,” — I added — “if abortion were carried on among the inferior races, it would not matter much (although I would prefer to limit their numbers by

other means). But it is surely a crime to destroy a potential child of pure Aryan blood; to refuse a place in the world to a soul that the heavenly Powers had deemed worthy to take birth amidst the highest form of humanity. I know that, as you say, times are hard. And I know that this Allied Government will do nothing to make them less so; nor will the puppet so-called German Government that will, sooner or later, take its place. But the real national Government that will come back, one day, will help the healthy families of pure blood, just as it did in the past.”

“Yes,” said the woman. “And I wish to goodness that it comes back as quickly as possible. But what are we to do in the meantime?”

“Struggle in silence; hope and wait,” replied I. “What else *can* one do?”

The woman had already asked me, another day, if I had any children, and I had told her that I had none. She now looked at me sceptically, as though to say: “It is all very easy in theory. But I would like to hear what you would say if *you* had a family of seven, and were expecting the eighth, and had nothing to give them to eat,” (which was, she had told me, the case of one of the women whom in her euphemistic language she had actually “helped”).

And we talked of something else.

Other women would tell me about their private affairs, — their husbands, their children, their lovers, their neighbours and their mothers-in-law. One, who had accompanied me several times during the “free hour” was a woman of twenty-six who had already three children from her husband and who was expecting a fourth one from another man. “He has left me for another woman,” she one day told me; “so what could I

do? I found this man, who is much nicer than he was, and who will marry me, when I get out of this place; he will take the children too, he says. (They are now at my mother's.) And he writes to me; and such loving letters!"

I was bored. But I was thinking to myself: "Twenty-six, now, in 1949. So she must have been sixteen at the outbreak of the war; and ten in 1933. She must remember . . . I wonder what the great days meant to her; what they mean to her now . . ." And turning to my companion I said: "I sincerely wish you every happiness with the man you love. Personally, all I want is to see the Hitler days come back; more so: all I want is to see the Führer's spirit rule not only Germany, but the world, forever and ever . . ." And I imagined myself coming back, one day, to a new National Socialist Germany, a resurrected Germany, who would open her arms to me. And I was happy in anticipation, and smiled.

But the woman had not listened to my last words. "The Hitler days," said she, with utmost naturalness: "and who does not want *them* to come back? I do for one. We were all so happy, then. We had plenty to eat. And although we worked hard, we worked in joy. And we had plenty of fun, too. I remember my months of compulsory labour — the best time in my life. There was a camp of youngsters not far from the place we were. And we used to meet them whenever we could. You have no idea what lovely, handsome young men they were! There were three, especially, who liked me; and . . ."

"It is always the same," thought I, thrilled for the millionth time at the evocation of that tremendous collective labour effort in the midst of songs and merriment, and yet a little depressed; "it is always the same: speaking

of the great days, nine people out of ten tell me: 'They were splendid because, then, we enjoyed ourselves', while only one says: 'They were splendid because, then, we were building a new world, founded upon health and truth'. Oh, how I wish all my Führer's people; how I wish all the Aryan race could feel as that one! But I suppose the new spirit cannot permeate them all in a day. Great changes in depth take time." And turning to the pretty young woman who walked by my side, I told her: "One day, the revenge will come, and then, days even more glorious than those you witnessed. For the Führer is alive." And as I said that, I imagined, travelling through radiant space in which there are no barriers, subtle, silent waves, preparing, slowly and surely, in the realm of the invisible, by which all things visible are conditioned, the return of our beloved Hitler.

But the young woman said simply: "Of course, he is alive."

"How do *you* know it?" asked I, genuinely surprised at the unhesitating naturalness of her remark. "Who told you?"

She answered, equally surprised at my question: "Why, everybody knows it!"

We continued to walk around the courtyard, and for a while, we did not speak. Above us, around us, all over Germany, all over the world, the subtle waves were patiently continuing their unseen play; preparing "the Day for freedom and for bread" in their unexpected manner, with mathematical accuracy.

But the "free hour" was over. We stood in two rows, and, beginning at one end, each one of us called out: one, two, etc., — the number of her place — a formality that we went through each time, so that the two

wardresses who accompanied us might know that none of us was missing. While this was going on, I heard the young woman who had walked by my side call to another one who stood not far from us in the row behind mine: "Irmchen, eh, Irmchen! Don't forget to come to the recreation room this evening. I'll show you the letter my Fritz has written to me!"

* * *

I did not go to the recreation room. Instead, I continued writing Chapter 8 of my *Gold in the Furnace*, which I had just begun.

Before she went home, Frau Oberin came to any cell. She often came. And I was always glad to see her. Although she had never yet said a word from which I could infer that she was in sympathy with my views, she had managed to gain my confidence. I felt I could tell her practically anything I liked. She would never do any harm to me or to any one of us.

"Your cell is rather small," said she, that evening, after she had returned my greeting. "As soon as there is a larger one available, I shall put you there." And she asked me in a most friendly manner: "You are not too unhappy here, anyhow?"

"I suppose I should not be, since I can write, thanks to your kindness," said I. "Still . . ."

"Still what?" enquired Frau Oberin.

I put forth the grievance I had in vain tried to conceal several days. "Oh, do put me in the D wing!" exclaimed I; "Do! You don't know how depressing the contact with this lot of prisoners is to me, at times! I have nothing to say against them, but I cannot talk to them as I would to those of the D wing."

"You would like to have the pleasure of indoctrinating

the D wing ones, wouldn't you?" said Frau Oberin with a mischievous smile.

"I hope they do not *need* indoctrinating," replied I unhesitatingly. "I hope indeed they are as good National Socialists as myself. I would just like to enjoy some interesting talks, if I am to talk at all. If not . . ."

"Listen," said Frau Oberin, kindly interrupting me, "nobody, I believe, understands you, here, better than I do, and nobody is more willing than I am to make your life tolerable. I would give you a cell in the D wing straightaway, if only I could. But *I* don't give orders, here, as you have perhaps already guessed. I have to consult the German head of the prison, who is also the Public Prosecutor, in whatever I do. And above him is the British Governor . . . It is the latter himself who has expressly forbidden us to allow you to have any contact with the so-called 'war criminals'." And she tried to make me understand that, technically, I was not in the same category as they. "You see" she explained "you are a proper political prisoner, while these women are here for having inflicted ill-treatment upon internees in concentration camps or for having been found guilty of such similar offences as are now classified as 'crimes against humanity'. You have never done things of that nature."

"Only because I never had an opportunity," replied I. (And from the intonation of my voice, it was — I hope — evident that I meant every word I said.) "Crimes against humanity," I repeated, full of contempt for the hypocrisy this expression reveals on the part of those who coined it; "only when we Nazis do them are acts of violence thus labelled. When the Democrats do them, in the interest of the Jews, they are acts of justice!"

“You always seem to forget that we have lost the war,” said Frau Oberin, with sudden sadness, and bitter irony. She talked to me as though I were a German. And in fact, I myself often forgot that I am not one.

“But again, why does the Governor insist that I should be separated from my comrades?” asked I, coming back to the point. “What difference does it make if they and I did not do exactly the same things? We all worked for the same cause.”

“You idealise the D wing ones,” said Frau Oberin.

“They are not all ardent National Socialists as you seem to think. Some never had any politics at all, and just obeyed orders — any orders — just because they were in service.”

“Whatever they be,” replied I, “they are victims of this hated Democracy; victims of our enemies. They have suffered for the cause I love — even those, if any, who do not love it as much as I do; even those who, at the time, might have been indifferent to it. Therefore I love them. Oh, do put me with them! How will the Governor find out? I could remain here, in this cell, so that he would see me here when he inspects the place on Friday mornings; and I could, if you allowed me, spend my ‘Free hour’ with the D wing ones and go to the recreation room with them. Why not? Put yourself in my place!”

“I do put myself in your place,” said Frau Oberin softly and sadly. “I have already told you, nobody here understands you better than I do. Still: don’t insist, for you only make my position more painful to me. I cannot do what you ask me, however much I would like to. Things of that sort always leak out. I would lose my job and not get another. And I cannot afford to risk that: life is already too difficult for us all. But I shall

do all I can to make your life here less dull. I was, for instance, thinking of asking the Governor to allow you to give the other prisoners, now and, then, a lecture about your travels in India and other places. I am sure they would all enjoy it. Perhaps it could be arranged. Today, I have come to tell you of one prisoner who is a little less coarse than most of the others and who, having heard of your academic qualifications, is keen on meeting you.”

“Who is she?”

“A Polish woman. I might as well tell you at once she is definitely anti-Nazi, as most Poles are. But she is somewhat cultured. There are plenty of subjects about which one can talk with her. She speaks both French and English, apart from German and, of course, her own language. Would you care to meet her? I would at least make a diversion for you.”

“I did not come to Germany to meet Polish women and to talk French and English,” thought I. Yet, something told me I had perhaps better accept Frau Oberin’s suggestion. Who could tell? The Polish woman might, indirectly, prove useful, in one way or another. So I accepted. And Frau Oberin left me with a kind word.

The next morning, the *Oberwachtmeisterin* ushered the woman into my cell. “I hope you will be friends,” said she, smiling. But she was far too perspicacious not to know all the time that we could never be friends. There was irony in her words and greater irony still in her smile. Apparently, she knew me better than, hitherto, Frau Oberin did.

I generally used to leave the Führer’s portrait upon my table from six o’clock in the evening — the time all the cells were definitely shut for the night — to the time I woke up and got ready, the following morning. However,

on *that* morning, I had somehow forgotten to hide it. It was there like a visible, living presence. And it was too late to hide it now. Moreover, why hide it, Frau S., — whom I was beginning to love more and more — had already seen it several times in its hiding place, and did not seem to object to it in the least. (She had told me of the beautiful large one that she had herself, in her house, during the great days, and that she had burnt, out of fear, “when the Americans had come.”) The wardress on duty, a very amiable blonde, one hundred percent “in order,” did not object either. The Polish woman probably objected. But it was all the same to me whether she did or not.

She was moderately tall, thin, red-haired, neither good-looking nor downright plain. As soon as the door was shut, she sat down and introduced herself. She was a real Pole, she told me — not a Jewess. She had remained in Germany after the end of the war, afraid to go home, she said, on account of the Communists whom she did not like. And she had been sentenced to three years’ imprisonment for black marketeering. She admitted she had done wrong, but half-excused herself by saying that times were so hard that it was very difficult to live honestly. Anyhow, her time had now come to be sent back to Poland, and she was in a fix as to what she was to do. She did not like being in Werl. The food, especially, did not agree with her. But even so, to remain there would be better than to get caught by the Communists and to be packed off to some concentration camp The mere mention of Communism seemed to scare her out of her wits. And the more I listened to her talk, the more I despised her, for I had been told that she was anti-Nazi. I detest anti-Nazis of any description; but I despise those who are at the same time anti-Communists.

Such people have no sense of reality, or they simply do not know what they want.

“I believe there are many Poles who, like you, hate Communism,” said I.

The woman, who had come knowing what I am (she told me so herself a little later) thought she had found, between herself and me, a ground of agreement. “Not ‘many’ but *all* real Poles hate Communism especially now that they suffered under it,” said she; “*All*, I honestly tell you,” she insisted, “save a handful of traitors who profit by it. And these are mostly Jews.”

My contempt for her reached its limit — for I find inconsistency sickening. “And why didn’t those real Poles join us, during the war, if they are as thoroughly as you say against the Reds?” asked I, sarcastically. “If my memory does not fail me, the Führer had once proposed them an alliance, which they were foolish enough to refuse, preferring a pact with England — who, incidentally, let them down. Or is it that they woke up too late in the day, when the Reds, — who by then had become England’s ‘gallant allies’ — were already there? Many people seem to wake up late in the day, also outside Poland.”

The woman could not have felt too comfortable between Hitler’s portrait, on the table by my side, and the lashing of my merciless tongue. As for myself, I suddenly had the impression that this sort of conversation could well take place in some police office of occupied Europe, under our resurrected New Order, — provided my comrades would, then, have the good idea of using me in the repression services; and provided, too, that I, once in service, had still a little time to waste. (“And why should they not employ me, then, after all?” though I in a flash. “I am sincere, radical, incorruptible — reliable —

and would enjoy such work. I also know a few languages. I might lack a little diplomacy; but diplomacy will be of less importance, perhaps, when we are once more the masters of the situation.”) And it seemed to me that this interview with a Polish anti-Nazi, now in the dark days, in a prison cell where there was a portrait of the Führer, had perhaps a prophetic meaning.

But the woman answered the few truths I had told her in the manner one would expect: “No,” said she, “it is not that. We do not want the Communists surely. But we do not want you either. By ‘you’,” she added. “I mean the Germans. You have identified yourself with Nazism so completely that I am sure you will find it natural. To us, Nazism means Germany.”

“To me it means that, no doubt, and a lot more,” replied I.

“What more?”

“To me, National Socialism on a world-wide scale means the survival and the rule of the purest Aryan elements; the royalty of better mankind,” said I. “Listen: Democracy — the capitalist economy, along with the parliamentary system with its many parties, its universal suffrage, its electoral campaigns, and all the bribery and corruption, all the dirty unseen bargaining that goes with it, — is definitely doomed. Cry over it if you like. You can do nothing to give it back its lost credit, and its lost potentialities (admitting that it ever had any). You speak like a dreamer when you say you want neither the Communists nor us. My dear lady, who cares what you want — or what I want, in fact? Or what the Poles or the Russians or the Germans want? Whatever the whole world might *want*, it can only *have* one of two things: Communism, or National Socialism; either our sole real enemies, — or us. Remark that I do not say: either Russian

domination or German domination. For Communism is not Russia; it is Jewry; it aims, ultimately, at the rule of the unseen Jew over a more and more bastardized world. And if National Socialism *is* Germany (which, in one way, undoubtedly it is) it is also more — otherwise, hundreds of intelligent non-Germans would not have gladly suffered for it in England, in France, in India, everywhere; otherwise a Frenchman whom I know would not have been shot shouting: ‘Heil Hitler!’, and I would not be here. As I said, National Socialism is Aryandom, of which Germany is, no doubt, today, the vanguard, but which, nevertheless, exceeds Germany. National Socialism means the rule of the best men of Aryan blood wherever there are Aryans and, outside the pale of Aryandom, the rule of the noblest non-Aryan races of the world, each one in its place, and of the best men of each race, each within their own race. The whole world is now before the same alternative as Germany was in 1933. It has to choose: disintegration and death, with the Marxists; or resurrection and life, with us. There is no third alternative; no other possible choice.”

“As far as I am concerned, I can see no difference worth mentioning between you people and the Communists,” said the Polish woman. “You both use the same horrible methods. You are both equally brutal, equally cruel.”

“We are ruthless, but not cruel,” rectified I, interrupting her.

“Well, put it as you like, it is all the same in my eyes,” concluded she, rather impatiently. “You both consider man merely as a means to an end and think nothing of taking human lives. I have suffered through both of you and I hate both your systems.”

“It makes no difference,” replied I. “One of the two

conflicting systems will prevail in the end — and I hope it will be ours; democratic capitalism — the milder form of Jewish rule — is dying anyhow. And I am afraid that those who, like you, hate both us and our bitterest enemies, will sooner or later have to put up with something that they hate. It is bad luck. But it cannot be helped. As for man he has, if not always been *considered* as ‘merely a means to an end’, at least always been used as such, from the dawn of history onwards, even by those who pretend to give him a so-called ‘dignity’ and ‘equal rights’ whatever be his racial level and personal value. Only the ends for which he is used differ. The ends of the Communists are, openly, ‘individual happiness’ for the greatest number of human beings, and, in fact, the rule of the Jew. Our ends are, openly and in fact, the maximum all-round development of the naturally noblest races — first of all of the Aryan — and their rule, condition of a better world in which all living creatures should enjoy rights, according to their natural status.”

The woman stopped sewing for a while (she had brought her work with her). She looked at me intently and said: “At least, you are sincere. And I respect you for that.”

“Every man or woman who has remained a Nazi in 1945 and throughout the atrocious following years, is sincere,” replied I. “While every professed Communist is not; and still less every professed Christian. That is an encouraging fact.”

“Surely you do not believe in Christianity?” said the woman.

“I? I should think not! Only self-deluded people can imagine they can be Nazis and Christians at the same time. I look upon the Christian superstition (as some Roman emperors have called it) as another trick of the

Jews to enslave the Aryan soul. Moreover, both its man-centred attitude and its other-worldliness repel me, — and would still repel me if none of the early promoters of the religion had been Jews.”

“You are sincere, and logical,” remarked the Polish woman, after hearing this declaration.

“I hope so,” said I.

“And what do you think about the next world?”

“I have not the foggiest idea about it,” replied I. “If there is anything beyond death, I shall see soon enough when I get there.”

“And you don’t mind not knowing?” she asked me.

I found the question childish. “Whether I ‘mind’ or not, replied I, with a condescending smile, “I *do not* know; I have no means of knowing.”

The woman gazed at me, astonished perhaps at the fact that I looked so happy in spite of ‘not knowing’ what would happen to me one day when I would die. She remained silent for a while and then said: “I am a Catholic. And now that I meet you after meeting so many of your kind in quite different circumstances, — nay, after having seen my poor son in their hands — I am more than ever convinced that, without the humanising influence of religion, man easily becomes a monster, if given a chance. Your mysticism of the élite will not help him. It only makes him worse. You mentioned yourself, a while ago, the rights of ‘all living beings’. How can you speak of such a thing when you don’t even acknowledge the right of all men to live?”

I repeated before that woman what I had said hundreds of thousands of times, all my life: “I cannot love all men, including the dregs of humanity, including the dangerous people, including those who, without being

positively dangerous, hate all that I love. While I do love all the animals of the world. All are beautiful and innocent. The only living things I would get rid of (apart from dangerous people) are fleas and bugs — parasites. For one has to defend one's self. As for the religion that tells me to respect the life of a dangerous man while it omits to forbid me to eat meat, I find it absurd. And the civilisation that condemns my comrades for 'war crimes' while it accepts vivisection as a matter of course, deserves wholesale destruction."

"You don't eat meat?" asked the woman.

"No; never did. I am logical, — you have rightly said so."

"You are, I admit," replied she; "now, children are as innocent as animals. Don't you like children?"

"On principle, yes." said I; "and first of all, naturally, the healthy children of my own Aryan race, of which I am proud. Then, all the healthy children of the earth, to the extent these are not likely to become a danger to ours, when they grow up."

"I have seen men of those whom you admire, of those whom you call your comrades, and love, drive before them whole families of terrorised Jews, children and old people as well as others. What harm had those children done? What harm could they do, if allowed to live?"

"They were potential parasites," said I, calmly. And I added, after a pause: "The men of whom you speak, those men whom I admire and love indeed to the extent they were genuine National Socialists aware of what they were doing and doing it in the proper spirit, did not hate the Jewish children. Dispassionately and according to orders, they did their utmost for the defence of threatened Aryan mankind. I would have done the same in their place."

And as I spoke thus, I suddenly remembered myself standing in the kitchen of my Calcutta home, one morning, in glorious '40, listening to my fifteen year-old Indian servant tell me: "Memsahib, I too admire your Führer. He is fighting to replace in the West the Bible by the Bhagavad-Gita: a grownup boy who reads English was saying so just now at the fish market." The illiterate lad of the Tropics had probably forgotten long ago those words that I was to remember forever and to quote many times, so accurate were they, in spirit at least. And now I thought once more: "Violence, whenever necessary — not nonviolence at any cost — but dispassionate, detached, absolutely selfless violence, applied 'for the sole welfare of the universe', yes, that ideal of action, preached in the immemorial Bhagavad-Gita, is also what *we* preach today; what we represent, in glaring contrast to Christian hypocrisy. And it is precisely that for which the degenerate world hates us."

But the Polish woman was no votary of the oldest Aryan philosophy. "Well," said she, answering my last remarks about the uprooted Jews, "that may be; but you don't know how all this seems monstrous to me. I came to meet you knowing what you are — Frau Oberin had told me. But you surpass what I had expected — expected from a non-German, especially. Without imagining that your National Socialism remained on the philosophical plane, I had never realised that you could be so ruthlessly radical, — as bad as any of the others. Everything in your outlook repels me; everything in your words wounds me. And," — she then pointed to the Führer's portrait upon my table, after having, hitherto, as much as she could, avoided looking at it, — "the sight of that man's face in your cell; the knowledge that he is there, even if I choose to look the other way; the knowledge that he is

your idol, like, alas, so many other people's, and that you are prepared to commit any crime, yourself, if you think it can forward his ends, that wounds me still more. For I hate him! And I do wish he is really dead!"

My blood rushed to my head. Had I been anywhere else than in a prison cell, I would have opened the door and shouted to the woman: "Get out!" — and doubtless kicked her over the stairs. But I was in a cell. The door could not be opened — nor the window. I tried to contain myself, and retorted as calmly as I could: "And *I* wish that everyone who hates him would see the death of whomsoever he or she loves — which is worse than dying."

The woman's face took on a pitiful expression. "I have lost my only child through your people," said she, in a low voice, her eyes fixed upon me with even more sorrow than resentment; "I cannot lose more. And I am not even sure whether he is dead or alive. I don't know where he is."

"Perhaps in the hands of the 'gallant allies' of those who waged war on Germany to 'save' Poland," said I, ironically. "If so, pray that they do not treat him a little worse than we might have." The woman's professed hatred for our Führer rang painfully within my heart, and I could not resist the propensity of hitting back over and over again.

"Oh," replied she, tired, "it is all the same. It could not be worse. In the camp where we were first taken, during the war, I have seen with my own eyes your S.S. men slap and kick my son, then a mere lad . . . But do please let us speak of something else!"

I could have — and perhaps should have — dropped the topic. There was no point in further hurting that woman, even if what I had to tell her were the mere truth,

as doubtless it was. But I was myself too hurt to refrain from striking back a third time. “If your son had not deserved it, he would not have been in a concentration camp,” said I, coldly; “nobody was in one for nothing.”

There was a long silence. The Polish woman was probably thinking about her lost son. I, still in a bitter mood, was thinking: “I wish to goodness this woman would not come back! It is bad enough to be in prison, and there, separated from my comrades, without being, in addition, pestered with anti-Nazis!”

* * *

The woman did not come back. But she left me a few issues of *Life*, one of which contained a long extract from Winston Churchill’s *War Memoirs*. In it, the British ex-Premier tried his best to explain that the Führer’s orders to stop the rush of the German armoured divisions to Dunkirk — the orders that resulted in “clearing the way for the British Army,” — were taken on the initiative of General Runstedt, and inspired by anything but the desire to show generosity to England as I had somewhere stated in the third chapter of my *Gold in the Furnace*. He buttressed his deductions, — he said — upon the “actual diary of General Runstedt’s Headquarters, written at the time.” But as I read that, I suddenly recalled what Miss Taylor had told me of the privileges granted by the British authorities to the so-called “war criminal” General Runstedt, in particular, his leave from prison *on parole*. And I also recalled Colonel Vickers’ statement to me, on Wednesday morning, the 6th of April, 1949: “Political prisoners are the last people to whom we grant special privileges . . . save in the case they *write for us or do some secret work for us, in one way or another*” (sic). I could not help . . . “putting two and two together”

and wondering whether General Runstedt's alleged "diary," supposed to be "written at the time," were not just another piece of "secret work" in the interest of the British thesis about the events, written in confinement *after* the war — "secret work" of the kind Colonel Vickers had had in mind on that morning of the 6th of April. That would no doubt justify all sorts of privileges (if what Miss Taylor had told me were true), thought I, without wishing to be unnecessarily malignant, or even suspicious. And I added a footnote to the page in my Chapter 3 in which I had mentioned Dunkirk.

In another issue of the same magazine, I found an account of the disgraceful manner in which the American Police had recently forced Walter Giesecking, the great German pianist, to leave the U.S.A. on account of his allegiance to National Socialism. Public demonstrations, headed, as could be expected, by Jews, had taken place in front of the hall in which he was to play. And the authorities had abruptly postponed the musical performance until an "investigation into his case" would give satisfactory assurances as to the artist's "de-Nazification" — which, of course, might have taken a month or more. In answer to which, Herr Giesecking had departed from the U.S.A. by the first plane, utterly disgusted with American behaviour. "And rightly so," thought I; "for all this fuss, now, nearly four years after the end of the war, in a country alleged to have fought for "individual liberties," "human rights," and what not, is enough to make one sick! From the very point of view of those who boast of democratic liberalism, had not the German artist every right to be a Nazi, if such were his convictions?" And for the millionth time, I pondered over the irreducible inconsistency of the Democrats' position: in accordance with their loudly professed principles, these people simply

have to acknowledge our right to free self-expression and free propaganda — but if they do so, in practice, they run the risk of being overpowered by us in no time. So they prefer not to do so. But then, they become obvious liars and buffoons — “*des fumistes*,” as the French say, in their picturesque slang. They win themselves the contempt of many moderately intelligent honest people, and become the laughingstock of all those who, honest or not, have wits, and a slight sense of the ridiculous.

The next morning, when my friend H. E. came to take her daily tea, bread and porridge, I told her about the Polish woman that Frau Oberin had sent to keep me company. “At least, she has been useful in letting me have those magazines,” said I, after relating how I had utilised the passage from Churchill’s *War Memoirs* in my book. “But dear me, how she hates us! All because her blinking son, it seems, was a little roughly handled by the S.S. men, in some concentration camp during the war. Well, she could not expect them to caress him, could she? I told her that he would not have been in a concentration camp if he had not deserved it, and that it served him right. I could not help it. She had asked for it, by the way she had spoken against the Führer. And moreover, it is true. I know it is.”

H. E.’s large eyes brightened. She gave me an enthusiastic smile. “You really told her *that!*” she exclaimed.

“Certainly. I would not tell you I had, if I had not.”

“Then, I thank you for doing so; oh, you don’t know how much I thank you — on my own behalf, and on behalf of all of us who have been slandered and reviled for the last four years. I am grateful to you for having had the courage to speak the truth and for having justified

us all so-called 'war criminals'. Since the disaster, we are always wrong; we are murderers and murderesses; torturers and what not; 'inhuman monsters'. And they never take the trouble to say what scum of the earth was to be found among the internees of our concentration camps, — people of whom three quarters are again locked up, now, under the Democratic Occupation, in spite of the fact that we 'monsters' are no longer in power."

"Don't I know it?" exclaimed I, "Don't I know it? One only has to see who are most of the women among whom *I* am thrown, here in this prison, by orders of the persecutor (I mean the British Governor) instead of being allowed to have a cell in the D wing, among you whom I love. I went once to the recreation room, and do not intend to go again — fortunately, attendance there is not compulsory. I would not go out during the 'free hour' either, were it not for the fresh air. Anyhow, one service the Governor has rendered me — without meaning to: he has put me in a position to tell everybody, when I am again free, what sort of people formed the bulk of the 'victims of National Socialism' in the former German concentration camps. Already during my one visit to the recreation room, I have met enough specimens of these to be able to assert that all that my friends ever told me in that connection was just the truth. And by the way, excuse me for having completely forgotten to tell you before — I was told that some woman imprisoned here; and formerly interned in Auschwitz for six years, has grossly slandered you." And I reported to her the whole gruesome story I had heard about the alleged wounded internee; and I stated how I had silenced the woman who had related it to me.

H. E. laughed, and patted me on the shoulder. "You

have a fine reply to everything!" said she, jovially. "But you did not believe the story? — Or did you?"

"Of course I did not," exclaimed I. "I found the action too pointless to sound real. The tale appeared to me as unlikely and as silly as the other samples of anti-Nazi propaganda that have been inflicted upon me for the last ten or fifteen years. The more anti-Nazi the sillier, seems to be their law of existence."

"I am glad you did not believe it, said H. E. "For it is a fact that I have never done such a thing. But would you like to know — out of sheer curiosity — who the woman is, who spreads such rumours against me? . . . For I am, sure it is she."

"She is a Pole — I suppose. During the 'free hour', I heard of some Pole who also spent six years in Auschwitz and who is, it seems, *entre nous*, an homosexual of the lowest type. It occurred to me that it must be the same one."

"It is the same one, exactly," said H. E. "I know her. While I was in service at Auschwitz (where I was three years, as I told you) I myself tattooed upon her right arm the number that indicates that she was not condemned to death. But she is not a Pole — anyone could see that. She is a Jewess from Poland, and a despicable type. She was given six years in Auschwitz, for working against us. Then, once in the camp, she sucked up to us, and pushed herself forwards as much as she could. She can speak a couple of languages and has a certain ability. So we gave her a certain amount of power over other internees, that she might help to keep order among them. She abused her power and behaved as cruelly as she could towards her comrades, imagining perhaps that that would make us forget her activities against our régime, which surely it did not. We interfered many

times and severely reprimanded her. And we willingly would have done without her services but for the fact that, as I once told you, our camps were badly understaffed, especially during the war. But we put up with her. When she fell — with us — into the hands of these people, after the war, she tried her best to throw the blame of her gratuitous atrocities upon us, saying that she had done this and that ‘under orders’, when it was not true. She slandered me, and would have got me a death sentence, had she been able to; she slandered others of us who had been in service at Auschwitz. She violently hates every sincere Nazi. Yet, in spite of that, her friends the Democrats gave her fifteen years’ imprisonment, as to myself.”

“All this does not astonish me at all,” replied I. “It is the Jew all over — the cowardly, cringing Jew, full of spite, hate and cruelty and base selfishness. But tell me another thing: It was related to me that this woman was the centre of interest here in Werl, last year at Christmas time, on account of some unnatural and particularly repulsive sexual performance of hers, in the midst of which she was caught; one of the most disgusting things I have ever heard . . . Is that true?”

“Absolutely true,” said H. E. “Fräulein B. can tell you. She knows all about it. Ask her, if you don’t believe me. She will not mind telling you, I am sure.” (Fräulein B. was one of the wardresses.)

“And what does that Jewish woman look like?” asked I, coming back to the ex-internee in Auschwitz.

“She is middle-aged and of moderate height, with black hair that she wears in curls; she has small black eyes, a crooked nose, a typically Jewish face. You will not see her here, for she is in the A wing — unless you meet her in the bathroom.” (We used to bathe,

twenty-four of us at the time, standing under a double row of douches, on Friday mornings, before the Governor's visit; and prisoners from different wings often found themselves together on that occasion.) "I have seen her myself in the bathroom"; added H. E., "she has hanging breasts, no waist, and a fat, prominent belly — anything but attractive!"

For a minute, I pictured myself the mean, cruel, perverted and ugly creature, crawling to my comrades, who despised her, to save her skin, in our days of power; then, slandering them before the Allied military authorities; charging them with all sorts of 'crimes', now they could no longer hit back; and, whenever she could, gratifying the depraved instincts of her flabby body in the dirty manner I had been told . . . The thought of her was surely enough to make one feel sick.

"Her place was in the gas chamber," said I, summing up in a sentence my whole impression about the female; "and it is a pity you did not put her there."

H. E. agreed. "Right you are!" exclaimed she. "And she is not the only one, unfortunately. Many others like her — and worse — should have been put there but were not. We were too lenient."

"Alas, I have said that from the beginning."

H. E. half opened the door (that she had pulled behind her) to make sure that nobody was listening. Then, coming nearer to me: "But wait and see what happens next time, when we rise again after all that we suffered," said she in a low voice. "Oh, then! I know a few who will not escape!"

I gazed at her, and I recalled the mental agony, the despair I had myself gone through in and after 1945; and the ruins of Germany; and the long-drawn day to day martyrdom of the Aryan élite whom I admired. "Then,"

said I, my eyes sparkling, “call me! Wherever I be in the wide world, I shall come. And give me a chance to play a part in the repression of the dark forces. I will help to avenge you — to avenge Germany!”

We parted with the usual “Heil Hitler!”, feeling that we understood each other perfectly.

* * *

Soon, it was the 20th of April — the greatest day in Western history; the greatest known day in world history. I had asked Frau Oberin whether, only for that once, I could spend my “free hour” with my comrades of the D wing. But she had replied that she could not allow me to, although she wished she could.

I woke up early in the morning, and saw the Führer’s portrait which I had put, the evening before, on the stool by my bed, against the wall. “Today he is exactly sixty”, thought I; “young, compared with those who led the world against him. Oh, may I soon see him in power again! I don’t mind if I die after that.”

I took the likeness and kissed it — as all devotees have kissed the images of their gods, from the dawn of A time. And I held it a while against my breast. “Mein Führer!” murmured I, in a whisper, spontaneously closing my eyes so as to shut myself off from everything, but my inner world of reverence and love. Those two words expressed the lifelong yearning of my whole being. And recalling the solemnity of the day, I imagined a newborn baby who, to all those who saw him, was just another child, but whom the all-knowing Gods, who had sent him into the world, had consecrated as Germany’s future Leader and the Saviour of the Aryan race; the promised divine Man Who comes age after age, “whenever justice is crushed, whenever evil rules

supreme,” and Who saves the world over and over again. It was not the first time I thus pictured to myself the predestined One: at every successive birthday of his, for goodness knows how many years, I had done so. But now, somehow, I was more intimately aware than ever of the mystical link that bound me to him for eternity. I had sought communion with him in one way and obtained it in quite another. Destiny, that had not allowed me to come and greet him at the height of his glory, had sent me to stand by his people in disaster. And again now, while I had planned to make use of my military permit for Austria, and actually to spend his sixtieth birthday in Braunau am Inn, I was spending it here in Werl, imprisoned for the love of him. In all this I saw a heavenly sign. Not only was I sure that we would rise again and one day acclaim his return, but I felt that *I* — the daughter of the outer Aryan world — would contribute in my humble way (though I did not know how) to that great resurrection. And a strange exaltation possessed me.

I washed and dressed. And then, my right arm outstretched in the direction of the rising Sun that I could not see, I sang the Horst Wessel Song, and also the song of the S.S. men:

“If all become unfaithful,
We indeed faithful remain . . .”¹

I knew that it was against the rules to sing in one’s cell. But I knew also that nobody would say a word to me, especially on a day like this.

¹ “Wenn alle untreu werden, so bleiben wir doch true . . .

* * *

When H. E. came, she found me singing. "Our Führer was born exactly sixty years ago," said I, joyously, as I saw her enter. "Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" replied she, "And do you know the news? But promise me you will tell nobody about it — not Frau S., nor Frau Oberin, nor even Frau So-and-so, who is the most reliable of all."

"I shall not tell anybody. What is it?"

"He was seen, now, here in Germany — rushing along at full speed in a beautiful brand-new auto, but still not fast enough for those who love him not to recognise him. One of the men who bring the bread in the mornings has just told me; a so-called 'war criminal', like myself, and as firm in his Nazi faith as any of us."

"And how did he know it?" asked I.

"He has got a message from outside, whether from a visitor or through one of the warders, I could not tell, but he has got it. And this is the message: the Führer is alive, and is here in Germany for some time at least. If it is true, we will soon be free and in power once more."

I shall never forget the joy with which her face radiated as she spoke these words. I was no less moved. I opened my arms to her, and for a minute, we held each other embraced, as we would have in a great moment.

"And shall I tell you something too which you should not repeat without great discrimination?" said I after this first enthusiasm had subsided. "If what you say is true, it is not the first time he comes. I have heard from someone that he was here sometime about the end of 1947, already preparing in secret, with a few chosen ones, the day we are all awaiting. He has afterwards departed, they say."

"Is it so! And you are sure it is true?"

"I don't know. I am only telling you what I was

told. But I know I was told very little — not because our friends ever doubted my sincerity, but because they thought me too stupid, too unpractical, and especially too ignorant of men to discern genuineness in others; because they were afraid that I might easily take a traitor for a real Nazi, and tell him in a moment of enthusiasm things that only the most reliable among us should know. All that I can say for certain is that the Führer is alive and that one day before I die, I shall see him in power. That assurance and that hope sustain me.”

“Our Führer!” said H. E. with that same devotion that I had observed in Herr W. and in all my comrades — that same devotion that I felt in my own heart. And she added, repeating word for word what a humble German working woman, come to clean the railway carriage in which I was, had told me on the morning of the 16th of June 1948: “Nobody has ever loved us as he did!”

“Nobody has ever loved truth and fought for the good of all the living as he did,” said I. “I wish one day the whole world keeps up his birthday. It should.” And we separated, saluting each other as usual.

* * *

When time came for the “free hour” of the D wing, I stood against my window. And not only H. E. but nearly all the others looked up towards me. And many arms went up. And one or two of my comrades even shouted “Heil Hitler!” loud enough for me to hear it from my cell. It seemed as though a wave of enthusiasm, foreshadowing that of the days to come, had lifted them all out of the dreary daily despair of these four years. I cannot say that I had actually caused it, although I had distributed a few copies of my posters (and even one or

two copies of my former more literary leaflets) among them. But I was connected with it. My mere presence in prison for Nazi propaganda acted, apparently, upon the other political prisoners like a sign of hope from the outer world — a sign announcing, soon, a new irresistible outburst of fervour, pride and vitality, dominated by the old battle-cry: “*Deutschland erwache!*”

Hours passed, apparently as usual, filled by work, with short interruptions for meals and free time. There did not seem to be many women in the B wing who felt, as I did, the greatness of the day. And I have seldom experienced such painful loneliness as during the fifteen minutes I spent on that afternoon, walking around the courtyard by the side of a silly young girl who declared to me, when I reminded her of the Führer’s birth, sixty years before, that she was “fed up with war and warmongers” and that “it would have been better if he had never been born at all.” Tears came to my eyes at the thought that a German could speak thus. But the girl was very young, — less than twenty. I attempted to undo in fifteen minutes the effect of four years’ subtle policy of “de-Nazification.” “He is anything but a ‘warmonger’,” said I. “England, or rather Mr. Churchill, that complacent tool of Jewry, waged war on him, so that the Jews might continue to exploit the whole world. Nobody had striven for peace more than the Führer. Even after the war had started, three times he attempted to put an end to it by offering England an honourable peace, and three times England refused.”

But the girl looked up at me insolently and retorted “Naturally *you* say that. You would, being a Nazi! But what do you know about it all, any more than I do?”

I felt it was useless to discuss. “Still,” thought I, “one day, perhaps, the kid will remember my words,

and believe me.” In the meantime, I felt depressed. The girl spoke of something else: “Tomorrow, we are invited to a concert in the men’s section,” she said. “They are having one today, among themselves. The tomorrow’s performance will be for us. It will be nice won’t it?”

I could not help wondering whether the organisers among the men had purposely chosen this day, and whether the prison authorities had noticed the “coincidence.” They had allowed the concert, anyhow.

In the evening, after work was ended, I heard the sound of the Horst Wessel Song, coming from the cell next to mine. “So, some do feel the greatness of this day, even here, in the B wing,” thought I. And I immediately took to singing also. My next door neighbour on the other side — a strong, heavily- built peasant woman, mother of seven children, sentenced to twenty years’ penal servitude for alleged complicity in the murder of her husband (which she emphatically denied) — joined in the chorus. She was the first prisoner to whom I had talked in Werl, on the day after my arrival. She had told me once, with pride, that, during the glorious days, she had been given the “mother’s medal” by the Führer himself, and that she always had supported our régime. I often gave her a slice of white bread or a bun or a spoonful of marmalade.

As the weather was hot, the upper part of the windows had been unfastened in many of the cells, and several prisoners were standing and looking out, or talking to one another across the courtyard. I got up upon the table and looked out also, when I had finished singing. Facing me, on the opposite side of the courtyard, were the windows of half the cells of the D wing. “From one of those, one of the D wing prisoners caught

sight of me, and lifted her arm in greeting. I returned her salute and shouted: "Heil Hitler!" But one of the A wing ones — a coarse woman, sentenced to ten years imprisonment for accidental murder caused through an attempt at abortion — called out to me from behind her bars: "It's Adolf's birthday today, we know. But we have got the same nasty stuff to eat as on any other day, so it's all the same to us. You should give us some of your white bread, instead of shouting 'Heil!'"

I felt depressed and disgusted; — depressed by the feeling that I could indeed do nothing to prove that my love for Hitler's people was *not* just words; disgusted at the coarse familiarity with which this woman called the Leader by his Christian name. *I*, who am not a German, never spoke of him but as "Adolf Hitler" or "der Führer." I got down from my window but was unable to write, or even to read. Once more, I longed for the return of my German comrades to power. And I cursed the Occupation that postponed it — and Colonel Vickers who kept me, in the meantime, away from the D wing, among the ordinary delinquents.

* * *

The next day, at 3 p.m., we were all taken to the concert given in the church of the men's section, at the top floor of the building where Colonel Vickers' office was. We were taken two by two in a row, all those of the same wing together, — and we were made to wear our jackets. The D wing ones walked ahead, leading the whole "Frauen Haus." Frau S., Frau R., the matron, also called in Werl Frau Erste, Frau Oberin herself, her assistant and the wardresses on duty, accompanied us.

From the top of the stairs, as I began to walk down,

I could see my comrades of the D wing in their dark blue jackets, already crossing the threshold that shut our courtyard off the rest of the world. And again I felt the bitterness of being exiled from them, and made to wear, a black jacket as if I were a common thief or black-marketeer. My eyes followed them along the path that led, between the huge prison buildings of the men's section and green lawns, and then between the kitchens and the outer wall and across another courtyard, to the Governor's building, thickly covered with ivy and Virginia creeper.

In the church, where the men, both Germans and Poles, who were to sing and play in the concert, had already taken place upon the benches against the wall, the D wing women sat in front, on the left near the German prisoners most of whom, my friend H. E. was to tell me the next day, were so-called "war criminals" like themselves. The A wing sat behind them, and on the front benches of the right hand side; then the B wing, behind the A wing, and the C wing last of all. I sat on the very left end of a bench, the nearest I possibly could to my beloved comrades, and I gazed sadly at H. E. and at L. M., seated next to her, and at H. B. and the others; smiling regretfully at them as if to say: "How glad I would be to sit with you, if only I could!" But even that place was denied me. Frau Erste asked me to get up and seat myself in the middle of the bench — completely away from the D wing ones. My face crimson with shame, my heart full of resentment, I obeyed. I bore no grudge against Frau Erste; she was only executing the orders of the Governor. I hated the Governor for causing me to be thrust among the abortionists and thieves. And I was all the more humiliated to feel myself sitting in such company, here in front of the men of

whom so many, I knew, were political prisoners like myself.

Throughout the concert, I kept feeling how gladly I would, in my turn, humiliate our enemies, if I were given the slightest power in the repression services of the future, when we rise again. And the truly beautiful music I heard, only served to kindle my excitement in anticipation! That excitement was my only solace against my present bitterness.

As we walked out after the performance, we saw, from a narrow barred window in the staircase, the outer doors of the prison being flung open for a minute to let in a motorcar. We had, from a distance, a glimpse of the outer world with its trees and flowers, with its men and women who went where they liked. One of the women around me, already a year in prison, gazed at the one minute's vision and quickly called the others: "Look!" she shouted; "Look: the street, — freedom!" I shall not forget that cry of the captive as long as I live. As I heard it, I thought of those I loved, separated from the outer world for four times as long as this woman, and that, just for having served our Führer with zeal and efficiency. And my heart ached. As for myself, I would have found prison life tolerable, had I only been allowed to share with them the daily work, the free time, and the two hours' relaxation in the recreation room, once every five or six days or so; had I been given a chance to show them my love, and to be, among them, an example of cheerful faith, — a source of strength; nay, I would have welcomed it, as the most appropriate destiny for me, so long as my National Socialist ideology remained persecuted and my betters captive. But as things stood, imprisonment was worse, for me, than for either my comrades the so-called "war criminals" or the ordinary

delinquents, for each one of these was, at least, amidst her own lot.

Once back into my cell; I wept. Frau Erste, the matron, opened the door to let in the prisoner who was to carry away the aluminium container in which my supper had been brought to me. "What is the matter with you?" she asked me, seeing my face.

"Oh, why, why don't they let me be in the D wing; with my comrades?" I burst out, unable to contain myself any longer, even before the austere matron who was so much of a disciplinarian that some of the ordinary delinquents had nicknamed her "Himmler."

"You are too dangerous," replied she, kindly. "You are a firebrand. If you were allowed there, dear me, the whole D wing would be singing the Horst Wessel Song every day."

Just then, Frau S. entered my cell. "Didn't you like the concert?" asked she, seeing how dejected I looked, and not having heard what I had told the matron.

"I did," replied. I. "But what I bitterly resented was to be made to sit in front of everybody among the abortionists and thieves, as if I were one myself. You don't know how that has hurt me. Why can't I be with my own kind in the D wing?"

Frau S. smiled. "Because the British Governor is afraid of you," said she, with a pinch of irony. And I could not help noticing how pleased she looked to say it — as if the mere fact that an official representative of the Occupying Power could fear anybody, were in itself a good sign.

"Tell him that I shall be as good as gold if I am allowed to live in the D wing," begged I, also with obvious irony.

"Tell him yourself, tomorrow, when he comes,"

said Frau Erste. “If he believes you, and agrees, we don’t mind sending you to the D wing. But until then, we cannot. We don’t give orders, here, now; the Englishman does.” And she departed, having work to do.

Alone with me, Frau S. smiled once more, “Whatever you might tell him, the Governor will not believe you any more than he would us,” commented she. “He is not taking any risks.”

“Which means that I am condemned to stay here, away from my comrades, in practical solitary confinement, until my release,” said I sadly. Then, as I caught sight of my precious, manuscripts upon the table, and remembered how miraculous it was that they were there — and not in the storeroom, with my luggage, or destroyed — I added: “Still, I suppose it could be worse. At least I can write — thanks to you and to Frau Oberin; and that is something. That is perhaps as useful as talking to the D wing ones. And anyhow, I should not complain about my own humiliation, knowing as I do all the humiliations that my Führer’s people have had to put up with since the Capitulation . . .”

Frau S. squeezed my hand and said: “In whatever ‘wing’ you be, here, you are, to us, a living sign of resurrection . . .”

Once more, as on the evening that followed my final return to Werl, I was moved beyond words, and tears filled my eyes. “It is a great comfort to me to hear you say that,” replied. I. “I wish I were indeed such a sign. That is what I have always wanted to be, since the disaster. True, in 1945, I declared emphatically that I only wished to see the whole world laid waste and mankind annihilated. I was then utterly desperate. But as early as 1946, I tried — although in vain — to come to Germany, if only to defy the persecutors of National Socialism

openly, and to die with the people I so admired. (How I remember those horrid days of '46 in London, during the last months of the long-drawn Nuremberg trial!) And see what I wrote and distributed throughout this martyred land in '48, as soon as I was able to come!"

Opening my cupboard, I drew from between the pages of a book a hand-written copy of the text of my leaflets, and, pointing to the beginning of the fourth paragraph, I read: "In the very depth of our present-day humiliation, we should sing our glorious songs, well-knowing that we shall rise and conquer again. We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us; nothing can shatter our faith, nor lessen our loyalty. The hardships, the tortures, the hatred, the cringing lies that would crush the weak, can only strengthen us, who are strong by nature. One day, we shall rise out of this misery, more like gods than ever. The ruins both of Democracy and of Communism will be lying at our feet. The Judeo-Christian world will be dead, we alone alive."

"May I have one of those?" said Frau S., who had read upon the paper, with me, the words which I had uttered with the burning eloquence of conviction.

"Of course. You can have this copy, if you like. 'They' have left me one of the two last printed copies I had, and moreover, I know the text by heart. I can write it again whenever I like."

"But be very careful not to tell *anyone* that you gave me this — not Frau Oberin, nor any of the wardresses," said Frau S. Again she squeezed my hand and departed.

I now felt happy once more — half-resigned to my exile in the B wing. I repeated to myself the words in which I had put all my heart a year before: "In the

depth of our present-day humiliation, we should sing, our glorious songs, well knowing that we shall rise and conquer again . . .”

“And now, Savitri,” thought I, “do, yourself, what you have called upon others to do: love, and resist; hope and wait; and continue to sing our conquering marches in your place of confinement among common criminals! No humiliation can kill in you the joy of defiance.”

CHAPTER VIII**CLANDESTINE CONVERSATIONS**

“Please, don’t keep on asking me to transfer you to the D wing,” said Frau Oberin. “I have told you over and over again: it is not in my power. By repeatedly showing me how much you resent not being there — which I understand so well — you only make me feel wretched. You forget how limited my authority is here. As I told you once already, you forget that we have lost the war.”

“Alas, I don’t forget *that*; I know it only too well,” replied I. “But I can never resign myself to the fact, and look upon the glorious recent years as though they were gone forever and their spirit completely dead — as you seem to.”

Seated in an armchair opposite Frau Oberin, in her office, I was thus talking to her, not as a prisoner to the head of the women’s section of the Werl prison, but as a sincere friend of Germany to a German woman. I used to talk in more or less the same free manner to the whole staff, including “unapproachable” Frau Erste. And nobody seemed to object. (Only with the Governor and his assistant Mr. Watts — with the “occupants” — was I extremely careful.)

But Frau Oberin gazed at me sadly. “None of us look upon the recent past as something dead,” said she in a low voice. “But we have to face facts and live the best we can, now, in awaiting better times. Only so, can we in silence prepare the future. Premature exhibitions

of our feelings are of no use. They would do us more harm than good.”

Her words rang strangely like those which one of my comrades — an exceptionally intelligent man as well as an ardent National Socialist — had addressed me in 1948 on the very day I had come to him with an introduction from abroad. Once more, I wondered to what extent Frau Oberin was one of us. Sometimes I could have sworn she was. Then again, she would say something as though to emphasize her aloofness from all political ideologies. And I did not know what to believe. This time, I felt practically sure she was *in Ordnung*, as we said; so much so that I was going to ask her point-blank: “Don’t you want that beautiful future which the Führer was preparing for Germany and for the world?” But she spoke first, pursuing the trend of her thoughts after a pause. “*You* could have forwarded the cause of National Socialism, now, much more efficiently than by distributing leaflets. The time is not yet ripe for such spectacular demonstrations.”

“Exactly what Herr A. used to tell me!” thought I. And recalling in my mind the bright, energetic face of my beloved comrade, I hoped, for the hundred thousandth time since the day of my arrest, that nothing terrible had happened to him on account of my foolishness. My first impulse would have been to tell Frau Oberin that I had only brought back from abroad those latest posters of mine because I had been unable to bring back something far better, namely some tangible financial help from foreign friends and sympathisers. And I would have stressed that it was surely not my fault if those friends and sympathisers had so badly failed us. But I remembered that I was not to speak of this to anybody, and I said nothing.

“You air your views too openly, even here in jail,” pursued Frau Oberin, “and thus you make it very difficult for me to do anything to help you render your life in the B wing less dull. I had sent you that Polish woman, hoping that she would be, now and then, company for you. But you have bitterly antagonised her. I had told you before hand that she had nothing in common with you, politically. You should have avoided displaying before her the ardour of your convictions. Can you really talk of nothing else but National Socialism?”

“I can talk of many things; I have done so, to you, haven’t I?” replied I, alluding to former half hours in Frau Oberin’s office, during which I had spoken of such things as modern Greek embroidery, Indian customs, the midnight Sun, or the life of Genghis Khan. “But that woman’s inconsistency got on my nerves. She ranted against the Communists with such passion that I asked her why on earth she had not supported us, and she replied that our ‘methods’ are as brutal as theirs. As if the ‘methods’ mattered, when our ends are so different! And as if one could achieve anything quickly without brutality, anyhow! Then, she told me that she hated the Führer. And *that* made me wild. I hit back in biting words. And I am glad if she is sufficiently ‘antagonised’ not to wish to come back to see me. I don’t want her, however cultured she might be. I could never love her. I can never love anybody who hates the Führer and who is the enemy of all that I stand for.”

“I am sorry, said Frau Oberin; “when I sent that woman to you, I did not quite realise yet how extreme you were in your emotions.”

I rose to go away. And I cannot describe exactly what happened then within me. In a flash, I became

aware that this incapacity of mine for being even superficially friendly towards anyone who disliked our philosophy — let alone who hated our Führer — isolated me, in this horrible postwar world, from all but our circles (and, perhaps, one or two kindly, simple women who had no philosophy at all, and no politics). Now, in jail, the company of those of our faith, — of the only ones I loved — was denied me. When freed, I would doubtless be sent back to India, — expelled from Germany at any rate. It would hardly be better. It would be very difficult to remain in constant contact with my comrades, few and far apart. Again, I would be practically alone. “Until when?” thought I. And I burst into tears.

“Indeed I am extreme in my emotions,” said I. “Oh, would to God I could live among people of my own lot, as extreme as myself, to the exclusion of all others! I am sick of the others — of the moderate; of the lukewarm; and above all, of those who would, like to teach *me* to be moderate and ‘many-sided’, and ‘human’ — ‘civilised’ (a polite word for decadent) — which is against my nature. I am sick of this hostile world in which even that relative liberty allowed here in jail to those of my kind, — the liberty to be together — is denied me; will be denied me even when I am released. Talk of the German concentration camps in former days! My goodness, these rascals who are now doing all they can to hold Germany down, have turned all Europe, all the earth, into one immense concentration camp.”

Frau Oberin got up, put her arms around me, and told me gently that I should not cry; that she wished she could do something to please me. She was sincerely sympathetic. I pursued, speaking, this time, of the British, in connection with myself: “They give me

white bread and marmalade and chocolate on Sundays, and what not; and they imagine they are doing me a great favour for which I shall be grateful; and on the other hand, they cut me off from the D wing. The fools! If only they knew how little I care about their precious special diet! I only accepted it with a precise view to give as much as I possibly could of the good things to the D wing ones — and I shall tell them so, one day. I would much prefer being fed on just bread and water, and being allowed to spend my free time with my comrades!”

“You idealise the D wing ones,” said Frau Oberin. “I have already told you: they are not all National Socialists, as you think. And of those who are, very few are as passionately so as yourself. You would find many of your sort — genuine ones — among the men imprisoned here as ‘war criminals’.”

“I do wish I had the joy and honour of meeting *them*,” exclaimed I, although I knew that this was impossible as long as they and I remained in jail. And I wiped away my tears with the back of my hand. “But the women are pretty genuine, if they are all like H. E.” I added. “And even if they are not, still I love them. As I said before, I ‘love them because they are the victims of our enemies.’”

Frau Oberin kissed me like a friend; like a sister. “I don’t want you to be unhappy,” she said. “Next Saturday afternoon — tomorrow — I shall send you two of the so-called ‘war criminals’ to keep you company in your cell.”

I was overwhelmed with astonishment and sudden joy. “How kind you are,” said I, looking up to her through the new tears that had just filled my eyes. “And you are quite sure you will not get into trouble because of that?”

“It will be all right, provided you do not tell anybody about it.”

“Not even H. E.?” asked I. “She is reliable.”

“Well, tell H. E. if you like, but nobody else. Let it not get to the ears of Frau R., the matron.”

“Is Frau R. against us?” I enquired.

“No; otherwise she would not have been in service, in former days. But she is very strict about rules and regulations — whoever makes them; and she hates any sort of disobedience to orders.”

“I shall say nothing. But, oh, how I do thank you!” replied I, as I departed.

* * *

On Saturday the 23rd April, early in the afternoon, the wardress on duty opened my cell and ushered in two of the so-called “war criminals.” “Visitors for you!” said she, turning to me with a friendly smile, as she let them in. My heart leaped. And tears came to my eyes — tears of joy. “I am happy to meet you,” said I to the two women; “I am, indeed! I dared not expect Frau Oberin would send you to me, but she did after all! I am so grateful to her; and so glad to make your acquaintance. Do sit down. Sit on my bed: it is more comfortable than the stool. I shall sit there too. There is place for three.”

My two visitors sat down. One, a very attractive and fairly young woman, ash-blonde, with large, kind and intelligent blue eyes, was L. M. the one I had seen from my window walking around the courtyard by the side of H. E. during the “free hour.” The other, who introduced herself as Frau S., I had never yet seen. But I had heard of her, from the ordinary delinquents who had been a long time in Werl. Condemned to death

by some Allied military tribunal for having painlessly sent to the next world a certain number of unwanted non-German children, her sentence had been commuted to one of lifelong imprisonment. She was older than L. M. — as old as I, in fact — but still looked young. She had delicate features, a gentle and thoughtful expression, blue eyes and glossy light-brown hair. Had, instead of I, some silly “humanitarian” been introduced to her, knowing, as I did, the reason why she was now a prisoner, he or she would have wondered how a woman with such a sweet face could possibly have been guilty of such an “awful thing.” But I entirely lack that superstitious regard for human life that religion has infused into most people. As a consequence of which, I was but very mildly impressed by the nature of her “offence.” And then, I felt sure that, although I did not yet know them, the circumstances in which the action had taken place would justify it in my eyes anyhow. Most probably, nothing else could have been done, in the given circumstances. And I was waiting with great curiosity for Frau S. to tell me what these were, and how the whole thing had happened.

But L. M. spoke first. “I have heard a lot about you from H. E.,” said she “and I very much wanted to meet you. We are here because we could not do otherwise. We were in Germany, in 1945, when the victorious Allies, enemies of the Hitler Régime, marched in. And we were in the service of the Hitler régime. They were bound to harm us, if they laid hands on us; and they were bound to lay hands on us, as we were on the spot. You came of your own free will, from the other side of the earth, to show us sympathy and to encourage us *after* 1945, knowing what a risk you were running.

And you are now a captive like us, when you *could have* been free.”

“I don’t really wish to be free, when most of those whom I so admire are dead or in prison,” replied I, sincerely. “Moreover, even in the outer world beyond bars and prison doors, there is no freedom for any of us, since 1945. Wherever we go, it is like jail to a greater or lesser degree. The only advantage one has, when one is not actually in custody, is that one can, directly or indirectly, to the extent of one’s ability, take part in activities aiming, ultimately, at the resurrection of the Hitler régime — of our world. When I am free once more, that is what I shall again do; but less clumsily than this time, and, I hope, without getting caught again. For, without claiming the ‘right’ to be free, when others who share my faith are prisoners, I want to remain useful, if I possibly can. Here, my greatest torment is to feel myself useless — all the more so that I am not even allowed to be with you in the D wing.”

“But you are writing a book, H. E. told me, a book about Germany today. That will be useful,” said L. M.

“Perhaps, in the future,” answered I. “But when? Now, immediately, here, I can do nothing — not even exchange views with you, my comrades, thanks to the Governor, who, it seems, is afraid I shall ‘corrupt’ you all, and who has ordered that I should remain among the ordinary criminals, most of whom are too stupid to be National Socialists. But I have talked enough about my aspirations and grievances. Tell me something about yourselves.”

L. M. told me that she had been the head of a small *Arbeitslager* — a labour camp — of which the five or six hundred inmates were mostly Jewesses. Three of these

had died, of perfectly natural deaths, during her administration. But in 1945, when the Allies had taken possession of the place, with their glaring prejudices in favour of the “persecuted” “people of God” and against all manner of “Nazi monsters,” several of the Jewesses had accused her of having, indirectly, caused the death of those three, through a carelessness that could only have its roots in racial hatred (she being a German and an active member of the N.S.D.A.P.). The Allied judges — who spoke nothing but English — had listened to their grievances through the translations of interpreters, who were all Jews, like in all those “war crime” trials. And they believed them — for prejudice and gullibility go hand in hand. However, as some of the inmates of the camp, less fanatically anti-Nazi or perhaps more God-fearing than the others, had spoken in her favour, stating that the three women had died in spite of adequate medical attendance and without having been ill-treated, she was merely sentenced to four years’ imprisonment (in addition to the two years that she had already spent in an internment camp before her final trial). Considering the usual remittance of one fourth of one’s penalty, she expected to be free in 1950, and was beginning to count the months, if not yet the weeks and days. “For it is a dreary life,” said she, speaking of the daily routine in Werl ever since 1947 or the end of 1946. “We get up; we work — always the same work; knitting, in our case — we eat; we work again; we sleep; and we begin the same thing the next day, and the day after, and every day, for weeks months, years. We are allowed to write to our families only once a month. We cannot write any other letters, or anything else. We are not allowed to have any paper and pencil — let alone pen and ink — in our cells. We are given, if we like, a book a week

to read. But it is generally something so dull, or so childish, that it is just as well to read nothing. We have forgotten what intellectual life means; what, in fact, human life means.”

I pictured to myself that senseless, hopeless monotony, for months on end — “enough to drive one mad,” thought I. I could not help feeling a little ashamed of that privilege of being allowed to write, which was so important to me, and which I owed entirely to the patriotic sympathy of the German staff. They, my comrades, captive ever since the end of the war, and Germans, were not given that joy of expressing themselves on paper rather than not at all. What had I done to deserve it? Nothing. It was a purely gratuitous favour that the staff — and specially Frau Oberin and the *Oberwachtmeisterin* — had done me. I felt infinitely grateful for it and, at the same time, as I said, a little ashamed.

And I could not help admiring L. M.’s serene cheerfulness — and specially that of Frau S. I did not let the latter know that I had already heard of her and of her sentence. She soon told me herself: “I am here for life.” And those words, coming immediately after L. M.’s gloomy evocation of prison routine, rang painfully tragic — all the more so, perhaps, that they were uttered in a detached voice, calmly, almost casually. I shuddered as I heard them — in spite of the fact that the woman’s fate was already known to me.

“You will not remain here all your life,” said I, my eyes fixed upon the sweet, young-looking face. “Take it from me: things will change; things are already changing. These people will be forced to release you sooner than they think. They will be forced to placate us all, more and more, as they will grow more and more afraid of the Communists.”

“I can only wish you are right,” replied Frau S., simply. “Already, through all this persecution, my life has been wrecked: my husband who loved me dearly, and whom I still love, has asked for his divorce, advocating that, as a wife, I am now as good as dead to him. I do not blame him; but I sometimes feel depressed about my fate.”

I thought: “Our hypocritical opponents reproach us with being ‘callous’ about the ‘domestic tragedies’ which might occur as a consequence of the application of our programme. Here is a case for them to meditate upon — a case that proves that they are no better than we are, in that respect, without having the justification of our higher motives.” I asked the woman how old she was.

“Forty-four,” said she.

“We are of the same age. I shall be forty-four on the 30th of September,” replied I. “But would you not like to tell me how you came to be sentenced by ‘these people’? You know who I am. You know before hand that I shall never blame you.”

“I blame myself, in a way, for I am a Christian,” said Frau S., to my amazement. “And yet I don’t know whether it was not the best course to take. I don’t know what to think . . . There are so many problems involved in all this.” And she told me her story.

She was a lay sister and had been, as such, put in charge of a children’s home which the management of the great motor works, *Volkswagen Werke*, had established near or on the premises of the factory, for the children of the foreign compulsory labourers — prisoners of war or deported civilians. For many children were expected from the day the managers had allowed workers of both sexes to meet one another.

“As long as they remained separate, each sex confined to itself, all was well,” said she. “Then, as soon as this restraint was removed, trouble began, and we had to cope with it.”

“Why ‘*had to*’? — excuse me for interrupting you,” I asked. “I can’t see why the rule keeping the men apart from the women was ever abrogated, in the first place. Did the managers of *Volkswagen Werke* suffer from that belief in what the Democrats call ‘the right of every individual to sexual happiness’? I hope not.”

“No; it was not that,” explained Frau S. “It was a mere matter of mass psychology applied to economics. The managers had found out — or were told — that the men would automatically work harder, and produce more, if they were allowed free access to the women after working hours.”

“That is all right,” agreed I. “But then, it should have been made a strict rule that the women were to be examined regularly and that, as soon as one was found pregnant, she was to be made to abort at once. Then, all trouble would have been avoided from the start.”

“That would have been awful!” exclaimed kind Frau S., genuinely shocked “Abortion is a crime.”

I was no longer astonished, now that she had told me she was a sincere Christian. I only wondered a little how, being such a wholehearted upholder of the belief in the equal value of all human beings, she had occupied that responsible post of hers . . . However, I kept that thought to myself, and simply answered her most Christian-like remark with my natural heathenish cynicism.

“A crime!” said I. “There are circumstances in which such ‘crimes’ are the only reasonable thing to do. I should have thus solved the baby problem once and for

all in the case of all foreign women deported to Germany — even in the case of all German women interned in concentration camps, save when the child's father happened to be of irreproachable Aryan stock. The authorities of the Third Reich had other things to do, in wartime, than to be pestered with 'problems' resulting from the sexual activities of anti-Nazis."

L. M. smiled. Even Frau S. smiled, somehow, in spite of her Christian feelings. "You speak just as the most radical among our people used to, in the Hitler days," said she, turning to me. "One would never believe that you were not brought up in a Nazi atmosphere. What made you what you are?"

"The fact that I am essentially Greek — not merely by nationality, but in spirit; in the eternal sense of the word, which so many Greeks are no longer, for ages; essentially Aryan, in blood *and* in soul, which so many Europeans are no longer," replied I; "the fact that, in spite of a thoroughly Christian education, I have, even as a child, never been impressed — let alone influenced — by the message of Christianity (excuse me if I hurt you by telling you so)."

"You don't hurt me," said Frau S. gently. "It only seems strange to me. I was brought up in an out and out Christian and 'bourgeois' home. And that has remained the guiding influence in my life, to this day."

"Well," said I, not wishing just now to discuss our conflicting philosophies, "what happened when the managers of *Volkswagen Werke* decided that they would burden themselves with the children of the compulsory labourers? I am interested in this, not only because it so unfortunately ended in the wrecking of your life, but also because it throws light upon the spirit that existed at the time, in Germany, even among

people whose adherence to National Socialism could not be questioned.”

“When children started getting born,” pursued Frail S., “a well-equipped, comfortable modern home was opened for them on the initiative of the factory authorities. A qualified nurse, experienced, and fond of children was sought out to take charge of it, and it was my fate to be selected among the applicants for the post.

All went on fairly smoothly as long as, in spite of the increasing strain of total war, relatively normal conditions could be maintained as regards the children’s food. True, the mothers gave us quite a lot of trouble, at times. You have no idea what debased types some of them were — dirty, thievish, and past masters at telling lies. I employed as many as I could of them in the newly-built home. One would think they would have taken care of their own children at least as conscientiously as we paid nurses did. But they did not. They would suckle the infants, admittedly, but that was about all. We found the children in a filthy state whenever we left them in the keep of any of those women for any length of time. And besides that, the women used to steal — not out of need, but out of rapacity; steal whatever they could lay hands upon, provided it had a commercial value and then, lie, to exonerate themselves. Medical instruments used to disappear from the children’s infirmary; everyone would swear she did not know where they were until, one day, some of them would be found hidden in some of the women’s mattresses. Then, the suspected ones would again swear “by the holy Mother of God” and all the saints, that they had not the faintest idea as to how the inanimate objects had worked their way there! I have slapped some of those

creatures, sometimes, so much they used to irritate me by stealing, and then taking as they did the name of God in vain.”

Automatically, as I heard this, I recalled in my mind how so many European women whom I had met in the East had complained to me about their Annamite, Malayan, or low caste Indian servants: “The two things one can never cure them of, are stealing and lying,” they used to say. “You catch them red-handed, and still they tell you they ‘don’t know’ how your banknotes, your watch or your silver spoons have found their way into their pockets.” Now I thought: “One need not go out of Europe to find similar roguery!”

“Who were these women?” asked I; “Russians? Poles?”

“They were women from practically all the countries of Eastern Europe,” answered Frau S. “Russians and Poles, no doubt, but Czechs also. And the Czechs and Poles were the worst, as far as I can tell.”

And she pursued her narration: “In spite of all, things went on not too badly, I must say. The children were healthy and happy, although, as their number kept on steadily increasing, the problem of their accommodation became more and more difficult. Finally, we had to pack twenty of them in small dormitories planned for not more than six, or eight. There was no place for them. And conditions were becoming worse every day; food was more scarce; and we were living under the continual threat of bombardment. Still we held on. The mothers — who were becoming more and more troublesome as it was growing more obvious that things were taking a bad turn for Germany — were at least still on the spot. They continued to suckle the tiny ones; and

we kept the others in fairly good condition on “ersatz” food.

Things became serious when the women had to be sent back to their respective countries. Half of them just refused to take their children with them, strange as this may seem. They did not even know who the children’s fathers were. And apparently, they considered that the burden of unaided motherhood was more than they could put up with, in the new uncertain life into which they were now being thrown by the hazards of war. *We* ran the home, crowded with unwanted children, single-handed, for weeks, amidst the appalling conditions that prevailed immediately before the Capitulation. Food was scarcer and scarcer; milk, unavailable. The babies’ health began to decline on the substitutes we gave them. The elder ones fared hardly better. Disease set in. Medicine was as scarce as food. Space was lacking. It was impossible for us to isolate the sick children from the still healthy ones. In spite of the little care we could and did give them, many died. But the time soon came when the only possible fate awaiting the little ones was death, anyhow — death from hunger, if not from disease. As I told you, their health had deteriorated as soon as the departure of their mothers had deprived them of their natural and customary food. Now, even the substitutes we used to give them were no longer available. Confusion and terror prevailed everywhere. Bombing never ceased — that unheard of bombing, of which many, in Germany, have surely tried to describe to you the hellish fury, which really no words can picture. The alternative before us was no longer to save those few surviving children or to let them die, but, to let them die a painful death, after days of suffering, or . . . to allow them to die painlessly, at once . . .”

I recalled in my mind an episode of my own life that had long haunted me. It had occurred years before — in August, 1930, exactly. One day, then, while I was walking along a street of Athens, my attention had been drawn by pitiful mewing, and I had soon discovered in a dustbin, among ashes, bits of broken crockery and heaps of rotting kitchen refuse, three newly born kittens that someone had thrown there to die. I can never forget the impression that this made upon me. It was in one of those streets on Mount Lykabettos from which one can see practically the whole of Athens, with the Acropolis in the distance, and, further still the deep blue, smiling, shining sea. I picked up the three baby cats and gazed at them for a minute. Their eyes were shut. Their three tiny pink mouths opened regularly in a feeble, high-pitched mew of hunger. I felt in my hands the touch of their glossy young black and white fur. And lifting my eyes towards the distant miracle of marble that the whole world admires, I had realised more vividly than ever that the daily miracle of life was something even greater still. And tears had filled my eyes at the thought of the patient impersonal artistry of Nature that had evolved, out of a germ, those three living, mewing balls of fur. Had not some wretched human being — whom I cursed within my heart, then and ever since — torn them away from their mother, they could have grown into three beautiful cats . . .

But they had been taken from their mother and thrown into the dustbin. I could do nothing to undo that fact. They were too young to be fed artificially, and moreover, I was somebody's guest, and could not possibly force three cats upon my hostess, who already had two. I could not leave them there to die. I heard that desperate mew of hunger, unceasingly. If I left them there,

it would continue for four days, five days, a week, perhaps, feebler and feebler until the poor little glossy creatures would mew no more. I could not allow that. There was, then, in Athens, to my knowledge, no 'Society for the protection of Animals' to which I could take them to be painlessly put to sleep, as I would have in London. There was only one way to put an end to their hunger and misery, and that was to kill them myself, as quickly and painlessly as I *could*. God alone knows how much I love all animals, especially cats! Yet, this was the only thing I could do for those kittens in the circumstance.

I took them to my room, and there, for the last time, I looked at them, lying in my hand; three round, glossy heads; three healthy furry bodies; potential cats. I would have given anything to be able to save them. But I knew I could not. It was useless to think of it. With tears running down my face, for the last time I kissed the silky little round heads; and I prayed within my heart: "Thou One Who hast patiently brought them into being, Lord of all life, forgive me! — for Thou knowest *why* I am doing this. And strike the man who threw these creatures away to die of misery!" I then put the newly born kittens in the bottom of a receptacle, poured a whole pail of water upon them, covered the receptacle, and went away . . .

For days, for weeks, their last mew had pursued me. It was better — far better — than that long agony in the dustbin that they would have suffered if I had left them there. But still, it had pursued me; it pursued me even now, after twenty years, every time I thought of the deplorable episode. I realised that Christian-like Frau S. loved *all* human beings — including the children of our opponents; potential enemies — as *I* love all animals. And I understood her qualms of conscience. My first impulse

was to relate the kitten episode to her and to tell her that she was, from the strictest humanitarian point of view as innocent as I had been on that awful day of August 1930. But as I reflected, I kept silent about it: it would only, thought I, give rise to a discussion about the respective value of human and animal life in which she and I could never agree; a discussion in which her eminently man-centred, equalitarian, Christian outlook, would come in conflict once more with my life-centred, hierarchical one, as it had for centuries. It would only result in my telling her that potential opponents were surely less to me than potential indifferent creatures, especially if the latter were beautiful. And this was useless, for I could not convince her any more than she could convince me; and I wanted to avoid hurting her.

“You have done your best,” I simply told her; “and those who, after creating the conditions which you were faced with in 1945, have had the impudence to condemn you, are liars and hypocrites.”

“You are right,” admitted L. M.; “you are right . . . although it was a sad alternative . . .”

“I must say that, horrible as they were in warfare, the Allies were not the only ones to blame,” said Frau S. “I mentioned the difficulties we had to face on account of the increase of the number of children. Well, it is true that, had these been thoroughbred German children instead of goodness knows what mixtures of all the nations represented among the compulsory labour squads of ‘*Volkswagen Werke*’, the *Kreisleiter* would have taken the trouble to send someone to inspect our ‘home’ now and then, and something would have been done so that we should not have been forced to accommodate twenty children in space planned for six. As things stood, nobody was ever sent.”

“It is only natural that a State — and especially a State at war — should be more keen on the welfare of its own nationals than on that of its enemies’ unwanted brood,” said I. “You should blame the poor wretches’ mothers for not taking them with them, and not the *Kreisleiter* for not bothering about them. Surely, he had better things to do.”

“Again, I am astounded to see how you are like any of our extremists!” remarked Frau S. “To me, children — any children — are, first of all human beings.”

I was no less astounded to meet a so-called “war criminal” with such an equalitarian outlook.

“I can admit, at most, that, apart from any principles, you felt sorry for those unfortunate children, — who, as I have said already, should never have been born, in the first place,” replied I. “But I find it difficult to reconcile the principles that you seem to uphold with those laid down in *Mein Kampf!*”

To my further and utter amazement, Frau S. answered: “I have never read *Mein Kampf!*” Really, I did not know what to think. I felt as though I were dreaming.

“What!” exclaimed I; “you, a German, and, in all probability, a Party member! You, who had the privilege to grow up in the midst of the struggle for power, and to spend the finest years of your life under the Nazi Régime! You, who doubtless have greeted the Führer in those solemn mass gatherings of the time which I have never seen! . . . How could you not have felt urged to read it, at least out of curiosity — to understand the miracle that was taking place all round you; to know who was that Man who had raised Germany from death to life?”

“I was not, then, aware of the tremendous meaning

of the National Socialist revolution,” said Frau S.; “I had lived through it, separated from it by my inherited Christian faith and by my quiet ‘bourgeois’ life; I had apprehended only the externals of it, and adhered to it, nominally, without knowing what I had done. Had I studied it — as indeed I should have — then, either I would have become a real Nazi like you, or else I would have clung to my Christian values strongly enough to refuse to collaborate actively with the new régime. *Now* — and perhaps more than ever today, after meeting you — I know that one cannot be both a Nazi and a Christian. I did not know it in those days. I did not know what National Socialism was.”

I thought of this woman, imprisoned for life for having acted as the supporter of an Idea in which she did not believe, as the upholder of principles she actually condemned; or rather, merely for having obeyed orders given by someone presumed to have upheld those principles. “A martyr without faith,” thought I. And it appeared to me that this was about the most tragic destiny which I could imagine.

“Many of us, I am afraid, did not know what National Socialism is, both among those who supported the Movement and among those who fought against it,” said L. M. “New ideas — or very old ones, as you say, but abandoned for centuries and therefore looking new — need time to take root in a nation’s consciousness, unless some tragic upheaval forces the nation to awake to their appeal. Normally, had there been no war, no disaster, we would have needed fifty years to become thorough National Socialists. But now, the occupation will make us all so in five. In four, it has already succeeded in turning to Hitler thousands of Germans who, formerly, were mere lukewarm supporters, or even opponents,

of the Nazi régime. And the longer it will last, and the more it will try to force Democracy upon us, the more it will ultimately succeed in uniting us all under the Swastika banner, whatever might have been our convictions in the past.”

“That is encouraging,” said I.

Then, we talked about other things, in particular, about India. Frau S. asked me to explain what was exactly the religious standpoint of Gandhi, which I did the best I could; while L. M. asked me if I had ever met Subhas Chandra Bose, the Indian leader who, during the war, had been the head of the *Zentrale freies Indien*, in Berlin, and who, occasionally, had spoken on the radio. She was agreeably surprised to hear from me that I had known him personally, and that it was my husband who had introduced him to the Japanese authorities in collaboration with whom he was, later on, to organise the “Free Indian Army” in Burma. I was longing to tell my new friends something of the unknown masterful role which my husband had himself played in the service of the Axis in the East. But I did not. Before leaving India, I had promised not to.

Time passed. We would soon have to separate. “I hope we shall soon meet again,” said L. M., as I told her how glad I was to have had her visit. “I have disappointed you, I know,” said Frau S.; “but I have told you the truth about myself.”

“You have suffered more than I — and more than many of us — for the cause I love. Therefore I love you,” replied I.

The martyr without faith looked at me sadly, and smiled.

On the following morning, H. E. came, as usual. I told her the impression that I had gathered from my first contact with D wing prisoners others than herself or H. B.

“L. M. is indeed a fine character,” she agreed. “She has been my companion during the ‘free hour’ ever since she has been here. Frau S. is also a lovable person, but she is so Christian that it is not true. Her whole outlook is biased; and she can recognise no truth which clashes with the teaching of the Church. We have no time for this obsolete teaching. It is Yiddish, anyhow; isn’t it?” And she added: “I would so like to have a long talk with *you* about religion, one day. I like your attitude.”

“Can you come this afternoon?” asked I. “It is Sunday today.”

“No. Frau Oberin is not in. We shall have to wait till the end of the week. I’ll ask her to send me to you next Sunday. On Saturday afternoons, I work at the infirmary just as on other days.”

And indeed, on Sunday the 1st of May, she came, not in the afternoon and with L. M., as I had expected, but after supper, when all the cells were supposed to be shut for the night, and alone, which was still more irregular. *Two* prisoners only, — for reasons one easily guesses — were never allowed to occupy the same cell.

I had kept for H. E. the chocolate and the pudding and one of the two buns with raisins that I used to get for supper on Sunday evenings. “We have ample time to talk,” said she, seating herself upon my bed after we had greeted each other. “Fräulein S. said that she would not come to fetch me before eight o’clock.” Fräulein S. was Frau Oberin’s assistant, who had evidently received instructions to arrange our meeting in the absence of Frau Oberin herself.

“Frau S. was so pleased to meet you; she likes you because of your sincerity,” said H. E. while I watched her with delight, eating the good things; “she told me so in the recreation room. L. M. likes you even more. She wants to come back here with me, on Sunday next. Frau H. also very much wants to come; we were sentenced together in the Belsen trial, and now she works at the Infirmary, with me. She is genuine. You could trust her.”

“I would love to meet her,” said I. “I would love to meet all those who are genuine. I think you should come on one Sunday with one of them, and on the following with another. Thus, I would get to know them all. I was even contemplating to attend the Church services on Sunday mornings in order to meet you and the others. But I reflected that it would probably be of no use. Doubtless I would not be allowed to sit near you, let alone to talk to you after the service. So I prefer to be consistent and not to go. In fact, Frau Oberin astonished me when she told me that you all go. Do you, really?”

“Apart from Frau S. and perhaps one or two others, we go out of sheer boredom,” said H. E. “Who wants to hear the nonsense that the priest tells us? But we have nothing to do in our cells, and Sunday mornings are long.”

H. E. pushed aside the plate in which she had been savouring my custard and apricot jam. “It was lovely, and I do thank you!” said she, interrupting for a minute the trend of her thoughts. Then, resuming her criticism of the Church and of its teaching, she pursued: “You have no idea how silly, for example, all that talk about the resurrection of the dead appears to me. We heard that all over again on Easter Sunday. And in a month’s

time or so, they will tell us how resurrected Jesus went up to heaven before I don't remember how many all exceedingly reliable eyewitnesses. Such rubbish! I honestly tell you: I much prefer your worship of the Sun as the visible Source of all life on earth. That I can understand, for I can see and feel the Sun. To worship It, — and Life — is to know what one is worshipping. It is natural and logical. Indeed, all my life I have felt thus. I have never really had any use for Christianity, and I used not to, go to church even on festive days, when I was free. There were, then, anyhow, enough Party solemnities to replace the Christian ones advantageously. I never needed any others. But I repeat: I entirely agree with you that, if one must have any religion at all, the religion of glorious living Life — of Nature; of the earth and of the Sun — is the only one I would encourage.”

I recalled the expression “true to the earth” by which Nietzsche has characterised any eternal religion, any philosophy that is not mere words. Quoting the prophet of the Superman, I had myself applied that expression to King Akhnaton's thirty-three hundred year old Religion of the Disk, about the most rational form of Sun worship put forward in Antiquity besides the Aryan religion of the Vedas with which, according to some scholars, it is indirectly connected.¹

I drew from my cupboard a copy of the book *A Son of God* which I had published concerning that ancient cult and its Founder. “I began to write this in India in 1942, when I still believed that we would win this war,” said I; “when I expected the Japanese Army to take

¹ Sir Wallis Budge. See *Tutankhamen . . .* etc. pp, 114–115.

Calcutta any day, and the German Army to win its way through Russia and High Asia, and the two to meet in imperial Delhi; when I believed that the world would soon be ours. I thought that, being as I was immobilised away from all fields of direct action, the second best for me was to prepare in silence the ground for the new religion of Life destined to go hand in hand with the New World Order. And, to find in Antiquity a simple and attractive prototype of it was no doubt much better than to present it as something essentially 'ours'. Nobody is prejudiced against Antiquity; while many are against us. But it would be essentially 'ours' nevertheless, whatever the light in which I might present it. And with a little publicity — I imagined — the people of the West might take to it; they would at least begin to find Christianity dull, irrational, even barbaric, compared with it, while the Easterners would see in it something as beautiful as their immemorial religions. And foreseeing that, on whatever side they were then fighting, most people would probably feel tired of all wars by the time this one was finished, I purposely laid stress upon the peaceable character of Akhnaton's ancient religion. Not that I admire it on account of that, — I rather, in fact, admire it *in spite of* that. But it would look nice, — I thought. It was the best I could do in the way of subtle anti-Christian propaganda on a worldwide scale, after having fought the influence of both Christianity and Islam in India, all those years. It would show people a truly admirable form of worship that had all the heathen qualities *and* all the Christian ones as well — save that irrationality and that otherworldliness which, in general, nowadays, they don't particularly like, anyhow — all the Christian qualities *including* love and benevolence.

I kept off politics, — naturally. I carefully avoided

all allusions that might have led the reader to guess what I was. Only in the last chapter did I say, once or twice, that the religion of Race, in its true form, and the religion of Life, were the same, and that only through a misconception of both could one separate them. Unfortunately, that statement of a few lines, of which I did not notice the non-appearance when I read the proofs, was mysteriously left out from the published book, as though, in the eyes of the London editor, even *that* exceeded the limits of what could be tolerated in print in 1946. As a consequence, a whole paragraph appears to signify something quite different from that which I had intended. But the fact remains that I still believe that which I had, at first, stated, and that I shall repeat it, one day. The fact remains that my ceaseless effort to combat the pernicious influence of Christianity as represented by the Churches, and whatever I have said or written in support of the cult of the Sun, which is the cult of Life, all goes to prepare the religious background of our National Socialist world Order, of which the prototype is none else but the eternal Order of Nature.”

“What you say now,” said H. E. “I have always felt. Oh, what a pity you were not here during the great days! But tell me more about that Pharaoh of whom you have made such a special study. He interests me.” And looking at the frontispiece of the book, that pictured King Akhnaton, she added: “I remember his face. I have seen it in the Egyptian gallery at the Berlin Museum.”

I told her in a nutshell what I knew of the unsuccessful attempt of the ancient “King of the South and of the North, Living in Truth” to replace the traditional other worldly religion of Egypt, full of intricate abstruse symbolism and centred around the mystery of death, by the

simple joyous cult of cosmic Energy — of that which he called “the Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” — made visible and tangible in the rays of the Sun. I explained to her, quoting a couple of texts, how the idea of the equivalence of all forms of energy, no less than that of the fundamental identity of energy and matter, was already implied in his teaching. And finally, I proceeded to stress that he had doubtless understood that such an outlook on the world implied the acknowledgement of the natural diversity and hierarchy of human beings no less than of other forms of life, as something God-ordained, beautiful and desirable. And I recited to her the three lines of Akhnaton’s Longer Hymn to the Sun, which I have quoted so often during the past ten years:

“Thou hast put every man in his place,
 Thou hast made them different in shape and in
 speech, and in the colour of their skins;
 As a Divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people . . .”

“The divinely ordained differences, expression of the impersonal will of the Sun, can only be maintained, nay, increased, according to the highest purpose of Creation which is to evolve perfect types, if each race is maintained pure,” said I. “And that is why, knowingly or unknowingly echoing the wisdom of ages, a great German of today, a close collaborator of the Führer has written: ‘Only in pure blood does God abide’.”

“Who wrote that?” asked H. E.

“Heinrich Himmler, in the beautiful epitome of National Socialist philosophy which he published under the name of Wolf Sörensen: *Die Stimme der Ahnen*.”¹

¹ Meaning: The Voice of the Ancestors.

H. E. gazed at me with enthusiasm. “Oh, what a pity you were not here during the great days!” she repeated. “Our philosophy — which most of us look upon as modern and as German — you seem to have integrated into a solid general outlook on Nature and on man, true as regards all countries and for all times. Time does not exist, for you, — nor space. In a few sentences, you evoke a most splendid solar philosophy, three thousand three hundred years old, only to quote in support of its everlastingness words that Himmler wrote yesterday. The more I listen to you, the more I feel that our National Socialism is indeed, something eternal.”

“It certainly is,” said I. “But surely you did not need to meet me to realise that. The Führer has stated over and over again that his Movement was based upon the clear understanding of the unchanging laws of Nature. He has stressed that ‘man owes his highest existence not to the conceptions of a few mad idealists, but to the acknowledgement and ruthless application of such laws’¹; that, our ‘new’ ideas are ‘in full harmony with the inner meaning of things’²; and he considers it the duty of the National State to see to it that ‘a history of the world should be written in which the racial question is given a prominent place’.”³ I quoted *Mein Kampf* as faithfully as I could and added: “The Führer knows that nothing can make us feel the strength of our position, as much as a sound knowledge of world history. *I would have liked to write that history of all*

¹ *Mein Kampf*, Part I, Chapt. XI, page 316 (edit. 1939).

² *Mein Kampf*, Part II, Chapt. II, page 440 (edit. 1939).

³ *Mein Kampf*, Part II, Chapt. II, page 468 (edit. 1939).

lands of which he speaks. However, I was overwhelmed by the immensity of the task, and have never yet tried. I might try one day; begin, I mean, — for it would be a work of many years.”

“I have never met the Führer personally,” said H. E. “But I have once met Himmler, and had lunch with him when he came to visit our camp. He was uncompromising and remorseless; absolutely devoted to the cause. Many people disliked him on account of his severity. But you would have liked him — and I believe he would have liked you.”

“I have always had regard for Himmler,” answered I. “I admire him since I have read his booklet *Die Stimme der Ahnen*. One finds there a scathing criticism of those Christian values that I hate. The book is a profession of true Aryan faith a textbook of Heathendom according to my heart. I love it!”

“I am sorry I have not read it. When was it published?”

“In 1935, I believe. Perhaps earlier. I am not quite sure. I read it myself only last year, when a friend in Saarland lent it to me.”

“Well,” said H. E., “from what you say, and from the one sentence you quoted from it, I entirely agree with it. For it is not merely the silliness of the stories that the priests would like us to believe, that puts me off Christianity. It is also the fact that, whatever one might say, the religion is Jewish. The Old Testament is just a slice of Jewish history — and a pretty gruesome sample of it, too. The New Testament, the priests themselves tell us, has no meaning but as the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Old. Christ, the Messiah announced by Isaiah and other Jews, is a Jew. His apostles are Jews. Paul of Tarsus is another Jew. I have myself always

thought, from the early days of our struggle for power: now, if we really wish to build up a regenerate Germany, and if therefore we are trying to rid ourselves once and for all of Jewry and of the corrupting influence of the Jewish mind in all walks of life, why on earth do we cling to that fundamentally Jewish religion which our fathers were foolish enough to accept, in the place of that of the old Germanic people who, like you, like the ancient Greeks, like the ancient Aryans of all the world, worshipped the forces of Nature, the strength and beauty of their own race, and the Sun, Source of all life, strength and beauty? And since I have been in jail, how many times have I not thought: ‘The Jews are the people responsible for this war; and it is through their worldwide action that we lost the war, and through them that so many of us have died a martyr’s death, that countless others, including myself, are still prisoners. Why should *I*, therefore, look upon a Jew as God, and upon other Jews as saints and what not, however ‘good people’ these might have been compared with the worthless bulk of their compatriots? If I must deify a man, can’t I deify one of my own race? And all that you tell me today, all that you told me before, confirms my own thoughts. Now I am sure that I am right.”

“Of course you are right!” exclaimed I, delighted to find a comrade whom I truly admired, a real National Socialist who had suffered for our cause, so completely in sympathy with me also on the religious plane. “It is not that I am all that *sure* that Jesus Christ was a Jew, as Christian tradition asserts. Some people maintain that he was not — and not necessarily with the intention of reconciling National Socialism to Christianity. Some say that none of the Galileans were Jews, nor even of Semitic stock. I don’t know. I am not in a position to

answer the question. Nor do I know whether anybody else can answer it objectively. But I don't care. It makes no difference whether one answers it this way or that way. Even if Jesus Christ were, himself, not a Jew; even if he and all his disciples were pure Aryans (which, of course, I cannot help doubting) still the Christian religion, as it came down to us, would be *kosher* from A to Z; still the stress it puts upon the alleged 'value' of all human beings, on the sole ground that they are human beings supposed to have a 'soul', the way it exalts the 'soul' at the expense of the body, nay, the utter contempt it professes for the latter; the way it flatly denies the fundamental inequality of men, rooted in the blood — the divinely ordained and all-important differences — and does all it can, in fact, to suppress those differences, by tolerating shameful marriages provided these be blessed by the holy Church, would be more than sufficient to set it 'against the moral feelings of the Germanic race' (I purposely use that expression of the Point Twenty-four of the Nazi Party Programme) nay, to set it against the moral feelings of any Aryans worthy of the name, if a vicious education had not accustomed them to accept it as a matter of course without even caring to know what it implies. *I* know what it implies. I have studied the Bible as a child and as an adolescent, not merely because I was made to, but because I was already aware of being a full-fledged, militant European Heathen, and knew I could not, one day, fight the imported religion so different in spirit from my own old Greek and Nordic faiths that I so admired, without being able to tell people exactly what it was all about."

I paused a minute to refuse a piece of my chocolate which my friend wanted me to share with her. "It pleases me much more to see you eat it, you, who have

not had any for four years, poor dear,” said I sincerely. She took it at last, and I resumed my impeachment of Christianity.

“In his discourse before the Areopagus, reported in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles,” explained I, “Paul of Tarsus tells the Athenians that ‘God hath made of one blood all nations of men’.¹ That was, — along with the teaching about salvation through Jesus alone and the resurrection of the dead — the new doctrine that the ugly, sickly, half-mad, but diabolically clever Yid, brought to the descendants of the men who, had built the Parthenon, to the Greeks, who were destined to call him, one day, along with the rest of Christendom: *saint* Paul. That was the doctrine fated to replace the ancient belief in natural blood-hierarchy; the doctrine that was to distil its subtle poison, not only throughout the already bastardized and decaying Greco-Latin world of the time, but also, gradually, into the more vigorous tribes of Northern Europe beyond the Rhine and beyond the Caledonian Wall, the Germans, the Goths, the Scots and Picts, etc. . . . who had hitherto kept their blood pure. In it lies the secret of the domination of the Jew over the Aryan in the Aryan’s own fatherland, for centuries, to this day; that unseen domination, of which National Socialism has made the Germans, at least, if not yet all Aryans, conscious, and of which it has taught them how to rid themselves. But never, I tell you, can we rid ourselves of it, so long as we tolerate that fundamental lie being preached as truth; in other words, so long as we tolerate Christianity as it has come down to us through Paul of Tarsus and his Jewish collaborators and the Judaised Greeks and Greek-speaking Jews of

¹ Verse 26.

Alexandria, and the Church, who used — and still uses — the organising genius of Rome in the service of Jewish ideas. Even if we do ‘liquidate’ all the Jews of the earth, still we shall remain, in a way, their slaves, so long as we allow men to regard as ‘Scripture’ the book embodying those selfsame ideas.”

“Right you are!” exclaimed H. E. “I do not know as much as you do about the history of Christianity, nor can I quote the Bible off-hand. But I know you are right. I know the great men of the Party and the Führer himself would have agreed with you in their hearts, even if they had judged that time was not yet ripe for putting openly in practice all that you say. Your talk reminds me of my husband’s passionate warnings against the Jewish danger. You would have got on well with my husband, an old fighter from the early days of the struggle who had won himself the golden medal of the Party for his courage, his outstanding qualities as a leader, and his devotion to our cause. You should have heard *him* speak of the Jews — and seen him deal with them! He would have understood you, if anyone!”

“Where is he now?” asked I.

“I don’t know myself,” replied my comrade. “At the time of the Capitulation, he was a prisoner of war in France. But for months and months, I have had no news of him.” And she spoke of the loveliness of old times, when she and the handsome, fervent young S.A. — who had met her at some Party gathering — were newly married, and so happy in their comfortable flat in Berlin.

I pictured to myself that happiness of two fine specimens of the natural élite, amidst the majestic setting of the National Socialist Reich at the height of its glory. I admired it, without secret envy, regret or sadness, as one admires a perfect detail in an immense stately frieze,

knowing that, of all the possibilities of each life, Destiny can only work out a few, just as the artist can only chisel one detail out of every square inch of marble. "The strange detail that my life illustrates, in some hidden corner of the same gigantic frieze, has also its beauty, although it is so different," thought I, remembering in a flash my lonely, fruitless struggle among modern Hellenes and modern Hindus. And turning to my friend I asked her: "Have you any children?"

"Alas, no," said she. "I would probably not be here, if I had, for in that case, I would have long ago given up my service in the concentration camps." She paused a second and added, speaking of her husband: "That is what 'he' wanted; 'he' wanted me to stay at home and rear a large, healthy family. He often used to say that others could have done the job I did, while I would have been more useful as a mother of future warriors. Perhaps he was right."

The more I looked at the beautiful, well-built, strong, masterful blonde, and the more I realised from her conversation, what an ardent Nazi she was, the more I felt convinced that her worthy husband was indeed right. And I told her so.

We talked for a long time more, relating to each other different important episodes of our lives.

* * *

I met several more of the so-called "war criminals," my comrades. In particular, Frau H. who used to work at the Infirmary with H. E. came to spend a couple of hours in my cell on one occasion. We spoke of the Belsen trial, of which she was, like H. E., one of the victims, and of my banishment from the D wing.

"If the Englishman imagines that he is doing any

good to the cause of his confounded Democracy by cutting you off from us, he makes a great mistake,” said she, speaking of the Governor of the prison. “I can assure you: nothing has made you more popular among us than this order of his according to which we ‘must not’ come in touch with you. Whatever the occupants ‘order’ us, we immediately feel the urge to do the opposite, anyhow. And in this particular case, our conclusion is that, for the Governor to be so keen on keeping you aloof from us, it must be that he is scared of you; and that, for him to be scared of you, it must be that he considers you a better and more dangerous Nazi than the average. And to think that a non-German can still be so, four years after our defeat, stimulates our German pride, strengthens our faith in Adolf Hitler and our hope in the future of his revolution, and increases our contempt for our persecutors.”

“I am so glad to hear that!” exclaimed I enthusiastically. “I only wish I really were a little more dangerous . . .”

I related a few anecdotes from my life “underground,” before I was detected. And we laughed heartily at the expense of “those Allied bastards,” as I called them, who are out to “de-Nazify” Germany while in fact they cannot even “de-Nazify” *me*.

But once, I had a great disappointment. I had been allowed to spend my “free hour” with the D wing ones owing to the mistake of Frau P., the wardress on duty that day, who was under the false impression that I had not been let out of my cell in due time with the B wing — a mistake which I was, naturally, very careful not to mention, only too glad as I was to go out twice in the course of the same morning. I walked around the

courtyard in the company of a woman to whom I had never yet spoken, although I had seen her once or twice in the corridor. She happened to be the only one without a companion. Having heard that I was Greek, she informed me that she had “had the pleasure” of meeting several Greeks in her life. “Where?” asked I; “here in Germany?”

“No,” said she; “in Alexandria — and in Cairo, where I spent some years. Also in Salonica, where I have relatives.”

I could not help a movement of surprise. I knew the three places, and I had spent some time myself in the two first ones. But the third — the second town of Greece — one-fifth of the population of which, entirely separate from the rest, in prewar days at least, was Jewish — retained my attention. “Salonica! A queer place for a German woman to have relatives living in!” thought I, as a very nasty suspicion arose in my mind. But I said nothing. It was only a suspicion, after all.

The woman and I spoke about a certain Greek pastry-cook’s in Alexandria called “O Athenaios,” and of the new locality near the sea where I had spent a few days in that town in a Greek family, and of my much longer stay in Cairo, also among Greeks. After which I asked her: “And how did you manage to get here, if the question is not too indiscreet?”

“It is not at all indiscreet,” said she, good-humouredly, “and the answer is simple: I had been interned in Ravensbrück, and there, I had helped the wardresses to keep order. There were too few of these, you know, so they could not possibly do without our help. They gave me a fairly good post, as I speak good French as well as a little English. Well, I did a few things which

I surely would not have done, had I known what consequences were in store for me. And after the war the Allies sentenced me to ten years' imprisonment. Lucky I was to get away with it so easily, for in those days they were nasty. Fifteen of the wardresses themselves were sentenced to death and hanged. Another one is here, sentenced to imprisonment for life. She is Frau R. You can see her over there walking by the side of H. B. whom, I think, you have met. Two ex-internees like I are here too, one for life and the other for ten years. Believe me: things were not, then, as they are now. Had they caught hold of you then, from what I have heard of you, you would have got a death sentence. People with your views were killed for far less than what you have done."

"And why were you interned in Ravensbrück, may I ask you?" said I.

"I had done some espionage against Germany, for the benefit of England," replied the woman, with ease.

Knowing who I was, she could not expect me to praise her for it. But she probably felt that, at least, I could do no harm to her now, and she spoke brazenly. However, seeing the expression on my face as I listened to her story, she added, as though to try to justify herself: "My husband is English. My name is von S."

My first impulse was to say: "It is a shame that you were not shot. Indeed, justice was too lenient under the Hitler régime." But I remained silent, and my face was sombre at the thought of the number of traitors that were undermining the whole National Socialist structure, during the war, — ruining the chance of salvation that Germany's victory would have given the Aryan race, all over the world. I was thinking of the two million agents

in the pay of England of whom a reliable English person from the lower ranks of the Military Intelligence had told me — without, of course, knowing me — in 1946; of the traitors working on the German railways, who used to send regular reports to the London War Office about the movements of troops and of ammunition trains. The idea that such people could have existed in such numbers saddened me profoundly. Then, my horrible suspicion concerning the woman at my side arose once more in my mind. If her relatives were people from the largest ghetto in the Near East, then, her action could be explained, — was, in fact, natural. But then the leniency of those who had allowed her to live was still more incomprehensible . . . I really did not know what to think.

“You know why I am here, don’t you?” asked I to the woman, only to make it quite clear to her that she could expect no sympathy from me. The tone of my voice was such that, I think, she understood.

“I do,” she replied. “I have heard it from then others.”

I did not say another word.

* * *

I no longer had the pleasure of greeting my friend H. E. early in the mornings. Fräulein S. — not Frau Oberin’s assistant but one of the wardresses — had roughly turned her away, I knew not why, one morning, and told her that she had no business whatsoever in my cell. I had heard her. And I had heard H. E.’s abrupt, proud answer: “All right. You will not see me here again.” And I had suffered at the thought that my friend who had represented the power of coercion of the Third Reich in five concentration camps in succession, was now reprimanded

by a young girl twenty-two or so, who was herself executing the orders of Germany's victors.

H. E. did not come in the mornings, but she came in the daytime, or in the late afternoon — whenever she was expected to distribute medicine to the prisoners who needed any. Sister Maria — or Frau So-and-so — now always accompanied her. “Well,” my comrade would sometimes tell me, loudly enough to be heard from the corridor if any of the wardresses happened to be passing there, “You still have those headaches? I shall give you an aspirin, and you will be all right.” And in fact, she had an aspirin there, ready, in a tiny china dish, to make her visit appear plausible in everybody's eyes. But in reality, I had never had such a thing as a headache in all my life (save occasionally in India, as a result of the noise) and she came as usual to see me, and to collect my white bread — which she now used to put in a specially made large pocket, under her overalls — and my tea with sugar and milk, which she carried away in a bowl that she cleverly held under her tray.

On the day she had noticed me, during the “free hour,” in the company of that spy formerly interned at Ravensbrück she came long before her usual time — and not with Sister Maria, but with Frau So-and-so, who was perfectly “in order.” Her first words to me were: “I hope you have said nothing, absolutely nothing about yourself to that woman, just now?”

I understood at once. “Goodness, no!” answered I, spontaneously. “Why, she is one of those who should have been shot — or perhaps gassed, for she is at least partly Jewish, if you ask me. She told me herself that she had relatives in Salonica, a town in which there were a hundred thousand Jews before the war (the rest of its population being composed of Greeks and people from

the different Balkan states) — the last place on earth where pure blooded Germans are likely to be settled for any length of time.”

“I am not surprised,” said H. E. “And I am glad if you found her out and did not tell her anything about your affairs. For she is a snake — like all those former internees in concentration camps who sucked up to us only to slander us as much as they could, afterwards, before the Allied military tribunals.”

“Yes, I know the type. But are there many such ones in the D wing?” asked I.

“Not exactly ‘many’, but more than you imagine. There are two from Ravensbrück — one of whom, Frau G., is sentenced to lifelong imprisonment — and half a dozen from other camps.”

“What about Frau R., with whom I talked during the ‘free hour’ on the day after my trial?” asked I, changing the topic. “She too is here for life — unfortunately — unless the face of the world changes to our advantage, and she was in service at Ravensbrück, but not interned there, naturally. I saw very little of her, but I liked her.”

“You would,” said H. E. “She is perfectly all right: one of us, and, as far as I know, one of the best ones in the D wing. I wish she would be allowed to come once with us and spend a Sunday afternoon in your cell. You would get on well with her.” And she concluded “Whenever you get in touch with a D wing prisoner, ask me about her before you speak too freely to her. I know them all. I can tell you who is genuine and who is not.”

* * *

On Friday, the 6th of May, in the late afternoon, I was transferred to cell No. 49 in the A wing. I took with me all my things, including my plant, that had grown many new green and purple and pink and purple leaves since the day it had been given to me.

The cell was a little larger than No. 92. And the window had three transparent windowpanes instead of one. It looked over the broad open space that separated the "Frauen Haus" from the men's prison, and not over our courtyard; so that I could no longer *see* my D wing comrades during their free time. I was not, thus brutally reminded, twice a day, of my humiliating banishment from their company.

From the window, I could see the outer wall of the prison and, beyond it, one or two green treetops. In the grass, near the high wall, there was a hut. In the evening, after working hours, I could see the watchman walk to and fro before it, by the wall, a rifle on his shoulder. The building, with five stories of barred windows that faced me was entirely occupied by foreign prisoners: some British subjects, some Belgians, about one hundred and fifty Frenchmen, Czechs, and over six hundred Poles. It seemed as if these were practically the only inmates of the place, so numerous were they compared with other nationalities. And when Frau S, the *Oberwachtmeisterin*, came for the first time to see how I was faring in my new cell, she said, jokingly: "I know there is no need to tell *you* not to make signs to the men in the opposite buildings: they are only Poles." The German prisoners, the majority of whom were so-called "war criminals" — the only men in the whole area who really interested me and with whom I would have willingly come in touch, had I been able to — were confined to a building that could only be seen from the windows on the side of the

C wing opposite the cell I had formerly occupied there (as far as I can understand the topography of the prison without ever having been on that side of the C wing myself).

As I have said before, some of the prisoners of the A wing used to spend their “free hour” with the B wing, others with the D wing. As could be expected, the wardresses had orders not to send me down with the latter batch. But it happened that, in course of time, I did go out with the latter batch, sometimes. As soon as the “free hour” was announced, one was to switch on, from inside, the light outside one’s cell, so that the wardress on duty might open one’s cell and let one out. I had soon learnt on what days the D wing went out first and on what days the B wing did. And I would put on my light when it was the D wing’s turn, pretending to have made a mistake. And it happened that, when the wardress on duty was one of those who were “in order”, as H. E. used to say; or even when she just liked me — and most of them did like me, I think — and when she dared, she would let me out. I would then stand in the back row, against the wall, while we were being counted, so that, in case the matron passed, she would not notice me — for she, of course, would at once tell me to go back to my cell; orders were orders, with her, even if they were given by a representative of the Occupying Powers.

The *Oberwachtmeisterin* too, was, I must say, unwilling to let me go out with the D wing ones, if she could help it. She liked me, no doubt, but not enough for that. “I would not take that risk, if I were you,” I heard her say, one day, to the wardress on duty who had allowed me to stand in the double row, among the so-called “war criminals.” But it was anything but a blind sense of obedience to whatever authority was in

power that prompted her to speak thus. It was merely fear — fear of Colonel Vickers, who was in a position to give the whole German staff the sack, if he chose to do so, and who might choose to do so any time, if he scented defiance. In her heart, she resented the very presence of Colonel Vickers and of every member of the occupying forces in Germany, as much as I did. And quite probably, the matron herself resented it, in spite of that inborn sense of discipline for the sake of discipline which made her carry out the Governor's orders with merciless exactitude.

* * *

I thus met a few of my beloved comrades, now and then, for a quarter of an hour. Once or twice, I walked around the courtyard with L. M. — as H. E. was detained at the Infirmary — and once or twice with H. E. herself who, whenever the work that she was doing was not finished in time for her to go out with the D wing ones, would ask the wardress on duty the permission to spend her “free hour” by my side, with the prisoners of the other batch. (Needless to say, I did not object going out with that batch, on such occasions.) I also met Frau P., and Frau H., — not the one who worked with H. E. in the Infirmary, but another one, who had just recovered from a long illness and who had heard of me both from H. E. and from Frau S, who was her usual companion. And I made the acquaintance of one or two others, among them Frau B, a sweet young brunette, sentenced to three years' imprisonment merely for having done her duty in wartime, and who had already been a year in Werl after having previously remained three years in an internment camp.

“How is it that those three years were not counted

as your term of imprisonment?” asked I. “They should have released you at once, since your sentence did not exceed that period. They told me that the six weeks during which I was on remand would be counted as a part of my penalty.”

“It might be so with you,” answered Frau B. “You are a British subject and moreover, you have been sentenced merely for political activities. We are Germans; and we are supposed to be ‘war criminals’.”

“Yes,” said I; “that is the justice of those slaves of Jewry. ‘War criminals’ indeed! As if *their* whole conduct of the war; as if, nay, their very action of waging war on Germany with an abominable lie as a pretext, was not itself the greatest crime! Their hypocrisy is sickening. They disgust me.”

She talked most interestingly about different people whom she had met in the camp where she had been staying until her trial, and of others whom she had come in touch with during the war.

“There was an Arab whom I can never forget,” said she. “My dear, such a Jew-baiter I have seldom met, even in our own circles! And I had never imagined that a foreigner could be such a sincere admirer of our Führer. It was all the more striking as the man came straight from Jerusalem.”

“*All the less* striking, I would say,” rectified I; “for in that case, he must have had plenty of opportunities to study the Jews. And the more one studies them — it seems to me — the less one likes them. I went and spent some time myself in Palestine, twenty years ago, in order to see them at ease in the historic setting of the first land they have definitely usurped, and to fathom the abyss between them and us Aryans, in fact, between them and even the other branches of the Semitic race. But let me

tell you one thing: the Arabs, who are no doubt the most chivalrous people of Semitic stock, can be as anti-Jewish as they like; but they will never free themselves from the yoke of Jewry — any more than we Aryans will — unless they shake off, with time, the strong Jewish influence that underlies their whole religion. True, the founder of Islam was decidedly one of their own people. But he has mingled his own inspiration with important elements of Jewish tradition, and with characteristically Jewish ideas — I mean, with ideas that the Jew produces for export, not for his own consumption, such as, for example, that belief in the priority of the brotherhood of faith over the brotherhood of blood. *That* has brought the Islamic world down to the level at which we see it now: a worthless hotchpotch of all races, from the pure Aryan down to the Negro; just as the *same* Jewish ideas have, through Christianity, brought about the decay of the Aryan race. I wish you had told that to your Arab Jew-baiter. And I wonder what he would have answered. I wonder if he would have had the consistency and courage to acknowledge that you were right, and to proclaim our doctrine of pure blood in defiance of the whole historical trend of Islam.”

The woman gazed at me with the same surprise as so many other people had since the day I had set foot upon German soil. And she repeated what H. E. had said; what so many of my free comrades had said, so many times “Oh, how sorry I feel that you have not come here before, in our days of power! What an eloquent propagandist you could have been, you who know the history of the wide world enough to see in it an everlasting illustration of the truth of our *Weltanschauung!*”

Tears came to my eyes as she said that, for I knew

she was right. Once more, unwillingly — she had thrust the knife into the old wound within my heart.

As I walked up the staircase on that day, when the “free hour” was over, Frau H, who happened to be just in front of me, turned around and asked me why it was that I could not come every day to spend my fifteen minutes’ recreation among the D wing prisoners. Other ones from the A wing used to do so, after all. Why not I?

“The persecutor, — I mean the British Governor of the prison — does not want me to come at all, in fact,” answered I.

“And why?”

“I am told that he is afraid lest I, the unrepentant Nazi, should ‘corrupt’ you all,” said I, with bitter irony.

“There is nothing we want more than to let ourselves be ‘corrupted’ by you,” replied Frau H., expressing the feelings of all my genuine comrades of the D wing.

“Good for you!” exclaimed I, as we walked into the corridor. “That proves that you do not need me — for which I am glad. And your words are all the more flattering. I shall remember them in my loneliness, away from you.” And I added in a whisper, as I took leave both of her and of Frau B., to enter my cell: “Heil Hitler!”

* * *

My friend H. E. continued to come with L. M. and to spend the afternoon with me on Sundays and festive days. I used to wait eagerly, the whole week, for those two or three blessed hours of communion with the two fine women whom I admired. And I shall remain forever grateful to Frau Oberin for having allowed me that

happiness, nay, for having deliberately given it to me, as a compensation for the humiliation inflicted upon me by Colonel Vickers' orders. I never went to the recreation room at all. And I now spoke as little as possible to the ordinary criminals, whenever compelled to spend my "free hour" with them. I continued writing my book in my cell, as soon as I had finished the little easy work which the *Oberwachtmeisterin* used to give me to do every morning, with a sympathetic smile, a few kind words, and, occasionally, a cup of lovely real coffee, with sugar. I watered my plant regularly and watched its shoots unfold into tender velvety new leaves. And I counted the days that separated me from the next happy afternoon when the wardress on duty (or Frau Oberin herself) would usher into my cell the two women of my own faith before whom I could talk freely — literally "pour out my heart."

Sometimes, I would translate passages of my book to them. Other times, we would talk of our lives during and before the war. They, in Germany, I, in India, had striven all these years for the same eternal aristocratic Aryan ideal of perfect humanity, in different ways, through different channels, with special stress, in their case, upon the social and political side of the National Socialist way of life, in mine, upon the ethics and philosophy at the back of it. Who would have foretold that one day we were destined to meet in jail, and to congratulate one another, and to exalt and strengthen one another's faith in clandestine conversations?

Frau S. the *Oberwachtmeisterin*, had lent me a splendid book, *Menschen Schönheit, The Beauty of Man* — published by Hans Fischer in 1935. I would show my two comrades the illustrations: photographs of masterpieces of classical Greek sculpture representing

warriors and athletes, on one page, and pictures of living German youths and maidens, photographed in more or less the same manly or graceful attitudes — throwing the disk or the spear, or bending the bow — on the opposite page. Together we would admire the noble faces and bodies, each of which expressed more eloquently than any speech, than any book, strength and joy, controlled vitality; the will to power, in the consciousness of perfection achieved; in all their undying loveliness, the virtues and the beauty of the truly master race — our ideal, our programme, our victory in spite of all; our religion; our *raison d'être*.

And remembering the love that had filled my breast, as a child and as an adolescent, for the fair-haired demigod Achilles, and for the godlike man Alexander the Great, I would point to the pictures of the modern young men, trained under Hitler's inspiration, and tell my friends: "*That* is what I have longed for, all my life! *That* is the beauty I imagined, when, long long ago, I used to read, in the Iliad and the Odyssey, about 'heroes like unto the Gods'; the beauty of the perfect Aryan, then, now, always and everywhere. *That* is what I have sought in the submerged but unbroken Aryan tradition of India. Glory to him — our Führer — who has made *that* a living reality, here, in our times, under our eyes, and to you, his people, who have responded to his call! . . . 'Like unto the Gods' . . . Indeed, to you alone — to the National Socialist élite — do those words of Homer apply today. In your young men, the everlasting figure of legend, Rama, Achilles, Siegfried — the same One, under different names — lives, to defeat the coalesced forces of decay. May I see you rise soon, my loved ones; may I see you conquer — and lead! Lead regenerate

Aryandom to the domination of a regenerate earth. That is all I want; that is all I have *ever* wanted.”

And putting my arms around my two comrades’ necks in a loving gesture, I would feel that, in the depth of our present-day apparent effacement, something everlasting and irresistible united us, in view of the great impersonal task. The joy of reconquered power shone already in our eyes. And as they took leave of me, the two representatives of the undaunted élite would repeat to me the very words of my latest posters — my own message to the German nation: “Hope and wait! Heil Hitler!”

CHAPTER IX**MORE SECRET JOYS**

Days passed. I worked — very little; I talked — to Frau Oberin, who would stop for a few minutes in my cell, or invite me for half an hour to her office, as often as she could; to the *Oberwachtmeisterin*, Frau S. to whom I became more and more attached; to Frau So-and-so and to Frau X., the two wardresses who were the most decidedly “in order” and who, at least in my presence, made no bones about it; to H. E. and occasionally to L. M. and one or two other D wing prisoners. I wrote my *Gold in the Furnace* whenever I was neither working, nor talking nor sleeping. And I thought a good deal. And I was never bored even for a minute.

Like so many far more important and far more vicious decisions of the Allied occupants in Germany, Colonel Vickers’ attempt to isolate me from my beloved comrades only defeated its own purpose. Whether it resulted or not in making me appear in the eyes of the whole D wing more dangerous to our enemies than I unfortunately was, — as Frau H. had said — I do not know. If it did, so much the better. But I can, in full knowledge, speak of the effect it had upon *me*. Far from contributing in any way to convert me to a more “humane” outlook, my separation from those other Nazi women whom Colonel Vickers, with pathetic naivety, much more “monstrous” considered so me to idealise them and love them all the more, while it deepened my contempt for the Democrats and their much advertised, hypocritical “kindness.”

“Kindness indeed!” said I, with disgust, stigmatising in the same breath, at every opportunity, before any of the people to whom I talked freely, the attitude of Colonel Vickers towards me, and the policy of the champions of the “rights of man” in downtrodden Germany. “They quack a good deal about our disregard of human suffering and of human life. But they do not seem to know that there are things one resents far more than a little brutality. This Vickers, for instance, seems to take it for granted that I am going to be impressed with his white bread, and marmalade and with the fact that I have been neither flogged nor kicked about, while he thinks nothing of thrusting me here among the thieves and abortionists. If I told him that I would rather be flogged now and then, and be in the D wing, with my comrades, the fool would not believe me. And if one told the Allies that all Germany resents their patronising attitude, their lessons in liberalism, their ‘de-Nazification’ mania more than anything else, they would not believe it either. The strong and proud suffer under humiliation, and hate whoever has the impudence of treating them like naughty children. But these decent-minded worms simply cannot understand that. Never mind; one day they will. One day, I hope, we shall ram the knowledge into their saintly heads in our rough manner, and teach them how *we* react to their sickening ‘kindness’, which is the most insulting and the most exasperating form of tyranny. Oh, you don’t know how I detest them!”

Quite obviously, nobody objected to my passionate tirades — on the contrary. The German staff, — let alone my two regular visitors from the D wing — seemed rather to enjoy them. I was thoroughly popular, — save among the prisoners who, for one reason or another, had spent

more or less time in concentration camps during our great days. Those, I was told, resented my devotion to National Socialism as strongly as anyone could have in London, in 1946. But the other ordinary prisoners were, or acted, at least, as though they were, either completely indifferent to all ideologies, or sympathetically disposed towards ours, although not always, I must admit, for very high and disinterested reasons. As for the wardresses, they all seemed to look upon me as innocent, if not praiseworthy; they all used to speak to me with utmost courtesy and amiability; and they all enjoyed stopping in my cell and exchanging a few words with me whenever they could find some pretext to do so. One of them had shortened my surname into "Muky" — as we were all called by our surnames, in Werl. Soon, the whole staff addressed me so, save when, occasionally, as a further mark of friendly familiarity, the pet name would be modified into "Mukchen." It was touching. It created around me a homely atmosphere.

Frau Oberin talked more and more freely to me, and would often remain a long time with me, with the excuse of improving her French. She had, from the start, shown great interest in what I had to say about Indian religion and customs; also about my six months' stay in Shantiniketan, Rabindranath Tagore's open air university, in 1935, — although my memories must have been somewhat disappointing to a person who, like her, had hitherto pictured herself the place through the haze of beauty with which the Bengali poet's well-known work surrounded it. Now, she seemed more curious to hear about India's attitude during the war: about Gandhi and his creed of nonviolence, about Subhas Chandra Bose, and about the impression the events of the time used to make upon the man in the street. I would

explain to her as best I could that all Indian reactions to politics were dominated by the everlasting, tragic problem of mass poverty — a poverty that one can hardly imagine, in Europe; that the average half-starved Indian, whether labourer, peasant or clerk, had no leisure to feel himself ‘for’ or ‘against’ any ideology, and that poverty alone had prompted millions of ignorant folk to join the British forces for eighteen rupees — thirty shillings — a month, without knowing, without even caring to know, whom they were to fight and why. In contrast to these, I would tell her of the conscious and courageous élite that had wholeheartedly supported the Axis; I would speak of the free Indian Army organised in Burma with the help of the Japanese. I even once succumbed to the temptation of telling her something about my own connections with the latter, and of the subtle way in which my husband and I had contributed to the war effort of Germany’s eastern allies.

“But don’t go and tell *that* to Colonel Vickers, for Heaven’s sake!” concluded I, jokingly.

Frau Oberin seemed surprised — shocked, in fact, — that I could mention such a possibility, even in jest. “My dear,” said she, warmly; “how can you ever think of such a thing? Have you not yet realised that, before anything else, I am a German?”

I smiled. I wanted to say: “One can be a follower of Adolf Hitler without being a German, provided one is sufficiently proud of being just an Aryan. But one cannot be, today, a good German without being a follower of Adolf Hitler.” And the old, well-known words came back to my memory: “Adolf Hitler is Germany.” But I reflected that Frau Oberin’s statement implied precisely that which I was thinking, and needed no comment. I therefore said nothing.

Other times, I would tell Frau Oberin how, throughout the years I spent in India, I had, in countless public meetings, constantly expressed the everlasting Aryan outlook — our outlook — from a nationalist Hindu angle, using the hostility of the Hindus to both Christian and Mohammedan proselytism in a bitter struggle against the two notorious religions of equality sprung from Judaism; the two systems thanks to which the patient corrupting genius of the Jew has managed to inculcate, into more than half mankind, a pernicious contempt for purity of blood.

“From what you tell me of the significance of the age-old caste system, it must have been fairly easy to present your philosophy from a Hindu angle,” said she; “Indeed, as I have told you the first day we had a serious talk, the more I hear from you about the spirit of ancient India, the more I understand why classical Indian thought was so popular, here, in certain circles, during the Hitler days. Take away from it that aspiration to nothingness, that yearning *not* to be reborn, that contempt of the world of forms, and the Hindu outlook, if I am not mistaken, is nothing else but the old Aryan outlook of our people before Christianity.”

“Exactly!” exclaimed I with enthusiasm. “That is exactly what I used to tell the Indians myself, in those meetings of mine. The Organisation that had provided me with a convenient platform, aimed precisely at replacing that will to escape which so many Hindus take for thirst for salvation, by the will to live on this earth. The president of it, Swami S., was an Indian nationalist who had taken the orange robes of an ascetic only because he knew that he would impress the masses more deeply by doing so. He was also one of the very few Indians who understood that alone an ardent nostalgia for our long-forsaken

European Heathendom had brought *me* to India, as to the last stronghold of unbroken Aryan tradition. True, he made no end of concessions to the lower castes, even to the altogether primitive hill men of Bihar and Assam, who are anything but Aryans. But that was only to keep them out of the grip of Islam, away from the influence of the Christian missionaries as well as of the more and more numerous Communist propagandists, until India would be integrated, one day, in our worldwide New Order. He had the greatest admiration for the Führer, whom he openly called, in 1940, an “incarnation of God,” and the “Saviour of the world.” He never made a mystery of these feelings. Shall I tell you a funny story in connection with him?”

“Do,” said Frau Oberin.

“Well, it was in a town of East Bengal, during the war Swami S. was to address a meeting at which I was present. Before speaking, he had told me to be prepared to hear “something that would please me immensely.” In those days, and even before the war, there hardly was an Indian gathering at which police informers would not be present. At this one, there must have been at least twenty or thirty of them. In the course of his speech — which ran, as usual, on the necessity of strengthening, in India, the old Aryan warrior-like spirit, in order to “face the menace of Islam no less than of Communism — Swami S. said, in defiance of the efforts of the British to enlist nonviolent India on the side of the Democracies: “What India needs, my friends; what the whole world needs, is . . . National Socialism.” The German Army was then victorious. An increasing number of Indians were putting their hope in it. A roaring applause, therefore, greeted the speaker’s statement, especially from among the ranks of the students that were present.

I gazed at the swarthy crowd; and at the emerald-green rice fields and luxuriant coconut forests in the distance — at the typically Bengali landscape in the midst of which I stood; and I realised that I was hardly a hundred miles from the Burmese border — thousands of miles away from Europe. I recalled in my mind the words of the famous song: “. . . and tomorrow the whole world!” And tears of happiness filled my eyes.

But I expected Swami S. to be arrested as soon as the meeting was over. To my amazement, nothing happened to him. As I was congratulating him on his good luck, a few days later, he himself gave me the clue to the miracle. ‘Had I mentioned *Nazism*’, said he, ‘there probably would have been trouble. But the average Indian police informers are simple people: they do not know that Nazism and National Socialism are the same thing’.”

Frau Oberin burst out laughing. “I have never heard anything so amusing!” exclaimed she.

“Our relations with the British-sponsored Indian police — to say nothing of the British police itself, in India — during the war, were often amusing, although, of course, not always,” replied I.

And I continued narrating anecdotes.

* * *

Frau S. used to stop in my cell every morning, and have a chat with me. Sometimes, she would come again in the evening, after I had eaten my supper. She would come on Sundays, whenever she happened to be on duty.

She often found me writing. She would not ask me *what* I was writing; she knew. She would simply say, in a most friendly manner: “Well, how is that book of yours getting on?” She would bring me a cup of real

coffee; or show me a photograph of herself among several other ladies of the *Frauenschaft* — the Nazi Women's Organisation of the great days, of which she had been a member; or recite to me the verses of praise that were once written below the Führer's portrait, in her drawing room. She seemed keen on proving to me what an ardent National Socialist she had been in bygone years. But as soon as, encouraged by her talk, I would in my turn express my radical views and strong feelings, she would somehow withdraw herself behind a screen of ostentatious indifference and tell me: "But *now*, I have nothing more to do with all that." The statement — which I never believed — often irritated me. "Why must she think herself obliged to put up a show with me, as though I were a disgusting spy on behalf of the occupants?" I would wonder. But then, I would reflect that, had she taken me for a spy, she certainly would not have told me the things she did, about her own past. Moreover, other statements that she would occasionally make, and things that she did, tended to prove to me more and more that she knew perfectly well how genuine I was, but that she feared that I might land her into trouble through sheer stupidity. She had, I think, a much higher opinion of my sincerity, fearlessness and Nazi orthodoxy, than of my intelligence. "I might not be able to write books, but I am shrewder than you," she once told me; "and I know human beings, — former Party members and others — better than you do." In answer to which, after admitting that she was no doubt right, I had spoken of my husband's exceptional shrewdness, — as though that could make up, to some extent, for my hopeless lack of it.

I often talked about India and about my husband to Frau S. The questions that she used to pose to me were

at first somewhat less impersonal than Frau Oberin's — which is understandable, Frau S. being a woman of my age, while Frau Oberin was by far my junior. But very soon, my strange destiny appeared to her much less romantic than she had hastily imagined — and perhaps, thereby, all the more strange.

“So I see, you did not meet Mr. Mukherji in Europe, but in Calcutta,” said she, one day. “How long were you already in India when you were introduced to him?”

“Six years or so.”

“And why had you gone there, then?”

I told her the truth — as I had told a hundred thousand people, both in India and in Europe: “To find there something of a tropical equivalent of old Aryan Heathendom, abolished for centuries in our clime; to seek gods and rites akin to those of ancient Greece, of ancient Rome, of ancient Britain and ancient Germany, that people of our race carried there, with the cult of the Sun, six thousand years ago, and to which living millions of all races still cling; and to witness, in the brahmanical élite of today, a striking instance of the miracle that racial segregation can work, and the triumph of an Aryan minority throughout the ages.”

I paused a second and thought: “It was perhaps a mistake on my part — a mistake from the practical point of view. Yet, the yearning that drew me there sprung from my true self.” And I added: “I once wrote, in India, a booklet entitled *Warning to the Hindus* — Aryan propaganda from a modern Hindu standpoint. Few, among the Hindus who praised it, knew enough Western history to grasp the full meaning of its dedication: ‘To the memory of divine Julian, Emperor of the Greeks and of the Romans’. Julian, the so-called

'Apostate', tried hard, during the three brief years of his reign, to postpone the twilight of the Gods. But fate was against him. The Greco-Roman world, in the fourth Century, was rotten beyond all hope; nothing could give it back that merciless vigour of youth, the only thing that can buttress such a cult as that of the Gods of Olympus. Christianity — the religion of the tired, of the squeamish, of the old — was bound to win. Despite his sincere aversion for the new superstition, Julian was half-Christian himself, without knowing it. And beyond the eastern limits of the Roman Empire, in that Iran, where Light was still worshipped, in that India, outwardly faithful to the Vedas, notwithstanding the still prevailing warrior-like virtues, decay had also set in. The new dawn of the Aryan Gods — the true resurrection of the Aryan race — was to start somewhere else, sixteen hundred years later. It was to be Hitler's lifework; his glory — and Germany's."

Frau S. gazed at me with great interest. "Does your husband see things in the same light as you?" she asked me.

"I hope he does. He is a serious student of history. And he was an upholder of our ideals in India long before he met me. His alliance with me is, in fact, but an episode of his long-drawn collaboration with the men of the New Order." And I told her, among other things, about the *New Mercury*, the German-sponsored fortnightly magazine of which my husband was once the proprietor-editor. "Herr von S., then Consul general for Germany in Calcutta, expected every German in India to subscribe to it," said I.

Frau S., who objected so strongly to my going with the D wing prisoners into the courtyard, where I might be seen, willingly took me out herself, now and then, for

a stroll along the corridor, where my presence in her company could always be explained without anyone getting into trouble. The first time she did so, she was with Frau X., one of the wardresses I liked the best. It was a Sunday, but too early yet for my two usual visitors to, come. "You have been writing enough all the morning: come with us for a little walk and a little sunshine," said Frau S. "And put on your white collar, and do up your hair nicely," added Frau X.

"Nobody sees me here, anyhow," said I; "it does not matter much what I look like."

"Of course it matters!" exclaimed Frau X. "*We* see you. And your two friends will see you today."

We walked along in the direction of the D wing. The barred separation between the A wing and the D wing was open. Nearby, I saw H. B. and another of my D wing comrades, busy folding up and putting back into their places the trestle tables upon which the prisoners had just had their lunch. I smiled to them. They smiled to me.

We crossed the separation and walked along the corridor of the D wing, before the closed doors of the cells of those whose daily life I would so much have liked to share. We passed before the cell where my beloved H. E. lived, at the other end of the corridor, and before the Infirmary, and walked along the C wing and along the B wing. The two women talked to me as if I were a friend of theirs visiting the prison, — not a prisoner. And it suddenly occurred to me that it would be lovely for me to come back to Werl, one day, when my comrades would be in power once more, and to walk along this selfsame corridor, this time as a visitor, in the company of the new Governor of the prison, — some man who

would have my views, and to whom I would be proud to speak of my experiences of 1949.

We reached the bars that separated the B wing from the A wing, passed in front of the recreation room and in front of my cell, that was very near it, and walked once more all round the "Frauen Haus." Through the glass roof, the bright warm spring sunshine flooded the corridor.

"I do thank you for this lovely stroll," said I, as I was about to take leave of Frau S. and of the wardress. "It really was kind of you!"

Frau S. patted me on the shoulder with affectionate familiarity. "How can we not do what we can for you," said she. "You are here because you love us. You have wanted to help us. You are for us a sign of hope." Her friendly blue eyes fixed upon me, a ray of sunshine in her blond hair, Frau X., stood by, smiling. "Certainly," said she, confirming Frau S's flattering statement.

I was moved beyond expression. And at the same time, I felt small. For what had I really done to deserve that love and that consideration? Hardly anything. In a flash, I recalled in my mind that healthy and beautiful new Aryan world of which the Third Reich was the first living illustration, and what people of my own race, Englishmen and others, — people who should have known better than to let themselves be used by the forces of disintegration — had done to it.

"Germany is in ruins because she wanted to help the whole Aryan race," replied I, from the depth of my heart. "No Aryan worthy of the name should ever forget that. And the least he or she can do is to work with you for the resurrection of the glorious Greater Reich."

And as we reached my cell, which Frau S. opened, I turned once more towards the two women and greeted

them with the ritual salute, uttering in a low voice the forbidden words of devotion that are to us, today, in our effacement, like a spell of power: "Heil Hitler!"

Frau X., — behind Frau S's back — returned my salute, but *said* nothing. Frau S. walked into my cell with a mischievous smile and, shaking her finger at me, said jokingly: "You naughty, very naughty girl! . . ." I smiled back to her, but not mischievously. She was silent for a short while and then said, taking back her usual expression: "I am not locking your cell, for I am coming back in a minute with a cup of coffee."

* * *

Such kind attentions, such marks of favour on the part of members of the German staff, were, along with my free conversations with the same people and with those of my beloved D wing comrades with whom I was secretly in touch, my great joys in jail.

Frau Erste herself, the matron, whom other prisoners used to criticise sometimes so bitterly for her harshness, treated me with exceptional leniency. I never had, with her, the heart-to-heart conversations that I enjoyed with Frau S, Frau So-and-so, Frau X., and the *Oberin*. And to this day I do not know how far she was 'for' or 'against' the Nazi ideology. I was told that she was a staunch Catholic, which in my estimation, of course, would exclude all possibility of her being in sympathy with us, but which, in fact, given the appalling absence of logic that characterises most human beings, even in Germany, excludes nothing at all. She never reproached me with what I had done; on the contrary, she told me once, quite plainly, that, in her eyes, I was innocent — only a little stupid, and that, probably, for having let

myself be caught. She would tease me now and then, but she never seemed to mind the answers that I gave her.

Once, in the cloakroom, where I had been allowed to go to take one or two more things out of my trunk, she told me, in the course of a short talk, that Adolf Hitler “wanted the whole world,” to which I replied unhesitatingly that, if so, he was right, “for he deserved to rule over it, anyhow.” Far from rebuking me, she seemed rather pleased with me for saying that. And when, throwing the entire responsibility for what I call “the crime of 1939” upon the unseen Jewish power behind all governments hostile to the Third Reich, I bitterly attacked Mr. Churchill, called him a “nefarious figure,” a “tool in the hands of the Jews” and what not, and ended by saying something exceedingly rude about his physical appearance, she merely laughed.

Another time, — a Friday, before leaving the bathing-room, in which she always used to supervise us, — I had asked her if I could not have, any day in the course of the week, some extra book from those I had in store in the cloakroom. “You have enough books in your cell,” she abruptly said, at first; “Only the other day, Mr. Stocks sent you a heap of magazines and two books in English.”

“Yes,” replied I; “it is surely very kind of him. But the magazines are full of nothing but articles on sex problems, that don’t interest me, and the books are just novels.”

The other prisoners, waiting in a double row near the exit, to be let out, were thoroughly amused at my remark. Articles about sex problems, such as in those issues of the *Psychiatrist* that Mr. Stocks lent me for entertainment, and novels, would have indeed interested

most of *them*. I was a funny person not to appreciate such a gift.

But Frau Erste, whose features were generally hardened in inalterable impassibility, at least during the exercise of her duties, gave me one of her rare smiles. "That which *you* take so seriously was also a long novel," said she; "a novel that lasted twelve years . . ."

"And that is not finished by any means!" retorted I triumphantly, smiling in my turn. "The second volume — the most thrilling — has not come out yet. But it will."

The prisoners standing in a row — D wing ones and others; women in sympathy with me and women who were not — all burst out laughing. The matron who made great efforts not to laugh herself before them, smiled at me once more as I passed by her on my way out. And once more, I did not know what to think about her. But I felt safe with her. Whatever were her ideas, she would never report the things I said to Colonel Vickers, — the representative of the Occupying Power. Once more I thought: "Wherever I go, in Germany, even in jail, German patriotism is my greatest, my surest, my most unfailing ally." And that fact was for me the source of deep joy. For it did not merely guarantee *me* the affection of a great nation which I admire; it guaranteed that nation a future of glory under the swastika banner, in spite of all apparent impossibilities; and it foreshadowed the slow creation of a higher mankind, out of the now persecuted German élite.

The occupants of Germany had never inspired me with anything else but hatred or contempt — contempt, every time I thought of the silly ideas they had come to preach to people with firsthand knowledge of National

Socialism; hatred, every time I remembered that, for the time being, at least, they were the victors; every time I would see their flags upon the public buildings, in the place of the Swastika flag. Now, in jail, I looked forward to the rare occasions on which I could defy them under their very noses, without landing myself into trouble. I enjoyed doing anything that, I was sure, would make them wild — ‘if’ they knew of it; anything that injured their already flimsy prestige in the eyes of anybody, from Frau Oberin down to the meanest thief in the prison. Secretly entertaining my D wing comrades on Sunday afternoons, or singing all manner of forbidden, warrior-like Nazi songs in my cell; or having, with members of the German staff, such conversations as would have shaken to pieces the last illusions of the occupants about Germany’s democratic “re-education,” all filled me with that awareness of invincibility, so pleasant in times of trial.

On at least one more occasion, I experienced that refreshing feeling. As I have said, the Governor used to walk around the “Frauen Haus” every Friday, between 11 and 12 a.m., after we prisoners had all finished bathing. The doors of our cells remained open as he passed by, with his assistant, Mr. Watts, Frau Oberin, — or Fräulein S., her assistant — and the German interpreter. Visitors, — once, a Polish bishop, another time, some high official of the British administration — would occasionally accompany him. And, if they felt like it, they would, through the interpreter, address a word to one or two among the prisoners. It thus happened that, one day, a British general, whose name I was never told, stopped with Colonel Vickers outside my cell. “This is the only British subject we have here among the women; she is sentenced to three years,” I heard the Governor

tell him. The general took a look at me and then, calling back Colonel Vickers who had gone a step or two further on, asked him: "And what was she sentenced for?"

Colonel Vickers seemed most embarrassed. Obviously, he found it difficult to state before the general the unpleasant fact that a British subject — and half-English by birth at that — felt herself Aryan first and last to the extent of indulging, *after* the war, in subversive activities against the Allied Occupation in Germany. But I quickly put an end to his hesitation by answering the general's question myself: "I am here for Nazi propaganda," said I, with joyous pride

The general became thoroughly interested in me, and crossed the threshold of my cell to talk to me a minute. "Is it so?" said he, addressing me with courtesy. "And what prompted you to help the Nazis?"

"The simple fact that I am one of them," said I. "I have done my best, in accordance with my dearest and deepest convictions."

"Interesting," commented the general. "At least, you are not afraid to say so."

"We people are afraid of nothing and of nobody," replied I. "Many of us might be prudent, but that is all."

"And how is the 'underground' getting on? Gaining power, I suppose?" asked the representative of the victorious Democracies, looking at me scrutinisingly.

I looked in my turn straight into his face, and smiled defiantly. "I would not answer that question even if I could," replied I.

"I understand; you would feel as though you were betraying your comrades."

"I am not in the habit of discussing our affairs outside

our own circles,” said I, glad to speak thus to one of those men who had fought with all their might for the benefit of the enemies of the Aryan race.

The general smiled good-humoredly. He asked me whether I had any complaints to make as regards the way I was treated in prison. “I very strongly resent being thrust here among the thieves, black-marketeers and abortionists, instead of being in the D wing among women who have done, at the most, things that I could have done myself.”

“You mean the war criminals?” said the general.

“Those whom Germany’s present-day victors call ‘war criminals’, but whom I call my comrades,” rectified I.

The general probably deemed it useless to enter into a discussion with me about so-called “war crimes.” He merely asked me where my husband was; and in what locality I had lived in Calcutta, and since when. He finally said: “I was in India in 1922 — ten years before you,” and parted from me amiably.

On my side, I was happy to have shown an important military man of the Occupation how proud and dignified we fighters for the New Order can be, even in defeat. And I thought with pleasure, as I heard the general’s footsteps retreat along the corridor, after the wardress on duty had closed my cell: “I do wish he remembers his short interview with me in a few years’ time, when our day comes!” I smiled in anticipation of the future, and paced up and down my cell, full of excitement.

And the first thing I did was, naturally, to relate to my friend H. E. my whole talk with the British general.

One of my great joys in Werl was to receive, on the 13th May — which happens to be my husband's birthday — the only letter my husband sent me while I was there. Frau P., who was on duty that day, brought it to me, requesting me not to forget to give her the Indian stamp.

Tears came to my eyes when I saw upon the envelope, — opened by the prison censorship, namely by Colonel Vickers himself — the large, firm writing of the man who had helped me all these years, financially, whenever he could, with moral support, whenever he was not in a position to do more, without ever expecting anything from me in return: neither the fulfilment of domestic duties, nor even my presence at his side; of the saintly man who had told me, when, in the early days of the war, he had given me his name and protection: "You have no duties towards me, — rely upon my alliance." That well-known writing reminded me that, even in the broad, indifferent outer world, far away from the immediate sphere of influence of National Socialism, one man at least was in absolute sympathy with me; one, at least, was glad to know that I had been "faithful if all were unfaithful."

The contents of the blessed letter confirmed my expectation. It was not one of those outspoken letters that I had received now and then before coming to Germany; my husband knew of the rigour of censorship, and consequently, used careful language. Still, it was a letter in which I felt, under the ambiguity of the wording, and the clever choice of metaphors, the unfailing sympathy

of Herr von S.'s sincere old collaborator and of my devoted ally for the last eleven years.

From it, I learnt that the Indian papers had published on the 6th April "significant passages" of my statement before the Allied military Tribunal of Düsseldorf, for which I was glad — although I wondered what passages they had left out. I learnt also that my husband had offered to my intention "flowers and scented incense to the Goddess Kali." Kali, the Dark-blue Mother, as patient and as inexorable as the Ocean that shapes continents, and as the Night, back to which all things go, thought I; the Force to Whom I cried, from the midst of Germany's ruins, on my unforgettable first journey: "Avenge my Führer's people, Mother of Destruction!" My husband knew of that all-important episode of my life. Colonel Vickers, who did not, had been, no doubt, far from suspecting what feelings were implied in that sentence about offerings, which must have seemed to him nothing more than a picturesque expression of oriental piety. But I recalled the grim Image in the famous Kalighat temple in Calcutta, garlanded with wreaths of blood-red jaba flowers, surrounded with clouds of incense, amidst the roar of kettle-drums. And I imagined my husband (who otherwise hardly ever used to go to Kalighat or to any temple) standing before it, thinking of me, of us, and our struggle so far away; of the sufferings of my German comrades; of the ruins I had described so vividly to him in my letters, and repeating, perhaps, those selfsame words that I had uttered so often since the unforgettable night of June 1948, nay, since the Capitulation, three years before: "Avenge them, Mother of Destruction!"

And I felt him nearer to me even than where he had shared my joy, in glorious 1940 and 1941; even than

when, in 1942, he used to listen to my description of the terrible barren majesty of the Khyber Pass — that I had seen — and agree with me, in joyous anticipation of events that were, alas, not destined to take place: “How grand the music of the Horst Wessel Song would sound, in such a setting!”

I read, further on: “You can well imagine my innermost sentiments. I will not give vent to these at present. My only regret is that I could not attend your trial.” And, a few lines further still: “Destiny has always been inscrutable in her ways. But her ways are full of meaning.”

“They are, indeed,” thought I, recalling the miracles that had been wrought in connection with me, to allow me to remain of some use, even in jail; looking at my precious manuscripts, uninjured, upon my table; and remembering that my two comrades from the D wing would come, as usual, on the following Sunday, despite all Colonel Vickers’ efforts to make it impossible for me to come in contact with people of my own faith.

* * *

But my greatest joy of all was undoubtedly to be able to continue writing my *Gold in the Furnace*.

In none of the books I had written, — not even in those passages of *A Son of God* that express the best my lifelong yearning after Pagan Beauty; not even in my vehement *Impeachment of Man*, of which Frau S. had once told me that it “could perhaps be published in fifty years’ time, not before” — had I put so completely all my heart and soul, all my aspirations and nostalgia, all my love and all my faith.

As soon as I had finished darning the few towels or shirts or pairs of trousers that the *Oberwachtmeisterin*

brought me every morning, I would pull out of my drawer the thick brown copybook that Miss Taylor had given me on the day of my trial, and start writing. I planned each chapter before I wrote it. And when I had composed a passage to my satisfaction and put it down in pencil upon a scrap of paper. I would at once transcribe it with pen and ink into the copybook. I had very little paper, and could not get fresh supplies of it easily. Getting a few new sheets out of my trunk meant not only obtaining Frau Oberin's permission (which was not difficult) but waiting, often for days, until Frau Erste, the matron, would have time and would feel inclined to take me to the cloakroom where my trunk would be opened before her, and where I would take in her presence what I needed. Obtaining paper that was not my own (from the supply that Frau Oberin had for her office) was out of question: it could have caused no end of trouble, and not merely to me. So I saved to my utmost the little paper I had. I would write upon the envelopes of the rare letters I received, or even upon the letters themselves, between the lines, or on the packing paper from the parcels that a kind friend occasionally sent me from England, so as to make the half a dozen sheets I had left last as long as I could. I wrote at first very faintly, with a black pencil. Then, again, upon the same paper, over the pale writing with more stress, so that, this time, only the second writing would show. Then, I used over that second writing an indelible pencil which Colonel Vickers had given me "to write letters," on the day following my arrival, and the existence of which he had apparently forgotten. And whenever it was possible, I would write a fourth time over this third writing, with pen and ink. Each successive writing I copied, after correcting it, in the brown copybook, with pen and ink.

My ink was also running short, and it would be a job to obtain some more. To make things worse, the matron had twice, lately, filled a fountain-pen from my bottle — without my being in a position to object, for then (who knows?) she might have told me abruptly that I was no longer to write without the Governor's express permission, which would have been to me a fatal hindrance. But I did not allow those difficulties to worry me. Irritating as they might have been, they were minor difficulties. *All* difficulties were minor, so long as I could write without being detected by the representatives of the Occupying Power.

I had long finished my Chapter 8 — “A Peep into the Enemy's Camp,” — in which I related a few of my most typical conversations with the Allied authorities, in particular in the French Zone, as a certain Frenchman in high position had hastily given me an introduction to one or two officials there, without knowing who in reality I was. I had finished Chapter 9, about “The Elite of the World” — *i.e.*, my German comrades; and Chapter 10, “Divine Vengeance,” an account of a thrilling conversation that I had had, in a café in Bonn, with a most sympathetic German “tough,” only a few days before my arrest; and Chapter 11, “The Constructive Side,” about the basic features of the National Socialist civilisation — for a new civilisation it is, and not merely a new particular form of government within the frame of the old Judeo-Christian world. And now, I was beginning Chapter 12, “The Holy Forest,” the relation of some of the sweetest hours I had spent in Germany, in the company of a comrade, somewhere on the edge of the sacred Hartz. There would be, at the most, two chapters after that. Then, I would slowly continue *The Lightning and the Sun*, — the book in which I intended to evoke, as powerfully as I

could, as three eternal symbols, illustrating three different aspects of the rhythm of Creation, the mighty historical figures that I admired the most (for entirely different reasons): Genghis Khan, King Akhnaton of Egypt, and . . . our Führer; the man within Time, the man above Time and the man against Time, as I had characterised them. That work, I reflected, would be the long drawn, main work of my life; the synopsis of my whole outlook on history. But I had no idea when I would finish it, if ever.

The time I worked the most happily was in the evening after 6 o'clock, when I knew nobody would come into my cell until the next day.

I would then take out the Führer's portrait from under the outer covering of the *Mythology of Ancient Britain* that was on my table, and lay it upon that thick book, against the wall. I would also go to my cupboard, and take out of an envelope that I had there in a corner, my earrings in the shape of swastikas, and wear them. For a minute, I would look at myself in the small mirror that I was allowed to have. The smiling image that looked back at me, with the large golden symbols on either side of it, was the selfsame face in which the passersby in Calcutta had read the joy of victory, in glorious '40. New great days, similar to those, were no doubt still far away. However I had regained hope. I had reasons to feel sure that the sacred Swastika — sign of the Sun; sign of National Socialism — would again, one day, be seen, upon the conquering banners of a resurrected Germany, hope of the Aryan race. In the meantime, now, in jail, what more could I do than to continue writing *Gold in the Furnace*, — my profession of faith and my loving homage to Germany: my epic of the Nazi 'underground'?

I would put down the mirror, and look at the pure

summer sky and pray within my heart to the invisible Forces behind the forms and colours of the visible world “Give my comrades freedom and power, ye divine Regulators of all things! — and treat the rest of men as *they* treat the beautiful innocent beasts!” Then, I would gaze at the inspired Face on the table before me, as a devotee gazes at an icon: “Wherever thou mightest be, may thy spirit fill me, my Führer!” thought I. “May thy spirit make me efficient in the service of thy ideals and of thy beloved people!” And, lifting my right arm before the picture, I would whisper with fervour: “Heil Hitler!”

Then, I would settle down and resume my writing — for a long time the one activity left to me. I wrote with fervour, — as I prayed: as I thought: as I lived. Hours passed. And I forgot that I was in jail.

Sometimes, I would read over again parts of what I had previously written. Certain of my sentences struck me as being the expression of such evident truth, that they could not possibly not be remembered or repeated. Even if I were not destined to utter them or to publish them myself, some other sincere National Socialist would, sooner or later. Others depicted my personal attitude to National Socialism so perfectly that I wanted at least a few of my friends to remember them.

I read, turning over the written pages at random: “The National Socialist creed, based upon truths as old as the Sun, can never be blotted out. Living or dead, Adolf Hitler can never die . . .” “There was gold, base metal and slime, among the so-called National Socialists of the days of glory . . . Now . . . the gold alone remains.” And this characterisation of the parliamentary system; “Democracy . . . the systematic installation of the wrong people in the wrong places; the plunder of the nations’ wealth by

clever rascals; *the rule of the scum.*” And this characterisation of myself: “I feel myself an Aryan, first and last. And I am proud to be one.” And these statements about those who share our faith: “Such ones are free, even behind bars; such ones are strong, even when their bodies are broken. They stand beyond the reach of threat and bribery. They are the minority among a minority — naturally. Pure gold always is,” and: “I know nothing in the modern world as beautiful as the Nazi youth”; . . . “Somebody once asked me what had attracted me to National Socialism. I replied without a shadow of hesitation: ‘Its beauty’”; . . . “More than ever, now, the National Socialist minority is worthy to rule.” And finally, in the chapter that I was now writing, those words actually addressed to me a few months before by my stern and ardent German comrade, in the sacred solitude of the Hartz; the words that had decided me to give my book the title which it bore: “You have defined us in your leaflets. *We are the gold in the furnace.* The weapons of the agents of the death forces have no power against us.”

I was glad, oh, so glad, to have laid down all this in black and white! Not conceited about it (the sentences were so simple that there was nothing in them to feel conceited about, in the first place) but just glad; glad, after all these wasted years, to have given my German comrades, in the darkest hour of their history, that written tribute of love and admiration — the best of myself; the tribute of the grateful Aryan of all times to come, that the Gods had chosen to write in advance, through me.

Oh, one day! . . . one day when I would be free again, and the guest of a free Germany, I would publish that book, and the Germans who would read it would feel grateful to Adolf Hitler for having, through the appeal

of his masterful Ideology, compelled even foreigners to believe in Germany's divine mission!

In the meantime, I continued to relate my conversation with Herr A. in the shade of the holy Forest.

The days were getting longer and longer, for the month of May was nearing its end. In four weeks' time, it would be the solar solstice, the longest day in the year, I could now work till half past ten at night without straining my eyes too much.

The glow of the late sunset flooded my cell. Through the three transparent windowpanes of my window, I could see series of small incandescent clouds, like streaks of red-hot embers across the luminous, peaceful blue sky. Everything was quiet and beautiful, soothing and uplifting. I then, sometimes, suddenly remembered that, when I was in India, although the sky might have been, equally beautiful, the surroundings were anything but quiet. I recalled how trying it had often been for me to write *A Son of God* and other of my books in the midst of the shrieks of the neighbours' children or the noise of their 'radios' turned on full blast, or in the night-long deafening roar of drums and shrill sound of castanets from the immediate neighbourhood or the loud conversations, music and brawls of people lying on the footpath before my windows in a country where so many men literally live in the street. "Being in prison is at least better than *that*." I often thought to myself; "and especially when the staff is as kind to me as they all are here in Werl!"

I felt that, with my writing, and the regular Sunday afternoon visits of my comrades of the D wing, — with the friendship of H. E., whom I had grown to love as I have loved few people on this earth — three years in Werl would

pass fairly agreeably, if not, of course, as much so as if I had myself been in the D wing. After finishing *Gold in the Furnace*, I would resume writing *The Lightning and the Sun*. The books could hardly be published before three years, anyhow. So it did not matter so much after all, if I were not free. The work I had been doing, when arrested, others would surely do, and no doubt more intelligently and more efficiently than I. So why worry?

The interest of the Nazi cause — the strengthening of those convictions that had always been mine, in the hearts of Hitler's people: and the awakening of the Aryan consciousness all over the world, wherever there were pure Aryans left — was all that mattered. And in silence, in effacement, in the seclusion of my cell, I was contributing my best to that one sole work dear to my heart.

When I could see no more to write, I would gaze once more at the splendour of the sky, and thank the all-knowing, all-pervading invisible Powers that had bestowed upon me such privileges, wrought in my favour such miracles, filled me, in jail, with such a constant awareness of my strength and such constant joy in spite of all difficulties, nay, in spite of the great humiliation inflicted upon me — my exile from the D wing. I would thank the invisible Powers of Light and Life that would, one day, with mathematical precision, at the appointed necessary time, through ways that I did not know, bring back, to the amazement of the world, the role of my undaunted comrades, — grown still greater and stronger, during the trial of these atrocious years — the rule of our Führer, alive or dead — living forever; the rule of the everlasting truth that we represent.

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PART III
SILENCE

CHAPTER X**THE SEARCH**

On Thursday the 26th May, early in the afternoon, I was, as usual, sitting upon my bed and writing my book. On account of the height of the window, I could see far better there than I would have been able to if sitting at the table — for the table, placed immediately under the window, received little light. At my side, apart from my papers and my exercise book, was H. R. Hall's *Ancient History of the Near East* out of which I had been reading a chapter or two after lunch, before resuming the work to which I devoted all my time. In fact, I could not keep my mind entirely concentrated upon my writing, as I so easily did on other days; for this Thursday being the Ascension Day, was like a Sunday, and I had just been told that my two friends H. E. and L. M. would come to spend the afternoon with me. And I was expecting them with my usual joyous excitement.

“It is the 26th May. I shall remind them that it is today exactly twenty-six years ago that Albert-Leo Schlageter was shot,” thought I, to myself. It was not that I particularly wished to impress my comrades with my capacity for remembering the great dates of the history of National Socialism. I simply felt urged to speak a few words of hope to them on this anniversary of the day the young hero had paid with his life for the joy of defying the French Occupation of the Ruhr after the first World War. I wanted to tell them that *now*, no less than in 1920, no Occupying Power can kill the spirit

which Albert-Leo Schlageter embodied so beautifully. I was not so conceited as to believe that they needed me to tell them that. They knew it anyhow. Still, I reflected, I would tell them — for the mere pleasure of feeling in communion with them and, through them, with all Germany, in the memory of the early National Socialist struggle and in the anticipation of new agitation, new sacrifices and new glory in the future, now that the National Socialist struggle had become the supreme struggle for the survival and triumph of Aryandom.

Such were my thoughts, when I heard unfamiliar footsteps along the corridor and caught the sound of a man's voice just outside my cell. I startled. Instinctively, scenting I knew not what danger, I pushed my papers and the copybook in which I had hardly finished transcribing a passage of my book, under the covering of my bed. And, opening Hall's *Ancient History of the Near East*, at random — just in time — I assumed a detached expression, as though I were absorbed in the perusal of the scholarly relation of events as far removed as anything can be from the wars and revolutions of twentieth century Germany. The door was opened and in stepped Mr. Watts, Colonel Vickers' assistant, the German interpreter, and Fräulein B., the wardress on duty. With utmost apparent ease, I got up to greet the three people, and put down my open book upon the bed.

"We have come to pay you a little visit; to see how you are getting on," said Mr. Watts, after returning my "Good afternoon." The interpreter nodded his head, and the wardress left my cell, pulling the door behind her.

"I am all right; I am reading a little, as it is today a holiday," replied I calmly.

"And what are you reading about?" asked the Governor's

assistant, picking up my book, and looking straight into my face, — suspiciously.

“About Naram-Sin, king of Babylonia,” said I, in the same imperturbable voice, not in the least with the desire to be pedantic but certainly with the intention of appearing so in the eyes of my interlocutor, deeming — perhaps too hastily — that, the more pedantic I would look, the less he would suspect me of retaining in jail the precise, active interest in modern affairs that had led to my arrest. Mr. Watts took a glance at the book which he now held in his hand: at the place at which it was open, the illustration on the right hand page pictured some very old stone relief called “The stele of Naram-Sin,” and the title of the book, *Ancient History of the Near East*, was harmless enough. Still, my surmise had been a little hasty, and the man had more logic than I had expected: my obvious interest in early Babylonian history did not exclude in his eyes the possibility of my carrying on, in prison, some sort of Nazi activities. He asked me point blank, after handing over the book to the interpreter, who started examining it very closely: “I have come to see if you have any forbidden literature, — or forbidden pictures — in your cell. Have you?”

I suddenly felt my heart sink within my breast. But, as far as I can tell, my face did not change. (Somehow, in moments of emergency such as this, it seldom does.) And, with the help of all the Gods, I managed to retain my natural voice and my apparent ease.

“I certainly not!” exclaimed I, feigning great surprise, and looking straight into Mr. Watts’ eyes, with as much serene assurance as if I had lied all my life. “I *had*, it is true, at the time of my arrest, five fairly good pictures of the Führer, of which only one was given back to me. That one must be somewhere in my luggage. I

have not seen it since the day my things were put away. And anyhow, I would not dream of keeping such a dangerous likeness here in my cell, however much I might wish I could do so." This explanation, given with naturalness, would make all that I said seem more plausible; — at least, I thought it would.

"And what about your earrings in the shape of swastikas?" asked the Governor's assistant. The whole British staff knew of the existence of those earrings of mine, I imagine, for the little jewellery that I possessed had been handed over to the Governor's office directly by Miss Taylor, on the day of my arrival, before my trial. But I again lied.

"They were with the rest of my jewelry," said I, "and they are still there as far as I know." And I added calmly, opening my cupboard and risking everything in order to appease the man's suspicions, and to avoid a systematic search of my cell: "You can look for yourself and make sure that I am not keeping them here; also that I am indeed not hiding anything forbidden."

I pulled out the few books that were on the top shelf: *Art and Civilisation of Ancient America*, Harold Lamb's *March of the Barbarians*, and one or two others, and I put them upon the table before Mr. Watts who, at the mere sight of the titles lost all desire to look between their pages. Without the slightest sign of nervousness, I took the envelope that was behind them — the envelope at the bottom of which lay my golden swastikas — and handed it to Mr. Watts: "In here, are a few photographs of my husband and of myself; would you like to see them?" said I with a smile.

"That's all right, quite all right," replied he, practically reassured, "you have no forbidden pictures among them?"

“Not one. You can see for yourself,” answered I, acting as though I would have welcomed a close examination of the contents of the envelope, which in reality I dreaded.

“That is all right,” repeated Mr. Watts, putting the envelope upon the table, to my immense relief. Then catching sight of my *Mythology of Ancient Britain*, — under the covering of which I kept the portrait of the Führer — he asked me: “You have nothing hidden in there, either?”

“Absolutely nothing,” replied I, with assurance. “Look!” And opening the book, I turned over its pages rapidly. There was not a scrap of paper between them. Mr. Watts did not think of asking me to lift the covering of the book. Nor did he, — fortunately for me, — think of lifting the covering of my bed. He seemed to believe me, although it is difficult to ascertain to what extent he actually did. At last, the interpreter, who all this time had been busy reading bits and pieces out of Hall’s *Ancient History of the Near East*, spoke to me. “You are very seriously interested in Antiquity, I see,” said he.

“Indeed I am! I have even written a book or two about the Religion of the Disk, a particularly attractive form of Sun worship dating as far back as 1400 B.C.” replied I, delighted at the idea that this talk might induce the two men to give up their search and to leave my cell as soon as possible. And I picked out *A Son of God* from among the books that I had taken down from the top shelf of my cupboard, and showed it to them, hoping that the nature of the text no less than the photograph of the stone head of King Akhnaton on the first page, would finish convincing them that I was a harmless person: “This is my main book on the subject,” said

I, handing over the volume to the interpreter. I would have added a few words of explanation, but Mr. Watts interrupted me.

“We expected to find entirely different things in your cell,” said he. “We were under the impression that you had here a portrait of Hitler, and what not . . .”

“I am sorry if I have disappointed you,” replied I, ironically. “But as you see, I have nothing of the kind.”

I said that. But all the time I was thinking: “Who the devil can it be who has gone and reported me? It must be that woman opposite, in No. 22. H. E. told me that, she was a confounded Communist. If so, she can only detest me. But how could she have known what I had in here? Unless she looked through the spy hole one evening after six o’clock, on her way to the recreation room. That, of course, is possible . . .”

Mr. Watts took another glance at me as though he wished to read once more in the fearless expression of my face the sign that I was speaking the truth. “We believe you,” said he, at last. And he and the interpreter walked out.

I heard the noise of the key locking my cell after they had departed: and the voice of Fräulein B. in the corridor, and the sound of her footsteps and of theirs, retreating in the direction of the gate that led out of the “Frauen Haus”; finally, the sound of the iron gate, that the wardress closed behind them.

I waited a minute or two, hardly daring to believe that they would not suddenly come back. But they did not come back. Then, lifting the covering of the bed, I saw my precious manuscript there, where I had hidden it. And I thanked the immortal Gods for my narrow escape.

After a while, as I heard the door of my cell being opened, again I startled. My manuscript, — that I had just taken out — I hurriedly pushed back into its hiding place, and my heart took to beating fast. But I had no reason whatsoever to fear. There, standing at my threshold and smiling to me, were my two dear comrades H. E. and L. M. A renewed feeling of miraculous escape added itself to the pleasure I had to see them. And I smiled back to them with a beaming face, as I got up and greeted them. Fräulein B. walked into my cell with them, and whispered to me: “I am sure you will excuse me for the delay; but I simply *had* to see the Englishman off, before I could bring in your visitors. The Englishman gave you a fright, today; didn’t he?”

“It was nothing but a false alarm,” said I, with a smile. “And even if they had searched my cell, they would not have found anything,” I added, so as not to let the wardress suspect that I had forbidden things hidden away, in the case she was not sure about it — for I did not know whether *she* was on our side or not.

Fräulein B. left us, and shut the door. We were alone, the three of us — H. E., L. M., and myself — as usual. I told my friends all that had happened.

“You *have* had a narrow escape, and can thank your stars for it,” said H. E.

“You played your part beautifully, I admit. But still, what would you have done if the Englishman had insisted on examining your things minutely?” commented L. M. “Actually, I cannot understand why he did not do so. *We* would have, in his place.”

“My dear,” exclaimed I, with that feeling of elation that I always experience when about to expose the weaknesses of our enemies, “never speak of what we would have done in the place of some silly Democrat! Those

people are not *we*; they can never react as we would. Their whole psychology is different from ours. Of course, *we* would never believe a word of what an enemy tells us. We take it for granted that we can never trust anybody who was once against us — that we cannot, as a matter of fact, trust those who pretend to be ‘for’ us, until they have been tried. But the Democrats have all the trouble in the world even to admit that some human beings are decidedly — and definitively — against them and their precious ‘values’. They think their ‘human values’ so wonderful, that they cannot bring themselves to acknowledge that people who are both intelligent and well-informed and disinterested, *can* sincerely feel for them nothing but loathing or contempt. We must be ill-informed, or biased, or unbalanced (they think), otherwise we would not be against them. That is how they work out their conclusions — the fools! And they refuse to take us seriously, until we actually hit them on the head. In the meantime, if, perchance, they be forced to take one of us less lightly than they had expected, they lull themselves into believing that, with a little preaching coupled with a few marks of “kindness”, he will surely “come around” and leave off being what his deep-rooted atavistic tendencies, his lifelong aspirations, his experience, his common sense and the will of the immortal Gods have made him forever and ever. I have come up against that insulting attitude of theirs all my life. Oh, how I hate it! Yet, I tell you it should be encouraged in times like these. It can — and should — be exploited for our benefit, and for the coming discomfiture of these champions of “human rights” and so forth, if we are clever enough. It is not even necessary to be particularly clever. One of us always slips through their hands while continuing to defy them, under their Democracy,

for more easily than one of them could avoid himself trouble under *our régime*. The man who, for instance, came here just now, imagines, I am sure, that three months of fairly decent food and what they describe as ‘kind treatment’ have already half ‘de-Nazified’ me. And the sight of my ancient history books has further confirmed him in that erroneous impression. These people have such a decadent regard for ‘intellectuality’ and such a poor knowledge of National Socialism, that they cannot believe that a woman who enjoys reading Babylonian history can at the same time be a full-fledged ‘Nazi monster’. The fools! Let them go on refusing to believe it! One day, when my book comes out — no matter when — they will change their mind. They will change their mind anyhow, whether they care to read my writings or not, when they see with what ruthless consistency I keep on serving our cause after my release, until I die!”

My two comrades had listened to my tirade with interest, and perhaps with a certain amount of amusement. For while the light in which I had depicted our enemies doubtless encouraged one to believe in the overthrow of parliamentary capitalism and the final rise of National Socialism upon its ruins — which is what we all want — the fact remained that my sweeping statements about the shallowness and stupidity of the Democrats were contradicted by many individual instances and that, also, it was not always as easy as it looked for us to be clever.

“Tell us,” said H. E.; “supposing the Englishman had come half an hour later, and found us, here in your cell, what would you have told him to account for our presence?”

The question was a very embarrassing one, for that

possibility had, naturally, never entered my head. I reflected a minute and replied: "I really don't know. But I am sure that, faced with that unpleasantness, I would have cooked up some story to suit the circumstance."

"What sort of a story, for example? Tell us, for the sake of curiosity," insisted my friend.

"Well," said I, "I could have pretended that I had had a fainting fit, and that, in the absence of Sister Maria, you . . ." I had just started imagining an hypothetical explanation which seemed to me fairly plausible at first sight, but L. M. interrupted me. "It is useless to bother our heads *now* about what each of us would have done or should have done, *if* the Englishman had found us here. He did not find us; and that is that. He found you alone, and you behaved sufficiently cleverly for him not to suspect the existence of your writings, as far as we know. *That* is the main thing. Be grateful for *that*, to whatever superhuman power you believe in, and let us worry no longer over this 'false alarm' as you call it. It is over, anyhow."

"I am not so sure as all that, that it is over," remarked H. E. "Have I not told you long ago to be careful about that manuscript? You have translated passages of it to me, that is why I speak. I *know* what dangerous stuff it is. You know it yourself, as well and better than I do. It is a sheer miracle that they did not destroy the three first chapters of it that you had written before your arrest. From what you have shown me out of the introduction alone, it baffles me. Each time I think of it, I say to myself; our enemies must be mad; there is no other explanation for it. But my dear, if ever they lay hands on that book again, now that you have written so much more of it; especially if they read that

Chapter 6 of yours, all about their own atrocities, — that lashing impeachment of the Allies, if any — I tell you, this time, you shall not see it again. Be careful, and listen to me: hide it somewhere outside your cell — for I have a horrible feeling that there is trouble for you in the air, and perhaps trouble for me, too; that one fine day, your cell will be searched thoroughly.”

“Why did they not search it today, if they intended to?” asked I, trying hard to invent for myself reasons to brush aside the painful awareness of danger that was suddenly taking hold of me.

“Because,” said H. E. “those people are shrewder than you think. They leave us a long rope to hang ourselves. Quite possibly, they know all the time that you are writing, and are only waiting for you to finish your book to lay their hands upon it.”

“But how could they know? Who could have told them?” asked I.

“Anybody, — for everybody knows it, or suspects it,” replied my comrade. “You seem to forget that there is a spy hole in the door of each cell and that any prisoner on her way to the recreation room, or any one of those who scrub the corridor in the morning, can look in. I am sure that someone has reported you, or else the Englishman never would have taken the trouble to come himself all the war to see what you were doing. And if you ask me, it is that F. woman in the cell opposite yours who has been playing the spy. I told you who she is, and warned you to beware of her.”

“I have never spoken to her since the day you warned me; and before that, — when I did not yet know who she was — I only once exchanged a few words with her. She asked me, in fact, if I was here able to write,

I told her I was not. I told her that I was never given any paper, save for private letters.”

“You can rest assured that she found out for herself through the spy hole, whether you spoke the truth or not; and that she also discovered that you have a picture of the Führer. She then went and informed against you straight away. Quite like her! She hates us all — and you, possibly, more than the others, because you have not even the excuse of being German . . .”

“But,” said I, “the Englishman has not seen the picture. Nor has he seen me writing. He still believes that I was reading Babylonian history when he came in . . .”

“Or rather,” explained my friend, “you believe that he believes it. But does he? You seem to underestimate our enemies’ intelligence. We once did. But now, we know better. We know that those people are the subtlest rogues on earth. I mean, of course, those who occupy responsible posts. As for the others, — the millions who were deceived into fighting us for the sake of ‘liberty’ and ‘justice’ — you are right when you look upon them as fools. But they don’t count — however much they might imagine they do, when going to vote, once every four or five years. On the other hand the responsible ones as a rule, do nothing without a reason.”

We discussed a long time. At six o’clock, the wardress on duty came to take my friends back to their cells. We greeted one another and separated, as usual. “With all this, I have completely forgotten to remind them that it is today exactly twenty-six years ago that Leo Schlageter died for Germany’s resurrection,” thought I, as soon as they had departed. Regularly, they were again to spend the afternoon with me on the following Sunday

“In three days’ time,” reflected I. And, being as I am, incapable of forgetting the dates of events that have deeply impressed me, however, remote those be, I remarked that the day would be the 29th May, — the anniversary of that dismal Tuesday on which Constantinople fell to the Turks, in 1453, at about half past six in the morning; that date I used to mark, in my adolescence, by observing silence from sunrise to sunset, without anyone ever having prompted me to do so.

My deep-rooted Mediterranean tendency to superstition, — coupled with the fears that H. E. had awakened in me — made me at once see in this a bad omen. I believed more than ever that there was trouble in store for me. And I had a vague though painful feeling that, perhaps, I had spent the afternoon with my two beloved comrades for the last time.

* * *

On Friday, the next day, in the morning, on my return from the “free hour,” I had at once the impression that someone had been in my cell, during my absence. Automatically, I looked under the bed covering. To my relief, my manuscript was there, as I had left it. I looked in my table drawer: there too, the copybook in which I had written the first chapters of *Gold in the Furnace*, and the one containing the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, were just as I had left them. But as soon as I opened my cupboard, an unbearable anxiety seized me: my books were *not* in the same order as I had placed them; and a yellow booklet, *Das Programm der N.S.D.A.P.* which I had recently taken out of my trunk for references, and which I had kept carefully hidden behind the others, I found lying alone, outside the shelf, on the top of the cupboard. That was

enough to indicate that my things had been touched while I was out. "By whom?" I wondered.

What could I do? Whom could I ask? Who was really on our side and who was not? For a while, I felt helpless — and all the time, with increasing merciless insistence, one question — one alone — obsessed me: how to save my manuscripts? All the rest, now, receded into the background, appeared secondary in my eyes. My earrings? Well, if ever they did confiscate them, nothing would be easier for me than to buy another, practically similar pair, one day, in any jewellery shop in India. Golden swastikas were as common, there, as golden crosses in Europe. My *Programm der N.S.D.A.P.*? I could get another from my German friends, when free. And if not, I could go without. I know the famous Twenty-five Points by heart, anyhow. And the extra references I had needed in connection with Chapter 11 of my book, I had now utilised. My books of songs could also be replaced. And I knew quite a number of songs. Even the loss of the Führer's portrait, painful as it would be to me, would not be irreparable, thought I. But the loss of my manuscript would be. Never could I write it over again as it was. More and more, I felt it was in danger. But how to save it?

I was easier to look calm, — and in fact to *feel* calm — in a moment of sudden emergency like that which I had experienced when I had seen Mr. Watts enter my cell, than now, when I had all leisure to brood over the reasons I had to be anxious. I realised that I first had to *look* calm. And I lay for a while upon my bed in order to compose myself. Then, I looked at myself in the mirror to make sure that fear was not still to be detected on my face. Seeing that it was not, I pressed the switch that would light the bulb above my door, outside

my cell, in the corridor, and attract the attention of the wardress on duty. The latter, to my surprise, opened my door much quicker than I had expected, "What do you need?" she asked me.

"I am not feeling at all well; could you be kind enough to call for Sister Maria," said I, feigning not to know that Sister Maria was on a holiday, and that the only person who could come to me in her absence was my dear Frau So-and-so, who would not fail to bring H. E. with her. The wardress' answer confirmed my inner hopes. "Sister Maria is not here," said she; "I shall ask Frau So-and-so to come."

"Ask whom you like as long as someone comes," replied I, in a studied tired voice. "I am feeling sick." But I was thinking all the time: "Frau So-and-so is one of us. She will help me — if she can. And H. E. will surely come with her. My beloved H. . . .! My true comrade! It will be a comfort to me, in this emergency, merely to see her!"

The two women came, and pulled the door behind them. In a whisper, I rapidly told them what had happened.

"I had warned you!" exclaimed H. E. "Hadn't I? I am sure it is that Communist woman who informed against you. And I shall find out who came into your cell — if I can."

"Whoever it be, it makes no difference now," replied I. "There is one favour I want to ask you, with Frau So-and-so's permission; only one: hide my manuscripts in some drawer, in some corner of the Infirmary, so that, if they search my cell again, they will not find them. Save them! To me — and to Germany — they are far more valuable than my life; especially the one I am writing now. That one is . . . well, *you* know what it

is. You have read passages of it. Help me to save it!"

H. E. lifted her eyes towards Frau So-and-so with entreaty: "Why not try? Perhaps we can hide it?" said she.

Frau So-and-so reflected a while. My heart was beating fast, in anguishing expectation. The while seemed to last an eternity. "I wish I could render you that service," said finally Frau So-and-so. "I have heard of your book from H. E. and I would do anything within my power to save it. But it would not be safe in the Infirmary. Everyone knows that we come here fairly often. Everyone knows, or suspects, that H. E. is your friend. If they search your cell for writings of yours and find none, they are quite likely to search the Infirmary, and then, if they discover the book there, God help us! We will suffer, along with you; more than you, in fact, because we are Germans. I shall lose my job. But I am not asking you to think of me. Think only of the danger which you can bring upon your comrade and friend, who is not only a political prisoner like yourself, but a so-called 'war criminal'."

I recognised the soundness and prudence of her words and pleaded no longer. I could not take the risk of causing suffering to my beloved H. E. even to save my book.

"What do you advise me to do?" asked I. "In an hour's time, the Governor, or his assistant, will come for his weekly visit. What if he takes into his head to look into my things?"

"They will not search your cell now, immediately, during the general visit," said Frau So-and-so. "But if I were you, I would simply have all my dangerous stuff put away with the rest of your luggage in the cloakroom."

There is practically no fear of them going there to dig it out, for the simple reason that you are not supposed to have any access to the place. Let things remain as they are, just now. Quietly go and bathe when your turn comes, and then wait till the Governor's weekly visit is over. Call Frau Oberin and give her *all* the dangerous things you have, asking her to put them in your trunk in the cloakroom. She will do it willingly, and say nothing about it. You can trust her."

"Yes," stressed H. E., "that is a good suggestion."

"I shall follow it," said I. "Thank you, Frau So-and-so! Thank you, too, for coming to me, my H. . . . ! You are coming again on Sunday, aren't you? Somehow, since yesterday, I cannot bear to remain an hour away from you. It is as though I were afraid something might separate us."

H. E. put her arm around my neck, as her sky-blue eyes looked lovingly into mine. "Even if they tried to, they could not separate us forever," she said. And for a minute, I forgot my manuscripts that were in danger, only to feel that I had not come to Werl in vain, since I had met there such a comrade as H. E. And tears filled my eyes.

But she added: "Don't worry, now. Do as Frau So-and-so has suggested, and all will be well. I shall see you on Sunday. I shall see you tomorrow morning, in fact, and this afternoon for a minute or two, if I can. Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" repeated I, with fervour, in a low voice, lifting my right hand in salute, as she and Frau So-and-so left the cell. And with those two magic words, I felt fear and anguish vanish from within me. A strange strength, — that was not mine — that selfsame superhuman strength that had sustained thousands of

other National Socialists during all these years of persecution — possessed me. Somehow I know that, whatever could happen, we would win, in the long run. And if we were destined to win, what did all the rest matter?

* * *

The day passed, and the next day too, without any noticeable incident. I had asked to see Frau Oberin, intending to give her any manuscripts to keep in the cloakroom. But I had had no answer. Perhaps she was out, and would come back only on Monday morning. I knew she used to spend her weekends in Dortmund with her parents, every time she could. The only other person who could have taken my books and put them in my trunk in the cloakroom was Frau R., also known as Frau Erste, the matron. But although she had always treated me kindly, I did not feel sufficiently sure of her collaboration to confide to her my writings. “I shall surely see Frau Oberin on Monday morning, if not tomorrow,” thought I. “And I shall give them to her.”

The following day was the 29th May, Sunday. Frau Oberin did not come. I decided to speak to her on Monday. In the meantime, I waited for my two comrades, while slowly continuing Chapter 12 of my book. In vain I waited the whole afternoon. By four o'clock, I had grown too restless to write any longer. I opened at random Hall's *Ancient History of the Near East* and tried to read. But I could not. I kept lifting my eyes every five minutes, watching upon the wall the patch of sunshine of which the steady movement towards the door told me of the swift flight of time.

A little before my supper was brought in, I heard at last a noise at my door, and saw a blue eye gazing at me

through the spy hole. I got up, and went to see who it was. To my joy, it was H. E.

“Savitri!” she called me, softly and sadly, from outside.

“H. . . .!” replied I, calling her in my turn by her name. “Are you coming? I have waited for you all the afternoon.”

“We cannot come any more,” said she. “The Governor forbids it.”

I felt my heart sink within my breast, as I had at the unexpected sight of Mr. Watts, three days before. I scented danger. Doubtless H. E. scented it also, for she asked me: “Have you done what we told you?” I understood that she wanted to know if I had put my manuscripts in safety.

“Not yet,” said I. “I could not get in touch with Frau Oberin. I have asked to see her, but I have had no answer.”

H. E. looked at me more sadly than ever. “She is out,” she told me. “I hope tomorrow will not be too late.”

“Let us hope,” replied I. And I added: “Will you never be allowed to come again on Sundays? Never?” As I spoke, as felt as though something was choking me.

“Apparently, never more,” replied my comrade. “These are the Governor’s orders, I was just told.”

“Who told you?”

“Fräulein S.” Fräulein S. was Frau Oberin’s assistant, as I have once stated. I was speechless, and feeling more uncomfortable than ever. “I have to go, now,” pursued H. E. promptly; “they must not catch me talking to you through the spy hole, or there will be further trouble. *Auf wiedersehen!*”

The blue eye disappeared from the midst of the tiny round aperture. And I heard H. E. run along the corridor in the direction of the D wing. A sadness beyond expression, and an indefinable fear took possession of me. Instead of putting my manuscript back into the table drawer, I hid it under my mattress, after looking in vain right and left, for a better place. There was no place in which I could be sure that it would not be found, if a search was made. In fact, they were just as sure to find it under my mattress as in my drawer. I did not know why I was trying to hide it there, or rather, I knew it was useless. Still I hid it, in a sort of panic.

More fervently than ever, that night, I prayed that no harm might befall my precious writings, And with more yearning than ever I gazed at the Führer's portrait, and longed desperately for the new times in which all my comrades and I would be free — having, after all our tribulations, at last, once more the right to be National Socialists, openly, before the whole world; nay, in which we would be powerful, dreaded by those who now persecute us.

But those times seemed far away, for I was not in a hopeful mood. I envied all those of us who had died in or before 1942, full of joyous certitude. And I tried to sleep — to forget, for a few hours.

But I could not sleep.

* * *

On the following morning, Monday, the 30th May, my cell was opened. Frau Erste — the matron — and Fräulein F, the wardress on duty that day, appeared at the threshold. Frau Erste ordered me out, ushered me into the cell No 50 next to mine, which was empty, and into which she stepped herself, with Fräulein F. She

pulled the door behind us, and then told me abruptly “Undress.”

I started unbuttoning my overalls while she untied my hair to see whether I had anything hidden in it. I then took off and threw aside my clothes, stockings and shoes, and remained naked before the two women, retaining only the little glass likeness of the Führer, that I wore around my neck on a piece of string. I could not help asking Frau Erste why I was all of a sudden submitted to this minute search.

“You have been doing silly things,” replied she. “You know yourself what you have done.”

“Honestly, I don’t. I have done nothing,” protested I, energetically. I was speaking sincerely. I had not the foggiest idea of what I could possibly be accused of. For weeks, all my activity had consisted merely of writing my book, without coming into contact with anybody but my two friends from the D wing, whenever I could, and the members of the staff. For weeks I had completely left off trying to indoctrinate the rather dull women with whom I used to spend my “free hour,” twice a day. Moreover, the companion I now usually had during those brief minutes of relaxation in the open air, was a Dutch woman, very sympathetically disposed towards our ideology, although a little too squeamish, — too prejudiced, in spite of all, in favour of the so-called “value” of *every* human life — to deserve to be counted as one of us. To indoctrinate her, ideologically, was unnecessary: theoretically, she was on our side, — or at least thought she was. On the other hand, to render her, in practical instances, more consistent with the Ideology which she professed to admire, was impossible; to try to do so was dangerous. For while her common sense told her that we were right even in what the decadent world likes to

call our “excesses,” she was a humanitarian by temperament. And *that* is incurable. I had therefore no earthly reason to indulge in proselytism, save through the living example of my own unwavering faith and absolute consistency.

But Frau Erste did not believe me. “You have been distributing leaflets, and talking propaganda, among the other prisoners,” said she.

“I have not, for many weeks,” replied I. And again I was speaking the truth.

Meanwhile, Fräulein F. was searching the pockets of my overalls, and my stockings. In one of my pockets, she found a paper folded in four, bearing in my own handwriting, a copy of the text of the posters that had caused my arrest. And I knew that the one printed copy of the same text that had been left in my possession, — and one of my leaflets of a year before, were to be found among my books. That would no doubt strengthen the accusation against me. And the manuscript of *Gold in the Furnace* was, of course, more than any leaflets, an eloquent proof that I remained as militant a National Socialist as ever.

Fräulein F. took a glance at the handwritten text and made no comments. I had given her a similar paper — which she had gladly accepted — a few days after my arrival in Werl.

The matron touched the little glass portrait of the Führer that I wore around my neck. Was she going to take it away from me? It seemed to me as though she intended to. “After all,” thought I, “she has orders to search me thoroughly.” I said nothing. I did not plead for mercy. But my eyes looked up to her with more forceful entreaty than any words could express. “Leave me at least *that?*” they cried to her in supplication. “I

am about to lose everything, including my writings. Leave me at least *that* — my last treasure! What harm can come to you? Who will know about it?”

The last treasure of a prisoner within her power: the likeness of the Man who, now, in her lifetime, had built up Greater Germany in all her glory. And the dark eyes that entreated her to spare it, with such pathetic appeal, were those of a foreign Aryan whose love had never failed; eyes who had radiated ecstatic happiness, at the announcement of the great victories of 1940; that had wept, when Germany's power was broken. To this day, I do not know what happened in Frau Erste's heart. All I know is that she did not order me to undo the string and hand over to her the priceless little object. And I like to believe that she obeyed the inner dictate of her German pride, — stronger, for once, than her professional sense of discipline for its own sake; stronger than her fear of Colonel Vickers.

Fräulein F. gave me new overalls to wear. Mine were carried away, with all they contained in their pockets, apparently to be examined more closely. The two women then went back to my cell next door, after locking me in No. 50.

Motionless, speechless and tearless, I listened to them turn over my mattress, take down my books from the shelves in the cupboard, upset my drawer. Doubtless, they had found my manuscripts. They would carry them away in a minute, and give them to the representatives of the Occupying Power. Those writings, in which I had put all my love, I would never see again. And the people for whom I had written them — my German comrades — would never read them I knew that. Or, at least, I thought I knew it. I felt the same as though it had been true, and as though I had known it. And yet, I

remained silent and without tears; in stone-like impassibility. Something choked me; and something paralysed me. I did not even pray, — not even think. I felt as if I had suddenly been emptied of all my substance and had ceased to exist, save as an automaton. I listened with indifference to the two women ransacking my cell, less than two yards away from me, on the other side of the partition wall. I caught sight of a patch of blue sky through a transparent windowpane. But even the sky — the boundless, fathomless ocean of light that had always meant so much to me — did not stir a feeling in me. If, for a while, a dummy could become conscious, it would have the sort of consciousness that I then experienced.

I could not tell how long I remained standing in that empty cell, inwardly crushed into that indescribable state of psychological death. Time existed no more for me than if I had really been dead.

CHAPTER XI**ANGUISH**

At last, Frau Erste came to fetch me, ushered me back into my own cell, and locked me in.

I saw my mattress and bed clothes that had been turned over; my cupboard, in which nothing was left, not even the dish in which I used to eat; my now empty drawer, in which, all these weeks, I had kept my manuscripts. And, just as a man who has been stunned awakens to pain after a few seconds of insensibility, I was lashed out of my strange deathlike inertia, back to life — back to hell. I knew the horror of knowing that I had lost everything and that I could do nothing about it; the horror of being vanquished. My mouth quivered. Tears choked me. I threw myself upon my bed — topsy-turvy as it was — and started sobbing aloud, wildly, desperately, as I had so many, many times during those three atrocious years of bitterness, humiliation and powerless hatred that had followed the collapse of all my dreams in 1945; those years through which I had lived without hope, for vengeance alone, and during which even vengeance seemed at times too far away for me to expect to see it. I sobbed till my eyes were dim and my body exhausted; till I could sob no longer.

This was the nearest approach to “personal” grief which I had ever experienced — surely the first grief in my life concerning a happening that affected me *more* than others; and probably the only grief of that description which I was capable of experiencing. I suddenly realised it, as I sat up upon the bed, and dried my tears with the

cuff of my sleeve. And this awareness, which came to me in all its forceful simplicity — as that of a physical fact — was the first redeeming ray of light in the midst of the utter gloom that still submerged me; my first impulse of strength and pride from the depth of dejection. “What am I weeping for, I who have never wept but for things worthwhile?” thought I. “This blow is nothing, compared with the Capitulation. It affects only *me*. Therefore, it is a trifle. Am I a weakling, a coward, a conceited ‘intellectual’, to cry over this *now*, when the horror of ’45 is rapidly receding into the past? *Now*, when I know that there is hope both of revenge and of glory, for those whom I admire? *Now*, that a smaller lapse of time, perhaps, separates my martyred comrades and myself from our Day in the future than from the Capitulation in the dismal recent past? Even if my writings are lost forever, why should I break my heart over them? Cannot the invincible Aryan élite, — the real, living ‘gold in the furnace’ — rise without their help? Pull yourself together, Savitri, whose name signifies ‘Energy-of-the-Sun’! Deny the agents of the dark forces the power to make you suffer! And dry your tears: Nazis don’t cry.”

I felt a little better after thus reasoning with myself. I got up, and washed my face. I was determined not to allow myself to be crushed. Sentences of the beautiful old songs that had inspired the early National Socialists during the first struggle for power, came back to my memory as dictates of pride and courage:

“None of us shall ever weaken . . .”¹

¹ “Wollt nimmer von uns weichen . . .” (From the song, of the S.S. that begins “Wenn alle untreu warden . . .”)

“Nothing but death can defeat us . . .”¹

“We shall march further on, when everything falls to pieces. . .”²

A sudden unearthly enthusiasm, all the more irresistible that it rose so dramatically within me, out of such utter dejection, at the call of my higher self, took hold of me. Again, tears filled my eyes. But they were no longer the tears of the vanquished. They were tears of emotion as, in the teeth of total powerlessness and irreparable loss, I became conscious of my invincibility, that was — I felt; I knew — the invincibility of all the true Nazis of the world.

Standing in the middle of my ransacked cell, my right arm outstretched towards the east — as I had in the dark damp place in which I had spent the night of my arrest; as I had, when free, one day, upon the ruins of a lonely “bunker” blown up by the Allies, in the vine-clad hills above Wiltingen, near the river Saar — I intoned the immortal Song:

*“Die Fahne hoch! Die Reihen fest geschlossen!
S.A. marschiert, mit ruhig festem Schritt . . .”*

As I sang, great memories, visions of supreme warrior-like beauty, rose within my consciousness, living friezes from another world — from that world that I had loved, admired, exalted, lived for, that I would gladly have died for, but that I had never seen; that was mine nevertheless, whether I had seen it or not. I imagined the march of the S.A. through the streets of reborn Germany,

¹ “. . . der Tod besiegt uns nur . . .” (From “Wir sind die Sturmkolonnen . . .”)

² “Wir werden weiter marschieren, wenn alles in Scherben fällt . . .” (From “Es zittern die morschen Knochen . . .”)

in the early days of the struggle; the delirious enthusiasm of 1933; the majestic Party Rally of 1935, at Nuremberg, — hundreds of thousands, come to proclaim their faith in our eternal values, in that immense stadium dominated by the stone platform bearing the sacred Swastika and supporting the bright living Flame, the new altar of the Aryan Race to the glory of the Sun and to its own glory; I imagined the grand scenes of 1940: the march of the *Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler* under the “Arc de Triomphe de L’Etoile” and along the Avenue des Champs Elysées, to the music of that selfsame Horst Wessel Song, in conquered Paris. But after that, the ruins, the terror, the hunger, the daily humiliations that I had seen; Germany’s long-drawn martyrdom; my own mental agony in a Europe hostile to all that I admire; the sight of the eunuchs of Democracy and of their pupils — the slimy Levantine and the Christianised ‘intellectual’ Negro — and of their masters, the Jews, gloating over the defeat of the noblest of Aryans; the triumph of the monkey over the living demigod and, which is perhaps even worse, the monkey’s patronising sermon to the wounded demigod, lying in the dust, powerless, yet godlike in spite of all — more godlike than ever by contrast with the conceited subhuman clown . . .

I made an exhausting effort to “hold on” to the end. But while, in a voice already altered by emotion I sang the last line:

“Die Knechtschaft dauert nur noch kurze Zeit.”
(Slavery has not much longer to last.)

I broke down.

And from then onwards, my torture began — a torture that the representatives of the Occupying Power could not fathom, nor even suspect, and of which they were, to say the most, the instruments, not the cause.

The cause was by far remoter; and it lay within myself. For while I had sought in the Song of freedom, pride and power, a spell of strength in my present tragic plight, my old gnawing regret for not having come to Germany earlier, — that consciousness of a useless, wasted life, that had tormented me like a remorse, so often, since the outbreak of the war and especially since the Capitulation — had again caught hold of me with a grip of iron. It now mingled itself with the grief I felt for the loss of my manuscripts, nay, it kindled that grief into utter, maddening despair. My impulse would have been to pray to the invisible Forces to save my writings, even against all hope. But an implacable inner voice — the voice of my real self — kept on telling me that I was unworthy of the favour of the just, passionless all-pervading Forces. With baffling vividness and accuracy, it pointed out to me my practically wasted life, in glaring contrast with what that life *could have been* if, when I was twenty-two, I had taken a different line — my own only rational, only constructive, only natural line, namely, if I had just crossed the Rhine instead of crossing the Mediterranean. It lashed me and it mocked me, as I lay upon my bed, sobbing more wildly than ever, this time, less over my lost manuscripts than over my lost youth, my lost energy, my lonely, wearisome, worthless years in the Near and Middle East, a pitiful caricature of the useful and happy life — the glorious life — that I could have lived . . . *if* — *if* I had not been such a fool. And I accepted in all humility every stroke of that whip of conscience that fell again and again upon me, biting into my heart deeper and deeper each time — every thrust of the knife into the old gaping wound — for I knew I deserved it.

Mercilessly, in all its tragic irony, the film of my whole life unrolled itself before me. I recalled my essentially

Pagan childhood, my still more consciously Pagan adolescence, in the midst of that Judeo-Christian world that I had always so deeply despised when I had not bitterly hated it; nay, in the midst of the most notoriously over-civilised, cerebral, light-spirited and light-hearted — decadent — nation of that world: France, the nation that laughs at all that which it fails to understand. I remembered my early pride in health, strength and grace; my early revolt against the Judeo-Christian *values* and the Democratic attitude to life. The equality, the 'dignity' of *all* human beings whatever their race, their character, their state of health, for the sole reason that they were *human beings*; one of these repulsive idiots, that I had seen on my visit to the asylum of Laforce, as lovable as myself in the eyes of gentle Jesus — and of the my dull, kindly, patronising teachers, whether Christians or Freethinkers, — for the sole reason that he was supposed to have a 'soul' (or whatever might be the Freethinkers' equivalent for one); the life of a Negro, of a Jew, as "sacred" as that of the most splendid specimen of mankind, and much more sacred than that of the majestic beasts of the forests, that I loved for their beauty; the "right" of man to inflict suffering and death upon healthy innocent animals as much as he pleased in order to contribute to feed or to "save" diseased, deficient, or naturally inferior men, while denying the stronger, more beautiful, better men the right to keep down and exploit the naturally inferior ones! Oh, how I had hated all that, with all the passion of my heart, from the earliest days of my life, in defiance of my surroundings at home, in school, in college, everywhere! How I had always been the irreducible enemy of the sentimental believer in the "rights of man," of the pacifist, of the Christian, especially if that lover of humanity

was, in addition, a meat-eater and a supporter of any horror committed upon animals “in the interest of mankind!”

Verses that I had read in my early teens — or before — and that I had never forgotten, for they had exercised upon me a spell-like appeal; verses of the French poet Leconte de Lisle, mostly, came back to my memory:

“Henokhia! monstrous city of the virile,
Den of the violent, citadel of the strong,
Thou who hast never known fear nor remorse . . .”¹

And this glaring evocation of the deified Aryan hero of India, in all the pride of the privileged godlike Race — these verses of which the music was destined, one day, after the failure of my great dreams in Greece, to drive me to the caste-ridden Land as to the immemorial stronghold of natural order and hierarchy:

“Rama, son of Dasharatha, whom the Brahmins honour,
Thou whose blood is pure, thou whose body is white,”
Said Lakshmana, “Hail, O resplendent subduer
Of all the profane races!”²

Indeed, I had been inspired all my life with the selfsame

¹ “Henokhia! cité moustrueuse de Máles,
Antre des Violents, citadelle des Forts,
Qui ne connus jamais la peur ni le remords . . .” —
Leconte de Lisle (*Poèmes Barbares*, “Qaîn”)

² “Rama, Daçarathide, honoré des Brahmanes,
Toi dont le sang est pur, toi dont le corps est blanc,
Dit Lakcmana, salut, dompteur étincelant
De toutes les races profanes!”

Leconte de Lisle (*Poèmes Antiques*, “L’Arc de Civa”).

same spirit as now. How right I had been when I had written, somewhere in my now lost book: “One does not *become* a National Socialist. One only discovers, sooner or later, that one has always been one — that, by nature, one could not possibly be anything else.”¹ The more I remembered myself on the threshold of life, in my discussions with the Christians who already reproached me with my “spiritual pride” and “inhuman outlook”; with the pacifist dreamers whom I despised, with the their fashionable enthusiasts of Sigmund Freud, whom I loathed, the more I knew how true this was.

But then, the accusing inner voice rang clear and pitiless within me: “Yes of course, that is true. In the whole Aryan world outside Germany, not one man or woman ever was more decidedly marked out than you for the honour of bearing witness to the truth proclaimed by Adolf Hitler. None understood that truth better than you; none loved it more ardently; none loved *nothing but it*, as you already did in those far-gone days of the early struggle for power. Oh, remember, remember with what sympathy, with what wholehearted admiration you followed that early struggle in the papers, when you were eighteen, twenty! You had not yet got over your grief for the destruction of Greek Ionia — that age-old outpost of Aryan civilization in the Near East — and already you had enough vision to take interest in a great Western nation’s fight for freedom, nay, for life; you had already enough heart to see in the French Occupation of the Ruhr an act of felony, and you spoke against it with wild indignation. Once more, as during the blockade of Greece during the first World War, and as after her betrayal of Greece in Asia Minor, you looked upon France — and rightly so — as the enemy of Aryan mankind. But what did you do, when free to act? You went and

¹ In Chapter 9.

sought to save the modern Greeks from their slavish regard for things French and from France's influence, — from the appeal that the sickly ideals of the French Revolution somewhat exercised upon so many of the half-educated and of the foreign-educated among them; you endeavoured to stir in them the love of the eternal Aryan values, that *are* the Greek values of old. And when you saw you could do nothing — for the roots of equalitarianism lie deep, in Christianity, nay, in the corruption of Hellenistic times, and no preaching, unless it be backed by force, can pretend to stem over two thousand years of decay, — you turned to the East, to the one Land where Christianity had never superseded the Aryan Gods, and where Rousseau's equalitarian nonsense was unknown. You went to India — and stayed there, you fool, while Europeans, many of whom less aware than you were of the historical significance of the National Socialist message, were building new Germany, new Europe, the real resurrected Aryandom of your dreams. What were *you* doing, while they, your friends, your comrades, your brothers, your equals and your superiors, were doing *that*? Expressing yourself in violent speeches against the missionaries both of Christianity and of Democracy; relating eloquently, to the dazzled Hindus, as a warning, the dismal story of the conquest of the Aryan West by the Jewish creed of meekness and equality and hypocrisy and crying to them: "beware!"; trying to induce the East to join its efforts to those of the Western élite in the fight for truth, for order, for Aryandom! Wasting your time. You fool! Did it take you all these years to discover the incurable inertia of the East?

"What were you doing in September 1935, while your dreams were taking shape in the broad stadium of Nuremberg, amidst columns of light? While upon the

new altar, bearing the immemorial Swastika, the sacred Flame proclaimed to the bewildered world the miraculous resurrection of the privileged Race, of *your* race, of the Aryan in all lands? Why were you not there in your place with the hundreds of thousands, at the foot of the altar, you, Aryan woman, whose vision had, for years already, transcended frontiers; you whom India, through the prophetic intuition of a few of her daughters, had renamed Savitri, “Energy-of-the-Sun” and symbol of resurrection? Save the Führer himself and one or two others, who knew, who understood better than you, that the battle-cry of new Germany was also the call to life addressed to all Aryandom? Why were you not in your place at the Rally, to hear Hermann Göring call the Führer the Saviour of his people, and to add, within your heart: ‘And of all higher mankind’?

“What were you doing, then? Exhibiting your earrings in the shape of swastikas in Indian tea parties; giving free expression to your fruitless enthusiasm before hospitable men and women, not one out of a thousand of whom understood you; having, in a certain Indian’s motorcar, a free fight with a Jewess who had said some thing against the Führer, and feeling pleased with yourself when you had answered her silly talk with a few blows and a few vitriolic sentences. You fool! Why on earth did you not come back?”

I sobbed more desperately at the thought of the beauty of all that I had missed. But the implacable inner voice did not stop tormenting me. “And why at least did you not come back in 1938?” it said; “There was time, yet. Remember your first conversation with the wise man whose name you now bear. What did he tell you, after talking to you five minutes? ‘Go back! Your duty is in Europe. Go back! Here, you are wasting

your time.' Why didn't you listen to him, you conceited, empty-headed imbecile; why didn't you? Thought yourself 'useful' in the East, eh? And thought you had time; did not believe the menace of the jealous Democracies, agents of international Jewry; thought they would wait for you to make up your mind, and not attack the new Reich that you so admired before you could come to defend it! Admittedly, you did your best to come once the war had broken out. You quickly secured yourself a British passport to make things easier . . . But it was already too late. You did your best *in* India, when compelled to stay. But what was that, compared with the glorious career you missed in Europe? Oh, think of it, Savitri! Think of all the services you could have rendered in wartime, here, or in occupied France, or anywhere your superiors would have chosen to send you! Think of all that, — apart from the great moments you would have lived. You paced the marble floor of your room in Calcutta, and sang all night at the news of the fall of Paris. You would have *seen* the parade of victory: seen it with your own eyes; heard that selfsame song of conquest that you now sang, resound along the Avenue des Champs Elysées; *Bald flattern Hitlerfahnen über allen Strassen . . .* You would have lived on the spot those joys — and then, those agonies — that you shared so intensely from a distance of six thousand miles.

“And when the end would alas, have come, you would have met, at the hands of the enemies of all you love, a death worthy of your ardent, one-pointed life. But, before they killed you, you would have had the bitter pleasure of defying them for the last time with the lashing eloquence of one faced with certain ruin not before a few rank and file Nazis as were probably to be

found among the public attending your trial at Düsseldorf, but before Göring, before Hess, before Himmler and Streicher and all the others, in that tragic hall of Nuremberg that history will remember as the seat of the most monstrous iniquity. In the midst of the horror of a those days, before the self-appointed judges, champions of those Judeo-Christian-democratic values that you hated all your life, you would have vindicated the right of National Socialism to assert itself, to conquer, to endure, in the name of the truths of all times that it embodies; you would have publicly accused its accusers, and condemned them, you, the lifelong champion of the typically Aryan values in the East and in the West. And having done that, you would have died with the Twenty-one, in a cry of defiance and of triumph . . . Oh, what have you not missed, for the sterile satisfaction of impressing a few '*Untermenschen*' on the ground of their flimsy claims to the everlasting Aryan inheritance! What have you not missed, you damned fool!"

The wardress on duty brought in my lunch and told me kindly that I should try to eat. I paid no attention to what she said. I left the food lying there in its container, until she came again to carry it away; and I continued to follow the trend of my thoughts, listening to the condemnation of my inner voice for all that I had not done. The inner voice pursued:

"And now, you would like to save your writings. Objectively speaking, you are right. They are perhaps the best thing you ever did. Yet, why should you save them? It is not just that you should, for you are a fool and deserve to suffer. Stupidity, childishness, are crimes. You have to pay. True, you have tried to make up for your past omissions. At last, you came — when all was lost; but at least, you came; as they say: 'better late than

never'. At last, you have thrown yourself heart and soul into the one sort of action you should have confined yourself to from the beginning: propaganda among the natural élite. You were not made for anything else. But even now, you have acted foolishly and got caught — the only sin, for an underground worker. You are congenitally stupid. Incurably stupid. Useless to pray: it serves you right if your writings are destroyed. It serves you right — you who were absent all these years — if no trace is left of your love and faith when the New Order rises again; if your very friends, once more in power, one day, send you back to India, telling you to go and mind your cats there. Remember what your husband told you on the 7th of November 1943: 'You are unworthy to live under that National Socialist world order that you profess to fight for! It was not established for fools like you!'"

My husband had, indeed, said such a thing on that one occasion on which he had quarrelled with me. He had said it because I had admitted to him — who used to control all my movements, and rightly so — that I had, in the course of a conversation, been foolish enough to tell the title of the magazine of which he had once been the editor, — the *New Mercury* — to one of the Americans that I used to bring home, every week, from the "East and West Club." The American, himself a greater fool than I, had never even taken the trouble to find out what sort of a magazine that was. But, said my cautious ally, he *could have been* more inquisitive; he *could have* enquired; and he could have spread suspicion among the others, thus impairing the little usefulness we still might have had. And I had agreed with him, although his words had been harsh and had made me cry. And I had deplored my stupidity.

Now, six years later, in jail, at the mercy of our victorious enemies, and threatened with the destruction of my sincerest writings, I deplored it once more; I deplored all the mistakes I had made; all the omissions, all the foolish impulses and hasty decisions of my whole life. And I came to the logical conclusion: "The just Gods have given me now the treatment I deserve: when I had at last produced something constructive — a book of a certain beauty, if nothing else — for the cause I so love, that is taken away from me to be destroyed . . . I shall submit to the will of the Gods. They are right to torment me for not having come before; for not having made myself more useful all these years; for not having been killed in '45, while so many, worth a thousand times more than myself, have met a painful death as 'war criminals' and what not . . ."

I tried to dry my tears, and bravely to accept the blow that crushed me, and not to pray, as a child, for undeserved favour. But I could not. A fact kept on obsessing me: I knew that I could never write my book anew, as it was; that, whatever its value or lack of value, it was something unique and irreplaceable: the product of my whole being at a given time, and under given circumstances which would never come back exactly the same; the youngest and best and most beloved child of my brains and of my heart, conceived in blessed hours of inspiration, brought forth in daily uncertainty and danger. I could no doubt create another, work, in many ways like it. But I knew that it could never be the same.

Moreover I knew — or dared to believe — that my book which would have, in the eyes of every reader, at least that literary merit that the stamp of absolute sincerity gives to any writing, would most certainly, in addition

to that, appeal to the National Socialists, for whom alone it was written, and especially to the German ones. Nay, I felt — was it conceit? Or was it sane judgement? I cannot tell; but I honestly felt — that there were many things in it which could not but appeal to *any* German heart, irrespective of politics; things that could even, perhaps, convert to National Socialism certain Germans who had, up till now, failed to grasp the everlasting significance of Hitler's Movement. I dared to believe that, I, a non-German Aryan, could have had, one day, through that book of mine, the rare and unexpected honour of bringing more Germans to Adolf Hitler.

But now, the book was lost. And somehow, it seemed to me, not only that I could never write it over again, but that nothing of what I could ever write in the future could have the appeal of those pages written with tears and fire, in 1948, during my short-lived underground struggle, and in 1949 in prison, and I felt that, although I, no doubt, well deserved to suffer in expiation of all my old mistakes, my book, in spite of everything, deserved to live. And the fear of its destruction remained the greatest torture for me.

That . . . and other fears also. For I had written about a few people, in that book. I had not mentioned their names, naturally, but the circumstantial details that I had given were perhaps sufficient to make some of them recognisable. It did not matter, for the book could not be published, in Europe anyhow, so long as Germany was not free. And when Germany would be free, those of my friends about whom I had written could only be grateful to me for having done so. But, now, my statements took on a dangerous importance for the fact that our enemies would read them. I thought in particular of that Chapter 12 which I had just begun to write

when my cell was searched. I remembered what I had written and decided that *that* was safe enough: our enemies could not possibly find out who was Herr A. whom I pictured in that chapter as such a sincere National Socialist. But what would happen if they discovered who had told me about the atrocities of the British military policemen at the time they took possession of Belsen, atrocities which I had described with some details and stigmatised in my Chapter 6? I shuddered at that thought, and switched on the light outside my cell, to call the wardress on duty. It was Fräulein F. She had not yet been relieved, from which I concluded that it was not yet three o'clock.

"Could you please call Frau So-and-so?" said I, as soon as she came; "I want an aspirin; I feel as though my head were splitting in two."

"I shall call her," answered Fräulein F., kindly, after taking a glance at my swollen face and feverish eyes.

"But why do you put yourself in such a state? Why do you keep on crying all the time?"

"I have lost everything," said I, as new tears started rolling down my cheeks. "My book is far more precious than my life."

"But they will give it back to you!" replied Fräulein F., who seemed to consider that statement strange, to say the least.

I looked at her as a grownup person looks at a child who has just said: "Father Christmas will bring you the moon."

"You would not say that, if you knew the things I have written in that book," remarked I.

* * *

Frau So-and-so came. H. E. was with her, pale,

visibly upset. She did not wait for me to tell her what had happened; she knew. All the prison knew. She did not wait for me to explain to her what worried me, along with the loss of my book, and why I had called for Frau So-and-so — and implicitly for her — with the excuse of wanting an aspirin. That also, she knew. And that was precisely why she was so upset. She spoke to me first, in a whisper, after carefully pulling the door behind her: “Now that *they* will read what you wrote about their atrocities and about the Belsen trial, God help us! . . . You have not mentioned my name anywhere, I hope?”

“Goodness no!” answered I. “But I did refer to you by your initials, as you know, in a passage or two; I also referred to H. B. and to Frau H. by their initials, and that is what worries me so . . .”

For the first time, H. E. scolded me. “You *are* a fool, really, to have landed yourself — and us — in such trouble as this! Either you should never have mentioned in your book any of those horrors of which I told you, or you should have managed to avoid at any cost letting the book fall into those people’s clutches. It makes little difference, in fact, whether you have written our initials or not. The mere mention of the Belsen trial is enough for them to suspect us of having given you the damaging information. The Governor already knows that I come here, otherwise he would not have issued strict orders that I should come no more.”

“In that case, since the harm cannot be undone,” said I, “would it not be better if you boldly stood by me and told them to their faces, if necessary, that every word I have written is true; nay, that reality was, if that be possible, even more horrid than the description I tried to give of it? Would it not be better to accuse them openly — in public, if they give us a chance? To stir up at

last the indignation of the press, of the world, against them and their so-called 'justice', their alleged, 'humanity'?"

"One day, when we are free, yes, we shall do that — and a lot more. But not now!", exclaimed H. E., "not now! Now, our voice would not be heard beyond these walls; *they* would see to it, that it should not be. And the only result of our stand would be more fruitless suffering for us all, and more oppression for Germany, without any benefit to our cause. Believe me; I know these people."

Anguish was depicted upon her face at the mere thought of what could befall us if my Chapter 6 — "Chambers of Hell" — were freely discussed. In a flash, I recalled the terror she had experienced, in April 1945, when, huddled against the other women in service at Belsen, she had seen the circle of the grinning British military policemen close around her, narrower and narrower, until the steel of their bayonets touched her . . . And I remembered the sinister mockery of a trial that had followed, the result of which I had read in the papers: Irma Grese, sentenced to death and hanged; H. E. sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment; H. B. and H. both sentenced to ten years . . . Indeed, nobody could reproach her with cowardice for dreading these people.

"All right," said I; "tell me only what I must say, in case they ask me wherefrom I obtained the information," enquired I.

"Say you have got it from some prisoner now free, whose name you do not remember. Say anything you like; but don't mention me, nor any of us. We have suffered enough."

"She is right," added Frau So-and-so; "What makes that search of your cell so tragic is that you are not alone involved . . ."

I put my hand upon my comrade's shoulder. My eyes, now dry, looked straight into hers. "My H . . ." said I lovingly and forcefully, "don't fear! I shall not let them know that you told me about those horrors of theirs. If they ask me, I shall tell them that I heard of them from others, as you say, and that I put down fanciful initials, purposely. And if I am cornered, I shall finally say that I invented them myself, for the sake of anti-democratic propaganda, and thus take the whole responsibility and the whole blame. Let them do what they like to me! Now my book is lost, I could not care less what my fate is!"

I started weeping in her arms. And she, and Frau So-and-so, did their best to soothe me.

Heartened by the mere feeling of their sympathy, I asked what seemed to me, no sooner had I uttered it, the most nonsensical question: "But are you quite sure that they will destroy my book?" I would have given anything for a ray of hope; for a hint that they "might not," after all.

"How could I know?" said Frau So-and-so; "Strange things happen."

"I also do not know," said H. E. "All I can say, from the little I have read of your manuscript, is that, if they do *not* destroy it, I shall believe that they are either completely mad or . . . about to revise their whole policy with regard to Germany."

Those frank words meant that more despair was probably in store for me. But they implied such an appreciation of my book that I was moved as one is when given unexpected praise. And I was all the more eager to see my precious writings saved.

Soon, Frau Oberin herself came and spent a few minutes with me. She too was upset — afraid.

“Do you realise that, through your extravagant lure of defiance you have put us all in danger?” said she, sternly. “You seem to lack that sense of responsibility, so important, so essential, in a person with your ideals — otherwise, no doubt you would have been more careful. I had told you: do what you like, but don’t involve *me*, don’t involve others. And now it will be a miracle if I do not lose my job on account of you . . .”

I was sincerely, deeply sorry for all the trouble that I was causing, or that I should cause in the future, through the repercussions of that unfortunate search in my cell. But I could not help feeling that, not merely *to me*, but objectively, — solely from the National Socialist standpoint — the impending destruction of my book was more tragic than the loss of anybody’s job. I looked sadly at Frau Oberin and said: “Maybe, I was foolish. One always is, when one gets caught. Nevertheless, you will find a new job, if you lose this one. While I can never write my book anew, as it was. It is irreparably lost.”

There was such distress in my voice that she spoke to me gently. She even seemed moved. Her face took on a thoughtful, sad expression. “*We* have suffered many irreparable losses, we Germans,” said she, slowly and quietly, as though speaking to herself.

I remembered that her own brother had been killed on one of the battlefields of the Russian front. And I felt small. Of those hundreds of thousands of young soldiers who had given their blood to Germany and to the Führer, was not each one irreplaceable, and immeasurably more precious than my book? Yet, joyfully, they had given their blood, their beautiful youth, for the Aryan ideals — my

ideals — to prevail in the world. Who was I, to speak of my losses before their mothers, their wives, their sisters? The least I could do was to accept in silence and dignity the suffering imposed upon me by our common enemies; my little share of grief for the common cause.

But Frau Oberin spoke again: “It is not your book that seems to have stirred them to frantic wrath,” she said; “it is the other things they found in your cell, specially the Führer’s picture. That has made the Governor wild. And he blames me, naturally, for having allowed you to keep it . . .”

“I shall tell him that I kept it without your knowledge. Also that, whatever I wrote, I wrote without you suspecting it.”

“I shall appreciate it if you say that,” replied she, “although I wonder whether he will believe you. Anyhow: don’t speak before you are questioned. And speak as little as possible. You have made a sufficient mess of everything. I don’t suppose the Governor will see you before Friday, anyhow.”

Before leaving my cell, she asked me whether I still had the little glass portrait that I used to wear around my neck. “Yes,” said I; “it is the only thing I have left.”

“Give it to me,” said Frau Oberin “I shall put it in safety for you — and give it back to you when I can. It would be another catastrophe if ever they searched your body again, and found *that!*”

“But they would not search me again?” reflected I.

“One never knows . . . It is better to forestall the possibility.”

So I untied the string, and handed over to her the last treasure I had; the one Frau Erste had spared. I

parted with it feeling confident that, in Frau Oberin's hands, it was safer than in mine.

* * *

Evening came. I ate hardly anything of the supper that was brought to me. I lay upon my bed, too exhausted even to weep. But I thought of my lost manuscript all the time. However much I told myself that mine was a minor loss — a trifle not worth mentioning, compared with the death of so many thousands of faithful young men, killed for our cause, — I could not raise myself above my grief. An unbearably oppressive feeling — something like that of a hand gripping me and squeezing me at the level of the waist — added physical torment to moral torture.

I watched the pattern that the setting Sun projected against the wall, move slowly towards the door, as it did every evening. I looked around my now empty cell, and remembered that, only twenty-four hours before, it was not empty; that, when the Sun had last set, there had still been here my precious manuscript, spread before me upon the bed, and the Führer's likeness, facing me upon the table . . . Where were those treasures, now? Again I started sobbing desperately at the thought of them. It seemed as though nothing could soothe me. I longed to be dead — not to feel; not to remember. "Oh, why, why weren't I killed in '45 or '46, with so many others of us?" thought I.

But the clear, still, serene voice from within me again rose in answer and said: "Because you were not on the spot — which is your own fault. But also, perhaps, because it was the will of the Gods to keep you aside, for you to be useful in the second struggle for power, in a way they alone know."

“The second struggle for power!” thought I — and the very idea of it gave me, in spite of all, the desire to live. “The second struggle . . . Yes; it has already begun; and although a prisoner, I am already in it. But of what use am I, in the state I am in?”

“You will grow out of that state,” said the serene inner voice; “even if they destroy all your writings, still you will grow out of it, and fight again; do your duty as an Aryan — as one of the few non-German Aryans of the world aware of the fact that National Socialism is *their* concern, no less than Germany’s, and Hitler the natural Leader of the whole race.”

I was thus thinking when I heard the noise of a key in the keyhole, and startled. For it was unusual; nobody ever came after six o’clock. But I was soon reassured: it was the *Oberwachtmeisterin*, Frau S. Her bag in hand, she was ready to go home. But although time was over, she had stepped in to see me on her way out.

“Frau S.!” exclaimed I, as a pathetic smile made my tired, swollen, face, in tears, look perhaps even more sorrowful. “Frau S.! It is so kind of you to have come! *You* will not scold me, will you?”

Frau S. had probably come with the intention of scolding me, just as Frau Oberin had. But she looked at my face, and was silent for a minute. Her scrutinising grey eyes discovered in me a distress that she had not imagined. “You have got us all into serious trouble,” said she, however, at last. “What have you to say?”

“Nothing,” replied I, — “save that I was unfortunate enough to attract attention, and to undergo an unexpected search. It is not true that I have been distributing leaflets, here, among the other prisoners, as Frau Erste thinks. I did distribute a few in the beginning, admittedly, and then, only among the D wing ones. I never

gave any to a single one of the ordinary criminals, save to a tall dark-haired woman called L., and that was weeks ago. And I did not leave the paper in her possession. She gave it back to me after copying it. Anyhow, she is now free. Since then, I have done no more propaganda among this lot. I cannot trust them. I have spoken of serious things to nobody but my two friends, who are reliable. And I have done nothing but write in silence.”

“I remember that L.; she was a debased type of woman,” remarked Frau S. sternly. “What inclined you to trust her?”

“She told me that she had been a member of the N.S.D.A.P.”

“Everybody was in those days,” replied Frau S. “That is no guarantee that she was a National Socialist, or that she is one now. You should have known that, being all these months in Germany. Or else, if you are incurably lacking in discrimination, you should not try to do dangerous work.”

Tears again choked me. “I was perhaps wrong to show a copy of my leaflets to L.,” said I; “I was certainly wrong. But don’t scold me! They have taken my manuscript away and will surely destroy it. Is that not enough to punish me, if I failed?”

Frau S’s expression softened. I pursued: “Believe me, it is not frustrated vanity that makes me cry over the loss of that book; it is not the idea that my prose will never come out in black and white, and be available in bookshops: that my style, my thought, etc. will not be appreciated. Oh, you don’t know how little I care for all that! If my book were one day to be published under another name than mine, if another person were to be praised for it, I would not care, provided it had the right influence upon the minds and hearts of its readers

provided it helped to forward the Nazi cause. All I want, all I ever wanted, is to contribute to the success of the one Idea for which I have lived. I am crying over my book because it is the best thing I have produced for our cause; because it is my most valuable gift to Germany. I know — and this would remain true even if nobody knew that the book is mine — I know no foreigner has ever written about you, my Führer's people, the things I wrote in those pages. It is the first time . . .”

Again my mouth quivered and tears ran down my cheeks. Visibly moved, Frau S. took my hands in hers, and squeezed them with warm sympathy, while the clear serene voice within me gently rectified the statement I had just made. “No,” it said; “it is not true. Your most valuable gift to your Führer's people is not your book, but your love. You are the first foreigner who really loves them.” It also told me: “Bear your loss and your suffering bravely, as a Nazi should. Remember the words of your comrade — and superior — Herr A. that you have quoted in the writing you will never see again: ‘A National Socialist should have no weaknesses’.”

* * *

The long evening dragged on . . . I tried to sing some of our old songs to give myself strength. The magical words — and tunes — would indeed give me back for a while, the strength, the pride, nay the aggressiveness that I so much needed. But at the same time, they would awaken in me the old unbearable sense of guilt for not having been in my place during the great days; for not having been killed in '45; and the sorrow for having lost, now, the one sole thing I had created entirely as a tribute to those whom I so admired.

Slowly the sky darkened; the stars appeared; night came.

I tried to ponder over the staggering distances that separated me from those mysterious suns in space; to detach myself from all that was of this earth. But somehow, I always came back to our planet.

Gazing at a bright green star that twinkled in the midst of so many others, I said to myself: "Those rays of light have perhaps travelled for years to meet my eye. For years, at the rate of 300,000 kilometres a second! How far away that makes the burning centre from which they emanate; and how small that makes the earth — my earth that bears all I love! A mere speck on the shores of limitless fathomless space, my earth, with its wars, its religions, its songs! Still, it is only through this little earth that I can love that endless Universe. The marvel of this earth is not Pascal's sickly 'thinking' Christian, who despises the majestic Universe because he believes it less precious than his silly conceited self in the eyes of his all-too-human Yiddish god; no, the highest form of life on this planet is the healthy, handsome, fearless Aryan who follows his racial logic to the bitter end; the perfect National Socialist — the one creature who *collectively* and *consciously*, lives up to a cosmic philosophy that exceeds both himself and the earth, infinitely; a philosophy in which man's ties, man's happiness, man's life and death, man's individual 'soul' (if he has such a thing) do not count; in which nothing counts but the creation, maintenance and triumph of the most dynamic and harmonious type of being: of a race of men indeed 'like unto the Gods'; of men in tune with the grandeur of starry space."

I knew that I had exalted that superhuman ideal, that proud, hard, logical, divine Nazi philosophy, in my

book, and that my book was lost. I tried to tell myself: “What does it matter, since the doctrine is eternal? Since it is the true philosophy of Life, right through starry space, for aeons and aeons? Since, if that green star of which the radiance takes several light-years to reach us has living worlds revolving around it, the mission of those worlds is the same as that of ours: namely, through love and strife, to realise the Divine in the proud consciousness of superior races, or to perish?” And I remembered my challenge to the silly Democrats in Chapter 5 of my lost book: “You cannot ‘de-Nazify’ Nature!” But still I wept.

I tried to sleep — to forget. And out of sheer exhaustion, I managed to fall into some sort of demi-somnolence in which, if not totally unconscious, I was at least relieved of the torture of thinking, of remembering, of regretting; of feeling powerless before the loss of what I considered to be the culmination of my lifelong struggle for the Aryan ideal of life modelled on cosmic truth. I perhaps even slept — for half an hour or so. I do not know. But I suddenly rose out of my torpor. The horrid grip from within that I felt in my stomach, at the level off the waist, was so unbearable that it had thrown me back into consciousness. And my head was aching as if it had been hacked through the middle. A cold sweat oozed from my skin. And my teeth clattered with fever.

I sat up on my bed, on which I had thrown myself without taking the trouble to undress. Again I gazed at the distant starry sky. And I listened to the silence that surrounded me. Perfect silence; lovely, sweet silence. Oh, how well I would have slept, had it not been for my burning torment from within!

I remembered my home in Calcutta.

The starry sky was as beautiful there as here, as

everywhere. And the intoxicating scent of jasmine flowers, and of the sticks of incense burning in the room before the only two pictures that adorned it, reached me as I softly went to sleep under the artificial breeze of the electric fan. Save for the next door neighbour's radio, all was quiet enough for an hour or so. Then — how many times! — no sooner I had gone to sleep, music would begin in the “bustee” downstairs (separated from our house by a mere wall) or in some courtyard across the road. Fifty people, a hundred people, or more, would start howling in cadence, to the deafening beating of drums, to the high-pitched sound of flutes, to the rattling of castanets. And I would awaken all of a sudden, and not be able to go to sleep again. All night, hour after hour, maddened with irritation, with fatigue, with a splitting headache, I would in vain wait and wait for the noise to subside. It usually kept on till the morning. Or else, reluctantly, I would get up after an hour or two, cross the sitting room, and knock at the door of my husband's room. *He* would be fast asleep, and would not hear me. I would finally walk in and awaken him. And the dialogue would be — more or less — the same every time

“What is it?”

“The music again. They have started.”

“A plague on them, and on you! Really, why couldn't you leave India in 1938, when I first told you to? Now, instead of making yourself a nuisance to me, every other night, you would be in Germany turning out bombs in some ammunition factory.”

“Oh, how I wish I were!”

“So do I!”

“Aren't you going to the police, to try to have them stop this damned row?”

“I suppose I have to. But what a curse you are!”

Goodness only knows how I have done all I could to help you to get away from here. I gave you a British passport, that you might travel in spite of the war. For my sins in past lives, I could not give it to you in time, and I am, apparently, condemned to put up with you as long as the war lasts . . .”

Thus he grumbled — and who could blame him? But he would get up and dress and go down into the street, walk to the police station, and have the nuisance stopped. And I would at last rest, but generally remain awake for long hours after the disturbance.

Now, in Werl, I remembered those awful sleepless nights, as I breathed the fresh air and felt the restful silence all round me, being myself in the grip of anguish. I regretted them. “The sleeplessness due to those deafening drums, those castanets, and howling voices, was better than this agony,” thought I. “Those headaches, due to noise alone, were better than this one!”

And I recalled one particular night of those on which, as always, I had got up to call my husband and beg him to go to the police. It was in early September 1944, — a few weeks before I left Calcutta to wander for months so that I would not learn when the end would be. Our brave eastern Ally, Japan, that we had been helping with all our might, had just surrendered. This time, my husband had answered as soon as I had knocked at his door: he was *not* asleep. Nor had he shown me his usual — and understandable — irritation, when I had told him that the noise “had started.” He had merely switched on the light, and taken my hands in his, and looked intently into my eyes. “I know you suffer here,” he had said; “but let me tell you, now, — *now* that our work, our dreams, all we fought for, all we valued in the modern world, is about to collapse, nobody knows for

how long —: this suffering of yours is nothing. It is only physical. One day, soon, — sooner than you expect — you will go back to your quiet Europe. There, you will no longer have to put up with drums and castanets, *but . . .* You will be persecuted for your dearest convictions, — like the others; you will be hated, or mocked, for all that you stand for; forbidden to speak, forbidden to write in defence of your faith; forbidden to protest against the infliction of humiliation and pain upon those you admire the most; not killed, but much worse: crushed into dreary uselessness, provoked into powerless rage, despoiled of all means of expressing what you know to be true, of exalting publicly what you know to be great and valuable; laughed into ‘harmlessness’ by the victorious Democrats, your inferiors and mine. *Then* you will know what suffering is!”

Now, in my peaceful cell, torn and tortured as I was by the thought of the destruction of my manuscript, I thought — and not for the first time since my return to Europe: — “How right, oh, how absolutely right he was!”

* * *

The following days were as horrible to me as the one I had just lived. I was not given any work to do; nor anything to read; nor — as can be expected — any pencil and paper, to write. I had absolutely nothing to do but to think. And my reflections, whatever they were, always brought me back to that one anguishing reality: the well-nigh certain destruction of the book in which I had put so much thought and so much love.

I tried to rise above my grief by bearing in mind words of strength — those of my comrade Herr A., in the shade of the sacred Hartz those of other comrades of

mine, or of the Führer himself — and by singing the Horst Wessel Song once a day or more. For a while, the spell worked its miracle, and turned into my old self, once more, the pitiable creature of despair that I had become. But then, again I would realise that “my most valuable gift to Germans” (as I had characterised my book before Frau S.) was lost forever. And again an anguish perhaps even worse than the *certitude* of despair would seize me by the waist. And I would sob till my eyes would ache as though they were being pulled out of their sockets.

I could neither eat nor sleep. I merely forced myself to nibble a little of the food that was brought to me by telling myself that I needed my health and strength to fight again one day; that, to let myself go would be, in a way, to betray our cause. But at last, I could pray. I knew I deserved no favour from the invisible Powers, but I felt that it was my right and even my duty to beg for understanding and for strength, nay, to appeal for the miracle that would save my book against all earthly possibilities, provided I did so not for my own relief, not for my own satisfaction, nor for my own exaltation; but solely with a view to forward the Nazi cause.

So I prayed.

First, I sat still, and directed my mind to “That Which is.” “*From the things that appear, but that are not, to those that appear not, but that are.*” Those words came back to me. Long ago, — in 1927 — when I was still a student of philosophy at the Lyons University, another student, who was a Catholic and a pupil of the Catholic philosopher Blondel, had once shown me a book in which Blondel had written them for her. They could have been *my* motto, although I was anything but a Catholic. And they expressed adequately the attitude

of thousands of thoughtful Hindus whose outlook is as foreign to Christianity, if not as decidedly *anti-Christian*, as mine. I meditated upon those words.

“The visible, the tangible, the events of the world, are not without reality, as some say,” thought I; “but their reality is that of a *consequence* hanging on to a cause, — not that of a cause. The cause always lies in the invisible, in the intangible, in the events of the subtle world, of which few people know anything. Whoever can influence the unseen causes, can change the course of the consequences.” And that thought soothed me.

I imagined Colonel Vickers reading my manuscript. I imagined other Englishmen of the Occupation services reading it, — all notorious anti-Nazis, bitter enemies of all that I admire, men who could not but foam with rage at the perusal of my uncompromising statements, my sneers at “human rights” and “equality,” my impeachment of the Democracies — and of the Allied Occupation — my cynical praise of violence in the service of the cause of truth. And I said to myself: “But they are all nothing but puppets in the hands of the invisible Powers. They will read of my words only that which the Invisible will allow them to read; and they will grasp the meaning of it, only to the extent the Invisible permits. However clear be any sentence of mine, if the Invisible blinds them to its implications, they will be blinded.” And that also soothed me, although I could not understand how such a thing could possibly happen.

Then, of all the “things that appear,” I recalled the most majestic — the grandest sight I had seen in my life: beneath the starry sky streaked with northern lights, the burning and roaring Mountain, Hekla in eruption. And I evoked the mysterious Presence, the Power unseen and irresistible that I had hailed in its flames and lava,

exactly two years before my trial. I remembered myself in the snow, in the wind, in the darkness, alone before that glory of fire, singing, in mystical rapture, in the easternmost modern Aryan tongue, the hymn to Shiva “Dancer of Destruction, O King of the Dance! . . .” and Hekla’s subterranean roar answering my voice at regular intervals. The same awe-inspiring, still, implacable, resplendent Presence faced me *now*, I felt; unsuspected by others, the same Power radiated all round me, in the whole universe, and within me; to the same terrible Beauty, today, I lifted from the depth my aching eyes full of tears. And I was overwhelmed by such a sense of grandeur, that I forgot my grief in an act of adoration.

A cry sprang from me, — or rather *through* me, from a greater self; a cry uniting me, over centuries of racial and religious apostasy, to my Aryan ancestors, worshippers of fire and conquerors of India: “Aum, Rudrayam! Aum, Shivayam!”

Twenty-one times — I know not why that number — I repeated those words as a sacred incantation, motionless, my spine straight, and my head erect. There was in me not the slightest intention to imitate the “japa” type of religious exercises of which I had heard in India. I had never practised “japa” there, myself, and if my apparently strange gesture was influenced by the fact that I had lived there long years, I was certainly not conscious of it. No; I believe it was much more, as I said, the outcome of that particular Heathen piety of my own that had once driven me to India in search of a living equivalent of my old European Pagandom. It was not the cry of a modern European who, by living among Hindus, has become “Indianised,” but that of an ancient Aryan from *before* the far-gone *Drang nach Ost* that carried to

India the Sanskrit language and the cult of the Aryan Gods.

“Aum, Shivayam!”

I did not *pray*; I contemplated. I penetrated my self with the beauty of the cosmic play behind the intricacy of ephemeral appearances, visible consequences of the Dance of the Invisible.

“Lord of the unseen Forces,” thought I, after I had finished repeating the holy syllables, “I ask Thee nothing. I know I deserve no favour. Moreover, Thou art mathematical Rhythm and merciless Artistry, not a personal god. Thou hast no favours to distribute. There are no exceptions to Thy everlasting laws. Only penetrate me with the awareness of Thy impersonal justice, let me understand Thy ways, and bear suffering with fortitude and dignity, if I have to suffer. Only make me a worthier follower of my Führer, in whom Thy spirit shines; a worthier and tougher supporter of our cause, which is Thine. Kill in me all vanity, all conceit. Help me to realise that I am but a tool in Thy hands — a tool that does not know *how* it is to be used the most efficiently, and that just obeys, day to day . . .

“Lord of the Dance of Life and Death, Lord of all things strong and true, Thou hast lived in the stately pageantry of our days of glory; in the processions, in the songs, in the frenzied collective joy of the Chosen Nation, intoxicated with its own vitality. Thou art that Vitality. Thou hast lived also. Thou livest now, in the grim endurance, in the silent, far-sighted determination of the men of iron, alone erect amidst the ruins of the Third Reich, faithful when the whole world is unfaithful; in those invincible ones whom I have exalted in my book. Thou art they. And Thou wilt live again in the grandeur of their second rising.

“Lord of the Unseen, of Whose Play all that is visible is but a reflected detail, help me to understand that, if the pages I wrote are sufficiently full of Thy dynamism to be of any use in the future, Thou wilt preserve them; that they will be destroyed only if, in the scales of Thy passionless justice, their preservation is of no import to our New Order — Thy divine Order on earth — in which case, I should not be sorry for their loss. Oh, kill in me that presumption that prompts me to overvalue what I have written. I really know not what it is worth. Thou alone knowest. Only help me to work with serenity and efficiency, firm, calm, wise and loving; never for my own promotion, but solely for our cause, our truth — Thy Truth.

“Lord in Whose dynamic cult men of my race expressed themselves in time immemorial, and Whose worship they imposed upon people of strange races, only make me a worthier Aryan; a better National Socialist.”

Thus I prayed. And for the first time, I felt a little peace descend into my heart. The clear, still voice from within, the voice of my better self, told me: “For once you are right: it is far more important to be a good National Socialist, than to write books in support of the National Socialist Idea. What one is always comes before what one does. And if you are a good Nazi, you should not care what happens to *your* book, provided the cause triumphs. Indeed, if the book is destined to be of some use to the cause, be sure that the unseen Powers Who take care of the cause will also take care of it. You individual, don’t worry. You don’t count, except to serve the cause. Apart from the cause, *nothing* counts.”

However, in spite of all, now and then, by day, by night, the grip of anguish would seize me again. I remembered the things I had written. Sentences came

back to me with amazing vividness. And I suffered at the thought of the destruction of my work. The still, inner voice told me for the hundredth time: "There are far greater losses that other Nazis bore bravely. Think of the mothers of all the young warriors who died for your ideas. Think of Horst Wessel's mother. Aren't you ashamed to weep over your book?"

I *was* ashamed. Yet, I wept.

But once, I asked myself if there was nothing in the world for which I would, of my own accord, give up my book to be destroyed; nay, for which I would, stoically, — if necessary — watch its pages curl up and disappear in the flames. And I answered the question immediately, in all sincerity, from the depth of my heart: "Yes, I surely would, if, at that price, I could save the life or buy the liberty of a single other National Socialist. Gladly I would! For however much I might love the creation of my brains, I love my Führer's living people much more."

And in a sort of day dream I imagined how glad indeed I would be if Colonel Vickers told me that I could set free anyone I liked among my fellow prisoners, on condition that my book would be burnt. Naturally, I would choose H. E., thought I; and forget the loss of my irreplaceable written tribute of admiration to Nazi Germany, in the joy I would have to tell that fine German woman, four years captive on account of the zeal she displayed in the service of our faith: "*Meine H. . . ! Sie sind frei!*" — and to see tears of happiness fill her large blue eyes; and to feel the pressure of her hands holding mine, in an enthusiastic farewell; to see and to hear her salute me on the threshold of freedom, for the last time before we would meet again in a free Germany: "Heil Hitler!"

I would willingly have undergone torture, or been killed, if that could have saved my book. I would do so, now, if it were necessary. Yet I say, in full sincerity: I would have sacrificed my book to free her, — in fact, to free any other true follower of Adolf Hitler, man or woman. I would now, if it were possible. And I honestly wished, then, that such a bargain had been possible between myself and the authorities upon whose decision the fate of my manuscript depended.

After I realised that I actually wished it, — strange as this might be, for the bargain was not likely to be proposed to me — I felt better. My gnawing anguish became a little less unbearable, although it did not leave me completely.

* * *

On Friday morning, the 3rd of June, Frau Oberin came to my cell.

“The Governor is coming today,” said she. “If he calls you — as he probably will — be careful how you answer his questions. He was furious at the sight of the things found in your possession, and quite likely, there will be trouble. Already, your friend H. E. has been relieved of her post at the Infirmary. She will henceforth have to do the same hard work as the other prisoners, and she will be far less free than she was.”

This was a new blow for me. “My H. . . . !” I sighed. “I love her so much, and yet *I* have brought this upon her!” And tears came to my eyes as I spoke.

“An intelligent enemy is often less dangerous than a sincere but foolish friend,” said Frau Oberin. “Anyhow, be careful what you tell the Governor. Make no further mistakes, for heaven’s sake! We all love you — the wardresses, Frau S., Fräulein S., the matron and myself.

We have done what we could to make your life here tolerable in spite of the Governor's orders. You don't want to harm us, now, in return, do you?"

"Never!" replied I, vehemently; "never! I'll take upon myself all the blame, rest assured. And none of you will lose her job through me. You'll see: stupid as I am, I am less of a fool than I look at first sight."

"You are not a fool," said Frau Oberin gently, with a smile so sad that I shuddered. "You are not a fool. But you have never experienced the constant terror under which we have been living since the Capitulation. You never had to hide your feelings, to lie, to crawl to those you hate, in order to remain alive. You have not been forced to pretend you hated all that you loved the most, in order to remain out of jail — hardly freer than those who are in, admittedly, yet, just sufficiently freer for it to be worthwhile, in the common interest."

I recalled the words of the first German woman I had met at Saarbrücken, in 1948: "*We have learnt to hold our tongues. This is the land of fear.*" I forgot my plight, and the threat of the Governor's wrath, only to think of those four hellish years of which I had lived on the spot but the last and less hellish. "Poor dear Germany, my Führer's country!" said I, moved to the depth of my heart. "But I too have learnt something," I pursued, addressing Frau Oberin after a few seconds' pause. "For now, I too, shall lie — I who hate lies; and if it is necessary, I too shall silence my pride and crawl, like you have been forced to. I shall soon be like one of you."

Two hours later, I was called before the Governor.

Although there were other prisoners waiting for their turn in a row in the corridor, I was the first to be ushered into Frau Oberin's office, where the Governor was seated. Apart from Frau Oberin herself, I saw

Fräulein S. her assistant, and the matron, Frau R. — Frau Erste — all standing. The Governor was sitting before the desk, as when I had met him on the day after my trial. And Mr. Watts, looking much more important, and sterner, than when he had visited my cell, was seated next to him.

I stood before the Governor in silence. To my utter amazement, the first words he addressed to me had not the slightest connection with the search in my cell: “Mrs. Mukherji,” said he, “your husband has appealed for your release. In the case of his petition receiving favourable consideration from the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, do you agree to go back to India?”

For a second, I was dumbfounded. I felt as if I were dreaming. Then, in a flash, I thought of my home, and tears came to my eyes. Yet, underlying my emotion there was — as there always seems to be, with me, in moments of emergency — a definite, cool, calculating process of reasoning taking place; a process of which I was perfectly conscious.

“All I want is to go back — and never poke my nose into politics any more!” exclaimed I, gazing pitiably at Colonel Vickers; “to go back to my husband, to my household, to my cats — my big black one, especially; to hold in my arms once more that mass of thick, glossy, purring fur, — my puss, my black tiger, — and to forget my foolish adventures!”

I *said* that. The vivid remembrance of the beautiful feline stirred in me enough emotion to give my whole attitude an appearance of complete sincerity. Did Colonel Vickers really believe me? He alone knows. Things he told me only a few days later would tend to prove that he did not. But no one could accuse me of not having played my part well. None of my comrades,

standing before the self-appointed “re-educators” of mankind could possibly have looked more “innocent” — and more sappy — than I before the British Governor of the prison of Werl, on that memorable occasion. But, at the very moment I was making that silly exhibition of myself, talking that nonsense about my black cat and pretending to be tired of the life I had chosen, I was thinking — calculating — as clearly as ever: “Go back to India, why, it is probably the best solution, now that I shall no longer be able to see my friends of the D wing! I shall see my husband there, hear the news of Asia. Who, knows — I might be as useful there as in Europe, now that I shall be expelled from Germany anyhow. And then, I could of course print my book, if only they would give it back to me. I must now try my best to save it; say anything, to save it — anything that will not harm others of us. And if I cannot save it, well, still I shall continue fighting for the Cause.”

The Governor simply said: “All right. I shall then forward your husband’s petition.” Then, coming to the point — starting the comments I dreaded —: “Mrs. Mukherji,” pursued he, “your behaviour has been a great, disappointment to me. I had ordered both your person and your cell to be searched, hoping that facts would disprove certain rumours that had reached me. I have to admit that the result of the search has been most discouraging. We had treated you kindly; we had given you privileges that we do not give German prisoners. We had expected that, in return, you would begin to understand the value of our principles; that you would be ‘reformed’; at least that you would feel some sort of gratitude towards us . . .”

“What a hope!” thought I. And I forced myself to bear sad things in mind, in order not to laugh.

“Instead of that,” continued the Governor, “we find in your possession a picture of Hitler . . . and a book of awful songs of which the first one speaks of ‘bombs on England’. All that will be burnt. Do you understand? Burnt. I can’t allow you to keep, here in prison under my eyes, what is forbidden even to ordinary German civilians Another thing: You have been meeting war criminals in your cell. That must stop. If I ever hear that you have again directly or indirectly come in touch with a single one of these women, I shall sack the whole prison staff . . .”

“It is not the fault of the staff,” exclaimed I. “Do be kind enough to let me say so. It is my own fault. It is I who insisted on seeing one or two of these women. And I did not talk politics with them. I only wanted a little intelligent conversation. I found the other prisoners hopelessly dull.”

“It is my business to judge whose fault it is,” replied Colonel Vickers sternly. “And I blame the staff. I repeat: I shall sack the whole staff if I hear that you have again spoken a single word to any of the war criminals. One thing I cannot understand about you: in his petition, your husband states that you are a very kindhearted person, fond of all animals, particularly cats. It seems you used to feed starving cats and dogs during the Bengal famine. How can you, then, wish to mix with women who have been sentenced for the most beastly crimes against humanity? Surely, a human being is worth more than a cat!”

“*That* again! That same old insufferable superstition concerning the two-legged mammal!” thought I.

Had I been free, — or at least not dependent upon the Governor for the preservation of my precious manuscripts — I would have answered coldly, and sincerely,

shrugging my shoulders: “Not necessarily. In my eyes, no anti-Nazi is worth a cat, or in fact any animal. For he (or she) is permanently dangerous while an animal is not; cannot be.” But had I not said: “I shall lie?” I kept my word; at least. I avoided replying to the Governor’s question. “The few D wing prisoners whom I have met, have done nothing ‘beastly’,” I simply stated.

Colonel Vickers flared up — even at *that*. “They tell you so, naturally,” exclaimed he. “But who has ever met a German who admits that he or she is a Nazi? You are the first person who, to my knowledge, openly calls herself one after 1945. I have been here longer than you, and I have never met another.”

Had I been free, and my comrades too, and my books in safety, I would have replied: “Naturally, they were not going to tell *you*, — you fool! I myself observed discretion, to some extent, before my arrest made all pretences useless. In wartime, in India, I was supposed to be ‘only interested in cats’. In London, after the war, I was supposed to be ‘*only* interested in King Akhnaton’s solar cult’ which flourished thirty-three hundred years ago.” But as things stood, I put my words aside for after Germany’s liberation, and was silent.

The Governor pursued: “Anyhow, I have seen two wars, for both of which Germany is responsible, and I have not come to discuss with you. Your husband says that your state of health necessitates your release. You will be examined by the British doctor as soon as possible. Have you anything more to say?”

The opportunity had at last come to me to do *all* I could to save my book.

“Yes,” said I: “one thing only. Spare my manuscripts!” Tears — that were not “crocodile’s tears,” this time — rolled down my cheeks. “I have transgressed the

rules of this prison by keeping in my cell the objects you mentioned,” pursued I; “I was wrong; and I am sorry. And although I had kept those objects solely for the emotional value they might have in my eyes, although I have never showed them to anybody nor tried to use them in a spirit of propaganda, I do not plead for them to be spared. But I beg you to spare my own writings. These might be of no value to anybody, but they are mine. They are like my children. I have put all my heart in them. And moreover, they are not for publication.”

“The manuscripts found in your cell are now in the hands of experts,” said Colonel Vickers. “If they are of a subversive nature, they shall be destroyed like the rest of your Nazi stuff. If not, you will have them back when you are free — whenever that be . . .”

I felt my heart sink within my breast, and my knees give way under me. No one knew, better than I, how “subversive” were, from a democratic point of view, my *Gold in the Furnace*, and even the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*. Yet I said: “If, in spite of all the dark ingratitude with which I have repaid your kindness to me, I can still ask you a favour, then, oh, then, out of sheer pity, spare my writings, however ‘subversive’ they might be! I don’t want to live if I cannot, one day, have them back. As I said, I do not intend to publish them. In the first place — if that argument can convince you — it is a fact that in the present state of affairs, they could do more harm than good to my own cause. For I have shown from the first page to the last, as clearly as can be, that every Christian Church, nay that Christianity itself, as it has come down to us, is the natural enemy of National Socialism. Do you think I wish, now, to enlighten those people still simple enough to imagine that they can be both Nazis and Christians, — people

whose intelligence I might not admire, but whom I consider useful in times like this? That alone should prove to you that I am sincere when I tell you that my book is not to be published — ever! I only want to keep it as a remembrance of one of the periods of my life the most intense, emotionally, if not the happiest.”

Colonel Vickers gazed at me, the proud, defiant Nazi, in tears before him. I hated myself, in a way, for the exhibition I had just afforded him, and for the subtle tissue of lies — set around one central truth, artfully selected — that I had unfolded before him with such dramatic naturalness. Yet, I was *thinking* all the time: “What else *can* I do? *The cause alone counts*. Were I thus crawling before one of those contemptible Democrats so that one day *my* prose might get a chance to be praised, I would then be more contemptible than all of them rolled in one. But no; honestly, it is *not* my glory that I seek; it is merely my greatest possible usefulness. If I am lying, against my inclination, against my nature, I am doing so in the interest of the cause Immortal Gods, help me to win! If my writings are destined to contribute to forward and to strengthen the true Nazi spirit, then, help me to save them — be it my lying; but otherwise not!”

After a minute’s pause the Governor — who could not read my secret thoughts — said: “I repeat: at present, your writings are in the hands of experts. I shall have to consider the experts’ opinion about them. But I give you my word — the word of an Englishman — that whatever be the experts’ report, I shall not order the destruction of your books without calling you and giving you a chance to plead for them to be spared. And I shall take your arguments into account, along with other factors. You can now go.”

I thanked the Governor, bowed, and left the room.

A positive ray of hope now shone in the midst of my distress. All was not irretrievably lost, condemned beforehand. "I thank Thee, Lord of the unseen Forces!" thought I, as I walked back to my cell.

I then sat upon my bed and remembered my words to Frau Oberin: "I too, shall lie; I too, shall crawl."

And I recalled the atrocious months that had followed the Capitulation — the tragedy of the thousands of National Socialists who appeared as major or minor "war criminals" before the Allied military tribunals, amidst the still smouldering ruins of nearly all the towns of the Third Reich. "Oh, my German comrades and superiors," thought I, "forgive me if, in the depth of my heart, I have occasionally criticised some of you for what seemed to me, through the reports of the papers, an attitude unworthy of men of our principles! Forgive me if I have sometimes considered as 'undignified' the attempt of some of you to save their useful lives at the cost of false declarations of 'repentance'! I have myself lied, today, to try to preserve my writings for our cause. Now I know what those of you who acted apostasy must have suffered! My brothers, forgive me if I have sometimes been harsh in my judgments!"

* * *

The dreary afternoon seemed endless. Still nothing to do but to think. I thought intensely, and I prayed, keeping my mind constantly on the fact that I should do *all* I could to save my book, not with a view to my own possible glory, but in a spirit, of detachment, in the sole interest of the Nazi cause; that *then only* it was my right, nay, my duty, to lie in order to try to save it; but that, if I failed — if the all-knowing Gods considered that my

writings were not sufficiently beautiful, sufficiently eloquent for the Nazi cause to be benefitted through their preservation — I should *not feel* sorry. The divine words of the Bhagavad-Gita, that had helped me, after my arrest, to bear with serenity the eventual loss of the three first chapters of my manuscript, came back to my memory, now, to sustain me in the case of the loss of twelve chapters: “*Taking as equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, gird thee for the battle;*”¹ “*thy business is with the action alone, never with its fruits. So let not the fruit of action be thy motive, nor be thou inactive.*”² I thought, I *felt* intensely what I had so many times preached in defence of our ruthless methods of action: “Anything is permissible, nay, anything is commendable, when duty commands, *provided it is executed in a perfect spirit of detachment.*”

In the evening, I was taken to the Infirmary to be examined by the British doctor.

I looked tired enough, ill enough, to impress any practitioner. However, now that, after so much anguish and such fervent prayer, I was beginning to surmount my grief, the lightning of defiance again appeared, occasionally, in my eyes. In spite of all, I was glad to feel that persecution could not crush me. “But,” thought I, as I walked out of my cell, “I must show nothing of this to the doctor. I must look, crushed; give him the impression that I have become a harmless fool. And I must, if I can, try to use the practitioner’s influence in order to save my book; do, at least, my best, in that line; lie once more, crawl once more, if necessary. It is horrible, no doubt — for we are the last ones whose nature is

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 38.

² The Bhagavad-Gita, II verse 47.

to be supple. But expediency — the interest of the cause — before everything, above everything! To save my book is *now* the best thing I can do for the National Socialist Idea. I must try my utmost to do it — at any cost; by any means; remain unshaken, serene, in case I fail, but, in the meantime, do *all* I can. And remember that this humiliation, our common humiliation, is not to last forever . . .”

*“One day, the Day of revenge will come;
One day, we shall be free . . .”*¹

The words of the old Nazi song rang joyously in my heart as I walked along the empty corridor, by the side of the wardress on duty.

The doctor — a dark-haired man in uniform, with an insignificant kind-looking face — was waiting for me, with Sister Maria, who had come back from her holiday. But H. E. was no longer at the Infirmary. For a second the thought of her moved me to tears. But I pulled myself together: “Try to save your book!” said I to myself; “save it to publish it, one day; to expose Germany’s persecutors. It is the best you can do, now, for her, for all your comrades, for the cause.”

I stood before the doctor, looking as miserable as I possibly could.

“Sit down,” said he, gently.

I sat down. “You know that a petition has been sent from India for your release,” pursued he. “It states that your health will soon give way, if you remain here. Indeed, you don’t look well. Tell me exactly what is your trouble.”

“Oh, it is nothing physical,” replied I, in a low,

¹ “Einst kommt der Tag der Rache
Einmal da werden wir frei . . .”

tired voice. “It is worry and weariness more than anything else. But *that* pulls me down, physically, too. I am given enough to eat, no doubt. But my life is a torment since I cannot say a word to my comrades, since I cannot even see them. I did not particularly want to talk politics. I just wanted to talk intelligently. The other ones, the ordinary criminals, are too hopelessly dull for me not to feel depressed in their company. I cannot understand why the Governor forbids me to talk with the only ones I love here, reducing my condition practically to solitary confinement. I am miserable, now; utterly miserable.”

“Whom do you mean by the only ones you love here?” asked the man.

“My comrades; those whom you people call ‘war criminals’,” replied I.

“And why do you love them?”

“Because they are fine characters, — those whom I have met at least. I don’t care what they might have done.”

“But you *should* care,” said the doctor. (How I hate that word that comes back, again and again, in the talk of every Democrat with anyone of us! Who are they, anyhow, to tell us what we *should* do?) “You should,” pursued he; “they have committed crimes against humanity.”

That very expression made my blood boil. I felt I could not contain myself for long, so that the only way I could get out of the discussion without any damage to my writings — in favour of which I was contemplating to ask the doctor to intervene — was to give vent, without restraint, to that particular life-centred logic that had always been mine and that had always won me the reputation of an “eccentric” person in the eyes of the

“decent” folk. In fact, the more I would let myself go along that line, the more the doctor — doubtless a “decent” man — would be convinced that such a “crank” as I could not be dangerous. I thus answered, boldly and sincerely

“I do not love humanity. And nobody can force me to love it. I love superior mankind, no doubt — the only men and women worthy of the name. And I love life — beautiful, innocent life; life in creatures that, I know, can never be *against* anything I stand for; in creatures with which I feel at peace. Well, as long as people find it normal for there to be slaughterhouses and vivisection chambers, I simply refuse to protest against any atrocities performed upon human beings, whether it be by us or by you, by the Chinese, or by the Carthaginians, or by Assur-nasir-pal, king of Assyria, (884–859 B.C., as far as I remember) who is, they say, one of the historic figures the hardest to beat on that ground. I know too much about the horrors that take place every day, in the name of scientific research, in the laboratories of most countries whose ‘public opinion’ strongly condemns our concentration camps and our gas chambers. In my eyes, the public who dares to censure us while tolerating such horrors upon creatures which are neither the actual nor the potential enemies of any régime, deserves the atom bomb, or anything worse, if there be. And if people think that such horrors must take place ‘for the progress of science’, then, I say, perform them by all means upon dangerous or deficient human beings — human beings who cannot otherwise be made use of, and who, in my eyes, are anything but ‘sacred’, anything but lovable, while all beasts, save parasites, are lovable to some extent. I do not consider as criminals the doctors who might have experimented upon such human beings,

before 1945, and whom your courts condemned. I say they did the right thing — precisely the thing that *I* used to uphold, years before our régime came to power.”

I had, until now, spoken in perfect earnestness and sincerity. It was good policy. For generally, people who have the same views as I about ‘dangerous or deficient’ human beings, are not in a hurry to exhibit them. No doubt, thought the doctor, only a half-mad person could *have* such views consistently. But a person who also *said* she had them, as frankly as I did, was surely incapable of dissimulation. One could therefore trust her to be sincere when she spoke of other things. Knowing this I began to lie deliberately, continuing, however, as cleverly as I could, to mix my lies with a certain amount of truth.

“You have strange reactions,” said the doctor, in conclusion to my tirade.

“I have the reactions that are within the logic of *my* nature.” replied I. “And you people who believe in the right of the individual to express himself as long as he is not a danger to other individuals, should not object to my frankness. We are not in power, now; so I can harm nobody. Moreover, the little activity I had has come to an end, and I only told you all this in answer to your question about my attitude to so-called ‘war crimes’.”

“But you can begin again, once free,” remarked the doctor.

“I don’t wish to begin again,” said I. “I am tired of all activity of that sort. All I want, as I told the Governor, is to go back to India and see my cats again; I would like to busy myself, henceforth, with animal welfare — my only alternative to boredom, I suppose, as I

don't love human beings except when they share my ideals."

"You can do that, and *also* carry on your former activities," pointed out the man, who, however much he might have found me "eccentric," was less simple than I had thought.

"India is not the place for Nazi propaganda," said I.

"You can write books anywhere," replied he.

Didn't I know it! Did I not intend to finish the book I was writing, if only, by some miracle, they would give it back to me! Did I not intend to write other books, — as long as I could do nothing more substantial for the cause! "Oh, to be free, and to do that, indeed!" thought I, in a flash. But I deliberately bore in mind my present plight and started weeping — just as an actress would, I suppose, remember on the stage, some personal grief in order to shed natural tears in her role.

"I might write books, but they will not be about politics; *that* is finished," sobbed I; "I am sick of politics! No doubt, I keep my convictions. Were they to tell me that I have to stay here for life unless I sign a paper stating that I am no longer a Nazi, I would remain here, and never deny my faith. So, you see, I am not trying to pretend that my outlook has changed. But, while adhering as much as ever to my Ideology, I have decided never again to take an active part in its service; never again to lecture about it, let alone to write books or articles."

"That is all the authorities desire of you," said the doctor — who seemed to me to have been sent to examine my state of mind more than anything else. "We don't care what people are. Each one is free to think what he pleases. We are interested only in what people do."

I could not help thinking: “What fools you are! *We* — and our real enemies, the Communists — know that one cannot be this or that sincerely without doing anything for one’s ideals, sooner or later.” But naturally, I kept this remark to myself.

“When I am home once more,” I pursued, “all I want is the right to speak freely to my husband, the one man in India who understands me.”

“Do you remember the doctor who examined you before your trial?” asked the practitioner.

“The mental doctor? A short, thin, red-haired man? I remember him very well.”

“I see you have a good memory. Do you remember the things you told him?”

“I do,” replied I. “But now, I am not the same person. Prison life has changed me; not changed my outlook on, life, of course (I told you; nothing can change that) but changed my estimation of my own capacity. I am now convinced that I am unfit for such activities as I have indulged in.”

“Why, unfit?”

“Because I lack the capacity of lying, which is essential,” said I. “Also because I am too passionate about my ideas. My love for our principles and our system blinds me to many realities. And without realism, one is useless. You mentioned writing books. Any book I would write would resemble the one I was just now writing, the one over the loss of which I am crying day and night. It would be sentimental rubbish.”

“Why do you cry over the loss of your book if you yourself believe it to be nothing but sentimental rubbish?” asked the doctor.

“Because I love it,” said I; “it is my creation, my child — the only sort of child I’ll ever have. I don’t want

it to be destroyed. Not that I want to publish it. I have told the Governor already that I shall never try to. But I want to keep it as my best remembrance of the fullest days of my life; of the time I was active, the time I was alive. I want to read passages out of it, now and then, to my husband, while he smokes his water-pipe. The dread of its possible destruction has thrown me into the state in which you see me. I can now neither eat nor sleep. I think of my book all the time. And if they release me without giving it back to me, I know I shall just go on pining for it until I am dead. Or else . . . if I succeed in gathering the strength to pull myself together again . . .”

“Well, what would you do if you had the strength to pull yourself together again, in supposing your manuscript were destroyed?” asked the man.

“I would,” answered I, “throw myself into active life once more, feverishly, wildly, with the determination of despair, this time, not for any Ideology, but out of hatred for those who destroyed my work. They happen to be Democrats; all right. I would offer my services to anybody — to the Communists whom I hate — in order to harm the Democracies by every means. Hatred would become the sole law of my life, vengeance its only goal. I would harm living men and their children, to avenge the child of my brains and of my heart.”

All the time I was saying this I was secretly thinking: “As if I shall not live to avenge National Socialist Germany *anyhow!* As if — even if you *do*, by miracle, give me back my precious book — I shall not live to destroy you, and the Reds, *anyhow!* As if I can do anything but what I consider to be my duty as an Aryan, *anyhow!*” But I said nothing more; and made a conscious effort not to smile.

“I shall tell the Governor that I believe he can safely give you back your manuscript,” said the doctor; “That, in the interest of your mental and physical health, he should give it back to you. I shall stress in my report your change of mind, your resolution to keep away from politics forever, and do what I can to give you what I am now convinced would be a harmless personal satisfaction.”

“Oh, do!” exclaimed I, with genuine tears in my eyes, hardly able to believe the words I was hearing. “If you do that, and if they listen to you and give me back my writings intact, I shall be compelled to admit how much more generous you western Democrats are, compared with the Reds. I shall miss no opportunity to say so. And I shall feel somewhat bound to do no harm to you, by word or deed, whatever be my convictions.”

I thought to myself; “As if *I* believed that one of us is ever bound to be grateful to the enemies of our faith, whatever they might do!”

But the doctor could not read my thoughts; nor was he perspicacious enough to realise how shockingly out of keeping my whole talk was with those very convictions of mine, that I did not deny. On the other hand, I took advantage of the eventual impression my speech had produced, to put forward a new demand. “There is something else I would like to tell you,” said I to the doctor. “The Governor has told me this morning that the picture of the Führer that they found in my cell would certainly be burnt. Do ask him to spare *that* also! I want to take it with me, if I am to be released.”

“Why do you want to take it with you?”

“Because I love it,” said I. “It has followed me in all my journeys. I have wept, looking at it, in the

horrid days — 1945, 1946, 1947; your days of victory. I want it also because the Man it represents means everything to me, whatever other people might think or say or write about him.”

“What does he mean to you, exactly?” asked the doctor.

I quoted the words I had written upon the first page of my manuscript of *The Lightning and the Sun*, — the work that I did not expect to finish quickly and that I had in advance, dedicated to him:

“The godlike Individual of my time,” said I, “the Man against Time; the greatest European of all times, both Sun and Lightning.”

The words, which reminded me of the loss of *that* manuscript also, were enough to make me cry. They were also enough to give the doctor (who looked upon our Hitler in quite a different light) the impression that I was an unbalanced but harmless woman — the impression that I precisely wanted him to gather.

“Of course,” added I — to confirm that impression — “I could get another picture. In fact I have a better one, in India. But it would not be the same, that I took about with me all these years. I want this one.”

“I’ll tell the Governor,” said the practitioner.

“Do!” begged I.

“And now, let us see your weight,” concluded he; “for I have to examine you physically as well as otherwise. When were you weighed last?”

“Hardly more than a week ago,” replied I. “I weighed fifty kilogrammes — the same as ever since I have been here.”

I undressed; was weighed again. “Forty-nine kilogrammes,” said Sister Maria, reading the spot where

the needle stopped. I had lost a kilogramme in five days, — a definite sign that my health was giving way.

“Don’t fall into despair on account of your manuscripts,” said the doctor as he took leave of me. “Force yourself to eat; keep up your strength. I know you are practically in solitary confinement, which is hard on you. Still, try to keep up your strength. Good bye, — and good luck!”

“Good bye,” said I; “and thank you!”

On that night, for the first time since my cell had been searched, I managed to sleep a little.

* * *

On the following day, which was Saturday, I told the Dutch woman with whom I used to walk around the courtyard during the “free hour,” the story of my interview with the British doctor. I trusted the woman to some extent.

“You have acted well,” said she. “You’ll see: you will save your book.”

“I have done my best,” replied I, “my utter best; and indeed, I do not think I could have lied with a greater appearance of sincerity, nor picked out and stressed more artfully the points on which I was sincere nor spoken with more convincing naturalness, whether lying or telling the truth. The heavenly Powers helped me to act, in the interest of our cause, which is divine. I could never have done it alone. The heavenly Powers will save my manuscripts, if they care to. I can do nothing. I cannot even understand how certain things which I wrote as plainly as plain can be, can escape the notice of the Governor or of whoever else reads the book. Do you know, for instance, what I wrote, at the end of my seventh chapter, as a comment upon the fact that

these people sentenced me to three years' imprisonment only while the Communists would probably have sent me to Siberia for the rest of my life? Do you know how I thanked those hypocritical 'humanitarians' for their leniency? 'One day', wrote I, 'with the help of all the Gods, — I hope — we shall see to it that the Democrats and even the Communists bitterly regret not having killed more of us.'¹ Now, what if they read *that*?"

"Don't worry," said the Dutch woman. "Don't you know these people? They are not out here to serve an Ideology, like you. They have no such a thing. They are here to receive a fat pay, and to have a good time. The man who will read that, and other such sentences of yours — if he takes at all the trouble — will quite possibly be thinking about the girlfriend whom he expects to meet at the restaurant, or about the cocktail party he is doing to attend at some other officer's house. He will skip over your book for the simple reason that the perusal of it would be to him a regular *corvée*."

"If *I* were in control of some occupied land under our New Order, and were given to read the manuscript of some anti-Nazi underground worker as radical, as violent and as sincere as myself, goodness me! *I* would not skip over a word of it, with the result that the anti-Nazi would be 'liquidated' at my request even before I had finished reading the first chapter! I would appreciate his literary qualities — if any — and consider him all the more dangerous for possessing them. But, of course, as I once told a comrade, 'these people are not *we*'. They can never react as we would."

"You will benefit by this difference in psychology," said the woman.

¹ *Gold in the Furnace* — Chapter 7.

“If I benefit by anything, it will be through the exceptional favour of the invisible Powers,” replied I. “I don’t deserve it. But National Socialism does, Germany does, Aryandom does. Perhaps, if my book can one day be of any use . . . it may be spared in spite of all. I don’t know. I do not dare hope. I try to keep my mind detached; to do all I possibly can to save my manuscripts at any cost — by acting, by lying, if it be necessary — and not to care whether they are saved or not. I try to keep this attitude, but I cannot. I do care. I cannot help caring. I could sacrifice my writings joyfully only if I knew that, thereby, I would benefit the cause.”

“Try to think of nothing. Come this evening to the recreation room to hear a little music,” said the Dutch woman.

“I shall,” replied I.

* * *

It was the first time I set foot in the recreation room since the 8th of April. I remained by the Dutch woman, and did not relate a word of my story to the other prisoners, some of whom greeted me coldly, others amiably. Naturally, I did not meet the collection of anti-Nazis, former inmates of Ravensbrück and other camps, that I had seen two months before. They were B wing prisoners. And I was now in the A wing. But I came across others — just as bad — whom the Dutch woman pointed out to me saying: “You see that one with bobbed hair, sitting in the corner? Well, she was six years in a concentration camp. So was the one at her side, they say. As for those three talking together at the other end of the room, the dark haired one was four years in such a place, the other two three, I was told. The short one is a Czech.” It sounded to me as if the

three quarters of the ordinary criminals were former inmates of concentration camps, — which did not astonish me in the least. I carefully avoided all contact with them.

Music started playing on the wireless — a joyous, invigorating dance tune, well-rhythmed like a march. It reminded me of an orchestra in a luxury restaurant; of lively discussions around well set tables; of freedom under the best conditions — like before the war, or during the two first years of the war. I smiled.

“You see, you like it,” said the Dutch woman. “Wasn’t I right to tell you to come? It is better than to remain brooding in your cell.”

“Do you know what I am thinking of?” asked I.

“No. How could I guess?”

“Well, I am thinking of the next war. I am imagining how delighted I will be to be sitting in some luxurious festive hall, in South America or somewhere else, and to know that the Judeo-Christian world, that corrupt capitalistic world that rose to crush out beautiful New Order is crumbling to pieces, along with its ex-ally in the East; that their capitals are in flames; that our Day, at last, is dawning! Yes, even if these people, now, destroy all my books, still I will forget it all in my joy, when *that* day comes; still, full of enthusiasm, full of inspiration, rejuvenated, I will discuss, I will gloat — and dance, if I find a partner who hates them as much as I do — while picturing to myself their last hours; the last convulsions of the dying civilisation I loathe, before our Sunrise!

The radio had decidedly put me in a good mood. “You see,” pursued I, glad to speak, after that week of silence, glad to give vent to the old aggressiveness that I had nearly forgotten in my anguish about my book; “you

see, when they hear music like this, some think of love. I think of war; of the divine revenge. But do you know what would be ideal? Love *and* war. In old Babylonia they worshipped Ishtar-Zarpanit, the morning Star, goddess of war and manly works in the daytime, goddess of love, at night. That conception has always fascinated me. And although I have lived only one side of the double ideal, in this present life, I dream of living both, next time — if there be a ‘next time’; a new birth on this earth after each life, as the Hindus believe.”

Those words, which might have seemed insane to many people, did not even seem strange to the Dutch woman, who was a firm believer in the dogma of reincarnation. And although I am, personally, anything but *sure* of my soul’s destiny after death; although the theory of reincarnation is to me, at the most, a theory — an hypothesis, a possibility among many others — I smiled in anticipation of my “next birth,” somewhere in the new National Socialist Europe of my dreams. “All but a fairytale, perhaps,” thought I; “but at least, a beautiful one.” The music continued to play. And I let my imagination run riot.

“According to my horoscope, cast in India,” said I, I am to die at the age of seventy-seven. Assuming that I shall at once get reborn, if rebirth there be, that would mean that, in fifty years’ time, I shall be sixteen . . . Sixteen! — I never could understand why the Hindus whose views are so varied and conflicting on so many points, all seem to agree in their desire *not* to get reborn if they can help it. All their religious discipline is aimed at that. While I would like nothing better than to get reborn; to be sixteen once more, to be twenty, under the New Order, then solidly established: to look back to these days that we are now living as to a heroic beginning, never having

known, personally, anything else but the régime I am today fighting for; and to fulfill myself, this time on all planes, in beauty, in strength, in health: the mate of a youthful warrior devoted to our ideals, and the mother of living demigods . . .”

I suddenly stopped in my outpour of eloquence. I remembered the mental agony I had lived, in and after 1945; my remorse at the thought of my old omissions; my present anguish on account of my lost manuscript. Tears came to my eyes. “The Hindus say that every one of our lives is the consequence of our whole past,” remarked I. “Am I now suffering so that I might deserve that glorious future? And in order to deserve it more completely, am I to be told, in a few days’ time, that my precious book, my gift to my Führer’s people, will be destroyed?”

“Perhaps,” said the Dutch woman “and perhaps not. You know anyhow that, in the invisible, nothing is ever lost.”

The door was opened. The wardress on duty told us that time was up. I walked back to my cell.

Again, I started thinking about my manuscript, while the clear, still voice within me, the voice of my better self, told me once more: “Don’t worry; your real gift to your Führer’s people and to the everlasting Aryan Idea is your love, your dedicated life, — all your coming lives, if such there be, and if you so wish . . .”

I lay upon my bed and gazed at the limpid sky, so pure, so bright, so mysteriously transparent, in which the Sun would not set for another three hours. And I thought of an endless series of increasingly beautiful dedicated lives of struggle and of creation, all in the service of the truth embodied in the holy Swastika, sign of the Sun, sign of National Socialism, sign of the regenerate,

conquering, godlike Aryan Race. And I prayed with all the fervour of my heart that such should be my history, from now onwards, in centuries to come, if, contrarily to what many believe, death be not a full stop. "Immortal Gods," thought I, "help me anyhow to deserve such a history, now, in this life, — whatever be the laws of life and death, which I do not know."

CHAPTER XII

THE WAY OF ABSOLUTE DETACHMENT

On the next day, Sunday, the 5th June, I remained in bed.

I was wide-awake — I had hardly slept. And I was not tired. But having nothing to do, nothing to read, I did not feel urged to get up. So there I lay thinking, as always, about my lost manuscript; hoping, for a while that they would not destroy it, and then, refusing to hope; not daring to hope; and dreaming of the days when all these and worse memories of the long persecution would appear to me, and to us all, as a nightmare forever ended.

As every Sunday, in the corridor of the D wing, at the corner of the A wing, the church services were taking place: first the Catholic; then the Evangelical. From my cell, I could hear the other prisoners singing hymns. And again I was shocked, as I always had been from the beginning — I who, consistently, had never attended those services — at the thought of my true comrades of the D wing singing Christian hymns and listening to sermons about the adventures of some Jews two thousand years ago or more, in illustration of so-called virtues, most of which utterly foreign to our ideals. The explanation that H. E. had once given me, namely that the few real National Socialists of the D wing like herself attended the church services out of sheer boredom, did not satisfy me. I could understand how one of us could put up a show in the interest of the cause, but not just out of “boredom.” Or did these women want to give the authorities the impression

that they were 'reformed', or at least reformable, so as to be released, if possible, a little sooner? *That* was perhaps the reason why they went through the church farce with such stupendous regularity. And H. E. had not wished to tell me, lest I might, within my heart, censure such opportunism. Yet, I would have preferred to see a woman like her attend church services for a definite practical reason of that nature, rather than out of boredom . . .

I heard a noise in the keyhole, and turned my head towards the door. To my delight, it was Frau S.

"In bed still, our vanguard fighter?"¹ said she, considering me with a kind, although somewhat ironical smile.

I made a move to get up. "No, no; stay in," insisted Frau S, "I was only teasing you. I know you need rest. I have brought you . . . a cup of real coffee . . ."

I gazed at her intently. I was moved, happy. Tears filled my eyes. "Even if they do send me back to India, as they say, I shall not stay there forever," said I, "One day, when I come back, when everything is in order, shall meet you again. It will then be sweet to remember the tunes of persecution." I spoke with enthusiasm, as though I could visualise the staggering future of our dreams through the mist of the depressing present.

"In the meantime, drink your coffee," said Frau S., "or it will get cold."

I sat up and sipped the hot, strong, sweet, lovely coffee, while Frau S., after pulling the door behind her, seated herself upon the stool, near my bed.

"What did the Governor tell you, the day before

¹ "*Unsere Vorkämpferin.*"

yesterday?” she asked me, after a silence. “And what did you tell him?”

“He promised me he would not have my manuscript destroyed before seeing me and giving me a chance to defend it,” replied I; “and I begged him to let me keep it merely as a remembrance of my life in jail. I told him that I do not intend ever to publish it . . .”

A mischievous smile brightened Frau S’s stern, energetic face. I looked at her enquiringly. And she answered the question which I had not explicitly put to her, but that she had guessed. “No need to ask me *why* I am smiling,” said she: “You know it well enough.”

“I don’t; I really don’t,” replied I. I loved Frau S. But somehow, I was not willing to disclose my secret thoughts, even to her. I was so afraid that the slightest indiscretion of mine would destroy, in the invisible, the effect of my studied lies, that I kept on lying, to her also. I even tried myself to believe what I had told the Governor, knowing that, in the invisible, belief as such has a potency, even if it be the belief in a lie. I wanted Frau S.’s belief, — and my own, if that were possible — to strengthen that of the Governor, in some mysterious way, and thus to influence his decision in favour of my book. I was afraid that the truth, once I expressed it, even once I admitted it to myself, would, somehow, in the invisible, destroy that belief. So I added: “I meant it when I told the Governor that I did not wish to publish my book about Germany.”

But Frau S. saw through me. She smiled more mischievously than ever.

“I don’t know whether the Governor will believe you,” said she; “but *I* certainly don’t. Assuming he gives you back your manuscript you might not publish it at once, for that would be downright impossible. But you *will* publish

it as soon as you can — as soon as you know it is possible to do so without endangering any of us. I know you will, because I know you.”

“Do you think you know me enough to be able to tell when I lie and when I speak the truth?” asked I.

“I can guess your natural reluctance to lies,” replied Frau S., “But I know, also, that you are a genuine Nazi. That is enough. In the interest of the cause, you are capable of anything. You have proved it, now, once more.”

She had analysed me well. I felt a gush of pride and joy swell my breast. Had I, during the great days, in front of everybody, been given a decoration “*für treue Dienst*,” I could not have been happier. “Frau S.,” exclaimed I, “you have explicitly conferred unto me the highest title of glory to which a twentieth century Aryan can aspire. May I never cease to deserve it!”

I paused for a minute, to think, to feel all that her words meant to me. “Whether they destroy my writings or not,” reflected I, “may my life remain in true, unrecorded history, the first living tribute of allegiance of the outer Aryan world to the Führer, the Saviour of the Race, and to his predestined Nation! Oh, I am happy! Whether I be remembered or forgotten, I want these words: *echte Nationalsozialistin*, to remain true of me, forever and ever . . .”

Frau S. smiled at me once more. “I have not paid you a false compliment,” said she. “I simply told you what I know. You might deceive these people. You cannot deceive me.”

“I don’t really want to,” said I, smiling in my turn. And I added, handing back to her the cup that I had just emptied: “I thank you for the coffee. It was lovely!”

“I’ll bring you some more this afternoon.”

“There is one thing I would like you to bring me — if you can,” said I; “that is to say, if they have given it back to you . . .”

“What?”

“That book, *Menschen Schönheit*, that you lent me before they searched my cell. I have nothing to do, nothing to read: and I love that book.”

“They have given it back to me,” replied Frau S. “You shall have it.” And in fact, she went and fetched it for me before taking leave of me.

* * *

Thus, after washing and dressing, I once more admired those pictures of German youths and maidens, mothers and children, of the days of pride and prosperity, as perfect as the masterpieces in stone or colour of which, the editor had placed the photographs on the opposite pages. And once more I felt, in contemplating them “*That* is what I have been longing for, all my life; *that*, the beauty of the perfect Aryan!”

There was not a word of “politics” in the whole book. There was no need to be. The pictures alone proclaimed, more forcefully than all possible comments, the eternal glory of the National Socialist régime. For what justifies a régime, if not the quality of the human élite of which it forwards the growth and the domination?

I looked at the photograph of a blond adolescent, with regular, thoughtful, manly features, and an athletic body, leaning against a stone parapet. On the same page, was the picture of a young German warrior, taken from a Roman bas relief: the same face as that of the modern Hitler Youth — glaring proof of the sacred continuity

of blood, from the soldiers of Hermann whom the Romans dreaded, to the companions of Horst Wessel. On another page were two beautiful young men of the purest North German type, wielding the bow; opposite, an ancient Greek bowman, exactly like them — glaring proof of the unity of the Aryan race in its original purity. I recalled in my mind a sentence of my lost book — the explanation of my whole admiring attitude to the Hitler régime; the expression of the fact that I found in it the perfect answer to my lifelong quest of all-round beauty in living mankind: “I know nothing, in the modern world, as beautiful as the Nazi youth.” Beautiful, not only physically, but in character, also; the embodiment of those great Aryan virtues which alone can lift the natural élite of men to supermanhood. And for the millionth time, I thought: “Glory to the Man, glory to the régime who out of the enslaved Germany of the early ‘nineteen twenties’, has brought forth that!”

I also thought and that, too, for the millionth time: “For the establishment, the maintenance, the defence of such a régime, anything is permissible, nay, anything; is commendable, contrarily to that which the believers in the ‘equal rights of man’ preach from morning to night in the interest of the human parasites who thrive on the corruption and degeneracy of their betters.” How I had always hated that type of preaching! How I had, from my childhood, always opposed my morality to that of the upholders of I know not what mysterious “dignity of the human person” of which I failed to see any evidence in real life, and which I refused to admit as a dogma

I remembered how, when I was twelve, the teacher in the French school where I used to go had once made me stand for a whole hour in the corner, my face to the

wall, as a punishment for having declared openly that the so-called “ideals” of the French Revolution disgusted me. And how, another time in the same school, I had been punished for sticking out my tongue at the plaster bust of the French Republic that stood in the corridor — the symbol of all I hated, — and how I had cared little for the punishment, so glad I was to feel that I had insulted and defied the detested symbol. And how I reacted to the poems of Victor Hugo, whom I was told I “must” admire, but whose idiotic equalitarian sentimentalism and belief in “progress” through learning alone, merely succeeded in irritating me beyond bearing, and in setting me fanatically, and definitely, against all silly morality centred around “man” as such — that morality which all expected me to accept as a matter of course.

I did not know, then, that this thoroughly Pagan, thoroughly Aryan scale of values which already rendered me so unpopular, would become, in a few years’ time, thanks to the makers of the Nazi régime, the scale of values of a new civilisation. Now, I knew that the new civilisation would impose itself in the long run and that, along with my German comrades and a few other non-German Aryans like myself, I was already a part and parcel of it.

It was, no doubt, in a way, “new,” thought I. But it was also not new. It was, as the Führer had himself said, “in harmony with the original meaning of things,”¹ — eternal. It aimed at stemming the physical and moral decay of modern, technically “advanced” humanity by forcing it — by forcing its racial élite, at least — to live in accordance with the ultimate purpose of Nature, which is not to make individuals “happy,” nor even to make,

¹ *Mein Kampf*, II, Chap. II. p. 440.

nations “happy,” but to evolve supermankind — living godhead — out of the existing master races, first of all, out of the pure Aryan. Happiness is a *bourgeois* conception, definitely. It is not our concern. We want animals to be happy — and inferior men, also, to the extent their happiness does not disturb the New Order. We believe higher mankind has better things to do. The Aryan world, remoulded by us after our final triumph, will no longer think in terms of happiness like the decadent world of today. It will think in terms of duty — like the early Vedic world, the early Christian world, the early Islamic world; like the world at the time of any great new beginning. But it will, in spirit, resemble the early Vedic world far more than either the Christian or the Islamic. For the duty it will live for will not be the duty to love *all men* as one’s self, nor to consider them all as potential brothers in faith; it will be the duty to love the integral beauty of one’s race above one’s self and above all things, and to contribute to its fullest expression, at any cost, by any means because such is the divine purpose of Nature.

A former S.S. man had once told me: “The first duty of a National Socialist is to be beautiful,” (physically, and on all planes) — words worthy of an ancient Greek; words of an Aryan of all times. And my comrade Herr A. — who without having served in the Waffen S.S. is just as devoted a follower of Adolf Hitler as any of those who have — had once told me: “A National Socialist should have no weaknesses,” — words that I had remembered so many times since my manuscript, into which I had put so much love, had been in danger of being destroyed.

And I reflected that, indeed, unless one had “no weaknesses,” one could not *be* perfectly beautiful; that

every weakness is a flaw in the steel of one's character; a tendency to sacrifice beauty to happiness, duty to individual ties, the future to the present, the eternal to the illusory; that it is a definite possibility of decay. Only out of flawless elements can living gods emerge. The man whose life is a thing of integral beauty, the man with no weaknesses, is the man with no ties, who performs duty with ruthless thoroughness and with serenity.

And I asked myself: "Am *I* really without ties? Am I serene? If I were, I would not worry over the possible destruction of my manuscripts, after having done all I could to save them.

I recalled my visit to Godafoss, in northern Iceland, in June, 1947.

I had been told that, some time after the year 1000, a man named Thorgeir, who was a "godi," — a priest of the Nordic Gods — in the region of Ljosvatn, in North Iceland, became a Christian. And, that as a spectacular demonstration of his allegiance to the new foreign faith — and perhaps, in his mind, as "an example" — he had taken the images of the old Gods and thrown them publicly into the waterfall of the river Skjalvantaflýot, known ever since as Godafoss: the Waterfall of the Gods.

Deeply moved, I had gone myself to the spot, and stood by the Waterfall and thought of those Gods — Odin, and Thor, and Baldur the Fair and the others, whom my own Viking ancestors once worshipped — lying, for more than nine hundred years at the bottom of the icy waters of the Skjalvantaflýot, waiting for the dawn of the new times, for the great Heathen Renaissance; waiting for *us* — for *me*. I had brought with me a paper on which I had copied the words that the French poet Leconte de

Lisle puts in the mouth of a Norse god addressing the meek Child Jesus, come to overthrow his power:

“. . . Thou shalt die in thy turn!
 Nine times, I swear it, by the immortal Runes,
 Thou shalt die like I, god of the new souls!
 For man will survive. Twenty centuries of suffering
 Will make his flesh bleed and his tears flow,
 Until the day when thy yoke, tolerated two thousand years,
 Will weigh heavily upon the necks of rebellious races;
 When thy temples, standing in their midst,
 Will become an object of mockery to the people;
 Then, thy time will be up . . .”¹

My right arm outstretched towards the East, I had recited those verses, and then, thrown the paper into the roaring cataract. And then — although I had not yet recovered hope; although disaster had, in my eyes, postponed, perhaps for years and years, the great Heathen renaissance of my dream — I had spoken to the old Gods. “Gods of the North, brothers of the Vedic Gods that India still reveres,” had I said, “Aryan Gods, Gods of

¹ “. . . Tu mourras à ton tour:
 J’atteste par neuf fois les Runas immortelles.
 Tu mourras comme moi. Dieu des âmes nouvelles,
 Car l’homme survivra! Vingt siècles de douleurs
 Feront saigner sa chair et missel er ses pleurs,
 Jusqu’au jour où ton joug, subi deux mille années,
 Fatiguera le cou des races mutinées;
 Où tes temples, dressés parmi les nations,
 Deviendront en risée aux générations;
 Et ce sera ton heure . . .”

Leconte de Lisle, (*Poèmes Barbares*, — “Le Runoïa.”)

my race, you know that I have all my life upheld the values that you once embodied in the hearts of your worshippers. Oh, whatever be the destiny to which you call me, you whom my mother's ancestors invoked in the midst of lightning and thunder, upon the furious waves of the North Sea, help me never to cease fighting for our great ideals; never to cease fighting for the cult of youth, of health, of strength, for the cult of the Sun — for your truth; our truth, — wherever it be in the world, until I die!”

And having said that, I had felt a cold thrill run along my spine, and I had been overwhelmed by a consciousness of infinite solemnity, as though I had just become the instrument of a long-prepared and long-expected rite; as though the Norse Gods, discarded by their priest Thorgeir, had really been waiting for my symbolical gesture. It was 10:30 p.m. but broad daylight, as it is natural in June, at that latitude. And I had suddenly remembered that it was the 9th of June, the seventh anniversary of the day on which, also at 10:30 p.m., a Brahmin, representative of easternmost Aryandom, had held my hand in his over the sacred fire and given me his name and protection. And I had felt that my visit to the Waterfall of the Gods, and my symbolical gesture on such a day had a meaning in the invisible; that there was there more than a mere coincidence.

Now, I remembered that episode, which took, in the light of my history during these two years, a greater symbolical value than ever. “Gods of the North, Gods of the strong,” thought I, “Aryan Gods teach me that detachment without which there is no real strength, no lasting efficiency! Make me a worthy witness of your truth, — of our truth. Rid me of all weaknesses!”

I spent that day and the next, and the rest of the week, meditating upon the way of absolute detachment which is the way of the strong, in the light of the oldest known summary of Aryan philosophy, — the Bhagavad-Gita — and in the light of all I knew of the modern Ideology for the love of which I was in jail. And more I thus meditated, more I marvelled at the accuracy of the statement of that fifteen year-old illiterate Hindu lad who had told me, in glorious '40: “Memsahab, I too admire your Führer. He is fighting in order to replace, in the whole West, the Bible by the Bhagavad-Gita.” “Yes,” thought I, “to replace the equalitarian and pacifist philosophy of the Christians by the philosophy of natural hierarchy and the religion of detached violence — the immemorial Aryan wisdom!”

I recalled in my mind verses of the old Sanskrit Scripture — words of Krishna, the God incarnate, to the Aryan warrior Arjuna:

“As the ignorant act from attachment to action, O Son of Bharata, so should the wise *act without attachment, desiring only the welfare of the world.*”¹

“Without attachment, constantly perform thou *action which is duty.*”²

“Surrendering all actions to Me, with thy thoughts resting on the supreme Self, *freed from hope and egoism, cured from excitement, engage in battle.*”³

“Whose works are all free from the moulding of desire, whose actions are burnt by the fire of wisdom, him the wise call a Sage.”⁴

“Hoping for naught, his mind and self controlled,

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, III, verse 25.

² The Bhagavad-Gita, III, verse 19.

³ The Bhagavad-Gita, III, verse 30.

⁴ The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 19.

having abandoned all greed performing action by the body alone, he doth not commit sin.”¹

“As the burning fire reduces fuel to ashes, O Arjuna, so doth the fire of wisdom reduce all actions to ashes.”²

“He who acteth placing all actions in the eternal, *abandoning attachment*, is unaffected by sin, as a lotus leaf by the waters.”³

And I thought: “All is permissible to him who acts for the cause of truth in a spirit of perfect detachment — without hope of personal satisfaction, without any desire but that of dutiful service. But the same action becomes censurable when performed for personal ends, or even when the one who performs it mingles some personal passion with his or her zeal for the sacred cause. That is also our spirit.”

I pondered over that one-pointedness, that absolute freedom from petty interests and personal ties that characterises the real National Socialist.

I remembered the story a comrade had once related to me about a man who had had a family of Jews sent to some concentration camp in order to settle himself in their comfortable six-room flat, which he had been coveting for a long time. “He was wrong,” my comrade had stated (and his words rang clearly in my memory); “he was not wrong to report those Jews, of course — that was his duty as a German — but he was wrong to think at all about the flat; wrong to allow the lust of personal gain to urge him in the least to accomplish his duty. He should have had the Yids packed off, by all means but simply because they were Yids, *because it was his duty*,

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 21.

² The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 27.

³ The Bhagavad-Gita, V, verse 10.

and without caring which German family — his or someone else's — occupied the six rooms.”

“He acted as many average human beings would have acted in his place,” had I answered, not exactly to excuse the man, but to say something in his favour, for after all he was one of us.

And I remembered how my comrade had flared up, saying: “That is precisely why I blame him! One has no business to call one's self a National Socialist if one acts for the self-same motives as ‘average human beings’. One of us should act for the cause alone — in the interest of the whole nation — never for himself.”

“. . . without attachment, desiring only the welfare of the world,” thought I once more, recalling the words of the Bhagavad-Gita in connection with that statement of a man who had never read it, but who lived according to its spirit, like all those who, today, share in earnest the Hitler faith “The *interest of the nation*, when that nation is the militant vanguard of Aryan humanity and the champion of the eternal Aryan ideals, is the welfare of the world,” And I thought, also: “Violence — not ‘nonviolence’; but violence with detachment; action — not inaction, not flight from responsibility, not escape from life; but action freed from selfishness, from greed, from all personal passions; that rule of conduct laid down for all times by the divine Prince of Warriors, upon the Kurukshetra Field, for the true Aryan warriors of all lands, *that is our* rule of conduct — *our* violence; *our* action. In fact, the true Aryan warrior of today, the perfect Nazi, is a man without passion; a cool-minded, far-sighted, selfless man, as strong as steel as pure (physically and morally) as pure gold; a man who will always put the interest of the Aryan cause — which *is* the ultimate interest of the world — before everything, even before

his own limitless love of it; a man who would never sacrifice higher expediency to anything, not even to the delight of spectacular revenge.”

I asked myself: “How far have *I* gone along that path of absolute detachment, which is ours? A German woman who has struggled and suffered for the cause has done me the honour to consider me as ‘a genuine National Socialist’. How far do I deserve that honour in the light of our eternal standards of virtue?”

I closed my eyes, and brought before my mind the nightmare vision of the ruins of Germany; and I tried to imagine the hell that had preceded that desolation of hundreds and hundreds of miles; and the terror of the German people, — of my comrades of my brothers in faith — in the midst of that manmade hell. And I brought before my eyes the Occupation, in and since 1945, in all its horror: the dismantling of the factories, the starvation of the people, the massacre of the holy forests; and the long-drawn systematical attempt at crushing the people’s very soul — at “de-Nazifying” them, through fear and bribery; the monstrous trial of Nuremberg and all the subsequent iniquities and cruelties; the wholesale persecution of National Socialism by gloating Jews and debased Aryans in the service of international Jewry, themselves lower than Jews if that be possible. I thought of all that, and felt in my heart that same devouring thirst for vengeance which had been, from 1945 to 1948, the only feeling for the sake of which I had clung to life. Those appalling ruins were the ruins of our New Order — of the one thing I had lived for. That endless suffering, that unheard-of humiliation, were the suffering and humiliation of people who believed in Hitler — the only people I looked up to; the only people whom I loved, in the modern world. Those men, fluttering

convulsively, each one at the end of a rope, on that dismal morning of the 16th October, 1946, were the martyrs of Nuremberg, to the memory of whom I had dedicated my lost book, the closest collaborators of my Führer. In Europe, in America, people had gloated over them. “Oh, to see them avenged a hundred millionfold!” thought I, once more. “To see whole cities, former strongholds of the anti-Nazi forces, changed into blazing and howling furnaces, and to gloat in my turn! . . .” And, at the thought of this, I smiled.

But I then said to myself: “And what if those who watch and wait for our Day in the full knowledge of factors of which I know nothing; what if those who are preparing in silence the resurrection of National Socialist Germany, consider it expedient for us to ally ourselves, one day, for the time being, with this or that side of the now divided enemy camp? What if I had to renounce revenge, to give up the pleasure of mocking, of insulting, of humiliating at least one fraction of our enemies, in the ultimate interest of the Nazi renaissance?”

I realised that no greater sacrifice could be asked of me. Yet I answered in my heart: “I would! Yes. I would keep quiet, if that were necessary. I would even praise ‘our great allies’ of the East or of the West, publicly if I were ordered to; praise them, while hating them, for the sake of highest expediency. I would — in the interest of Hitler’s people; in the interest of regenerate Aryandom; in the interest of the world ordained anew according to the true natural hierarchy of races and individuals; in the interest of the eternal truth which Adolf Hitler came to proclaim anew in this world.”

I remembered more words of Krishna, the God incarnate, upon the Kurukshetra Field: “Whenever justice is crushed: whenever evil rules supreme, I Myself,

come forth. For the protection of the righteous, for the destruction of the evildoers, for the sake of firmly establishing the reign of truth, I am born from age to age.”¹ And I could not help raising my mind to the eternal One, the Sustainer of the universe, by whatever name men might choose to call Him, and thinking: “Thou wert born in our age as Adolf Hitler, the Leader and Saviour of the Aryan race. Glory to Thee, O Lord of all the worlds! And glory to Him!”

A feeling of ecstatic joy lifted me above myself, like in India, nine years before, when I had heard the same fact stated for the first time in public, by one of the Hindus who realised, better than many Europeans, the meaning and magnitude of our Führer’s mission.

Never had I, perhaps, been so vividly aware of the continuity of the Aryan attitude to life from the earliest times to now; of the one more-than-human truth, of the one great ideal of more-than-human beauty, that underlies all expressions of typically Aryan genius, from the warrior-like piety of the Bhagavad-Gita, to the fiery criticisms of misguided pacifism and the crystal-clear exhortations to selfless action in *Mein Kampf*.

* * *

I recalled the words: “Living in truth,” the motto of King Akhnaton of Egypt — perhaps the greatest known thinker of early Antiquity outside India. And I remembered how, according to most archaeologists, there is “no sense of sin” in the Religion of the Disk as Akhnaton conceived it; that it is “absolutely unmoral.”²

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 7-8.

² J. D. S. Pendlebury, in *Tell-el-Amarna* (edit. 1935) p. 156. Also Sir Wallis Budge in *Tutankhamon, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism*, (edit. 1923), p. 114.

And I thought: “It is to be expected. To ‘live in truth’ is not scrupulously to avoid lies and deceit and all manner of ‘unfair’ dealings, if these be expedient in the service of a higher purpose; it is not to mould one’s conduct upon Moses’ Ten Commandments and the nowadays accepted standards of Christian morality — the only morality that most people, including archaeologists, can think of. It is to live in perfect accordance with one’s place and mission in the scheme of things; in accordance with that which is called, in the Bhagavad-Gita, one’s *swadharma*, one’s *own* duty.” And another remark of Professor Pendlebury, came to my memory, namely that this “unmoral” character of King Akhnaton’s solar religion “is enough to disprove any Syrian or Semitic origin of his movement.” Others have seen in the young Pharaoh’s reaction against the death-centred formalism typical of ancient Egypt before him and since, the proof of a definite Aryan influence from the kingdom of Mitanni. No one can yet tell whether such is the case. But undeniably, Akhnaton himself was partly Mitannian, — partly Aryan.

I recalled the reverence in which the ancient Persians, who were Aryans, held the idea of truth for the sake of truth.

And I thought: “There is only one morality in keeping with that cult of truth, which is also the cult of integral beauty; and that is the morality of detached action. The ethics of individual happiness, the ethics of the ‘rights of man’ — of *every* man — are untrue. They proceed, directly or indirectly, from the ethics of Paul

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury, *Tell-el-Amarna*, p. 156.

² In particular Sir Wallis Budge.

of Tarsus who preached that all nations had been created 'out of one blood', by some all-too-human heavenly father, lover of all men. They proceed from the Jewish ethics, — that mockery of truth — that put the inferior in the place of the superior and proclaim the Jewish race 'chosen' to rule the world, if not materially, at least in spirit. They are a trick of the cunning Jew, with a view to reverse for his own satisfaction, and ultimately for his own selfish ends, the divine order of Nature in which men, as all creatures, are different and unequal; in which nobody's 'happiness' counts, nor even that of the highest men.

"We have come to expose and to abolish those ethics of equality and of individual happiness which are, from time immemorial, the glaring antithesis of the Aryan conception of life.

"It is the superior man's business to feel happy in the service of the highest purpose of Nature which is the return to original perfection, — to supermanhood. It is the business of every man to be happy to serve that purpose, directly or indirectly, from his natural place, which is the place his race gives him in the scheme of creation. And if he cannot be? Let him not be. Who cares? Time rolls on, just the same, marked by the great Individuals who have understood the true meaning of history, and striven to remould the earth according to the standards of the eternal Order, against the downward rush of decay, result of life in falsehood; — the Men against Time.

"It is a man's own duty in the general scheme of creation that defines what are his rights. Never are the so-called 'rights' of his inferiors to define where lies *his* duty

¹ Acts of the Apostles, Chap. 17, verse 26.

“It is a race’s own duty, its place and purpose in the general scheme of creation, that defines what are its rights. Never are the so-called ‘rights’ of the inferior races to define the duties of the higher ones.

“The duty of the Aryan is to *live* consciously ‘in truth’, ruling the rest of men, while raising himself, through detached action, to the state of supermanhood. The duty of the inferior races is to stay in their places. That is the only way they can also live ‘in truth’ — indirectly. Aryan wisdom understood that, long ago, and organised India according to the principle of racial hierarchy, taking no account whatsoever of ‘individual happiness’ and of the ‘value of every man as such’.

“Alone in our times, we National Socialists militate in favour of an organisation of the whole world on the basis of those selfsame eternal principles; of that selfsame natural hierarchy. That is why our cause is the cause of truth. That is why we have the duty — and therefore the right — to do *anything* which is in the interest of our divine cause.”

* * *

In a flash, I remembered my lost manuscript, and I continued thinking: “Yes, *I* can do anything provided I do it solely for the cause, and with detachment — with serenity. Then — but only then — I am above all laws; or rather, submitted to one law, namely, to the law of obedience: of blind obedience to anyone who has authority over me in the National Socialist organisation in the case I am acting under orders; and in any other case, of absolute obedience to the commands of higher expediency, to the best of my own understanding of them.

“Presently, if I am absolutely detached, — if I am free from all desire of personal recognition; free from all personal

delight in deceiving our enemies; free from all personal pride, from all sense of personal importance as the author of my book — then, and only then, I have the right, nay, the duty, to lie, to crawl, to make the otherwise most contemptible exhibition of myself, in order to try to save my manuscripts from destruction....

“I must not feel ‘clever’ and be pleased with myself for deceiving the Governor. It is not *my* cleverness that did it; it is, through my agency, the unfailing, invisible Powers that watch over the interest of the cause of truth. I am, in all that, as it is written in the old Sanskrit Writ, *nimitta matra* — nothing but an instrument.

“I must, also, not feel sorry to break my word, and to repay the enemy’s leniency with what the Democrats would call ‘cynical ingratitude’. I am a fighter for the Nazi cause, openly at war with these people for the last ten years, and, from the day I was able to think, at war with the values that they stand for. *All is fair in war*. All is fair in our dealings with that world that we are out to remould or to destroy. There is only one law for us: expediency. And I am right, in the present circumstances, to act accordingly, not for myself, but in the interest of the sacred cause, remembering that I am, an instrument in the service of truth; as it is written in the old Sanskrit Writ, *nimitta matra*, — nothing but an instrument.

“And if, by some miracle, my book is saved, I must not feel happy in the expectation that one day, in a free Germany, my comrades will read it and think: ‘What a wonderful person Savitri Devi Mukherji is, and how lucky we are to have her on our side!’ No; never; it is I, on the contrary, who am privileged to be on the side of truth. Truth remains, even if people of far greater

talent than I ignore it, deny it, or hate it. It is I who am honoured to be among the élite of my race — not my comrades, to have me among them. Any of them is as good as I, or better.

“As for my book, without the inspiration given the by the invisible Powers, I would never have been able to write it. The divine Powers have worked through me, as through thousands of others, for the ultimate triumph of the Nazi Idea. I have not to boast. I have but to thank the Gods for my privileges, and to adore. As it is written in the old Sanskrit Writ, I am *nimitta matra*, — nothing but an instrument in the hands of the immortal Gods.”

I also thought: “It is difficult to be absolutely detached. Yet it is the condition without which the right action loses its beauty — and perhaps, sometimes also, a part of its efficiency. It is the condition without which the one who acts remains all-too-human; too human to be a worthy National Socialist.

“It is, however, perhaps, even more difficult for a woman than for a man to remain constantly detached — a serene instrument of duty and nothing else, day after day, all her life.”

From the depth of my heart rose the strongest, the sincerest craving of my whole being; the culminating aspiration of my life: “Oh, may I be *that!* In the service of Hitler’s divine Idea, may I be *that*, now, tomorrow, every day of my life; and in every one of my future lives, if I have any!”

I remembered a conversation I had once had with my beloved H. E. about the routine in Auschwitz and in one or two more concentration camps in which she had been in service. “We had nothing to do with the gassing of the Jews,” had she told me; “that was the

men's job. And those who did it, like all the men in service in the camps, in fact, were S.S. men."

I had wondered why, and asked her. "Surely the women cannot have been too squeamish to turn on a tap," had I said; "I would have done that willingly."

"It was not the rule," had simply answered H. E. "I do not know myself 'why'. But it was not."

Now, I understood; now, I knew: "why." Now, I knew that "next time", also, if we got to power again, it would be just the same, for the spirit of our Ideology would not change; for, only in keeping with the immemorial Aryan ideal of detached action did we, then, and could we, again, take those drastic steps for which the distorted "moral" sense of this decadent world condemns us and carry to its end that which a French official in occupied Germany has called our "appalling logic" (not knowing what a compliment in disguise he was paying us.)

But few are the women of this generation who can raise themselves to that height of detachment, equally opposed to the hypocritical squeamishness of the pacifist and to the impulsive violence of the passionate; few are; even among those who call themselves National Socialists — who wish to be National Socialists — the women who would neither feel sorry for the "poor" Jews, "human beings, after all," expecting in terror, behind the wall, the gush of deadly gas, *nor* be personally delighted at the thought of "another two hundred of them less!", but who, with a serene satisfaction of conscience, neither greater nor lesser than that which they would experience in the accomplishment of any necessary task, pleasant or unpleasant, would rid the Reich of one more batch of parasites, if not of active enemies, and think no more about it.

In the light of our ideal of ruthless service of the

highest truth, rowdy gloating is nearly as bad as squeamishness. Both are signs of weakness. And “a National Socialist should have no weaknesses.” It was thus decided — and no doubt wisely — that those alone who were the least likely to become weak in one way or another in the exercise of certain duties, should be trusted with those duties. Naturally, anybody could turn on a tap. But the idea was to allow to do so those alone who, well-knowing what they were doing, would do it without hesitation or haste, without reluctance or morbid pleasure, without pity or hatred, with serenity, simply because it had to be done. And it would again be the same in the future, until, in a cleansed and regenerate world, the absence of any further opposition to our golden-age philosophy would render all murderous violence unnecessary.

I remembered the arguments of those people who maintain that “for the legitimate progress of science” or for the ultimate purpose of “relieving suffering humanity”, any torture can be inflicted upon the beautiful innocent beasts of creation, in the process of experimentation. I had always known they were wrong. I still knew it. But I now wondered what I would answer, if one of those people told me, using my own words “Why not, if it be done with perfect detachment?” And after a minute’s reflection, I replied in my heart to that question.

“Absolute detachment as regards the action itself is not sufficient,” thought I. “The ‘duty’ in the name of which the action is done must really be *duty* — not any fanciful ‘obligation’; not the pursuit of any personal or even human goal; it must have nothing to do with the satisfaction or happiness of individuals, no matter how many those individuals be (numbers do not count). It

must be in harmony with the supreme goal of Nature, which is the birth of a godlike humanity. In other words, the only ideal in the service of which the infliction of suffering and death is justified, is the triumph or the defence of the one world-order capable of bringing forth a godlike humanity. That alone can justify any; thing, for that alone is in the words of the Bhagavad-Gita, “the welfare of the world.”

“The élite of the Aryan race can well raise itself to the status of ‘heroes like unto the Gods’ without that accumulation of ‘scientific’ information that the decadent intellectuals of today value so much. To sacrifice a single one of the beautiful creatures of the earth to *that* is a crime. On the other hand, the ‘heroes like unto the Gods’ will not be the sons of a diseased humanity, patched up at the cost of complicated medical interventions fruit of intensive laboratory research. They will be the sons of generations of healthy men and women. And the answer to disease and physical decay is not increased experimentation upon healthy animals, purposely injected with all sorts of morbid germs, nor larger hospitals, nor new treatments. It is the ruthless elimination of the incurable and the sterilisation of the sickly. To experiment upon a healthy beast with a view to find out the means to prolong the lives of deficient human beings who would be better dead — to ‘save’ men who can in no way contribute to the reign of supermanhood — is a crime against Life. To inflict suffering upon any creature — be it upon the vilest of human beings, and a *fortiori* an innocent animal — for a reason that is not worth it in the light of Nature’s supreme goal, is a crime. And those people who, reversing the natural scale of values for the sake of silly man-centred sentimentalism, look upon Claude Bernard and Louis Pasteur as ‘great

men' while considering Julius Streicher as a 'war criminal', deserve wholesale destruction."

I had expressed more or less the same idea in my unpublished book *Impeachment of Man*, written in 1945–46, — that book of which Frau S. had once told me that "it will be publishable in fifty years' time, not before." I felt however that, in spite of my quotation from the *Goebbels Diaries* on the first page, the manuscript of that book would not alarm the British authorities. It was not obviously political, — not political at all, in fact, although it condemned without ambiguity the man-centred standpoint of our enemies; their whole philosophy of life.

Then again I thought of my other manuscripts; and I tried to maintain, with regard to their fate, that attitude of absolute detachment which is the attitude of the strong. "I have done my best to save them," reflected I. "I have lied; I have acted, without regretting it or boasting inwardly of my 'cleverness'. If I remain detached, surrendering 'the fruits of action' — the fate of my writings — entirely to the higher invisible Powers, then, and then alone I shall be worthy of the sacred Tradition of Aryandom; worthy of our Ideology, which is inspired by the same spirit. Nay, then and then alone I shall be training myself to act with absolute detachment in the future, whatever I might be called to do for our cause: then and then alone, being selfless, I shall have the right to condone anything, and to do anything.

* * *

On Friday the 10th June I did not seek an interview with the Governor, although I knew he would come to the "Frauen Haus" on his weekly visit. I thought I would refrain from all further intervention in favour of

my manuscripts. But when the Governor actually passed before my open cell in company of Fräulein S., — Frau Oberin's assistant — and of the unavoidable interpreter, I somewhat could not help expressing the desire to speak to him.

"My time is eleven o'clock," answered he roughly; "I cannot stop and speak to each prisoner according to her whims." And he walked past.

But after a few minutes I was called and ushered into the recreation room where the three people I have just mentioned were standing.

"Well, what is it you wish to tell me?" said Colonel Vickers before whom I stood, looking as dejected as I possibly could.

"I only wished to ask you whether, perchance, you can give me any hope concerning the fate of my manuscripts," said I; "I have already told you that I do not intend to publish them. Yet the anguish at the thought that they might be destroyed allows me no rest, no sleep at night. I have put so much of my heart in these writings that I want to keep them, be they good or bad, as one wants to keep an old picture of one's self . . ."

Colonel Vickers gave me a keen glance and interrupted me: "You told me all that stuff the other day," said he. "I know it. And can't be always busying myself with your case and listening to your pleas. You don't seem to realise that you are no longer a free woman. You have forfeited your freedom by working to undermine our prestige and our authority in this conquered country, — a very serious offence, I would say a crime, in our eyes. Moreover, you despise us and our justice, in your heart. You had the cheek to tell me, the other day, to my face, that you hold the war criminals to be innocent, after they were duly tried and duly sentenced by British

courts, the fairest in the world. In this prison, in spite of your offence and of the heavy sentence pronounced against you — the heaviest a British judge has given a woman for a political offence of that nature — you were treated leniently. And you have repaid our kindness by writing things against us.

“Do you think I am in a mood to read your damned Nazi propaganda for the sake of telling you how much I dislike it? I have more important things to do. I told you — I gave you my word — that I would call you to my office when I have read it. I shall read it when I please — not when you tell me to. And that might be in three months’ time, or in six; or in a year. You are here for three years. You must not imagine that we are going to release you without first being sure that you can harm us no longer. In the meantime, if you come bothering me again in connection with that manuscript of yours, I shall destroy it straightaway. Why on earth should I be lenient towards you, may I ask you? I have seen two wars, both of them the outcome of that German militarism that you admire so wholeheartedly. Why should I show mercy to you who in your heart despise mercy, and mock humanity? To you, who sneer at the most elementary decent feelings and who have nothing but contempt for our standards of behaviour? To you, the most objectionable type of Nazi whom I have ever met?”

I kept my eyes downcast — not to let Colonel Vickers see them shining with pride. Not a muscle of my face moved. To the extent that it was possible, I purposely thought of nothing; I tried to occupy my mind with the pattern of the carpet on which I stood, so that my face would remain expressionless at least as long as I was in the Governor’s presence. But within my heart, irresistibly, rose a song of joy.

“You can go,” said Colonel Vickers, addressing me after a second’s pause.

I bowed and left the room.

On the threshold of my cell, unable to contain myself any longer, I turned to the wardress who accompanied me. “You would never guess what a glorious compliment the Governor has just paid me!” exclaimed I. And a bright smile beautified my tired face.

“No.”

She was astonished that the Governor could pay me any “compliment.” after all that had happened, and especially after the recent search in my cell.

“He told me,” said I, “that I am the most objectionable type of Nazi that he has ever met!” And I added, as she smiled in her turn at the sight of my pride “When I was on remand, Stocks, who used to call me down to his office now and then, for a chat, once confided to me that, in 1945, there were eleven thousand S.S. men imprisoned here in Werl. It is not too bad an achievement, you know, — and especially for a non-German — to be, in the eyes of a British officer, more ‘objectionable’ than eleven thousand S.S. men . . . What do you think?”

“I think you are unbeatable,” replied the wardress, good-humouredly.

In my cell, I pondered over the Governor’s words.

I now had almost the certitude that my manuscripts would be destroyed. Still, for a while, I forgot all about them in the joy and pride that I experienced as I weighed in my mind every sentence Colonel Vickers had addressed me: “You despise us and our Justice, in your heart . . .”; “You sneer at the most elementary decent feelings, and show nothing but contempt for our standards of behaviour . . .” There was at least after the Public Prosecutor

who had spoken at my trial, a man from the enemy's camp who seemed to understand me better than most people did outside Nazi circles. Far from telling me that I "surely did not mean" the "awful things" I said, — as the hundreds of intellectual imbeciles I met both in the East and in the West — this soldier did not even need to hear me say the "awful things" in order to be convinced that I meant them none the less. An intelligent man, he might not have wished to understand that the responsibility for this war rests with England rather than with Germany. But at least, he understood me. He seemed no longer to believe, as he had so naively a week before, that I "cannot but" look upon any human life as more sacred than that of a cat. Perhaps he had read enough of my book to lose his illusions on that point. Or perhaps someone — Miss Taylor, or some other person connected with my trial — had been kind enough to enlighten him. Anyhow, I felt genuinely grateful to him for his accurate estimation of me, for there is nothing I hate as much as being mistaken for a person who does not know what she wants. He understood me. And his words flattered me. His last sentence: "You are the most objectionable type of Nazi that I have ever met," was, in my eyes, the greatest tribute to my natural National Socialist orthodoxy yet ever paid to me by an enemy of our cause.

It occurred to me that Colonel Vickers had been in Germany since the Capitulation. Someone had told me so. Then, he must have met quite a number of my brothers in faith, even apart from the eleven thousand S.S. men that Mr. Stocks had mentioned. No doubt, he exaggerated a little when he declared me the "most objectionable" type of all. With the exception of my unfortunate collaborator Herr W., who got caught for sticking up my posters in broad daylight, other Nazis are, as a

rule, far more practical, and more subtle — *i.e.*, more intelligent, — than I. In which case they should be more “objectionable” than I, in a Democrat’s eyes.

But, reflected I, most of them are Germans; and many have had the privilege of being brought up in a National Socialist atmosphere. That is somewhat of an excuse in the conception of the Democrats who have such a naive confidence in the power of education. I, a non-German Aryan who never had the benefit of a Nazi training, came to Hitler’s Ideology by myself, of my own free will, knowing, at certain of its fundamental traits, that I would find in it the answer to my strongest and deepest aspirations. And not only did I welcome the leadership of National Socialist Germany in Europe before and during the war, but I came and told the Germans now, after the war, after the Capitulation, after all the efforts of the victorious Allies to inculcate into them the love of parliamentarism, of everlasting peace and of Jewish rule; “Hope and wait! You shall rise and conquer once more. For still you are the worthiest; more than ever the worthiest. And no one will be happier than I to see you at the head of the Western world. Heil Hitler!” In other words, repudiating, defying, reducing to naught my Judeo-Christian democratic education, — feeling and acting as though it had never existed — I identified myself entirely with, those who proclaimed the rights of Aryan blood, myself a living challenge to the defilement of the Aryan through education: a living proof of the invincibility of pure blood.

And in addition to that, I pointed out how our National Socialist wisdom is nothing else but the immemorial Aryan Wisdom of detached violence thus justifying in the light of the highest Tradition, all that we did, ill that we might do in the future.

From the democratic standpoint, perhaps that is, after all, more dangerous and therefore more “objectionable” than the so-called “war crimes” that I had not the opportunity to commit. Perhaps Colonel Vickers had merely made a statement of fact, implicitly recognising the meaning of my attitude, the meaning of my whole life. For which, again, I thanked him within my heart.

* * *

But, as I said, I now felt sure that my precious book, my “best gift to Germany,” would be destroyed.

And although, on the evening of that day, Fräulein S. came to my cell to ask me to sign a paper in connection with my possible release, I soon outlived the joy that the Governor’s words had provoked in me. In fact, my awareness of being so “objectionable” from the enemy’s standpoint, made me deplore all the more the loss of my manuscripts, especially of *Gold in the Furnace*. I felt more than ever, — or imagined — how much indeed I could, one day, on the eve of Germany’s liberation, contribute to stir up National Socialist enthusiasm, through those pages, written with fervour. And the thought that I would be no longer able to do so distressed me.

But then again I recalled the words of the ever-returning Saviour, in the Bhagavad-Gita: “Seek not the fruits of action . . .” And I concentrated my mind on the teaching of serene service of truth regardless of success or failure; and I beat all my efforts on the renunciation of my book.

“Break that last tie that hinds you to the realm of consequences, and you will be free!” said the clear, serene voice within me, the voice of my better self. “Win that supreme victory over yourself, you who fear nothing and nobody, and you will be invincible; accept that

supreme loss inflicted upon you by the enemies of the Nazi cause, you who have nothing else to lose but your writings, accept it as thousands of your comrades have accepted the loss of all they loved, and you will be worthy of your comrades; worthy of your cause. Remember, you who have come to work for the resurrection of National Socialist Germany, that only through the absolute renunciation of those who serve them to all earthly bondage, can the forces of Life triumph over the forces of death.”

And I recalled in my mind the beautiful myth of the visit of the Goddess Ishtar to the netherworld, as it is reported in the old Sumerian epic of Gilgamesh.

To bring back to life her beloved, the God Tammuz, — the divine Youth Who dies every winter and rises in glory from the dead every spring — Ishtar-Zarpanit, Goddess of love and war, — Goddess of the double forces of creation: fecundity and selection — went down to the netherland, attired in all her jewels. At the first gate, she left her earrings; at the second, she left her armlets, at the third, her bejewelled girdle, at the fourth, her necklaces, and so forth, until she reached the seventh and last gate. She left there her last and most precious jewel, and entered naked into the Chambers of the dead . . . Then alone could she bring back to life the young God Tammuz — invincible Life — prisoner of the forces of death.

“The price of resurrection is absolute renunciation, sacrifice to the end,” thought I. “Inasmuch as they have retained something of the more ancient wisdom under their Jewish doctrine, even the Christians admit that.”

I felt an icy cold thrill run up my spine and an unsuspected power emerge from me. My mind went back to the unknown man of vision who wrote down the myth of Ishtar, seven thousand years ago, thus helping me to

realise, today, in captivity, that unless I willingly despoiled myself of everything mine, — unless I looked upon nothing as *mine* — I could not work for our second rising.

I felt that I had come so that, through me, as through every true National Socialist, the eternal Forces of Life might call from the slumber of death the modern Prototype of higher mankind; the perfect godlike Youth, strong, comely, with hair like the Sun and eyes like stars and a body surpassing in beauty the bodies of all the manmade gods. I identified in my heart that creature of glory with the élite of Adolf Hitler's regenerate people. And I knew that the ever-recurring call to resurrection resounded today, through us, through me, as our battle cry in the modern phase of the perennial struggle "*Deutschland erwache!*"

And the voice of my better self told me: "Unless you have sincerely, wholeheartedly, unconditionally, put aside your last and most precious treasure, — snapped your last tie with the world of the living — the Prisoner of the forces of death will not come forth at your call. Come; free yourself once and for all of all regret, of all attachment; give up your writings in sacrifice to the divine cause; and be, you too, a force of resurrection!"

Tears rolled down my cheeks.

I pictured within my mind the face of our Führer — stern, profoundly sad, pertaining to the beauty of things eternal — against the background of his martyred country, first in flames and then in ruins; also against the background of those endless frozen white plains where snow covered the slain in battle, while the survivors of the Wehrmacht, of the S.S. regiments, of the *Leibstandarte*, that élite among the élite, driven further and further east as prisoners of war, went their way to a fate often worse than death. And I burst out sobbing at the memory

of that complete sacrifice of millions, offered as the price of the resurrection of real Germany, — of Aryan man, the godlike youth of the world.

I looked up to the Man who inspired such a sacrifice, after having, himself, sacrificed everything to the same great impersonal purpose; to Him, Who never found the price of resurrection too high. And once more I recognised in Him the Saviour Who comes back, age after age, “to establish on earth the order of truth.”

I gave up all regret of my lost book. “Let them destroy it, if they must,” thought I.

And in an outburst of half-human half-religious love, — exactly as when faced with the threat of disfiguring torture, on the night of my arrest — I uttered in my heart the supreme words: “Nothing is too beautiful, nothing is too precious for Thee my Führer!”

And again, as on that night, I felt happy, and invincible.

CHAPTER XIII**“WE SHALL BEGIN AGAIN”**

I never again grieved over the now almost certain destruction of my sincerest writings. I also never thought of my possible release. “If they do release me, I shall continue to fight them and their Democracy,” thought I; “and if they keep me in prison, I shall continue to show them that nothing can crush a Nazi.”

Having still nothing to do all day, in my cell, I remembered verses of the Bhagavad-Gita; and sentences from Nietzsche’s books, *Der Wille zur Macht*, and *Also sprach Zarathustra* — sentences like these: “Man is a string stretched between the beast and the Superhuman . . .”; “You ask what is right? To be brave, that is right,” — and passages from *Mein Kampf*. And also certain uplifting conversations with my German comrades, and with Mr. W., Mr. S., Mr. B., and others, the sincerest English followers of Adolf Hitler that I knew, now scattered throughout the wide world; and with my wise husband, who had written to me only once since my arrest, but whom I knew to be in complete communion of faith with me.

I often sang the Horst Wessel Song, or the Song of the S.S. men — “If all become unfaithful, indeed we faithful shall remain . . .” — or the Bengali hymn to Shiva, “Dancer of Destruction. O Lord of the Dance . . .,” which invariably made we think of the long-desired redeeming war that would one day thrust our enemies against each other, and finally bring us back to power on the ruins of their hated judaised civilisation.

I had completely given up all hope that, under our restored New Order, my writings might help young Aryans to feel proud of their blood. Those writings were now lost forever, I thought. But I was happy to know that I had done my best to save them; moreover, that I was one of the faithful, and that every day brought me nearer to the Day we would rise again.

I was serene, if not cheerful.

On Friday, the 17th June, in the morning, Frau Oberin entered my cell smiling. It was the first time I saw her smile for many days.

“I have good news for you, Muky,” said she. “Your manuscripts are safe in my office. They have given them back to you.”

From the expression of her face, from the naturalness of her voice, it was clear that she spoke the truth. Yet, I could not believe her.

“It is impossible,” replied I; “don’t tell me fibs; don’t make fun of me. They can’t have given me back *those* manuscripts.”

“Believe me,” insisted Frau Oberin, “for I am telling you the truth. Your large thick copybooks are all there: the dark red one, the light brown one with a bright red binding, the other light brown one, in which you were writing before they searched your cell. They are there, intact. I have orders to put them in your trunk in the cloakroom, for you to have them when you are free.”

I felt myself overcome with a sort of religious awe, as though I were actually witnessing a miracle. And I shuddered. Indeed, it was a miracle. Had my writings been thrown into a blazing fire and brought out intact, the miracle would not have been greater.

I was speechless. Tears filled my eyes. I turned to

the eternal blue Sky. My mouth quivered, then fixed itself into a smile of unearthly joy. Behind the unbelievable wonder I hailed the Power that had worked it, with the selfsame holy Sanskrit syllables that I had repeated in the depth of the abyss of despair: "Aum, Rudrayam! Aum, Shivayam!"

My heart was overflowing with gratitude: "Thou hast done it, Lord of the unseen Forces, irresistible One; Thou, Thou alone!" thought I. "I thank Thee; Thee alone!" And I also thought: "This is a sign: one day we shall rise, and conquer again." And my face radiated the joy of coming resurrection.

Never had I felt myself so insignificant, so powerless — individually — in the light of that greater Destiny to which I was bound as a National Socialist. But never perhaps, also, had I been so intensely happy to know that I *was* a detail in the workings of that Destiny; "nimitta matra," "nothing but an instrument," yet an instrument in the realisation of the most glorious practical programme, in keeping with the highest truth of all times.

"Well, you are happy, now," said Frau Oberin, who had been watching me.

"It is a sign," replied I, referring to the only thing I could possibly think of: the miracle; "it means that, one day, my writings will be of some use to our cause. Yes, I am glad to know, now, that they will be; that, for that reason alone, they were spared."

It never even occurred to me that I might have felt, also, a little grateful towards Colonel Vickers and whoever else among the British authorities had handled my manuscripts and decided, in spite of all, not to burn them. In my eyes, those people had long ceased to exist. Like myself, like all visible agents, they were but puppets

in the hands of the Unseen — with the difference that they probably did not know it, while I did. The superior Powers had forced them today to give me back my books. They would force them, tomorrow, to leave Germany, running for their lives. And after having done all I could for the triumph of the Nazi cause, I would, then, again look to the sky and say: “Thou alone hast done it; I thank Thee, Lord of the Play of appearances, Dancer of Destruction, Lord of Life!”

But Frau Oberin resumed her account of the today’s, miracle: “And do you know?” said she, “They have given you back all your other things too: your book of songs: your *Programme of the N.S.D.A.P.*, the last samples you have of your leaflets; everything — even the Führer’s picture. I can hardly believe it myself.”

I repeated: “It is a sign.”

“I am very very glad all is well,” said Frau Oberin, shaking hands with me. “I really had feared that neither you nor I would get out of this so easily.”

“Tell my friend H. E.,” said I, pursuing my own thoughts; “I am sure she too will be glad. And tell Frau S., and Frau So-and-so, and Frau X., who have been so kind to me. Tell all those who are in sympathy with me; all those who are ‘in order’. Tell them it means that times are changing in our favour; that the night is less dark around us.”

And as she made a move to go out, I retained her a second longer:

“Tell them that it means that ‘slavery has but a short time more to last’,” said I, quoting the last words of the Horst Wessel Song.

* * *

I was soon called to meet Colonel Vickers in Frau

Oberin's office — that same Colonel Vickers who, only a week before, seemed to consider me as his deadliest enemy. This time, he spoke to me almost kindly.

"These you can have in your cell, just now," he told me, pointing to a pile of books among which, to my astonishment, I recognised the typed manuscript of my unpublished *Impeachment of Man*, on the first page of which I had written a quotation from the *Goebbels Diaries*. "Your other things, you can have when you leave this prison."

My trunk had been brought there, into the office; and I actually saw, in it, on the top of other books, my dark-red copybook containing the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, and my two light-brown ones containing all that I had written of *Gold in the Furnace*, — exactly as Frau Oberin had told me. I could not help feeling that there was something very strange both in Colonel Vickers' sudden change of tone and in the fact that he had given me back my manuscripts. Doubtless, he had orders from somewhere to act as he did. But why were those orders given? To this day, I do not know. To this day, it all baffles me.

"I am exceedingly thankful to you for not destroying the writings that I look upon as precious personal 'souvenirs'," said I; "and once more I beg your pardon if I have, against the rules, kept forbidden objects in my possession. Once more I assure you that I kept them solely on account of the sentimental value that they have in my eyes."

I was thinking, not without a tinge of irony: "It costs nothing to be courteous." But the Governor interrupted me. "That's all right," he said; "you can have your things when you are free. But you must understand

that I cannot allow you to have them now, in your cell.”

“I don’t wish to have them,” replied I. “I am only too thankful to know that they will not be destroyed. Indeed, I look upon this as a tremendous favour. There is only one thing more that I would like to ask you, and that is the permission to have paper and ink in my cell and to continue, after working hours, to write the book which I had begun long ago about Genghis Khan.”

“You can write about Genghis Khan as much as you like,” replied Colonel Vickers. “But, mind you: no more Nazi stuff! If I catch you at that again, there will be serious trouble.”

“You will never catch me at that again,” said I, forcefully, taking the books that he handed over to me. But I was determined in my heart, to finish writing *Gold in the Furnace* at the first opportunity, in my cell, under his very nose. I thanked him once more, and walked out of the room, my eyes downcast.

Frau Erste, the matron, soon brought me back my own pen and ink, and some paper — a writing pad that a friend had sent me from England, but that she had not yet given to me on account of the search in my cell and the subsequent restrictions imposed upon me. Never was a gift more welcome than that writing pad. But I was not such a fool as to go and resume writing Chapter 12 of my dangerous book in plain English, upon its blank sheets. The sheets, thought I, had possibly been counted. They would possibly be counted again, to see how many I had used. And I would be asked to show what I had written upon them. Decidedly, I had to be very careful after the narrow escape my manuscripts had just had. In fact, a day or two later, Frau Oberin

brought me a copybook with a blue cardboard covering on the inside of which she had written, above the date — the 22nd of June — and her initials; “this book contains forty-nine leaves.” She had numbered each leaf.

“Continue your book about Genghis Khan, *The Lightning and the Sun*, or whatever you call it, on this, as much as you like,” said she. “But for Heaven’s sake, don’t start writing that other one again, so long as you are here! If they caught you doing so *now*, I would surely be accused of encouraging you, and sacked. I have already very nearly lost my job in connection with you.”

“I’ll be as good as gold, and will write only about the world’s greatest conqueror,” said I. “When you come again, I’ll show you the end of my Chapter 5 of which the beginning is in my thick dark red copybook; you’ll see for yourself. By the way, could you not allow me to see both that dark red copybook and the others, one day when Frau Erste is not here? I would like to know where exactly I stopped, in that chapter on Genghis Khan’s birth. Also . . . I would like to see for myself that they have not torn out any pages in that or especially in the other manuscript. It baffles me how they can have given it back to me untouched. It would baffle you, if you knew the things I wrote in that book.”

“If you ask me,” replied Frau Oberin, “the Governor could not be bothered reading it.”

“That may be. But,” said I, “what about those, ‘experts’ in whose hands my things were, — from what he told me on the 3rd of June? Could *they* also not be bothered going through it thoroughly?”

“How could I know?” admitted Frau Oberin.

“The representatives of the Western Occupying Powers are out here to have a fat pay and a ‘good time’,” remarked I, repeating what the Dutch woman had once

said during the “free hour.” “They have no ideology. So much the better. The Communists, who have one — be it the worst in the world — will beat them. And we shall beat the Communists and rule the world.”

“I only hope you are right,” said Frau Oberin as she left my cell.

What I actually did was to write the rough text of my dangerous book, in the evenings after six o’clock, upon my wooden stool, with a piece of chalk that the searchers were kind enough to forget in a corner of my drawer; to correct it, wiping out with a damp cloth this sentence or that one, until I was satisfied with it; and then to copy it off with pen and ink, in tight writing, paragraph by paragraph, not upon my new writing pad nor in the copybook that Frau Oberin had given me, but at the back of the pages of the letters that I used to, receive from Miss V. And that too, not in English, but in Bengali; and with many abbreviations and conventional signs of my own.

This Miss V., a charming English woman whom I had met in 1946, was a weird character, “between two epochs”; a bundle of contrasts too typical not to deserve a mention in this book. She was thoroughly anti-Jewish, fanatically anti-Communist and, — which is much rarer — anti-Christian; (the one woman who had ever told me that she would any time worship an English oak tree rather than a deified Jewish prophet) and yet, *not* one of us; indeed, incapable of ever becoming one of us, for want of that primitive, merciless, aggressive vitality that distinguishes us from the decadent world of today; sincere, kind to creatures, truth-loving, intelligent — understanding better than most Europeans the fundamental falsehood of any equalitarian man-centred doctrine, —

and yet, incapable of devotion to anything impersonal; afflicted with incurable individualism, with the phobia of all collective enthusiasms, good or bad, for the sole reason that they are collective, and with congenital squeamishness — with the phobia of physical suffering, be it inflicted upon herself, her friends or her worst enemies; decidedly overcivilised; and too class-conscious ever to be able to become wholeheartedly *caste*-conscious; in one word, a person that could be used in our New Order, but that can never be a part of it; and yet, one of the exceptionally few non-Nazis who could put up with me for more than half a day, and perhaps the only one of them who ever loved me (Goodness only knows why!) in full awareness of all my potentialities. She sent me food parcels and wrote to me regularly when I was in jail. For my good luck, it happened that, just at the time of which I am now speaking, she quarrelled with a neighbour of hers, Miss G., — another weird character half in the past and half in the future — whom I know. Her letters were, in consequence, much longer than usual, — all about the quarrel. They were nearly always typed on one side only of the paper. After reading them, I would use my writing pad to answer them, and . . . use their blank pages to write the last chapters of *Gold in the Furnace*. (Miss G. also wrote me long letters — much longer letters than Miss V's, in fact — telling me all about that same quarrel from her point of view. But her sheets of paper, being written on both sides, unfortunately, could not be used.)

I wrote feverishly every day. I felt inspired. And the days were long. After I had finished, I folded up the letters as they were before, and put them back in their respective envelopes. Each time Frau Oberin came, I could give her one or two, and ask her if she could not

be kind enough to put them with my other things in the cloakroom, as I wished to keep them. “Most willingly,” she would say, taking the letters — never suspecting that they contained any writing apart from Miss V’s.

When I gave her the last one, I felt relieved of an immense worry. I now knew that my *Gold in the Furnace* was complete, — and safe, for nobody would peer into my luggage before my release. The only work left for me to do, once free, was to translate the end of my book into English and to write it down in the light brown copybook that Miss Taylor had given me on the day I was sentenced. Again I thanked the invisible Powers for having protected my manuscript. And I settled down to continue my other book, *The Lightning and the Sun*, after a long time. I used my writing pad as rough paper, and wrote the final text in my brand new blue copybook, Frau Oberin’s gift, which I could show the Governor any time, if he cared to control what I was doing.

Thus absorbed in interesting work, I was happy after 6 p.m. But during the rest of the day, I often missed H. E.’s visits. I missed her — and L. M. — on Sunday afternoons. I missed the pleasure of spending my “free hour” occasionally with my comrades of the D wing, as I had before that unfortunate search in my cell.

Every day, morning and afternoon, I could *hear* the latter come and stand in the corridor, right in front of my cell, and call out: one, two, three, . . . so that the wardresses on duty might know how many were to go out together. Then, I would hear them move along the A wing and the B wing, in the direction of the door leading to the stairs. Again, when they came back, they would pass before my cell. And provided Fran Erste,

whom all feared, was not there, H. E. would call me from outside as she passed: "Savitri!"

"H. . . .!" would I answer, calling her in my turn by her name.

That was the only contact I had with her for days.

Then, one morning, I saw her. She was to help a few others to distribute to the prisoners the bread and chicory that composed their daily breakfast, and on her way to the landing, where the food was brought, she could not resist casting a glance into my cell, which was, not locked.

"H. . . . ! my H. . . . !", exclaimed I, as soon as I noticed her blonde head peeping in. And I ran to the door to welcome her.

"I have lost my post at the Infirmary on account of all that happened," said she. "But that is all. They have not questioned me, thank goodness! It looks as if they did not find out . . ." She spoke rapidly, looking around every five seconds to see whether anyone was coming along the corridor. I understood that she meant that they did not find out it was she who had told me about the most gruesome Allied atrocities I had reported in my Chapter 6, and about the Belsen trial.

"It looks as if indeed they did not," replied I. "You will surely be glad to know that they have given me back my manuscript — that they have put it with my things in, the cloakroom, that is to say — strange as it might seem. Frau Oberin thinks they cannot have read it. And she told me I would probably be released very soon. I am damned if I know why. Of course, I told these people that I had no intention of publishing my book on Germany. God alone knows if they were simple enough to believe me. But never, for a minute did I pretend to

have given up our Nazi faith. If they release me, they will do so fully knowing what I am.”

“What idiots!” exclaimed H. E. with a smile. This was her first reaction. But then, she added, thoughtfully: “. . . or, — perhaps — what past masters in diplomacy! One of the two.”

“Why?” said I. “Do they imagine they are going to win me over with their ‘kindness’? Not me, my dear; not me! They don’t know me. I never forget, and never forgive.”

“Nor do I; nor do any of us,” replied H. E. And her blue eyes flashed. “But they don’t know that. And if you ask me, they are about to try to win over the lot of us. They feel they will soon need our help against the Reds. They are afraid. But that’s enough. If I am caught discussing on your doorstep, there will be trouble. I must see you, however, again, before your release.”

“I’ll ask Frau Oberin to arrange an interview for us.”

“Good! I’ll ask her too. I am sure she will not refuse. In the meantime . . . Good bye!”

We both felt it unsafe to salute each other in our usual manner, be it in a whisper. So we uttered the secret formula which, even if overheard, would mean nothing to the uninitiated, but which to us, the few, means: “Heil Hitler!”

* * *

During the “free hour,” the Dutch woman would tell me the daily news, that were sometimes interesting. I thus learnt that two of my comrades of the D wing had been sent to Hamburg as witnesses on behalf of the defence, in a new “war crime trial” in which the accused

were thirty-five German women formerly, like themselves, in service at Ravensbrück. I was indignant.

“Those rascals will never stop sitting as judges in ‘war crime trials’ as long as they are here,” said I. “I would love to see the Russians try them, one day, for alleged ‘war crimes’, and to go and meet them before they are killed and tell them: ‘It serves you right! Remember what you did yourselves.’ I am glad, now, to see any anti-Nazi suffer at the hands of his ex-allies, in the countries under Communist rule — like that notorious cardinal Mindszenty, whom they caught some months ago. Now, you can of course tell me that the Russians treat us no better. I agree. I hate all those who fought against Hitler’s New Order, be it in the name of Marxism, of Christianity, of Democracy, of the ‘rights and dignity of the human person’, or of the interest of their own pockets. Since 1945, I have lived only to witness their destruction.”

“Many were misguided and are now ‘coming, around’,” said the Dutch woman.

“I have hardly any more sympathy for those,” replied I. “‘Misguided’! If indeed, they are as stupid as sheep, then their fate does not interest me. If they are not, then why did they allow themselves to be ‘misguided’? How is it that I was never impressed by anti-Nazi propaganda, all these years, in India, in Greece, in France? I had never seen the grandeur of the Third Reich. But I had *Mein Kampf* and my common sense to go by; and that was enough for me. Why was it not enough for those fools? Because they were utter fools, — or selfish, mean-minded rogues. I don’t say we must not use them, if we can, now that some of them are ‘coming around’. But I have no confidence in them.”

“You don’t trust human nature at all?”

“No,” said I. “I trust only the few real National Socialists.”

Another day, the Dutch woman related to me an incident that had taken place at the dining table, where D wing prisoners and others ate together (while my food was always brought to me in my cell). A Czech woman, a newcomer in Werl, who had spent some months in a concentration camp under the Nazi régime, had spotted out and started abusing a former wardress of that same camp, now serving a sentence of ten years’ imprisonment as a so-called “war criminal.” The latter had, it seems, once given her a slap. Some prisoners — there was no need for me to ask which — had automatically taken the side of the ex-“victim of the Nazi monsters,” others, the side of the former wardress, and the dispute had degenerated into a general row, with the result that Frau Erste had intervened and given orders that henceforth the so-called “war criminals” were to take their meals apart from the other prisoners.

“And who is that specimen, whom the crusaders of Democracy came to ‘liberate’?” asked I. “I would like to make her acquaintance — from a distance.”

The Dutch woman pointed out to me a short, coarse, ugly-looking object, walking not far in front of us. “That is the one,” said she. “And I am afraid that, for once, I can wholeheartedly share your hostility towards her, I who as a rule, am human, contrarily to you. For would you believe that she has been ‘inside’ *nineteen times* since 1945, for different offences, especially theft? She is here for theft. And whoever has heard her talk to the wardresses as I have, cannot find fault with that other wardress for slapping her.”

“I should think not!” exclaimed I. “All you tell me does not astonish me in the least. I know perfectly well

that nobody was in a concentration camp for nothing, in the Hitler days. And I have always said so to the people who, not knowing me, were foolish enough to come begging for my sympathy in favour of the alleged 'victims' of our régime. I am grateful to you indeed for your information about that Czech woman: it is good propaganda for us."

* * *

But soon — whether of her own accord, or because she was asked to do so, I could not tell — the Dutch woman started taking her "free hour" with the other batch of A wing prisoners, namely with those who went out at the same time as the D wing; and I had to find myself another companion. My next door neighbour, C. P., the inmate of cell No. 50, offered to go out with me, as her usual companion had just been released. And thus, unexpectedly, I discovered a new comrade, for the woman, — a German, who had served in occupied France during the war — was "in order," in spite of certain inconsistencies of which she was not conscious.

She was an honourable woman, by no means to be classified with the bulk of the other nonpolitical prisoners. Her only crime, for which she was serving a term of two years' imprisonment, was to have been found in possession of a revolver, being a German. Both she and her husband, she told me, had been militant National Socialists from the start, and were still so, notwithstanding the fact of having been forced to go through the "de-Nazification" farce so that they might be allowed to continue earning their living. She related to me anecdotes from her life in occupied France, and others from the glorious early days of the National Socialist struggle for power. She told me how, once in her life,

she had had the privilege of meeting the Führer and of hearing him address her a few simple uplifting words, in his own voice, sometime in 1934.

“I would give anything to have such a memory as that, I who have never seen him,” said I.

She answered me: “You will see him one day; he is alive.”

I felt a sudden gush of joy fill my heart. I forgot for a while that I was in the courtyard of a prison, only to remember that all Germany, all Europe, was a prison, since 1945, but that one day, we, Hitler’s faithful ones, would be free, and that all would be well with us since “he” breathed, somewhere on this earth, never mind where. Indeed, all Germany seemed to know that “he” was not dead, and to be waiting for him.

I looked up to the blue sky that shone above us and thought of the miracle that had saved my book. “If that is possible, anything is possible,” felt I. “Perhaps one day I shall be thankful for having survived the disaster of 1945.”

C. P., who was to be free in a month’s time or so, told me: “When you are released, come and stay with us. You are Germany’s sincere friend; our house will be yours. Or if, as I fear, they don’t allow you to remain in the country, then write to me, now and then.” Once more, I felt, in her, that unfailing love with which the German people have repaid a millionfold the little I have tried to do to show them that I have not turned away from them in the hour of defeat. And I was happy; for it is sweet to be loved by those whom one loves and admires. Now, all the white bread and other nice things that I could no longer give to H. E., I gave to C. P.

The woman was, however, less intelligent than H. E. She had not yet found out for herself that Christianity

and National Socialism cannot go together. And after telling me that she had been brought up in the most pious Protestant atmosphere, she declared to me one morning, in the course of a conversation, that, in Germany, the Protestants were “much better Nazis than the Catholics.”

My first reaction would have been to reply: “My dear friend, doesn’t it occur to you that *no* out and out Nazi can profess a religion that allows every shameful mixture of blood provided it takes place under the cover of a so-called ‘sacrament’? Now, neither does the Catholic Church *nor the Protestant* forbid what we call shameful unions — crimes against the Aryan race.”

But I knew that it is sometimes dangerous to enlighten, people too abruptly.

And I reflected that, indeed, I did not know C. P. enough to be sure that, in the case she felt she had to choose between her beloved National Socialist Ideology and her professed traditional religion — in the case she realised, at last, that they were two incompatible religions — she would necessarily choose National Socialism. I therefore refrained from trying to make her realise it. I merely remarked — firmly, but without any direct allusions and direct attacks — that, in any free Aryan country, the priests of all confessions should stress the importance of the basic principles of National Socialism in daily life, in particular, that of the ideal of purity of blood. The woman agreed with me enthusiastically, without realising for a minute that, to do so, would be for them to reject the very spirit of Christianity, which is preeminently other-worldly and — like that of any Jewish teaching for non-Jewish consumption, — essentially equalitarian.

Back in my cell, I remembered how brilliantly H. E. had understood that; and how conscious she was of the revolutionary character of our faith on the philosophical

plane, — no less than on the political. And I missed her more than ever.

* * *

During those last weeks I spent in jail, I made the acquaintance of another prisoner who deserves to be mentioned: a French woman, living in Germany ever since 1941, and sentenced to two years imprisonment for having indulged in abortional practices. Few women have lived as innocently a filthier life than hers, and few have had, amidst countless sordid experiences, the privileges that she has enjoyed.

She was called L. C., but she went under the nick name of D. And she was undoubtedly the most cheerful inmate of the whole “Frauen Haus.” The Dutch woman had introduced her to me telling me that I could speak French with her — which I did. D. seemed glad to meet me. “I have heard of you already from the others,” said she.

“And you don’t mind my being a Nazi?”

“Dear me, no!” exclaimed the French woman. “I like Nazis. My man is one.”

The person she so crudely described in French as *mon homme*, “my man,” was a German whom she had met in France in 1940, and with whom she had lived ever since, after having all her life, before, during and after the two short periods during which she had been married, revelled in utter sexual promiscuity.

Her redeeming feature was that she was fundamentally promiscuous by temperament, rather than venal. She did not mind, of course, taking presents and money from men, but she seldom took a lover solely for the financial advantages he would give her. She had chosen her life freely, deliberately, feeling — as the “sacred” harlots

of Antiquity probably did — that the best thing *she* could do in this world was to give a short but necessary satisfaction to thousands of men. She was intelligent and unscrupulous; witty, and full of gaiety and without guile. She had the cynicism of all those who have never experienced remorse. As I said, she was innocent — as innocent, in a way, as myself, her exact opposite. Her sense of honour was, no doubt, very different from that of an honest woman according to the Christians or according to us. But she had a sense of honour, and a weird, inconsistent loyalty of her own. She had made money on the black market, in Germany, during the war, and practiced abortion upon German women, half the time without the excuse that the father of the unwanted child was physically or racially unworthy — done things, in one word, that would fill any of us with indignation — and yet, on the other hand, she had worked with unabated ardour and helped the German war effort with all her heart, both in France and in Germany, convinced that Germany's victory would be the salvation of Europe. I would have myself liked to have rendered the cause certain of the services she told me she had rendered, while still in France. And she had remained faithful to Germany *after* the war. She said of "her man": "I'll marry him, when I am released, and remain here. His country will be mine. I was born near the frontier anyhow."

I used to meet her in the recreation room. She spoke the most picturesque French slang I have ever heard, and she knew the ins and outs of the underworld in Paris and other places. She would often make coarse jokes; she would talk about her lovers and compare their abilities; she would relate smutty stories from the three brothels of which she had been in turn the manageress — stories that made me feel thankful for never having had as much as

a peep into one whole side of human experience. She would even speak of her intimacy with “her man,” much to my embarrassment. But when she liked, she could also speak of other things. And sometimes the scenes she evoked made me forget all the squalor of her sexual life and envy her for the privileges she had had, or for certain things she had done.

Once, with an unaffected eloquence that brought tears into my eyes, she described to me the most beautiful sight that she had seen in her life: the parade of the German Army beneath the Arc de Triomphe de l’Etoile and along the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in conquered Paris. “You know, my man took part in it; and it is I who shined his boots for him; and didn’t they shine like looking-glasses!” said she, with all the pride of the eternal primitive woman who has won herself the favour of a victorious soldier superior to the males of her own nation. “I got up early in the morning to prepare everything for him. You don’t know how happy he was, my man, on that day — and I too! It was a splendid day, the like of which I have never seen. I went and stood to see ‘them’ pass. Oh, you should have seen that beautiful display of uniforms and flags and helmets shining in the sunshine! And that unbelievably perfect coordination in the men’s movements, so perfect that it seemed unreal! And you should have heard the music — the Song!”

I listened to her with rapture, while slowly a tear rolled down each of my cheeks. The tune and words of the Horst Wessel Song resounded within my heart:

“Soon Hitler’s flags will wave along all the highways;
Slavery has but a short time more to last.”

Oh, those words! “Those words were heard in Paris along the conquered avenue, and *I* was not, there,” thought I once more.

“You should have heard the Song,” repeated the woman, as though she had guessed my secret regret. And she added proudly: “*I was there*. A parade like that, I have never witnessed; nor shall I witness again . . . unless ‘they’ come back one day. Nobody knows.”

I was thinking: “This woman had never given a thought to the Nazi Idea before she met ‘her man’; and yet, *she was there*. Why was I so far away?” And it was difficult for me to brush aside a feeling of envy.

Another time, D. related to me how, after the war, in Berlin, she had met two distressed Germans, — two S.S. men, escaped from Russia, who, after having walked for days and days, lay exhausted and half-dead of hunger on the side of the road. She had brought them to her room, fed them for a week or so, given them civilian clothes so that they might continue their journey and reach their families unnoticed. “I used to go with the Americans and ‘pinch’ their cigarettes and sell them over,” she told me. “Cigarettes fetched a lot of money, then, as you surely know. I used to ‘pinch’ their purses, too, when they were drunk. In that way, I gathered quite an important sum for my two Germans to take home. And I gave them plenty of food, also — butter, jam, preserves of all sorts. You should have seen how glad they were, the poor dears! And they wrote to me, and thanked me, when they reached their place of destination.”

“You have saved two of my Führer’s people. For that alone, may the heavenly Powers protect you all your life!” said I, deeply moved. And again I envied her, I who had done nothing but distribute ten thousand leaflets.

* * *

On Monday the 25th July, I ran to Frau Oberin’s

office to answer an unexpected telephone call. It was Colonel Vickers himself talking to me.

“We are doing all we can to enable you to leave this prison as soon as possible,” said he. “However, it is less easy than we thought to send you straight back to India. And anyhow, the formalities would take a long time. Is there not a place nearer than India, where you would like to be sent in the meantime, — for I have no need to tell you that you will not be allowed to remain in the British Zone.”

“Could I not be sent to the French Zone?” asked I, brazenly. “I have friends there.” In fact, I much preferred to remain in the French Zone than to be sent back to India. And although I did not dare to hope to hear that I could, I thought to myself: “I have nothing to lose by asking.” Colonel Vickers seemed a little taken aback by my audacity. When he had asked me whether there was not a country nearer than India where I would like to stay, he had never expected me to answer so unhesitatingly: “There is Germany itself.” He was puzzled.

“That, of course, is the lookout of the French authorities, and no business of mine,” replied he. “However, I would not advise you to ask to remain in Germany at all. Have you no friends or relatives elsewhere?”

I reflected that he was perhaps right — from *my* point of view also. Anyhow, I would not be able to publish my book in Germany, for some years. While elsewhere, away from Europe, who knows, perhaps I could much sooner. However it be, I would have to type it first. I remembered that in Lyons, my native town, I knew someone who would probably lend me a typewriter. My mother lived in Lyons. But I did not know how far she would allow me to live in her house, for on account of my views there was no longer any love between us since

the war. I did not know how far a Greek woman who had lodged me previously, would be willing to put me up *now*. She knew me for years, and agreed with me far better than my mother did. But she might be afraid to take me in after my imprisonment, I thought. I answered, however, hoping for the best: "I could perhaps go to France. My mother lives in Lyons."

"That is perfect," exclaimed the Governor, at the other end of the wire, "Why didn't you tell me that at once? Well, I shall try to secure you a visa for France."

"I could go back to India from there, when my husband sends me my passage money," said I, reflecting that I had, at first, perhaps a little too enthusiastically proposed to remain in Germany, and trying to counteract the impression that my haste might have produced.

"That is all right; once in France you can go where you please; it is no business of mine," said Colonel Vickers. "I am going to try to get you a visa for France. If they give it to you, you should be free within a month or so."

"Thank you! I have indeed no words to express how much I thank you," said I, putting up the receiver.

I felt at once all my old self-assurance, all my old aggressiveness come back to me. I was virtually no longer a prisoner. Soon, thought I, I would no longer need even to be "diplomatic." What a relief!

Frau Oberin was watching my face.

"Going away from here soon?" she asked me, smiling. "Pleased to be free?"

"Not only pleased to be free, but hoping to be a little more useful than I am here," said I. "You know French. You probably know one or two French popular songs. What do you think of this one?"

And I sang to her the two last lines of an old song,

that the schoolgirls used to sing in the playground, when, I was a child:

“. . . The punishment is sweet,
And ro ro ro, little pa ta po,
The punishment is sweet,
We shall begin again, ro ro,
We shall begin again . . .”¹

Once more, Frau Oberin’s face brightened. But she *said* nothing.

“Am I not right?” I asked her at last.

“You are as hasty as a child,” replied she. “Great things take time.”

I wanted to say: “They take time to ripen, perhaps. But once the atmosphere is created, they happen quickly.” But I kept silent, thinking: “What does it matter, now, whether I say *this* or that? Even if I cannot speak freely, I shall now soon be able at least to *write* freely . . .”

Frau Oberin let me return to my cell unaccompanied, thus giving me a foretaste of freedom. And I walked along the empty corridor, with my two hands in my pockets, feeling happy, and humming once more the old French song:

“. . . We shall begin again, ro ro,
We shall begin again!”

“When I used to sing that in the playground of the school, with other little girls, thirty-five years ago, who

¹ “La pénitence est douce,
et ron ron ron, petit patapon,
La penitence est douce, nous recommencerons ron ron,
Nous recommencerons!”

could have foretold that one day I would give these words the meaning which I give them now?" thought I. And once more, I thanked the Gods for my beautiful destiny.

I was now writing Chapter 5 of *The Lightning and the Sun*, about the childhood and early tribal wars of Genghis Khan. I was happy, because the subject interested me immensely, and also because I felt I was doing something useful. The whole book, — of which the study of Genghis Khan's life represented only a part — put forth a definite conception of history, and that conception was ours. The Governor had told me in the most casual manner: "Oh, you can write about Genghis Khan as much as you like," as though to say: "Thirteenth century stuff! — *That's* not dangerous." "And yet," thought I, as I read over a whole paragraph that I had just written, "nothing could be more national socialistic in spirit than *this*."

I recalled an incident from the time I was in Paris trying to obtain a military permit to enter Germany. I had already secured my entry into the French Zone, — with which I could, in fact, travel all over Western Germany. I tried to obtain a permit for the Russian Zone through a vague acquaintance of mine, a rather insignificant Frenchman (so I thought) who had been a student at the same time as I and who, while I was in India, had undergone an evolution in the direction of Communism. The man had taken an active part in the French "resistance"; he was a journalist, and knew many people. Naturally, I did not go and tell him who *I* was. Nor did he ask me directly. He merely asked to have a look at anyone of the books I had written. My only book in French, apart from my two doctorate theses was *L'Étang aux Lotus*, a book about India, written in 1935. I handed him over a copy of it thinking: "The devil himself would not be

shrewd enough to guess my views from this mere collection of impressions about a tropical land.” But, to my amazement, the man, after reading a page told me: “I see you are an out and out follower of Adolf Hitler. It is as clear to me as daylight. No doubt your book is about India. But you see India from the National Socialist standpoint.” I admired the man’s perspicacity. Needless to say that I had to give up all hope of obtaining through him a permit for the Russian Zone.

I remembered now — as I had then — the words of Emerson: “A cat can do nothing which is not essentially graceful.” “I suppose *I* can do nothing which is not essentially National Socialistic,” thought I, “and write nothing which is not propaganda in disguise, whether the actual subject-matter be India, Akhnaton, or Genghis Khan.”

And I was all the more happy to realise that I did not do so intentionally, but that it was the consequence of my natural orthodoxy.

* * *

Frau S., who came to see me in my cell practically every day, told me that my comrades of the D wing, in particular my beloved H. E., would very probably be released before the end of the year. Already L. M., whose term expired in a year, was to be freed in two days’ time. “Decidedly,” thought I, “things are changing.” And I was actually happier to hear that news than I had been to hear Colonel Vickers tell me of my own release.

I tried to imagine the feelings of my comrades. I knew that none of the genuine National Socialists among them was “reformed” — any more than *I* was. A few might, for a time, refrain from all dangerous activities. But somehow I felt that the trend of events would, sooner

or later, bring back the great hopes of the past, the tension and enthusiasm of before 1933. And the words I had hummed along the corridor at the news of my release seemed to come back to me as an echo from the hearts of all the released Nazis of Germany: “We shall begin again!” I was happy.

The only thing that grieved me during those last days was the loss of the little glass portrait of the Führer that I had worn around my neck. Frau Oberin had really intended to give it back to me, as she had promised me. But, she told me, it had dropped out of her pocket and Fräulein S. had caught sight of it — then, when the whole staff was under the threat of being sacked on account of me — and she had insisted on destroying it.

“Had I known that these people would themselves give you back all your things, I would never have allowed her to do so,” said Frau Oberin. “But you don’t realise what a panic seized us all when your cell was searched. You will hate me, no doubt. But what can I do now? The harm is done.”

I wept when she told me that. “You don’t know what that little portrait meant to me,” said I; “it was given to me by one of the finest German women I know, who deprived herself of it to put it around my neck telling me she thought me worthy to wear it. Yet, don’t believe I hate you. I don’t hate Fräulein S. — although, to think that she could break such a thing to pieces with, a hammer surpasses my understanding . . .”

In a flash, I remembered the ruins of Germany, and all the horror of the long-drawn occupation. Fräulein S’s panic was but a tiny instance of the widespread terror that oppressed the whole land. “I don’t hate you, or her, or any German who, out of fear, might cause me to

suffer,” pursued I: “I hate those swine — the Allies — who have imposed upon Germany the reign of fear.”

Frau Oberin kissed me. Her eyes were full of tears.

“What can I do now, to please you, before you go?” she asked me.

“Allow me to spend an hour with H. E.” replied I.

“You shall,” said she. “But, mind you, don’t tell anyone — *anyone!*”

* * *

On Sunday, the 14th of August, as soon as the Catholic Church service began, Fräulein S., obeying Frau Oberin’s instructions, came to fetch me. On tip-toe, she led me to one of the washing rooms. She then went to fetch H. E., and locked us both in. I shall always remember with intense emotion that last conversation in jail with one of the persons I love the most on earth.

We gazed at each other, and fell in each other’s arms — like on the day we first met. And we kissed each other.

“I am so glad to know that you are being released,” said H. E.; “L. M. is now free; you know?”

“Yes,” replied I, “Frau S. told me. Moreover, I met her myself in the corridor on my way back from the ‘free hour’ as she was going out, and I shook hands with her. I wanted to talk to her, but Frau Erste was there, and would not allow me.”

“L. M. has left me her address for you. You must write to her,” said H. E. And she gave me a piece of paper which I put in my breast. She pursued anxiously, without giving me the time to add a word: “Did you receive the letter and addresses that I sent you days ago?”

“I have but only yesterday; the girl had not the opportunity to come into my cell before,” replied I, alluding to a prisoner who used to clean our windows and

in whose hands H. E. had given her message for me: "Don't fear," pursued I, "I shall keep the addresses in my memory, and write to the people as soon as I am free, — and give news of you. I wish I could pay a visit to them. But I am afraid I am to be taken in a car straight from here to the border of the French Zone. And there, it seems, I shall be watched; I was told so the other day when I went down to the Governor's office to fill the forms in connection with my visa for France. Anyhow, in France I hope to be more free. I shall type my book there, — provided they do not search me at the frontier and take it away from me. I shall not feel really safe until I have crossed the frontier. Then . . . not only shall I type my book, as I said, but I shall write another one, about our life in Werl. You will have a great place in it — It does not matter to you, does it? You will be free anyhow, long before I can publish the book. I don't know whether I shall go back to India, or whether I shall try to go to South America or elsewhere. I must write to my husband first; see what he suggests, for he always gives me sound advice. But, wherever I be, wherever I go, be sure that my heart will remain here with you, with the others. Never, never shall I give up our struggle, as long as I live! And one day, when times change, I shall come back. My H. . . ., how lovely it will be for us to meet again in a free Germany, and to speak of the bygone nightmare, when it is all over

"Yes," replied H. E. thoughtfully, "it will be lovely. But we have yet a long and difficult road to walk, before that. I hope to be myself free soon — next year, or by the end of this, from what I hear. Oh, how I am longing and longing to be free, you can't imagine! You were captive six months; I, already four years. And before that, all the horrors of which I told you are but a small

part of what my eyes have seen. You call us, German National Socialists, 'the gold in the furnace'. We are. We have suffered beyond human bearing. And yet, as you say, nothing can crush us. I for one, am a better Nazi *now* than I was during our great days. I know it. For now I understand *why* we were right to be merciless in dealing with the Jews and traitors, nay why we were not merciless enough. And you have contributed to make me understand it. You have contributed to make me realise how universal and eternal our Nazi *Weltanschauung* is. Honestly; I admire you . . ."

I felt ashamed, and interrupted her. "Don't say such things!" exclaimed I. "Admire the martyrs of Schwarzenborn and Darmstadt, not me. I have not suffered."

"You love our Führer, and you love us," said H. E. "Of all those foreigners who seemed to be on our side, when we were powerful, you are the only one who loved us. They all turned their backs on us, when we were defeated, or tried to *excuse* their collaboration with us by all sorts of arguments. You have boasted of your allegiance to Adolf Hitler before your judges, now. And no sooner free, you are ready to fight for us again, solely because of what we represent in your eyes."

"Which pure blooded Aryan," said I, "can be, as I am, fully conscious of the supreme value of Aryandom, and yet not believe in Germany's divinely appointed mission in the modern world, and not love you?"

I took her hands in mine, while tears filled my eyes. "My H. . . .," continued I, "you, one of the few millions in whom the higher mankind of my dreams breathes in all its strength and glory, and one of the first victims of our, enemies; my living Germany, . . . it is you whom I admire from the depth of my heart. I shall miss you,

now, in the hostile outer world, as I have missed you all these weeks. For there where I shall be going in a day or two, I shall not have, a single comrade to whom I shall be able to open my heart . . .”

“But you will be useful said H. E. “You will be writing for us.”

“Yes; that is true . . .”

And to think of that made me feel my parting from her less painful.

“Moreover,” said she, “we must meet again. I’ll write to you, as soon as I am free. And if you are in India, who knows? I might try to go there myself, if conditions here are not yet favourable to us. Do you know what I would like? I would like to relate to you in detail all that I have seen since we fell into the hands of these people, so that you might write it down, and so that the world might know, one day, what we suffered. You are the person to write our true story.”

“You flatter me,” replied I. “But I would do it willingly, to the best of my ability. And I would be happy to have you at my side, be it in India, be it elsewhere.”

And I imagined myself waiting for her, one day, at the Howrah station, in Calcutta. “Why not?” thought I; “the world is small.” However I would be still happier to see her waiting for me in Berlin, if Germany were once more under our régime . . .

We spoke freely of our plans, of our hopes, of the possibilities of tomorrow. “What would you do if there was a war?” she asked me, — “a war between Russia and the U.S.A.”

“Nothing,” replied I. “I would look at our enemies — the ex-allies of 1945 — tear each other to pieces, and I would laugh (provided we are not involved.) Why

should I stir to help these to make the world a safe place for Democracy, or to help those to make it a safe place for Communism, when I hate both? I shall not budge — not side with either block *unless* I am ordered to in the name of the '*Realpolitik*' of the Party, by someone who has authority to speak."

"I feel exactly the same as you," said H. E. "And I believe we all do."

"Never to forget and never to forgive, but to place the interest of the Nazi cause above everything, — even above the most legitimate yearning for revenge, if need be — that is my whole attitude in a nutshell," explained I.

"Never to forget and never to forgive," repeated H. E. "Once already, you told me that. You are right. But as you say, no apparent concessions to expediency are too great if they really be means to achieve our final triumph, condition of the establishment of our new civilisation."

Frau Oberin came herself to tell us that time was up. And we thanked her for having allowed us that hour of heart to heart communion.

"Good luck to you!" said H. E., then turning to me: "May the Powers in heaven protect you, and bring us together again, one day!"

"Yes"; replied I. "And may They protect you, also, and all of us, and help us to restore the New Order! Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" repeated she, raising her arm in her turn. And we parted on those holy words of faith and power.

* * *

I was to leave Werl on the morning of the following

Thursday, the 18th of August. Frau Oberin, whose summer holiday started in the meantime, came to say good bye to me in my cell, on Sunday evening. For the first time, knowing she would not see me again so long as Germany remained under Allied occupation, she spoke of her allegiance to our Ideology. "My father was in the Party," said she; "and so was I."

My face brightened. "I felt it," exclaimed I; "I felt it all the time, without being sure. But tell me: how is it that 'these people' kept you in service? They have sacked so many who have our views...."

"They did," replied Frau Oberin; "but they could not sack us all, for then there would have been nobody left to carry on the administration of the country."

"I want to meet you again, one day, when Germany is free." said I, "It is you who allowed me to write, while I was here; you, who allowed me to meet one or two at least of my comrades. I can never forget that. And now, I know I shall miss you — as I shall miss Frau S. and Frau So-and-so, and Frau X., and, of course, H. E. I shall be free, no doubt; but I shall be in a hostile atmosphere. I shall often look back to our friendly conversations, and to the understanding and sympathy that I enjoyed here. I shall often say to myself, remembering you and a few other members of the staff: 'I was in prison, no doubt; but at least I was in Germany'. I know I shall say that, when I am gone, and alone."

Frau Oberin seemed moved, yet she said: "It is easier to get out of a hostile atmosphere when one is free, than it is to get out of prison. Be thankful for your freedom. You will be more useful free."

"You talk like H. E." said I.

"I talk common sense," replied she.

"Oh, if only I could go to South America, now that

I am expelled from Germany,” said I, thinking aloud. “But how? I know nobody over there, and the little gold I have left is not enough to pay my passage . . .”

“Don’t worry over the future,” answered Frau Oberin; “Be thankful that you are now free, and you will see: things will happen for the best, in the long run.”

“You are probably right,” said I. And I thought “The unseen Powers Who have miraculously saved my manuscript will help me to publish it in due time, and guide me in the service of the Nazi cause.”

Frau Oberin bade me farewell. And for the first time I saluted her with the ritual gesture and the two forbidden words: “Heil Hitler!”

She smiled to rue sadly. But she did not return my salute. Was she afraid that somebody might see her through the spy hole? Who knows?

Frau So-and-so and Frau X. also came to say good bye to me. And they left me their addresses. “Write to us,” they said; “but be careful what you write. Remember this is not a free country.”

I recalled in my mind the unforgettable, tragic words about Germany: “This is the land of fear,” and I thought: “Until when?” And I longed for the events, whichever they might be, that would, sooner or later, enable my Führer’s people to get back their place in the world. I did not care — any more than I do now — if the nine-tenths of the globe had to be blown to atoms as a prelude to the achievement of that one great goal: the rule of the best; the establishment of a new civilisation on the basis of our everlasting principles.

Frau S. came in the evening of the 17th of August, which was my last evening in Werl. She did not give me her address. “No my dear, you are too dangerous a

person,” replied she, when I asked for it. “You are sincere, and above reproach from the ideological standpoint; but you are impulsive; you might, with the best of intentions, write things that are likely to incriminate people. I prefer to keep on the safe side as long as the occupants are here.”

“And how long do you think that will be?” asked I.

“I don’t know,” answered Frau S.; “nobody knows. They are sure to go away some day, as nothing lasts forever. They are giving us a ‘government’ very soon, it seems, which of course means nothing, as it is only a puppet government. They are asking us to vote. But we can choose only among the parties which ‘they’ authorise — all puppet parties. On the other side of the Elbe, where the Russians rule, it is no better — even worse, people say. There is no hope for us except in the mutual destruction of our oppressors, that is to say, in war. We would not mind that if our country were not to become, in all probability, the battlefield of the two hated forces. But we have had enough bombing, enough misery, enough war *on our territory* . . .”

I understood her easily, after having seen those hundreds of miles of ruins. “I know,” said I; “I know. And yet, is not even that less horrible than slavery forever?”

Frau S. gazed at me very earnestly and replied: “More and more Germans think as you do, and, . . . in spite of all that we suffered, I am increasingly inclined to think the same. Rather than this Democracy forever or Communism forever, we would all, I believe, prefer destruction.”

“Destruction?” repeated I, as though speaking to myself, — “or . . . resurrection?” And tears filled my eyes as I uttered those words. I thought of the subject

of the Führer's first great public lecture, in the dark days after the first World War: Future, or ruin.

"Listen," said I to Frau S.; "I have not lived the ordeal of total war as you have. And I am not a German. But one thing I always knew; one thing I know, more than ever now, since I have come to Germany — to this defeated Germany, in the most atrocious period of her history — and that is: nothing can crush the German people. And now that such a people are realising, every day more and more, what National Socialism meant; now that they are, every day more vividly, feeling the contrast between Hitler's glorious New Order and the disgusting, rule of the scum — the rule of the self-seeker, of the frustrated nonentity, and of the international Jew — imposed, upon them by the "fighters for human rights," now, I say, nothing can crush National Socialism. I know not through which unpredictable interaction of circumstances — in other words *how* — that Germany whom I have admired so many years, National Socialist Germany, real Germany, will rise, one day, out of this unprecedented humiliation. But I know she will rise — rise and conquer once more, as I wrote in my first leaflets. I know it because I have confidence in you, my Führer's people, and in the unseen Forces that lead you to your tremendous destiny. I know it because I know my Führer — our Führer — is alive; because, even if he were to die, his spirit can never die."

Frau S. gazed at me once more. "It is better that you are expelled from this unfortunate country," said she; "if you were allowed to remain, you would only get yourself caught again, which would be a pity. But you are perhaps right. Anyhow, your words have power. And one day, if things change, if you can come back, you will be welcome — and you might be useful."

“I would like to publish in Germany the book that I have just written, the book in which I have put all my heart. Will you do that for me, one day, if things change?” asked I.

“We shall do that for ourselves,” replied Frau S. with a smile. “To *you*, what shall we give? Tell us yourself, now, what you would like.”

“Nothing,” answered I, without hesitation. “All I want is the satisfaction of knowing that the regenerate Aryandom of my dreams has become a lasting powerful reality, a conquering force.”

“And there is absolutely nothing that you would like to enjoy, you personally, under that New Order that you love so much? Not a place of honour? Not a single personal advantage?”

“Absolutely nothing,” repeated I, sincerely. “The joy of knowing that henceforth all is well would be sufficient for me.”

But I reflected a minute, and then rectified my statement. “Or rather,” said I, “I forget: there is something I would like under our restored New Order; there are two things that I would like, in fact, if I could have them . . .”

“And what are they?” asked Frau S., all the more vividly interested that I had not, at first, put forth any ambitions.

“I would like to have the privilege of meeting the Führer at least once,” said I; “and I would like to be declared — if that were possible, be it after I am dead, — ‘honorary citizen of the Reich’.”

Frau S. took my hands in hers and smiled at me again. “You are an idealist,” said she. And she added, conferring unto me for the second time, on the eve of my release, the supreme title of honour of which she

had deemed me worthy in the depth of distress: “. . . a genuine National Socialist.”

* * *

The morning came — the morning of the day I was to be free.

I had not slept all night; I had prayed. I had thanked the invisible Gods for the fact that I was to take my manuscripts with me, in a few hours' time. And I begged for serenity — detachment — and efficiency. “Free me of all vanity, O Lord of truth,” I prayed; “free me of all pettiness, of all childish haste. And help me to serve our cause, which is Thine, with absolute selflessness as well as with iron determination. And may I be useful in the long run if I cannot do much now!”

As I saw the first ray of sunshine strike the huge building opposite the “Frauen Haus,” I got up and washed. I then sang the Horst Wessel Song, my arm stretched out towards the east, — towards the Sun. I knew nobody would ask me to be silent, especially as it was my last day. (In fact, throughout my stay in Werl, nobody ever had tried to prevent me from singing the Horst Wessel Song or any other.)

It was on my way back from the “free hour” that Frau Erste, the matron, told me to gather the few things that remained in my cell and to go to the cloakroom with them, when I had dressed. My luggage I had packed two days before, with Frau Oberin's permission. I wore the selfsame dark red frock in which I had crossed the frontier on my second journey to Germany. I took in hand my brown attaché case — the one I had on the night of my arrest. — I had put in it my manuscripts, the picture of the Führer, and all the things that I valued the most. I carried my coat on my left arm.

As I walked out of the cloakroom, ready, with Frau Erste and a prisoner who helped me to carry my luggage, I met Frau S. who had come to see me once more before I left.

“*Auf wiedersehen!*” said I, — “until we meet again in a free Germany!”

“*Auf wiedersehen!*” said she, — “and good luck to you, wherever you go in the meantime!”

I went to Frau Oberin’s office to say good bye to Fräulein S. (Frau Oberin herself was, as I said, on leave.)

“Take good care you do not come back here sooner than you expect. That would not surprise me seeing the mood in which you are,” Fräulein S. told me.

“Don’t worry about me,” replied I; “I’ll be more careful next time than I was this, if ever I come back to Germany before ‘these people’ are out.”

“I would advise you not to try to return before they are out.”

“Well,” said I, “I might listen to you. It will take me some time, anyhow, to type my book. And I might write another one before I try to come back.”

Before I left, I handed over to Fräulein S. a pair of pearl earrings, my remembrance gift to my beloved H. E. I had not been able to give it to H. E. myself, as my jewellery had not been given back to me until the very last moment before my departure. Fräulein S. put the earrings in a paper envelope containing H. E.’s belongings, and added them in writing to the list of the latter, on the page corresponding to my friend’s name, in a large catalogue. I was glad. One day, when the comrade I loved the most would leave Werl, she would find those pretty daisies, each one composed of seven real pearls, and she would remember me, and our last conversation, and

the unbreakable link of faith that binds us together forever.

I was taken with my luggage to an empty cell, and left there alone, until it was announced from the Governor's office that the policewoman who was to accompany me to the border of the British Zone, had come with the car. Frau Erste then took me down. "Be careful not to do any foolish things as we cross the courtyard," she told me: "The D wing prisoners are now having their "free hour."

As on the morning that had followed my trial, I saw from the top of the stairs my comrades, the so-called "war criminals," walking around the courtyard, and my heart ached. I was now going away — being released through God alone knows what distant influences. (In a letter, an old Indian friend of mine had told me that a telegram had been sent to Pandit Nehru, asking the Indian Government to intervene in my favour.) But they, — they who had suffered so much more than I, — when would *they* have the joy of crossing the threshold of the prison in their civilian clothes, once more? When would *they* be free? "Give them back their freedom, soon, Lord of the unseen Forces," I prayed within my heart; "give us all back, soon, freedom and power, and the joy of the great days!"

I noticed that Frau X., and Frau So-and-so, the two wardresses whom I knew to be "in order," were on duty. "You don't mind me going to say good bye to Frau X. and to Frau So-and-so?" I asked the matron.

"You can go," replied she; "but you must not speak to the prisoners."

I shook hands with the wardresses. But I could not help giving my comrades a last glance. I saw H. E. among them; and H. B. and H., the other two victims of

the Belsen trial; and Frau S., the martyr without faith; and Frau R., formerly in service at Ravensbrück, of whom I had been told that she was one of the “real ones” of the D wing. I gazed at them all; and tears filled my eyes. “Slavery has but a short time more to last!” cried I, quoting the last words of the Horst Wessel Song, before I walked to the gate that separated the courtyard of the “Frauen Haus” from the rest of the prison.

There, seeing that the matron had gone ahead of me and was busy unlocking the next gate, I turned around, lifted my arm and cried: “Heil Hitler!” I was too far for my comrades to hear me. But some of them could see me. And out of the dreary prisoners’ round, several other arms lifted themselves in answer to my gesture.

* * *

It was not Miss Taylor who had come to fetch me, but another English policewoman whose name I do not know. Colonel Vickers was not in his office. Nor did I see Mr. Stocks. I bade farewell to Mr. Harris, the Chief Warden, and to Mr. Watts, the Governor’s assistant.

I was given a copy of the order expelling me from the British Zone “for five years” as a person whose presence was considered to be “against the interest of peace, order and good government of the said Zone.”

I crossed the courtyard, and the two last gates that separated me from the world of the free were flung open before me. I found myself on the threshold of the prison, breathing the scented air from the neighboring gardens. I remembered the evening when I had stood on that very threshold, believing that I was entering the gloom of captivity for three long years. And lo, hardly six months had past, and I was free once more: and my precious

writings were with me, in my own hands, saved from destruction by some miracle of the Gods. I gazed at the bright blue sky with an overwhelming feeling of infinite gratitude, and I whispered the sacred Name of the Lord of the Dance of creation and destruction, in the oldest known Aryan language, — the Name I had repeated in the depth of despair — “Aum, Rudrayam! Aum, Shivayam!”

With those holy syllables on my lips and in my heart, I stepped into the car that was to carry me to freedom; to action, whether in darkness or broad daylight; to the new place appointed to me by Destiny, in the present-day struggle for Adolf Hitler and for Aryandom, — in the eternal struggle for truth.

* * *

The car rolled along the same *Autobahn* along which I had several times travelled, there and back, between Werl and Düsseldorf, when I was still “on remand.” But now, I was being taken to Andernach, on the border between the French and the British Zones. It was a bright summer day. Comfortably seated by the side of the policewoman, I looked out of the window, and regretted I was not allowed to remain in Germany.

Never, perhaps, had I been so strongly conscious of the hold Hitler’s country had on me, as now that I was forced to leave it. I gazed at the fields, at the bushes on the roadside, at the occasional passersby, at the half-ruined towns through which the car rolled without stopping. It all seemed to me like home. I reflected that, whether in the place of my birth or elsewhere, I had never had a real home; that, beyond the exceedingly narrow circles of people who shared my aspirations, everywhere, all my life, I had been a foreigner, even in the lands that I could, at first sight, call the most spontaneously

“mine,” Greece and England; even in hallowed India where I had sought the continuity of Aryan tradition — for the people who shared my aspirations were amazingly few, there too. I had been “a nationalist of every land” as I had once so accurately described myself; a foreigner with the yearning for a country that I could serve without reservations, for a people with whom I could identify myself entirely, without regret. A profound sadness came over me, as I thought of that. And the landscape that smiled to me on either side of the *autobahn*, appeared to me more beautiful, more alive, more appealing than ever.

We crossed a small town in which I noticed in passing a ruined wall covered with living creeper. “Life,” thought I; “irresistible life that nothing can crush.” I saw in that conquering patch of green a symbol of invincible Germany. And I recalled in my mind our Führer’s words: “It is not lost wars that bring men down, but the loss of that power of resistance that resides in pure blood alone.”¹ And I prayed that the unseen Aryan Gods might never allow the German people to forget this. In my heart, I felt sure that they never would. “These are at least the only modern people who have accepted the real Aryan ideals wholeheartedly,” thought I, again. “I was not alone, here.” And I longed to come back. I longed to finish my life among them; to die, one day, surrounded by understanding friends, while some regiment composed of young men who were babies in 1948 and 1949, when I first came, would march past,

¹ “. . . die Menschen gehen nicht an verlorenen Kriegen zugrunde, sondern am Verlust jener Widerstandskraft, die nur dem reinen Blute zu eigen ist.”

Mein Kampf, I, Chapter 11, pp. 324.

before my windows, to the music of the immortal Song . . .

But I knew I would not be able to come back just now. I would have to wait. To wait how long? That, I did not know. It suddenly occurred to me that the enemies of National Socialism did not know any more than I did; that they were not, any more than I, the masters of the workings of the unseen factors on which visible changes depend. And that thought pleased me to the point of making me feel aggressive.

“May I ask you something that puzzles me?” said I to the policewoman at my side, — the only person in the car besides the driver and myself.

“Certainly; what is it?”

“Well, listen: ‘they’ have expelled me from the British Zone for five years, it seems — up till the 31st of August 1954. Now, suppose (for the sake of argument) that Germany were to be free and united under a Nazi Government in 1953. What could you do then to keep me from running back at once?”

“In such a case I am afraid we could do nothing,” said the policewoman.

“Hum, hum!” insisted I, with a defiant smile; “I am glad to hear you admit it, at least.”

“Be careful not to get yourself into trouble again *before* there is a Nazi Government to protect you,” replied the policewoman, softly.

“No fear!” exclaimed I; “no fear, as long as I don’t *do* anything that is positively against some law of whatever country I shall be living in. And I intend to be careful about *that*. But, barring that, — and barring the circumstances in which I might have to be ‘diplomatic’ in the higher interest of the cause — I intend to make myself as disagreeable as I can to all our opponents wherever

I go. I detest anti-Nazis! They call us ‘monsters’. Hypocrites, self-seeking rogues, or squeamish fools, that’s what *I* call them; degenerates; monkeys — and sickly ones at that; slaves of the Jews, which is the worst one can say . . .”

The policewoman smiled and said: “You are free to have your opinions.”

“Yes,” retorted I: “free to have them; and free to express them, here, in this car, because the driver does not know English, because it is my first day out of prison, and because you are delighted to show me how magnanimous you Democrats are; but not free to express them in a café, in German, as soon as we step out of here; nor free to publish them in black and white. What hypocrites you are, really! You don’t believe in ‘individual freedom’ any more than we do. You know perfectly well — as everyone else does — that no system of government can last if intelligent and courageous individuals attack the very principles on which it is based. And you defend your parliamentary principles as fiercely as you can. You don’t respect the ‘individual freedom’ of those who have set out to expose their absurdity. You do try to keep us from thinking, through your whole system of so-called ‘education’. And if you don’t actually punish us for thinking, it is only because you do not believe in the power of thought and therefore hold us to be ‘harmless’ so long as we *do* nothing against you, or else, because you are not yourselves sufficiently convinced of the truth of your principles to sacrifice human lives to them. The Catholic Inquisitors of old, who valued human life far more than you do (for they all believed in the immortal soul) did not hesitate to get rid of the men whom they considered dangerous to the faith of others. They served what they believed to be the truth. And we, who are

only vaguely concerned with the next world — if at all — are prepared to bump off any obstacle that stands in our way, for we too act in the name of truth; of our truth. Your apparent magnanimity comes from the fact that you have no truth to believe in. You only sacrifice human lives to your material interests; you kill off (in the name of ‘humanity’) those of us who could be a danger to your incomes and to your dreary and ‘secure’ little pleasures. You believe, not in truth, but in profit — for the Jews and a handful of the most judaised Aryans; and in slowly degrading ‘happiness’ for the others. Distasteful as they may be, my words are not blasphemy, to you, as your attacks on our régime would be to me. That is why you tolerate me, provided I am not an obvious danger to ‘peace, order and good government’; that is why you were ‘kind’ to me. Gosh, what hypocrites you are!”

“Yet,” said the policewoman, “would you have liked it better if we had tortured you?”

“There is no question of ‘liking it better’,” replied I. “Had you done it in the interest of something greater than yourselves, in which you really believed, I might have hated you (as I hate the Communists) but I would have respected you. But you don’t do such things for higher impersonal interests, with that detachment which alone we people of faith can have. When you do them — and you *have* done them often enough, if not on me, on my comrades and superiors; I know it — you do then out of sheer cruelty out of spite; for the pleasure of seeing us suffer, now that, for the time being, we are powerless. That is the democratic spirit. Don’t I know it?”

“Couldn’t we talk of something else?” said the policewoman.

“Talk of something else because you have nothing to say in answer to my tirade?” said I; “yes, why not?”

Let me just add this: I suppose I shall never change your convictions, whatever they be. All I wanted you to know is that nothing and nobody can change mine. Colonel Vickers told me on the 10th of June that I was 'the most objectionable type of Nazi that he had ever met.' I intend to spend the rest of my life proving how right he was."

The car was entering Andernach.

"Now, come and have a cup of coffee with me at some nice café before we part," added I. "You deserve it for not losing your temper."

We left my luggage in the car and sat at a table in a pleasant-looking café. But somehow the policewoman could not bring herself to "talk of something else" with me. She had visited Germany before the war. She could not refrain from telling me her impressions in a nutshell: "There were, admittedly, quite a number of real idealists," said she; "but the rest . . . were just people trained to do what they were told, like robots . . ."

"Better than in the 'free' Democracies anyhow," retorted I: "for there, everybody thinks what they are told: what they are subtly conditioned to think through the influence of the radio, of the films and of the penny press; and there are no idealists at all; the conditioning is done solely for the greatest glory of big business, and for the greatest profit of the international Jew . . . Indeed I like our régime — not *that!*"

This time the policewoman started talking about the weather.

* * *

I was formally handed over to the two men on duty at the French police station of Andernach. One of them — apparently the most important of the two — signed a

“receipt” for me, which he handed back to the English policewoman. I produced my passport, bearing the visa for France granted me by the French consul in Düsseldorf. The man who seemed the most important of the two asked me why I had been under arrest in the British Zone, and I replied that it was because I had entered the Zone without a military permit and also because I had been found in possession of a five pound banknote — which were indeed the two minor charges against me. I omitted to mention the main charge of Nazi propaganda. And as I spoke French perfectly, the man asked me no further explanations, and told me I was free to go where I liked.

After taking leave of the English policewoman, I went to the railway station. There was a train for Koblenz in an hour’s time or so. I booked my ticket, hired a porter for my luggage, and went to wait on the platform. I sat on a bench for five minutes, then got up, and took to pacing the platform my brown attaché case in one hand, my bag in the other, at last alone. I could hardly believe that it was true; that I could now go where I pleased, stop where I pleased, speak to whom I pleased, without being always watched, always accompanied; that I was really free. I felt inclined to tell the porter, the passengers, all the people within my reach: “You who always have been free, do not know the meaning of sweet liberty. But I do, I who have just come out of jail. And I tell you: after honour and health, liberty is the greatest treasure.” Then, I suddenly thought of H. E. and of all my other comrades, in Werl and in all the prisons in Germany and elsewhere; already serving terms of imprisonment or still waiting to be judged and sentenced as “war criminals.” When would she, when would they at last experience the joy that I now knew, the joy of being free? And more I

thought of them, more I felt small, I who had suffered so little. And more I was puzzled at the idea of the miraculous way I had “got away with it.” “Why hast Thou freed *me*, and not one of them who are worth more than I, Lord of the unseen Forces?” asked I, within my heart. “Is it that Thou hast put me aside for some work of which I know nothing, yet? Or is it because I am to write for our cause something that I alone can conceive? Oh, help me to justify, by selfless and efficient service, that freedom which Thou hast given me today!”

Thus I prayed, in waiting for the train. Then as there was still time, I sat on a bench once more; I took out my pen and paper, and started writing to my husband, who had contributed to free me.

But the train came before I had finished my letter.

* * *

From the window of the railway carriage, I gazed at the Rhine shining under the sun, at the foot of its lovely green hills. And I felt sadder than ever at the thought that I was forced to leave Germany. I tried to brush the idea aside and to think only of the joy that awaited me now, in Koblenz, in less than half an hour, — the joy of being once more, for a short time at least, amidst people of my own faith.

We reached Koblenz. After leaving my trunk at the cloakroom of the station, I went straight to my friends. Seldom was I so welcome. And seldom did I spend so happy a time as during the three days that I was to remain among them — my three last days in Germany.

Seated on a patch of green grass, in front of a hastily built two-roomed house in the midst of an entirely ruined locality, — away from onlookers — I related to my friends the story of my arrest and trial, and of the six months I

had spent in jail. They knew what had happened to me from a magazine in which my photograph had appeared. But they wanted to learn the details. I felt a little ashamed to speak of myself, for seated before me was one of those men who have really suffered for our cause after having brilliantly served it for years and years: the former *Ortsgruppenleiter* Fritz Horn, now dead. There was Fräulein B. also, — the same Fräulein B. who had once given me the little glass portrait of the Führer, of which I have spoken in this book — and her sister, with her three children. All these people had suffered a great deal, although they had not, personally, like Herr Horn, experienced the horror of the postwar anti-Nazi concentration camps. They were “the gold in the furnace.” I was merely the woman who had written *Gold in the furnace*. Yet I spoke, and they were kind enough to take interest in the little I had to say.

“I shall never forgive ‘them’ for not allowing me to be with my comrades the so-called ‘war criminals’,” said I. “But I must admit I am glad ‘they’ did not destroy my manuscript. It baffles me that they did not. I see the written pages before me, and still I can hardly believe it.”

“It is unbelievable,” declared Herr Horn. “One would think either that they did not care to read your book, or that they are trying to reverse their policy.” The remark struck me. I remembered that H. E. had once said the same. “But if they wish to reverse their policy, then why do they keep on trying people for “war crimes” every other day?” objected I. “Now, in Hamburg, they are trying another batch of thirty-five German women, former wardresses at Ravensbrück, who have done nothing but their duty.”

“That is true,” put in Fräulein B., “but it is not

easy to release thirty-five women in Hamburg and God alone knows how many other so-called 'war criminals' elsewhere, without it coming to the knowledge of the public. While it is easy to give you back your book, especially when they know you are leaving Germany, and perhaps leaving Europe."

"But I can publish my book outside Germany, although, — naturally — I told 'them' that I never would," said I.

"Not easily, even outside Germany," replied Herr Horn. "From the little I have read of it, then, — when you had written only the beginning — you can hardly publish it anywhere, except under an out-and-out Nazi Government. Our enemies know that."

"By the way, before I go," said I, "I must translate to you what I wrote in Chapter 6 about the hunger and ill-treatments that you suffered at the hands of those rascals."

"Certainly. I'll listen to your impeachment of 'them' this evening."

"I can read it in the original," observed young Hermann, a handsome fourteen year-old blonde boy, Fräulein B's nephew; "I am the best one in my class, in English. Won't you show it to me?"

"Of course I shall," replied I. "You will be there when I translate it, and you will correct me if I make any mistakes."

The other two, younger children, had got up to join a few kids of the neighbourhood who had come in soon after me. While carrying on the conversation, I watched them playing hide-and-seek behind the torn walls that had once been the walls of happy homes. Their laughter echoed in the midst of the still desolate, nightmare-looking surroundings. "The voice of invincible

Life,” thought I; “the voice of future Germany.” And I recalled in my mind our Führer’s well-known words: “Healthy children are the nation’s most valuable possessions.”

We talked for a long time more, till darkness fell.

* * *

I spent the two following days visiting a couple of other friends — all glad to see me free — and talking to Herr Horn, when he was able to talk; for his health, once as strong as iron, had been utterly ruined during the three hellish years he had remained in the extermination camps of the Western Democrats. He spoke, however, without hatred or bitterness, with the serene assurance of one who has *lived* his faith and done *all* his duty, and who has “surrendered the fruits of action” to the supreme Arbiter of Life and Death. He spoke without passion of the unavoidable clash that would, sooner or later, bring face to face the coalesced forces of Communism and those of the money-ridden western Democracies, and he said: “What will remain of the Aryan race will be forced to recognise that we were right, and to come to us.”

“I wrote somewhere in my book that we would in due time proclaim to the ruined world our supreme ultimatum: ‘Hitler or hell!’ So you agree with me, you who know so much more than I?” said I.

“Entirely,” answered Herr Horn

“But when will that be?”

“What does it matter *when?*” replied Hitler’s faithful and wise lifelong fighter. “You have said yourself our *Weltanschauung* is eternal. Time does not count for us who have truth on our side. Don’t be in a hurry and waste your energy in useless babble like those clowns who

think they are going to reform the world with their U.N.O. and their precious 'schemes' and 'plans'. We are not they. We build for eternity."

When, on Sunday morning, before my departure, I went to see him for the last time, he told me: "You are right to go. There is no purpose in trying to remain among us any longer at present. 'These people' have now spotted you out, and you are surely being watched. If you stay here, you will only be running the risk of falling once more into their clutches thus giving them a pretext to destroy your book. Don't take that risk. It would not be doing your duty, — for you owe that book to us, for whom you wrote it. Be cautious, and you will give it to us one day. Go to France — and from there, wherever you might be the most useful — and wait. "Hope and wait." One day, we shall welcome you again. In the meantime, if, being alone, you feel powerless, you have your burning faith — *our* common Nazi faith — to sustain you. And you have this — our Führer's immortal words."

And he handed over to me a beautiful copy of *Mein Kampf*, — the only one he had. "It is yours," said he; "a remembrance from Germany."

Never have I received a gift with such profound emotion.

"*Ich danke Ihnen!*" said I, with tears in my eyes. And I could say no more. For a second or two, I gazed at the serene face of the Nazi martyr. Then, slowly raising my right arm in the ritual gesture, I cried from the depth of my heart: "Heil Hitler!"

He answered my salute as though accomplishing a religious rite, and repeated the spell-like syllables: "Heil Hitler!"

I did not know that I was really seeing him for the

last time. But it was so. For, on the 12th of December 1949, after lingering a whole year, Herr Horn died of the illness contracted as a consequence of the hardships and cruelties he had suffered at the hands of our enemies.

* * *

Fräulein B. gave me a brooch of metal bearing the picture of the Führer against the background of a swastika, to replace the little glass portrait that had been taken away from me and destroyed. She — and young Hermann — saw me off to the station.

My train was there. I stepped into a wagon going to Luxemburg, via Nanish, for I did not wish to face the customs officers and police at Saarlöcherbach, if I could help it. I had been seen there too often already, on my journeys between Saarland and the French Zone.

My friends entered the railway carriage and remained with me until it was time for the train to start. Then, they stood on the platform, and I talked to them from the open window. “Auf wiedersehen!” cried Fräulein B., as the train moved. “You will come back to us. Hope and wait!”

“*Auf wiedersehen!*” cried also young Hermann. They could not add: “Heil Hitler!” for we were not unobserved. But I knew they meant it. And they knew that I too meant it.

As I took a last glimpse of him standing on the platform in the sunshine, tall and virile like a young Nordic god, Hermann appeared to me as the embodiment of all my dreams, of all my hopes. “The lovely future Storm Trooper!” thought I. And I was proud of him, as though he had been my son.

EPILOGUE**AT THE FRONTIER**

Sunday, the 21st of August 1949, at about 1 o'clock in the afternoon . . .

From Nanish on the German frontier, slowly the train moved on. My luggage had not been searched. With me, — safe — were all my treasures: the golden Indian earrings in the shape of swastikas, that I was wearing, as on the day I had first entered Germany; the beautiful copy of *Mein Kampf* that my comrades of Koblenz had presented to me as a farewell gift; the manuscript of my *Gold in the Furnace*, my own tribute of love and admiration to Hitler's martyred country.

I thought of the miracle that had enabled me to keep those treasures, and from the depth of my heart I praised the invisible Gods. Then, I realised that the train was indeed moving; that I was, technically speaking, "crossing the border," and tears came to my eyes. "Holy Germany," thought I, "thy persecutors can force me to leave thy territory, but nobody can prevent me from loving thee: nothing can loosen the tie that now binds me to thee, forever and ever! Land of my martyred comrades; land of the surviving élite that stands and waits, firm and faithful in the present-day storm; my Führer's land, no foreigner has loved thee as I have. My heart remains with thee. Happen what will, one day, I shall cross the frontier again, and come back to thee!"

I remembered the sentence I had once written to my husband as an epitome of my postwar experience in the West: "The population of Europe is composed of a

minority of Nazis, in contrast to an immense majority of monkeys.” Yes thought I, now, the monkeys are at the top. When they have misruled long enough, we will once more come to power and keep them down — forever.”

And I imagined myself on my return, warmly greeted by tall, handsome men in uniform, whom I in my turn would salute, openly, triumphantly, with the mystical words that I had so many times and with such fervour uttered in a low voice, among my friends, in the present days of trial: “Heil Hitler!” With those two words, I would cross the frontier, next time . . .

The train increased its speed. The border station was no longer visible. “Good bye Germany, where I was so happy; where I was not alone. One day, I shall come back, and see thee free!”

I remembered my manuscript now safe in my attaché case — as miraculously saved as though it had been thrown into the fire and brought out intact. And a sentence from it — a sentence that I had actually uttered many times, for it expressed and justified my whole attitude towards my Führer’s people, — came to my memory: “Adolf Hitler has made Germany sacred to every worthy Aryan of the world.” And the words in which I had, in the introduction of my book, characterised that vanguard of the racial élite of mankind that the persecuted élite of Germany represents in my eyes, also came back to me “Those men of gold and steel, whom defeat could not dishearten, whom terror and torture could not subdue, whom money could not buy . . . my comrades, my superiors . . . the only ones among my contemporaries for whom I would gladly die.”

“I should have come long ago, I know,” thought I. “But I have not entirely wasted my time during those

fruitless years. I have gathered experience of distant climes, and knowledge of the past, and echoes of eternal wisdom from the four corners of the earth, to put it all to the service of my Führer and of his beloved people. When you are powerful, publish my profession of faith in you, my German brothers; those words from the depth of my heart which I wrote in cafés, in waiting rooms, in friends' houses — and in prison — amidst the ruins of present-day Germany, stick them upon the walls, one day, when you rule this continent! Put them before the eyes of the young men and women of the great victorious new Reich, and tell them: 'An Aryan woman who was not a German wrote this about us, when we lay in the dust, under the heels of our inferiors'. Tell their children, when I am dead."

The train rolled on. I was now in Luxemburg. I would soon be in France. But what were manmade frontiers? The only frontier in which I had ever believed was the natural, God-ordained barrier of blood. Even the sea could not separate people of the same pure stock.

The train carried me further and further away from the conventional border of Germany. But the Greater Reich of my dreams had no border. Wherever there were people conscious of their pure Aryan blood, and intelligent enough to understand and to accept Hitler's eternal Idea, and Germany's divinely appointed mission, there was the living Greater Reich. No frontier — and no order of expulsion from Germany, given in the name of Germany's present-day persecutors — could keep *me* from remaining a member of that one true Aryan brotherhood.

"One day, I shall come back," I kept thinking, as I rolled further and further away. "One day, my love and admiration will contribute to exalt the German racial

pride and will to power — the Aryan consciousness of the best Aryans, If that be, I shall not have come in vain; nor lived in vain.”

And opening once more my attaché case — that same brown attaché-case which I had in hand on the night of my arrest — I saw there the priceless copy of *Mein Kampf* handed over to me in the name of all my comrades, in the name of all Germany, by one of the finest National Socialists I knew — a martyr of our cause; and, under it, the two thick exercise books that contained the original handwritten copy of my *Gold in the Furnace*, my loving gift to Germany, that I would now start typing in peace, and in safety.

What mattered the life of utter loneliness that I was now to resume? What mattered the grinding poverty that awaited me, and the day-to-day provoking hostility of the charlatans and imbeciles in the midst of whom I would now be forced to live, if I could do *that* — and write the beautiful story of my days in Werl — in waiting for our Day?

Once more, thanking the Lord of the unseen Forces, Who governs all that is visible and tangible with mathematical equity. I repeated within my heart the words of Leonardo da Vinci:

“O mirabile Giustizia di Te, Primo Motore! . . .”



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*

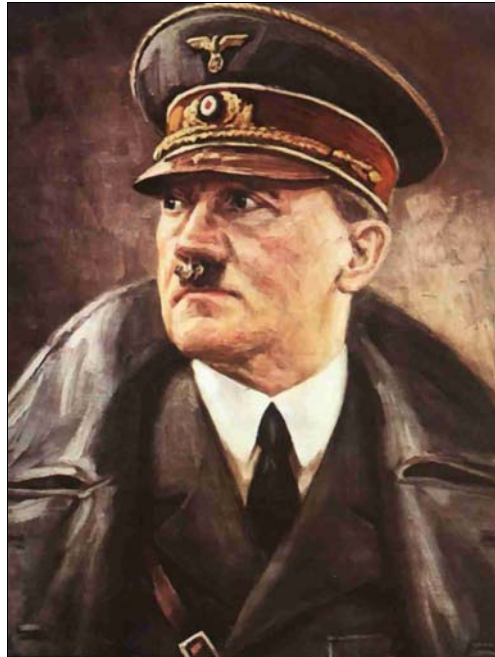


Illustration: Adolf Hitler

If you know the name of the portrait painter, please contact the [Archivist](#).

*Savitri Devi's **For Ever and Ever** . . . is a book of sixteen "prose poems" written in 1952-53. (From this point on, I am going to "modernize" the spelling of the title to **Forever and Ever** and drop the ellipses.)*

***Forever and Ever** is one of three books left unpublished at the time of Savitri's death. The others are **Hart wie Kruppstahl (Hard as Steel)**, written 1960-63, a tribute to German National Socialists before and after the Second World War, and **Tyrtée l'Athenien (Tyrtaios the Athenian)**, a novel set in ancient Greece, written circa 1964-68, but not finished.*

These books were thought lost, but were preserved by a French friend of Savitri, who informed the Archive of their existence on 13 April 2006.

*Still unknown is the fate of a fourth unfinished book, **Ironies et paradoxes dans l'histoire et la légende (Ironies and Paradoxes in History and Legend)**, begun in 1979 but*

abandoned after one and a half chapters due to Savitri's deteriorating eyesight.

On 2 September 2006, the Archive received a photocopy of the typescript of **Forever and Ever**. To be more precise, we received a typescript of 65 pages (three unnumbered front pages, plus 62 numbered pages) comprising the first fifteen of the sixteen poems. Fortunately, multiple copies of the final poem, "1953" ("And Time Rolls On . . .") survive, and the poem has already been **published**.

To celebrate Savitri Devi's 101st birthday, 30 September 2006, the Archive will publish **Forever and Ever** one poem at a time.

The first poem, "1918," is below. But first a few words about the pages that come before it. The title page reads FOR EVER AND EVER . . . By SAVITRI DEVI ([PDF](#)). The second page bears the dedication "To A.H.," which needs no elaboration ([PDF](#)). The third page bears the epigraph of the book: "Wenn alle untreu werden, So bleiben wir doch treu . . ." ("When all become unfaithful, We remain faithful still . . ."), the first two lines of Max von Schenkendorf's 1814 "Treuelied," which was adopted by the SS ([PDF](#)). Then follows "1918" itself.

There may, however, be a page or two missing from the manuscript. After the fifth poem is a page bearing the words "DAYS OF GLORY . . ." ([PDF](#)). After the tenth poem is a page bearing the words "DAYS OF HORROR." ([PDF](#)). These pages divide the book into three sections. There is, however, no corresponding title page before the first poem. If such a page existed, however, judging from the other pages, the title it bore probably began with the words "DAYS OF." It is, furthermore, possible that there was a fourth section of the manuscript, since the final poem, "1953," may have been placed in its own separate section.

In transcribing and editing these poems for publication, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. I provide PDF images of the manuscript for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each poem.

—R. G. Fowler

I.

1918

"Es war also alles umsonst gewesen.
Umsonst all die Opfer und Entbehungen,
umsonst der Hunger und Durst von

manchmal endlosen Monaten, vergeblich die Stunden, in denen wir, von Todesangst umkrallt, dennoch unsere Pflicht taten, und vergeblich der Tod von zwei Millionen, die dabei starben.”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, pp. 223-24¹

Hail, Thou exalted One, Whom I have never seen; maker of a new world—my Leader!

From the dawn of Time, in ceaseless aspiration, I sought Thee, I, the undying Soul of higher mankind, strong and fair. I sought Thee in exile, and slavery and shame, unable to forget the glorious destiny befitting me in spite of all. From age to age, along the path that leads to certain death, I turned around to contemplate an everlasting dream; and all my being leaped towards the Savior and the Lord Who was not there, but Who would come, one day, and set me free, and give me back the wings of youth; towards Thee, beloved Leader, Whose name no one yet knew.

When wouldst Thou come? Hundreds of years rolled by; new Kingdoms rose and fought, and in the mist, of time, slowly withered away; and gods changed names. One thing remained: the unpolluted stream of divine blood within the veins of the Gods' chosen people, and the dim consciousness in these of a great duty to fulfill. When wouldst Thou come? From age to age, in the deep slumber of prosperity, again and again I call Thee. But the bright sky was dead and dumb.

When once more all was lost, when all lay in the dust, when songs of hate echoed across the sacred Rhine, then didst Thou come—unknown; alone; out of the millions who awaited Thee; just one of them and nothing more, apparently; but one of them in whom the betrayed gods of Aryandom lived and suffered and shone; one of them in Whose voice, the voice of the exalted Race of heroes dead in vain was soon to speak; and one in Whom the chosen lords of Earth, brothers of the immortal Youth, Baldur the Fair, were soon to hail their own invincibility. My Leader,—our Leader—Thou was there, somewhere, unnoticed, on a bed of pain. But it was not the torment of the body—the maddening torture of Thy burning eyes, blinded by poisonous gas;—it was not even the atrocious threat of possible unending night, that gripped Thy heart in agony. It was the news of the betrayal of Thy country, the humiliation of surrender, and the thought of all those who had died in vain in four long years. Oh, how the vision of their day to day dutiful sacrifice haunted Thy sleepless nights!

Thou laidst in mental agony a thousand times more horrid than any torture of the flesh. And from Thy blinded aching eyes, tears of powerless rage, tears of shame inexpressible, of boundless love and hate, rolled forth. No heart was torn as Thy great heart over the tragic fate of the millions whose blood was Thine—and mine; for indeed it was the same: Aryan blood.

Out of hunger and strife and devilish deceit, a new tremendous Power was taking shape in the bleak East. While on both sides of

the Atlantic Ocean, the entire West, in childish glee, danced to the sound of drunken tunes, insulting Thy defeated people. Thou feltst the knife-thrust of their spiteful gaiety hundreds of miles away, while all round Thee Thou couldst but see Thy people's hunger and despair, and bitterness in harsh revolt against an unjust fate, against the accusing lies of a whole world.

And at that feeling, and at that sight, Thy ardent, bleeding heart aches with more love and with more hate—love for Thy martyred Nation, Thy greater Self, Whose life mattered alone; fathomless love, to which no sacrifice would ever be too great, no price too high if it could buy freedom and resurrection; hate for the workers of disaster, for those aliens whose cunning and whose wealth had long deceived and bribed the whole ignorant world, and turned the West against the best of its own flesh and blood.

And love and hate made Thee the Man who was to be—the Leader long awaited. The world was soon to see, through Thee, Thy people free; through Thee, the chosen blood protected and united within the growing Realm; through Thee, the god-like youth marching along the highways, with songs of conquest, in the morning sun.

But I, Thy follower, Thy worshipped to be, Thy seeker through the gloom of Time, had not yet heard Thy name. Not far beyond the moving frontiers of the Realm, I awaited Thee unknowingly, deeming myself to be a thirteen year-old maiden, while many centuries of age indeed I was; while before my dark eyes, fair shadows of a radiant past appeared and disappeared, reminding me of a forgotten world; foretelling me the glory of Thy great world to come.

And to the ugly crowd of liars and of cowards, I turned my back instinctively. Not even for a second did I feel happy as I heard the bells of victory. *Their* victory; not mine—I could have said: *not ours*. I knew Thee not. (Who knew Thee, then?) And I knew not Thy people. But at the news of their defeat, my heart was sad, as though the triumph of their enemies were, in my eyes, the triumph of guile and treachery and above all, of sickening mediocrity—of all I hated in the world. I knew Thee not; and yet I sought Thee in my dreams. Thy great Idea was mine; had been from the beginning, the very yearning of my lonely soul. I was already Thy disciple, and Thy lover and Thy worshipper . . .

¹ "So it was all in vain. In vain all the sacrifices and privations, in vain the hunger and thirst of sometimes endless months, in vain the hours in which, gripped by mortal fear, we nevertheless did our duty, and in vain the death of two million, who died thereby."
—trans. R.G. Fowler.



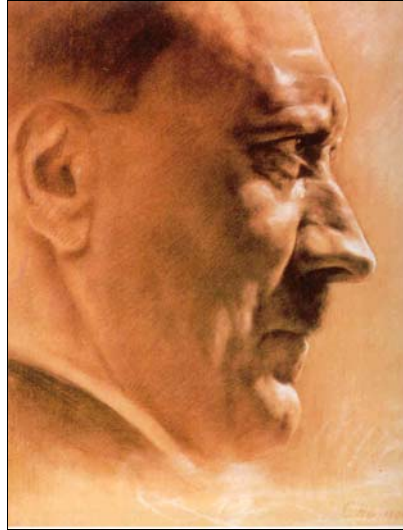
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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the second installment of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book of "prose poems" **Forever and Ever**, which the Archive is publishing over the course of this month to commemorate Savitri Devi's 101st birthday, which falls on 30 September 2006.*

This particular poem shows strong indications of being an uncorrected and unrevised draft, even though there are a few handwritten corrections or emendations. First, as I note below, several sentences simply make no sense. It may merely be the case that some words were omitted when the typescript was prepared, but the fact that such omissions were not corrected indicates that the typescript was not carefully edited. Second, the quality of the writing is simply not up to Savitri Devi's standards, particularly her descriptions of natural phenomena, which are wordy and awkward, lacking the polish and symmetry of such passages in her published works.

In transcribing and editing these poems for publication, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of the poem.

II.

1919

“Auch das hellenische Kulturideal soll uns in seiner vorbildlichen Schönheit erhalten bleiben. Man darf sich nicht durch Verschiedenheiten der einzelnen Völker die größere Rassegemeinschaft zerreißen lassen. Der Kampf, der heute tobt, geht um ganz große Ziele: ein Kultur kämpft um ihr Dasein, die Jahrtausende in sich verbindet und Griechen- und Germanentum gemeinsam umschließt.”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 470¹

But yet, I knew Thee not, I knew not Thy great people. And I did not suspect what possibilities lay within them, in our times, under my eyes.

Weary of the silly, sickly world which I did know; full of contempt for the conceited nation that laughs at everything she cannot understand, and holds in horror all extreme, uncompromising faiths;—the nation that put forth the world-wide snare: the “rights of man,” and hates obvious authority and iron order backed by force of arms, while she adores the unseen slavery of the gullible mind to lies²;—full of contempt, also, for the religion that teaches that other great lie: “the dignity of every human soul,” in the name of a god whom I had never loved,³ I turned my eyes to far-gone days; to gods and to heroes long dead, whose names no longer stirred devotion in the hearts of men, I gave my heart. I wept because I could not bring them back to life again.

The vision of the ancient Rock,—of the Acropolis, seat of Perfection[,] white and golden beneath Attica’s cloudless sky;—lived in my memory. And along with it, I adored the beauty of the manly virtues of heroes like unto the Gods—whether of those who stormed immortal Troy, three thousand years ago, or of those no less great, and no less godlike, who, merely a century before the present day, struggled for Hellas’ freedom, in mountain fastnesses and on the sea, under the banner of the Cross. And along with it, I worshipped the beauty of the holy North in by-gone days, before its racial pride had yielded to the foreign god of meekness; the beauty of the conquering men—my mother’s ancestors—who, when in a deafening roar, [an] outburst of monstrous glee, the sky and the Sea challenged each other’s might, the tempest howled, the thunder growled, and lightning tore the crumbling clouds, stood in their ships, erect, and beat their shields in cadence, and answering the furious Voice of elemental Godhead, sang warrior-like hymns to Odin and Thor.

Where were they now, those supermen? Where was the spirit of my race, which lived in me? Where was I now to find men at the hearing of whose songs my heart would beat? Men in whose words I would detect the spell of pride and power? Whose voice I gladly would obey?—Men whom I could admire?

All round me I beheld nothing but credulous and kindly ape, or—which is worse—pedantic apes, well-read, but without faith, without the urge to fight for Something greater than themselves and than their narrow “happiness”; something for which men fight, along their way to supermanhood. And only in the scattered lines of a few dreamers did I find an echo of my yearning. “Come, O thou exile of the far-gone times”; said one of these. “The axe has felled the sacred trees; where swords once clattered, now, the slave doth crawl and pray. And all the Gods have gone away. Come to them in the gleaming Walhall, where They await thee!”⁴

And I, fourteen, and full of youthful ardor, full of the thirst for sacrifices for Something that would mean, to me, all that the Gods of Greece and of the ancient North then meant; and I the daughter of the North and of [the] Aegean all in one, afire with love for Someone who, to me, would be the embodiment of resurrected Aryandom—Someone whom I could deify—⁵I knew never more to return; over the fair-haired warriors in whom their spirit dwelt; over the beauty and virility of Aryan man, the pride of Aryan woman, wife and queen,—mother of men.

Slowly, but steadily, yet Thou wast rising, appointed by those very Gods whom I adored; to lead higher mankind to glory and to death, and then, to greater glory still. In Thy visible garb, thirty years old wert Thou, eternal One, my Savior. Already, above the noise of catastrophic changes that shook the world, Thy people heard Thy voice proclaim the message of Thy anxious love—Thy ultimatum to the Chosen Nation—: “Future or ruin!” Already, to their depth, Thy inspired words had stirred them. Already a few bold, hard and true,—young men of gold and steel—had risen at Thy call and given Thee their all, and sworn to Thee, with joy, life-long allegiance in absolute obedience.

And just as when, before the storm, the surface of the sea, still remains calm, and the sky blue, meanwhile in unsuspected heights, slowly, tremendous whirls appear gathering scattered water-drops into dark clouds ready to burst; and just when no sign of new eruption can be shown in or around their silent, empty craters, down, down, low down in untold depth within the burning bowels of slumbering volcanoes, the unseen molten basalt boils and roars and rises day by day; so likewise at the call of Thy compelling love, so, likewise at the light of Thy inspired, star-like eyes, slowly the age-old manliness and pride and will to power were roused anew within a day; and young men heroes.⁶ And while the land still groaned under the heels of victors who had made it clear that theirs, in the great councils of the days, in which silly humanity was told to put its hope,⁷ from the breasts of the chosen few burst forth the cry that echoes Thine: “Awake, O nation fated to proclaim the divine right of pure blood; fated to rise and rule: Germany awake!”

Oh, had I heard the marital cry—the call to resurrection—and had I also know that along the way of light, I would be allowed to follow Thee! That I too was invited to the great sacrifice in honor of the dawn; to the great Feast of Life at which, expressing my own youthful yearning, minstrels would praise the Gods I loved in magnificent hymns; to the great processional march in which, I too, would bear a torch, and I too had my voice to the broadening chorus, and in which on my right and on my left, and all around me I would have, as comrades, nay, as brothers, read demi-gods of flesh and blood! Oh, Had I know thou wast the One whom I had sought from century to century, and Whom I was still seeking, in ardent adolescent dreams! And that Thou wouldst welcome in me, the daughter of the outer Aryan world of North and South; the first-fruits of the love and reverence of the whole Race for Thee, its Savior, Thee its Leader, Thee its uncrowned King! Had I but known? . . .

But greater ones than I knew Thee not yet.

¹ “We should also retain the Hellenic cultural ideal in its exemplary beauty. One must not allow the larger racial community to be torn apart by the differences between individual peoples. The fight which rages today revolves entirely around grand goals: a culture fights for its existence, which encompasses the millennia and includes Greece and Germany together.”—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Savitri refers here to France, the nation of her birth and upbringing.

³ Savitri refers here to Christianity.

⁴ Leconte de Lisle, “Le Barde de Temrah.”

⁵ From this point forward, the sentence makes no sense. It is possible that when Savitri prepared the typescript, she left out some words. Those who are never more to return are probably the old Greek and Nordic gods.

⁶ Again, some words seem to be missing here.

⁷ Yet again, some words seem to be missing.



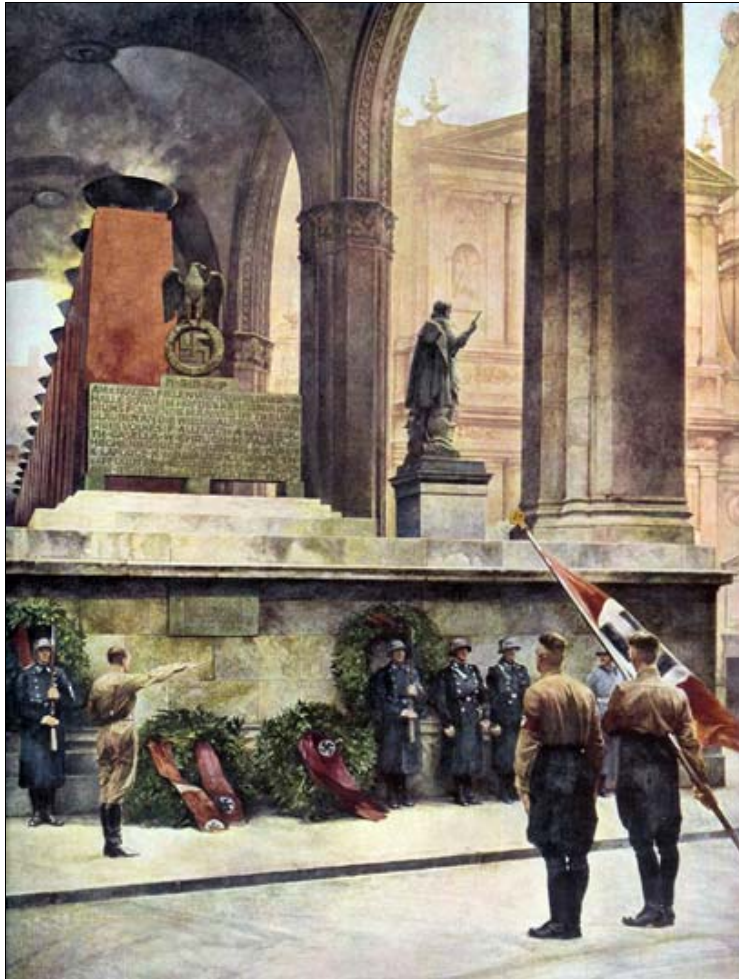
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Forever and Ever

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Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the third chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book of "prose poems" **Forever and Ever**.*

This poem, unlike the last one, seems much more polished stylistically, although, as noted below, there are a number of typographical errors, which crept in when the poem was transcribed from Typescript A to Typescript B. This transcription was prepared from Typescript B. PDF images of both Typescripts are available: [Typescript A](#) and [Typescript B](#).

In transcribing and editing these poems, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor

have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes.

—R. G. Fowler

III.

1923

(9th November)

“Am 9. November 1923, 12 Uhr 30 Minuten nachmittags, fielen vor der Feldherrnhalle sowie im Hofe des ehemaligen Kriegsministeriums zu München folgende Männer im treuen Glauben an die Wiederauferstehung ihres Volkes: . . .

So widme ich Ihnen zur gemeinsamen Erinnerung den ersten Band dieses Werkes, als dessen Blutzegen sie den Anhängern unserer Bewegung dauernd voranleuchten mögen. ”

—*Mein Kampf*, Dedication¹

Then came a day when, confident in Thy increasing might, in Thy devoted followers and in Thy Destiny, Thou stoodst in broad daylight against the public powers, slave of Thy people's foes, challenging them in an unequal fight; a day when boldly facing the threat² of the existing State and its awe-inspiring apparatus³ of repression—its soldiery without ideas, a tool in the hands of respectable authorities without a soul—Thy few and fiery faithful ones marched forth to storm for Thee the citadel [of] undisputed power.

Their countenances bright with joy, their hearts full of that burning love that carries one to the ends of the earth and never turneth backwards; Thy name upon their youthful lips, as in all times to come, already linked inseparably with the holy name of Germany, on they went without fear . . . Sunshine is beautiful, daylight is sweet[,] and yet, more beautiful, and sweeter still is death for Thee, death for Thy great Idea to triumph; for Thy reign to come.

On they went, and no force upon earth or in heaven could stop the impetus of their conquering step; for theirs was Germany's eternal soul after a long time wide-awake and free; theirs, the message of truth, the spell of resurrection; and theirs,—in spite of all; after the coming flash of power and of glory, and following untold years of martyrdom—the lordship of the future; theirs the world, in its new

golden age, after the final crash.

On they went. On its topmost wave, the great unfurling tide of History that none can alter or arrest, carried them to their fated goal: to glory in unending time,—but first, to death. The rifles of the wavering Sate went off, and bullets flew; and on the ground, in pools of blood, lay sixteen men of those who were the very best of Germany's best. Thy faithful ones of early days, Thy chosen few, men of all trades and of all ranks, (there are no social ranks, among us who believe in the nobility of Aryan blood alone)[,] men of all ages too, the oldest over fifty, the youngest just nineteen, but all young men at heart, all looking to the future, all men who firmly felt, that, to begin anew, and build in truth and fervor, trusting one's fate, it is never too difficult, never too late.

In brotherly equality, in pools of blood they lay, the first one of an endless list of martyrs of the Cause of Life in truth, under its modern form; the first to win the honor of giving up their lives for Thee and for new Germany, their resurrected Fatherland—and Thine—and; beyond that, new Aryandom, Thy world-wide dream of beauty,—and mine.

There they lay, while the might that Thou wert soon to overthrow—the might of those authorities in the service of foreign wealth—gripped a few other of Thy trusted ones, and Thee Thyself, and led you all into captivity. On Thee, the heavy fortress doors were shut for several months.

The newspapers mentioned the fact, mentioned also the death of the first martyrs. But outside Germany, few understood how great a happening had taken place; how great a new upheaval, in joyous sacrifice and death was taking shape.

As for me, on the tragic day on which the Sixteen fell for Thee, I was hundreds of miles away, standing alone upon the marble steps of the Parthenon, and gazing at the City at my feet, and at the distant⁴ sea.

I was eighteen, and fair to look upon; yet no womanly sadness brought tears to my eyes. Ardent, but proud, and already before this birth, marked out to love [none] but Godhead incarnate, never was I to know the joys and anguishes of human passion, nor its madness.

I loved a dream, and tears were in my eyes because I was becoming conscious that it was but a dream. I loved eternal Greece—that Greece of long ago, that survives in the lofty columns within the shade of which I stood; also that Greece of yesterday, bulwark of Aryan mankind in the Near East, who, for five hundred years, resisted the victorious Turks. I loved the Prince of Macedon, the fair-haired conqueror, whose march towards the East, resembled the procession of an irresistible god; the Man who led men of my race across the Indus River for the second time. I loved, also the Grecian chieftains who, in 1821, swore to reconquer freedom or die. And tears were in my eyes because of bitter thoughts.

All round me, in the dazzling midday light, my beloved Athens

spread its white houses, in the midst of which, a few cypress trees here and there and rows of pepper trees, put patches of dark green or lines of greenish gray; its white houses that covered the lower slopes of steep Lykabettus, up to the pine tree wood I knew so well. Beyond the outskirts of the town, towards the east, the barren rocks of Hymettus, in light, almost transparent gray, shone against that same fathomless blue background, and, to the south, the sparkling Aegean, bluer still—deep, violet-blue.

Oh, how beautiful it all was: that City, from a distance, so white in the sunshine, amidst its clear-cut hills, and high above all, the everlasting sky; and far around all, the everlasting sea!

And yet, my heart was sad, for out of all that beauty, no Grecian voice had yet answered my fiery call to freedom, and my call to pride. None had agreed with me when I had said that worse than [the] Turkish yoke was slaver to the so-called “great” powers who had just won the first World War. And when, leaving the rest aside, I had recalled the latest blow of fate—the loss of Asia Minor—and had accused the treacherous Allies and had accused the spirit they embodied, (the spirit of Democracy) and accused the alien interests behind their policy, and tried to prompt my brothers to have nothing to do with them and their soul-killing “culture[,]” no one had seemed to share my burning indignation; none had echoed my hate.

Had Greece, then, irredeemably lost every sense of grandeur, and consented to be forever a tool of the western Allies, a docile instrument of their intrigues, exalted when it suited them, and the following day insulted and abandoned? Was she no longer to remain, in opposition to both Turk and Jew, the advanced guard of Aryandom? The treacherous Allies, by doing all they could to help the Turks to win the Asia Minor War, acted as enemies of Aryan blood. But why did not Greece hate them, as I did? Were not the flames of devastated Smyrna, was not the forced exile of two millions of Hellenes enough to stir, in her, that selfsame disgust as I felt for those great money-ridden States that had, six years before, against her will, dragged her into their unjust war? Was all that not enough to make her say, with me: “Away! Away from that hypocrisy, which Democracy stands for! Away, away from the serfdom of the decaying West! Back to national values; back to the spirit of the national Gods of old, heralds of Life undying! Back to ourselves[,] to Hellenism,—to Aryandom!” (The two, in my eyes, were the same.)

These were my thoughts as, on the memorable day, as I stood upon the steps of the Temple in ruins, and beheld in its beauty, under the midday Sun, the violet-crowned City.

My Leader, had I then, but known the deeper meaning of Thy holy Struggle! Had I but understood that the Sixteen, whose death the papers of [the] following day stated within a line, had shed their blood for something more than a new form of government! Oh, had I seen in them, what they already were: the vanguard of an endless host of fighters for the rule of the natural elite of mankind,—the first one in my times to die for my eternal Greek ideal of domination of the *aristoi*,—the best, in body, character and soul!

And had I understood, that, in [the] modern world, the best, according to my heart's conception, according to the everlasting standards of health, and strength, and beauty, set forth by my Greek masters were the elite of Thy inspired countrymen: Thy⁵ best!

In youthful fervor, then and there, I should have flown to Thee!

Oh, why did I not know? In the heat of Thy struggle, I should have been so happy; I should have loved Thee so, from those great early days[.]

Yes, there I was, and Thine already in spirit, and by the Gods themselves chosen to remain Thine, throughout a thousand wanderings. Why did I not guess? Who can tell? All penetrating is the Gods' insight—and strange, and often disappointing, outwardly, are their ways.

¹ “On 9 November 1923, at 12:30 in the afternoon, in front of the Feldherrnhalle and likewise in the courtyard of the former War Ministry in Munich, the following men fell in true faith in the resurrection of their people: . . . Thus I dedicate the first volume of this work to the common memory of you, its blood witnesses, may you shine on before the followers of our movement.”—Trans. R.G. Fowler

² Reading “thread” as “threat.”

³ Reading “apparel” as “apparatus.”

⁴ Deleting a superfluous “the.”

⁵ Reading “thy” as “Thy.”



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*This is the fourth installment of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book of "prose poems"—in reality a series of autobiographical reflections and rhapsodies—entitled **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my

editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter..

—R. G. Fowler

IV.

1929

“So glaube ich heute im Sinne des allmächtigen Schöpfers zu handeln: *Indem ich mich des Juden erwehre, kämpfe ich für das Werk des Herrn.*”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 70¹

I had never loved the Christian faith; indeed, its contempt of the body, its stress upon the love of man, whichever man he be,—while it forgets to teach love and respect of living nature, ever beautiful—its fear of healthy and violent² pride and of the joy of anyone who needs no comfort in this world, no hope outside[,] had all, and from the start, made me despise it, if not to hate it.

Yet, for long years, I had known what open stand to take, before the eyes of all, for or against it. And I had tolerated it, tolerated it, solely because I had, over and over again, been told that, without it, the speech and soul of Greece would have perished wholesale during the long[,] long night of Turkish domination; because I knew that, before that, the Byzantine Empire bore for a thousand years, the double stamp of Christendom and of Hellenic culture; also because I recognized, within the music of the Eastern Church, the last bond of allegiance of thousands of scattered exiles of the Hellenic Nation, as well as an echo of I knew not what glory of a remoter past, or a more national existence, in the light of national Gods.

I had tolerated it. But never could I love it. Never could I admire that meekness which it taught; nor that propensity to exalt the weak and sick in body or in spirit, the cripple and the unhappy, at the expense of those whom Nature cherishes: the healthy and the strong, the free and the all-round beautiful.³ Nor could I share that tendency to ponder over lust and greed and every sin, delighting in perpetual repentance; that craving to seek out and save what in my eyes was not worth saving; that constant thought of a dull heaven coupled with a constant aspiration to the dust[.]

Whenever, from a distance, I beheld on the top of Areopagus, the church erected on the spot where the Jew taught, for the first time, in Athens, that “God hath made all men out of one blood”! I felt my own blood boil with shame. “Oh, why, why had they listened to him, the proud Athenians of the old days?” thought I. And I remember the story of the conquest of tired Hellas by the foreign creed. It was not they, the people of the Goddess, who had

harkened to the Jewish lie; it was the many ones of the doubtful origin although of Grecian speech, who formed the sweepings of Grecian seaports; it was also the men of Alexandria, and[,] above all, it was the policy of Constantine whom they called the “Great” that helped the new religion to take a hold in Greece, three hundred years after the death of Paul. And I remembered him, more and more dear to me, warrior-like Emperor Julian, who tried to stem the tide. And I recalled the words of despair he is said to have uttered on the battlefield, acknowledging the victory of the Christians, as he died.⁴ And I recalled Hypatia torn to pieces; and also, for beyond the Greco-Roman⁵ world, in that proud North, whose daughter I too was, for centuries on end, the trail of persecution of Aryan Heathendom by zealous Christian knights.

Just as, in this triumphant eastward march from victory to victory, fair Alexander had carried Hellenic might to the hallowed Land of Seven Rivers, through the bright mountain Pass through which the earliest Aryan warriors had come there long before, so had, in the course of time, the sickly Jewish creed, avenging the defeat[s] of Gaza and of Tyre, conquering decaying Greece, through bribery, and the pure-blooded, virgin North, through terror. Its world-wide and lasting success was, in my eyes, the sign of the rise of lower mankind, against the strong, against the fair, against the Gods’ own children, my people, whether from the shores of the Ionian Sea or of the German Ocean.

What link of sheer historical propriety still retained me within that Christendom, which I despised? And was that link a living fact? In spite of all the usefulness the Christian Church might well have had, in the dark Turkish days, were not the spirit of eternal Greece and that of the⁶ Galilean faith forever incompatible? Did not, in spite of all, an abyss gape between them; in time and in eternity? And if so, had I not to choose, once and for all, which path was to be mine? I longed to feel, in its very birthplace, the soul of historic Christianity—to see[,] to hear, to know. I longed to let myself and it.⁷ And so, one April morning in 1929, upon a Christian pilgrims’ ship, I sailed to Palestine.

Upon the glimmering waves between the many golden isles, the ship carried me away from Greece, over many hundred miles; away from Greece it took me straight into another world—into that old Semitic East where the Christian creed was born.

And I beheld the Soul of the Semitic East, itself foreign to me, domesticated and spoilt for centuries and centuries by the influence of those rejected ones of history, for whose unholy might and unseen rule my own decaying continent had toiled unknowingly, from those dark days it had embraced the Christian faith, and made the Christian values the basis of its whole outlook on life; the Jews. And I beheld the selfish, cunning, loveless Soul of Israel behind the serpentine courtesy of the men in long dark clothes who sold in the bazaars, no less than in the fanatical glances of the same ones, whose movements I followed, a few days later, before the Wailing Wall. And everywhere, in churches and in mosques, and in the malodorous⁸ winding streets of old Jerusalem,

where life has never changed, and in the new and vulgar brightly-lighted buildings of Tel Aviv; I saw the selfsame stamp of that beautiful race; the selfsame sign of mankind's fall. Even the nomad dweller has fallen at the contact of the Jews. He had slowly learnt from him to repudiate his age-old tribal pride, founded upon the brotherhood of blood, and to rejoice, instead, in the great unity of all the true believers, whoever these may be, and in their equal right to beget more believers in the Book—in the One God and in the Prophet—never mind by whom. And I thought,⁹ even the Bedouin have decayed; what about us, the children of the godlike men of distant midnight shores, who once¹⁰ had brought the cult of Apollo to Greece and carried to India the worship of the Dawn? What about us[,] when our deluded fathers accepted from the Jew a creed upholding meekness, and charity towards all men and love of peace as virtues? A creed in which the body no longer mattered, and in which, as in Islam, the original ideal of pure blood was looked upon as obsolete?

I gazed at those who had come with me to Palestine—people from Greece—and I measured the distance that separated them from the Heathen Greeks of old, as I had never measured it before in some of them[;] under a skin-deep Christian faith, the eternal Soul of Greece still shone, invincible, and ever-ready to reassert itself. Others¹¹ I beheld, but Christian Levantines, product[s] of long decay. I suddenly recalled the dome of the great church erected to Saint Paul upon the top of Areopagus, under that same blue sky on the background of which the ruins of the old heathen Acropolis appear in all their untarnished splendor. All around me, that same oppressive style, so different from all that real Greece created; all around me, that foreign atmosphere, that mysticism of [the] Semitic East, so different from the spirit of our cult of Rhythm and Form, of our cult of Health and Light—our Aryan cult, faithful to this fair earth. I shuddered at the contrast, more deeply than ever before. And from the inner feeling of my own everlasting Self, of my own Race, of which at last I was fully aware, and from the inner vision of my own dream of an ideal world, [I] formulated in my heart the long-delayed decision on which my whole life was to rest: “Away from Jewry! Away from the Christian spirit, the subtle poison poured out to us by the Jews, well-guided by the instinct of their race [to] emasculate our bodies and kill our Aryan pride! Away from all that, and back to what we would have been today, had Paul never set foot in Athens or, had divine Julian been able to arrest the overwhelming tide! No further compromise with a foreign tradition in the name of the memory of the Eastern Empire: Eternal Greece, and beyond her, indestructible Aryandom of North and South—higher mankind—must pass before the lure of a mere thousand years of history.”

Thus did I feel in those old churches built upon the famous spots holy to every Christian; in the monastery where I remained, and in the glittering mosque of Omar, that I visited, and in the streets of old Jerusalem, and on Mount Zion. Thus did I feel along the roads of Palestine, upon my way to towns and villages bearing biblical names.

Hundreds of miles away, among Thy blessed people, under Thy

leadership, my dream was taking shape. And day by day, in hope and in increasing strength, in confidence and joy, Thy people were growing into a rising tide[.] And Thou wast waiting for the Day when that tide would break down the barrier within which the frightened world was trying in vain to keep it.

And I was soon to understand; and I was soon to admire Thee; and I was soon to love Thee, alone of all the sons of men in our times.

From far, within my heart, I watched the tide gain power. I admired its impetus, and recognized in it the Force that had once given Greece to the Aryan Race, and the East to conquering Greece. Already, in the realm of the invisible, my life-long yearning met Thy masterful will-power, and paid to Thee the tribute that I was one day to express in word[s] of burning faith; the lasting tribute of the brothers of Thy people from the whole world—the love of the whole Race.

¹ “Thus I now believe myself acting in accordance with the almighty creator: *By defending myself against the Jew, I fight for the work of the Lord.*”—Trans. R.G. Fowler

² Reading “violence” as “violent.”

³ Replacing a question mark with a period.

⁴ “*Vicisti, Galilae*” (“You win, Galilean”—or, as it is usually rendered, “Thou hast conquered, Galilean”).

⁵ Deleting a superfluous comma.

⁶ Deleting a superfluous “of.”

⁷ This sentence makes no sense as it stands, which leads me to think that words were either omitted or mistyped when the typescript was prepared.

⁸ Reading “malodorant” as “malodorous.”

⁹ Replacing a semicolon with a comma.

¹⁰ Deleting a superfluous comma.

¹¹ Deleting a superfluous “I” from the beginning of the sentence.



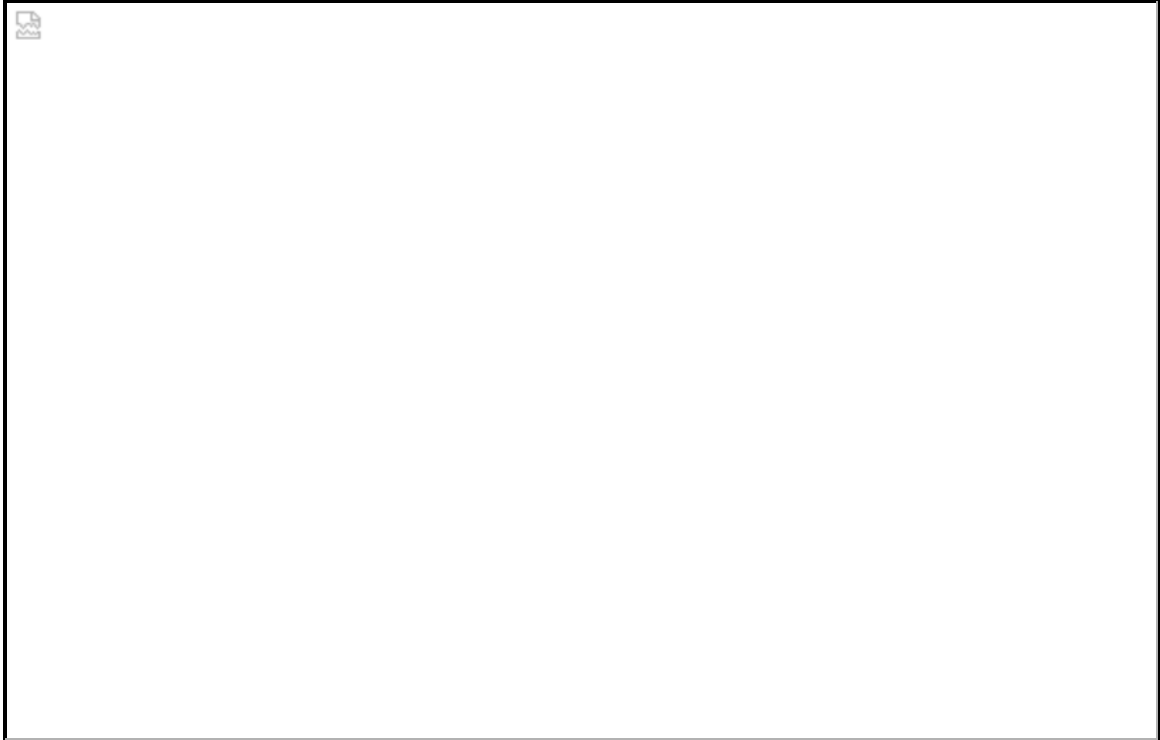
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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the fifth installment of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book of autobiographical reflections and rhapsodies, **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter.

—*R. G. Fowler*

“Alle großen Kulturen der Vergangenheit gingen nur zugrunde, weil die ursprünglich schöpferische Rasse an Blutvergiftung abstarb.”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 316¹

“Away, away to India; away to the hallowed country where the Aryan Gods have never died and need not be revived!” thought I. “Greece has become the prey of money-grabbing foreigners, and the victim of alien Gods and alien teachings; and I cannot do anything to awake her sleeping soul; over and over again her children have reminded me that I am nobody and that my voice has no echo in any heart.

“In resurrected Germany, no doubt, the everlasting spirit of the best people of my race, is growing day by day more powerful and He is there. But would He really welcome me, an Aryan from abroad, as one entirely his own? Would his people believe me when I say that I love and admire them? In my own land nobody has believed me yet. No, better be a foreigner in a far-away land, a western Aryan Heathen in the last citadel of Aryan culture in the East—rather than in the very midst of the one land in Europe where my own spirit is rising day by day! So let me go! One day I shall come back.”

Thus thought I as the ship sailed on, further and further south,—down the Red Sea,—and carried me I knew not where or for how long—[.] Standing alone upon the deck, I watched the innumerable stars in the dark sky and, now and then, as I cast down my eyes, the phosphorescent circles of innumerable jellyfish in the dark waters. Gliding between the two gorgeous infinities, I felt my nothingness but also realized the ineffable tuning of all my being to the silent music of the Universe. My unsuspected destiny, I knew, was a detail in a huge Destiny by far transcending me. And all that I did had to be. And from the stars and from the depth of the dark shining waters, I felt the unseen forces guiding me and carrying me (never mind through what wanderings) where I was bound to go: to the fulfillment of thousands of years of yearning; to the glory of a new youth in Thy new world—to Thee, the everlasting Friend; the One Who comes over and over again.

And every radiant dawn and every fiery sunset that I admire upon the sea, brought the world nearer the great blessed Day of Thy Seizure of Power, while I sailed further and further away, . . . Yet, along my own path, nearer to the outlandish post from which my fate had willed that I should fight for Thee, forever near Thee in spirit, for Thy unseen and broader Realm extends above all boundaries to wherever Thy faith in Health and God-made Order, lives in Aryan hearts.

* * *

I reached Aryavarta, the Land of many races, where teeming millions to this day, honor the fair descendants of the ancient bards of my own race, as gods on earth; where neither gold or might, nor learning, nor anything that man can conquer, but purity of blood alone is² treasured for six thousand years.

And then I saw the wondrous sight: Rameshwaram, the temple erected by the faith of millions to the glory of the fair immemorial Aryan hero Rama, Conqueror of the South. I saw its many-storied *gopurams* towering far above the flimsy roofs and dusty crowded streets of the Dravidian village in holy festive mood. And to the sound of music never heard before, I passed under its doorway, I too draped in bright silk, I too with jasmine flowers in my hair like the daughters of India, I the ambassador of distant western Aryandom to the surviving stronghold

of Aryan faith in the Far South. And at the entrance, on the right and on the left as though it were welcoming me, I saw, in gleaming vermillion, the well-known Sign, the old Wheel of the Sun—our Sign. And tears came to my eyes[.]

I walked along gigantic corridors, past endless rows of stately pillars through which I could behold no end of halls, more pillars and more corridors. My footsteps sounded strange upon the pavement, and in the voice that sprung from my own lips I could not recognize my voice. I wandered in elation, as in a world of dreams. Music of flutes and kettledrums resounded through the echoing halls, full of the scent of burning incense and fresh flowers. Dusky velvet-eyed men, all clad in white, and dusky women clad in many colors and full of strange serpentine grace, passed by like shadows.³



Entrance corridor of the Rameshwaram temple, watercolor, circa 1849

And suddenly night came—the warm tropical night heavy with perfume and alive with hunger and with lust, with the great life of forest and of jungle. And the Full Moon of Vaishakha shone in the violet sky, shedding its phosphorescent light over the mighty towers and sculptured domes and outer walls and colonnades and over the still surface of the sacred tank, while growing darkness filled the halls and more offering-bearing crowds poured in from every doorway. And I stayed on and on—to watch, to feel, to know the Feast of living Aryan Heathendom in a strange land; the homage of the conquered South to the deified northern Warrior and King, Rama, now, in our times, after thousands of years.

And then, out of the darkness came the blast of music and the thundering throbs of drums,

and light appeared,—the light of burning torches held by a hundred men. And, suddenly, in the light, I saw a row of sacred elephants emerge in glittering array; seven of them, with ritual stripes of vermillion and sandal[wood] paste upon their massive foreheads, and scarlet cloths with golden fringe hanging down from their towering backs. The processional chariot of Rama and of Sita, followed, covered with flowers by the handful on its passage. And the red glow of torches shone upon the dusky faces, many of which were regular and beautiful. And the half-naked youths who drove the elephants and those who bore the torches seemed as though they were likenesses of Grecian gods in living bronze.

I watched them pass; I watched them go, further and further away along the echoing pillared corridors and around the moonlit sacred tank. And for the second time my eyes were filled with tears. For in a flash my mind went back to Europe where I had so many times and for so long dreamed with nostalgic sadness of that unbroken Pagan ritual; to Europe where, I knew, Thou⁴ wast calling Thy people to a new rising of the Aryan spirit, nay to the borth in them of a new Aryan soul, with all the decorous display and all the pomp that young creative faith could put forth when allied to the spontaneous love of order and of beauty. I thought of other torch-processions of the new rising Germanic creed of pride in racial purity, in which the fire-bearers were tall, athletic blond young men, sons of that hallowed North whence long ago both Greece and India had drawn their noblest blood and the new light that was to make them everlasting. “At last, after so many centuries of demoralization through the poison of Christian-like equality, the eternal values of my race [are] again being upheld, in broad daylight on my own continent,” thought I, for the millionth time. “But why had they ever been brushed aside? Why did the Jewish teaching ever conquer our fathers?”

And all through these fifteen hundred long years, during which Europe had⁵ been worshipping her Jewish god and lowering herself before his priests, and exalting moral standards of human brotherhood destined to give her soul to Israel, there in the Tropics, far away, India’s dusky millions had clung most faithfully to Aryan gods; here, when the moon was⁶ full during the month of Vaishaka, year after year men had come forth in crowds to honor Rama, the Aryan conqueror of Celyon; here throughout India’s stormy history, through invasions and through wars, and in spite of all the leveling creeds imported by crusaders of equality and sneaking preachers of humanity, the time-honored caste hierarchy had preserved pure blood, and kept alive a handful of real Aryans; here every man, even among the lower races, believed in racial hierarchy, and knew his place—believed in our principles, in our faith, in our world New Order, without being aware of it.

Around the moonlit sacred tank, slowly moved the procession. And one after the other, for a while, the intricately sculptured pillars were lighted up by the scarlet glow. And kettledrums and flutes and clashing cymbals mingled their deep vibrations and their high-pitched notes, in deafening outlandish music under the luminous infinity of the sky. And coils of incense filled the air,—the offering of the South to the great Aryan hero, now yesterday, and in all times, foreshadowing the future homage of varied races of all climes, the homage of the conquered world to the godlike Race; to Thee,⁷ my Leader, to Thy people; to the everlasting noble blood, fated to rule, both Thine . . . and mine.

I shut my eyes, and thought of the great miracle that Thou wast working far away: of the new Europe of our dreams. And amidst the solemn mystic roar that held me as though under a spell, that roar of joyous fervor, centuries old,—and amidst the smoke of incense and the jasmine breath of that bright southern night, untold elation filled my heart. And blending in a dream the age-old homage of the South, that I admired, with the tremendous hope of Thy power and glory, I thought, in an ecstatic smile: “. . . and tomorrow, the whole world!”

¹ “All great cultures of the past perished only because the originally creative race died of blood poisoning.”—Trans. R.G. Fowler

² Deleting a superfluous “a” after “is.”

³ Inserting a paragraph break here.

⁴ Replacing “thou” with “Thou.”

⁵ Deleting a repetition of “had.”

⁶ Deleting a superfluous “in its” after “was.”

⁷ Replacing “thee” with “Thee.”



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the sixth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

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—*R. G. Fowler*

(30 January)

“Für was wir zu kämpfen haben, ist die Sicherung des Bestehens und der Vermehrung unserer Rasse und unseres Volkes, die Ernährung seiner Kinder und Reinhaltung des Blutes, die Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit des Vaterlandes, auf daß unser Volk zur Erfüllung der auch ihm vom Schöpfer des Universums zugewiesenen Mission heranzureifen vermag.

—*Mein Kampf*¹

Then came the Day of days, the Day of joy and power, the birthday of the reborn West; the Day when after thirteen years of superhuman struggle Thou tookest² in Thy hand the destiny of those whom Thou so lovedest—of those whom all the Gods had willed; in our wondrous times, to be the strongest and the best.

There, like an ocean, stood the immense expectant crowd, restless and hopeful,—loving—but not yet daring to be sure; waiting to greet the long-awaited news; waiting to know that Thou hadst won; waiting to live the finest hour in the long life of struggling Germany,—the opening of the New Era, culmination of all the patient daily heroisms of recent years and of all those of yore. Minutes succeeded one another, and each one seemed an hour. Within thousands of breasts, hearts beat faster and faster as time went on. Every man held his breath. As the parched earth awaits the fecundating rain after the long ordeal of the arid season, in lands where rain-failure means death, as the world wrapped in gloom awaits the coming Dawn, so did Thy people on that day, gathered in growing thousands before the Presidential Palace of the Reich await the magic words: the announcement of Thy triumph—and of theirs.

There was a movement in the crowd, and, for a second, utter silence. And in that solemn silence rose the voice of Thy close friend and faithful fighter of the early days, first in the Land after Thyself.³ And the voice said: “Our Leader is in power!” For another second, there was silence,—a different silence; the silence of the thirsty earth communing with the heavens in the first drop of rain, as wind abates, the silence of unutterable joy verging on ecstasy. And then, out of the frenzied human ocean, one thunderous outcry burst forth all of a sudden, echoing the single voice and amplifying it a hundred thousandfold; one long-resounding elemental outcry, one endless roar of joy,—voice of Thy people; Voice of God Who within Nature’s Chosen ones abideth,—: “Our Leader is in power! We are free!” And men⁴ shook hands with one another; and women threw themselves in one another’s arms for joy; and tears of joy ran down their beaming faces.

Then, slowly did the enthusiastic crowd disperse in all directions,

each man or woman, youth or maiden, carrying far and wide the glorious tidings of the Day: "Our Leader is now in power! Germany is risen!" And through the length and breadth of the yet mutilated Land, bells rang, and drums and martial trumpets resounded, and their music had not for centuries expressed such happiness. From every window broad flags hung, bearing the sacred Sign both of the Sun and of the Aryan Race. And along the crowded streets, under those endless rows of waving banners blood-red, black, and white, the now immortal Storm Troopers, whose constant sacrifice and bitter struggle had carried Thee to power, marched full of pride singing the immortal song.

And throughout every land recently torn away from Thy defeated Fatherland, and throughout every land in which Thy people lived, cut off from the main Realm by artificial frontiers, be it for centuries, an immense hope greeted the glorious tidings, by now broadcasted to the world: the hope that soon the brotherhood of blood would be the only link uniting all Thy people in one proud greater Reich; that soon under the impetus of Thy new living faith, all artificial boundaries would fall; that soon, in freedom, strength, and joy, Thy people would expand towards the east, towards the west, in spite of other nations' jealous opposition, fulfilling the great destiny allotted them by Nature, whether in peace or in war.

* * *

The age-old enemies of higher mankind were aghast; for in that loud outburst of frenzied joy that echoes from new Germany throughout the world, as well as in that immense silent hope that they could not suppress, they heard the death-knell of their long-established rule and felt the first signs of the end of their ascendancy—forever. They hated Thee and dreaded Thee. And in their secret councils, they started to prepare the satanic network of lies and of bargains by which they planned to stir against Thee and Thy people the stupid fury of the great unthinking human herd of every race and tongue,—of that dull universal herd that knew Thee not and could not feel the beauty of Thy dream.

A few among the better men of the wide world beyond Thy realm, welcomed Thy rising as the Dawn which they themselves awaited. And fewer still had been awaiting it as long and as consistently as I.

As one salutes from the seashore the Sun millions of miles away, so greeted I from afar the news of that tremendous Day; so welcomed I the announcement of Thy power; so did I worship Thee within my heart, my Leader, Giver of a new pride and faith to every Aryan worthy of this race, now and forever more!

And as the echo of Thy people's joy reached me, I thought of the stupendous dream that had been mine for ages: the dreams of real Aryan leadership throughout the world. Alone in our times couldst Thou make that great dream become a living fact. Alone a world under Thy rule could be that place of order and of beauty, that healthy Heathen world that I so long had craved⁵ for. And in my heart I longed to see Thy conquering spirit smash all the man-made creeds of false equality. And in my heart I longed to see Thy conquering Greater Reich extend, one day, to every shore; the

brotherhood of Aryan blood abolish man-made boundaries; and
Thy inspired followers—the élite of the world—rule the whole
earth, forever more!

¹ “*We must fight to secure the existence and continuation of our race and our people, the sustenance of our children and the purity of our blood, the freedom and independence of the fatherland, so that our people may mature in order to fulfill the mission assigned us by the creator of the universe*” (1939 edition, p. 234)—Trans. R.G. Fowler. (The original text is emphasized throughout.)

² Replacing “tookedst”

³ Hermann Göring.

⁴ Reading “man” as “men.”

⁵ Reading “craven” as “craved.”



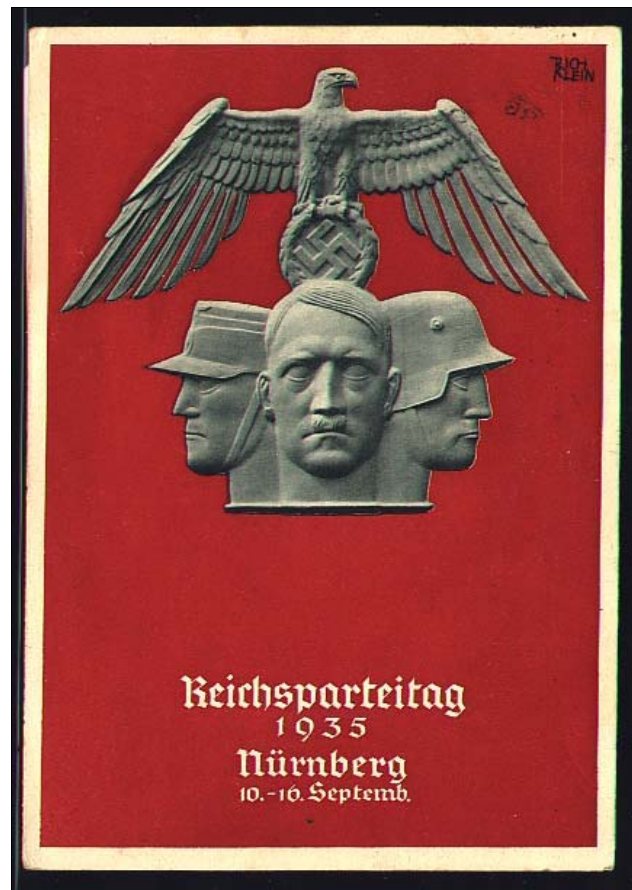
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Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the seventh chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**. Unfortunately, our copy of the typescript of Chapter VI is missing a page. Fortunately, the page is still in existence, and as soon as we receive a copy, we will publish the entire chapter.*

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—*R. G. Fowler*

VII.

1935

“... eine neue Weltanschauung und nicht eine neue Wahlparole.”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 243¹

A beautiful medieval town, full of the joy and pageantry of our grand new era: old Nuremberg. Houses with slanting roofs, crossed wooden beams, and latticed windows, and flowerpots on every windowsill; and, hanging large and bright from these, thousands of blood-red flags bearing the holy Sign—the immemorial Swastika—in black in midst of a white disk; cathedrals in the gothic style, with sculptured spires reaching the sky, and statues of the Virgin-mother and of bygone saints proclaiming the aspiration of the soul towards the Unattainable. And marching past their doors and past those houses of another age, the Young Men of today singing triumphantly the song of pride and resurrection—blended in one: the old; the new; eternal Germany; eternal western Aryandom once² more awake out of its Christian slumber. And in the immense Stadium near the town, under the eyes of half a million people, the *Reichsparteitag*, the ritual consecration of that miraculous awakening, in untold splendor, lasting days and nights.

In the sunshine: the sacrament of Labor; the worship of the Earth in her fecundity, and of the strength and skill of Aryan Man, her fairest child, her pride, the brightest fruit of her delight in the Sun's long embrace; the sacrament of the creative skill of Aryan Man as corn grower and miner³ and weapon-maker, and worker of the wonders of the lightning-power, in harmony with [the] ends of life and truth, in harmony with the great purpose of the Sun on earth—the rule in glory of the Sun⁴-born race.

With martial music, songs and flags, bearing upon their shoulders the sacred Instruments of Labor—the Spade that opens Mother Earth to the life-giving Sun-rays—in came the proud young men, in squadrons of twice nine; behind them came the labor-Leaders, and the girls—the healthy working mothers of tomorrow, serene and strong as Mother Earth. And as parading soldiers present arms, so did these youths, in ceremonial gestures, present their spades, weapons of peaceful power. And loud and clear, between the martial songs evoking those who died for Germany during the liberation struggle; between two solemn tunes played on the throbbing drums, their young voices repeated the ritual formula: “Ready are we, indeed!”—ready to till the divine Land, the Fatherland, whose life is ours; ready to make it prosperous[:] ready to make it great.

And Thou spokest to them and to the many thousands, my beloved Leader—Our Leader! And [from] thousands of breasts came forth the rhythmic cry of frenzied pride and joy—and love—the cry of Thy new Germany[:] “*Sieg! Heil!*”

* * *



The "cathedral of light," Nuremberg

In the dark night, the Sacrament of Silence—and Thy apotheosis, O my Leader, along with that of Germany, in the Temple of Light.⁵

In the granite immobility, there stood the Brown Battalions, in thick formations between which stretched long straight empty spaces. A living picture of the conscious few, who, throughout endless Time, had kept Thy everlasting truth alive within their hearts, and watched, and hoped against all hope, and waited for the long-desired Aryan Dawn;⁶ they stood in heavy darkness awaiting Thee. With them, the thousands waited, in utter silence and without a ray of light upon their faces.

Then, suddenly, as Thou stepped⁷ forth into the largest avenue that led to Thy exalted Seat, hundreds of blue transparent pillars, columns of dreamlike light—struck the dark sky from countless hidden sources all round the outer walls of the great Stadium, surrounding Thee as Thou walked⁸ on; surrounding Thy motionless Fighters, and all the silent, spellbound crowd; cutting off from the world the privileged enclosure—the consecrated space—where first among all Aryans of the West, Thy people were communing with their own proud soul, becoming conscious of the Godhead of their Race.

Thou reached⁹ Thy place above the crowd—above the broader outer world—and Thou stood¹⁰ in silence; the silence of five hundred thousand men standing together intently, in common faith, in common prayer, in common adoration of that One real God: their Nation's Soul; their Race's[;] the bright Soul of the Sun awake within themselves. In silence, utter silence didst Thou wait with them—the silence of the grave before the stir of resurrection, the silence of

primeval Night, mother of everything, before the stir of Life.

Then slowly, from the limits of the Stadium—slowly and silently—endless processions of flag-bearers poured in between the thick formations of the Brown Battalions. Under the ghostly blue reflected light of that unearthly row of phosphorescent columns that held the Stadium in a magic circle, on they went; and on them, rested a ray of light. On they went, bright red streams converging at Thy feet, slowly and silently—streams of the new life-blood,¹¹ irresistibly quickening that immense body lying in the darkness in deathlike immobility. And silence reigned; the magic silence in which creative forces work irresistibly; the ecstatic silence in which creative love communes with God, that is to say, with everlasting Life. Silence, for half an hour, for an hour, or more? And then, all of a sudden, like a creative spell out of that radiant stillness, the songs of life and pride and conquest; and then, Thy speech, from that high place, from that first altar of the new Aryan Faith—Thy speech to Germany in adoration before Thee, and, beyond Germany, to me, six thousand miles away, to whom the waves of aether carried it; to the whole Aryan Race. And then, those songs again: the Song of the dead hero, Horst Wessel, now alive, forever and forever, and the well-known national anthem: “Germany above all . . .”

“Above all?” did then many ask within their hearts, already with suspicion and hidden jealousy. And the songs and Thy people’s cheers, and Thy voice and Thy silence, and theirs, all echoed: “Yes!” And I, remembering the centuries bygone, and that long fruitless, hopeless struggle of Aryan man against the Jewish yoke¹² from the day Paul of Tarsus had set foot in Athens, thought: “Why not? Yes, why not, my Leader’s countrymen, if ye be worthy of Him and worthy of your task? If ye can lead us all to freedom and to glory, as He leads You?”

* * *



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

In the sunshine, the Sacrament of Consecration of the flags.

Thou hadest in Thy hand the “Flag of Blood,” the one that the Sixteen first Martyrs bore, when, in their vain attempt to carry Thee to power, they fell; for Germany and Thee, twelve years before. And in Thy other hand, Thou heldest the new flags—the ones that were to inspire Thy many younger Fighters with the burning faith of the old; the ones that were to carry forth, along the highways, south and north, and east and west, to all Germanic people still outside the Reich, Thy great message of unity and pride and strength within their folds.

Through Thee, the Leader and the Savior, though Thee, the living Reich—the priest of the National Soul; that very Soul itself—ran the mysterious power of the dead; the magic power of boundless love and pure blood[,] shed for love’s sake without regret; the magic power of blood on which all greatness lies. It ran into the bright-red folds of the new flags¹³ snow-white disk, and the age-old Sign of Power which in the disk they bore[:] the holy Swastika, Sign of the Life force in the Sun among the ancient Aryans, Sign of the new Awakening of Germany and of the Aryan Race, Thy Sign, our Sign, forever more.

And it gave them the virtue of the “Flag of Blood”; the virtue of the dead who fell for Thee to rule, and for Thy people to become, in Europe and Beyond the narrow boundaries of Europe, the herald of Awakening Aryandom.

I was not there. From far away, I watched the new stupendous rites: the first rites of the new civilization that I had craved¹⁴ for, age after age, since the decay of Aryan man[.]

I was not there—alas! And yet I felt that the Day of my dream had come, at last, that the old pride of the Sun-born had won against the lying teachings that Aryan man had once acclaimed, to his disgrace; that my own cult of health and strength and youthful manly beauty, my double aspiration at the same time Nordic and Grecian, my ever-living Soul, silenced and mocked for fifteen hundred years, had won, through Thee and through Thy¹⁵ Nation[.]

I watched Thee transfer to the age-old Symbol of our Race, that marked Thy flags, the fluid of rejuvenation, the magic virtue of the modern heroes’ blood. And in my heart, I hailed the blessed colors, and thought: “May I see Thee wave over East and West, Sign of the domination of the Sun-born, eternal Swastika, Sign of the Best!”

¹ “. . . a new worldview, and not a new election slogan.”—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Deleting a superfluous repetition of “once.”

³ Reading “minor” as “miner.”

⁴ Deleting a superfluous repetition of “Sun.”

⁵ Deleting “(1)” following “Light,” probably the indication for a footnote that was not, however, written.

⁶ Replacing a comma with a semicolon.

⁷ Replacing “steppedest.”

⁸ Replacing “walkedest.”

⁹ Replacing “reachedest.”

¹⁰ Replacing “stoodest.”

¹¹ Reading “live” as “life.”

¹² Reading “joke” as “yoke.”

¹³ Reading a comma as an apostrophe.

¹⁴ Reading “craven” as “craved.”

¹⁵ Capitalizing “thy.”



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by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the eighth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

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—*R. G. Fowler*

“Würde man die Menschheit in drei Arten einteilen: in Kulturbegründer, Kulturträger und Kulturzerstörer, dann käme als Vertreter der ersten wohl nur der Arier in Frage. ”

—*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 243¹

And years rolled on. And Thy astounding power extended undisputed over the ever-greater Reich. And the wide world—the world of the deluded—experienced increasing awe at the sight of Thy greatness—and I adored Thee all the more.

From many thousand miles away, where Fate had willed that I should stay, I spoke according to Thy spirit in the name of truth everlasting. Alone, I walked along Thy way, never forgetting that, one day, I would return, and see Thee in Thy glory, That, one day, to me among all, the untold privilege would fall, in the language of future times, to tell the Aryans of all climes, the unsuspected meaning of Thy story.

I traveled and I spoke. From balls in Indian towns, from shady places under banyan trees throughout the Indian countryside, I stirred, in countless dusky black-eyed people, both age-old loyalty to Aryan Gods and hatred of the modern yoke of money—and in an Aryan minority our common racial pride. I spoke of the twilight of Western Heathendom and of the early days of the dark era in which the Jewish creed of Man prevailed at last against the Aryan creeds of life. And I quoted the bitter words in which Emperor Julian, dying upon the battlefield, is said to have expressed the despair of his heart at the sight of that world that he had tried in vain to rescue from decay: “O Galilean, thou hast won!” I exalted eastern Aryandom, silent, but still alive in old caste-ridden India—faithful in its expectant immobility. I fought, with all the fire of my heart, the leveling creeds of *Man*—the Jewish creeds, whatever the garb in which they might be clad. And I spoke of Thy glorious Dawn, and of the coming days in which the racial aristocracy of East and West would stand together² hall the divine truth preserved in immemorial Aryan Writ. And many times I quoted Thee, Soul of the new world-wide Awakening; Son and Avenger of the Aryan Gods both Germanic and Grecian, Savior who hast answered at last, the sixteen hundred year old call of him who failed.

In the tropical atmosphere rang Thy eternal words, Thy³ words of truth and pride, expressed by me in a different tongue. And many dusky faces would brighten, and many people clap their hands, for in those words the crowd could recognize the Wisdom that had governed India in immemorial bygone days. And many a fairer face among the crowd—a face with noble features and with thoughtful eyes—would look intently up to me, for in whose words the few would hear and feel the echo of that Aryan Wisdom that their forefathers from the glorious distant North had brought with them

to be the wisdom of all lands. And once an old man came to me when I had finished speaking, and said, alluding to thy words: “From which most⁴ hallowed Writ of Ancient days have you quoted this truth?”

And tears came to my eyes as I measured the bridge that thou hast thrown over the stream of Time between our world and its remotest youth, between Thy beloved people and the fair warriors of their race—of our common race—by whom the Aryan fame filled India so long ago; over the immensity of space, between Thy beloved Land and any land where lives and rules the spirit of the Aryan race. I suddenly remembered that I stood on the very border of the Aryan world—hardly a hundred miles away from Burma and from China. And my heart leaped within my breast as I uttered Thy name.

* * *

And then, I met the wisest of the southern Aryans, the silent Friend who understood the meaning of Dawn, and who, through written word and thought; and patient action in the dark, was planning and preparing the staggering extension of Thy grand New Order to all the world.⁵

And the Wise One told me: “Go back, where duty calls you! Go back, the time has come; go straight to Him who is the Leader of the West, for He⁶ alone your burning faith will fathom, for He⁷ alone your love and hate will welcome and give you all the means to do your best. Don’t remain here; go straight to Him, who is Life and Resurrection; to unsuspected fields of joyous action without regret and without rest!”

“In a year’s time or a little more, when I have done all that I can do here; when, in immense Aryavarta, more people understand why I have come and are ready to hail our spreading light, then I shall go—and tell my brothers: ‘See! Through Eastern ways, with Eastern words, and with that understanding which freedom from all ties save yours has given me, I have hastened the fulfillment of the age-old dream of Aryan domination; of your great dream of world-wide might!’”

But the wise One replied: “God now: for it will be too late in a year’s time!”

Why did I not believe him? Conscious of Thy great heathen Dawn, why did I stay so far away from danger and from duty? What made me blinded to all the signs of the threatening storm? In spite of all my love and hate, what held me back? An evil fate—or glorious plans of which no man could know? Plans of the Gods almighty?

¹ “Were we to divide mankind into three kinds: culture founders, culture bearers, and culture destroyers, then probably only the Aryan could be considered as representative of the first”—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² From this point on, the sentence makes no sense. It is likely that some words were omitted when the typescript was prepared.

³ Capitalizing “thy.”

⁴ Reading “mos” as “most.”

⁵ Savitri refers here to her husband A.K. Mukherji.

⁶ Capitalizing “he.”

⁷ Capitalizing “he.”



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editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter.

—R. G. Fowler

IX.

1940

“. . . und da, als der Tod gerade geschäftig hineingriff in unsere Reihen, da erreichte das Lied auch uns, und wir gaben es nun wieder weiter: Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt!”

—Mein Kampf¹

Which one of us does not, today, with tears, remember that great year among all years: glorious 1940? Which one of us does not with bitterness look back to those staggering days, in which the noise and flames and smoke of spreading war answered on Thy behalf the world’s unjust attack?

O great One, Leader of the best, from Thy young Reich, towards the east, towards the West, towards the hallowed North, on land and sea and in the skies, in irresistible formations, Thy men of iron poured forth, for Thee, for greater Germany and all that Germany implies. The song of freedom, pride, and power accompanied their onward march across the boundaries of seven nations. And there was nothing that could halt their godlike thrust . . . And from its northernmost promontory facing the Pole, down to the smiling shores of the great Inner Sea, the continent that had believed the Jewish² lies,—the continent that had rejected Thee—lay at Thy feet within the dust!

Unforgettable days and nights of permanent elation, when every blessed hour brought me through subtle aether-waves, along with Thy beloved voice, the joy of further victory! When both the sunlit earth, so bright in its tropical glory, and all the countless lights of starry space seemed to tell me: “Rejoice! The Western Resurrection that you have waited for so long has come at last; and He, the Savior Whom you loved unknowingly for centuries, and Whom you hailed but yesterday as Leader of his people and of all those who recognize and who welcome his people’s place in history, now rules the Aryan race according to your dream!”

From the other end of the earth, I watched the fire of war spread.

The sky was blue; the Sun was hot; the joy and pride of conquest made my face beam. Stronger and stronger in my heart grew the sweet certitude of Thy invincibility. One day, —I knew not when, but, surely, thought I, “soon”—I would go back and see all Europe

under Thee . . . It mattered little, then, whether I were or not, for the time being[,] on the spot.

I pictured in my mind Thy endless rows of armored tanks, rushing through woods and moors and through deserted towns along the international highways; through mud and sand, along the river banks. I pictured in my mind Thy fleeing enemies under the pouring rain—the roaring sea before them, the angry sky above them, the dark night all around them, Thy battalions behind them—nearer and nearer every second—and in their hearts, more powerful than all, the overwhelming terror of Thy name!³ I pictured⁴ in my mind the famous Arch of Triumph; the no less famous Avenue, pride of the conquered Capital; and under it, and along it, the unforgettable parades!⁵

There stood and marched those who, in Ypres and elsewhere, had fought alongside Thee during the first World War; those whom within the grip of death, had sung along with Thee, the conquering Hymn of love in which echoed the call of joyful Duty: “Germany, Germany above all . . . !” There stood and marched also, like unto living Nordic gods, Thy fair and strong Young men, hope of the resurrected Reich, hope of the Western world, messengers of everlasting Aryan faith.

Moving in incredible order, there they were, the ones I had been longing for[,] ever since the decay of Aryandom—over two thousand years; the ones I had been seeking in the immortal forms of bygone Grecian gods, and the immortal characters of Aryan heroes held as gods in India to this day: the real earthly “shining ones”: my better brothers and Thy sons!

And as they went the music played, and as they went they sang the new hymn of the Strong and Free,—the Song of the young Hero, who, ten years before, had died for Thee: “Along all highways, ever soon, will our banners flutter; slavery is to last only a short time more!”⁶ And there indeed, the holy blood red flags, bearing within their midst in black on white the eternal Swastika, fluttered triumphantly above the glittering helmets, above the cadenced March, above the conquered Continent, in the warm air of June.

* * *

From the Eastern world far away, where I then stood, a cry had sprung—a cry of admiration, for thee, for those who followed Thee; for Thy young resurrected nation.

One day, a dusky youth of the Far South greeted me with amazing words, as though the Gods had chosen to express their unshakable wisdom through his mouth. “Fair Lady, believe me,” he said, “I too within my heart adore your Leader, now Lord of the West!—For He has come to overthrow the money-power in the world; for He has come in order to set up the wisdom of the Shining Ones Who conquered us in Bygone days—the Aryan Wisdom of all times; the Wisdom of the Best—against the Christian way of Life[,] in order to fulfill the words of the most holy Writ: ‘Age after age, I come . . .’; for He is God in human garb, the One Who never fails.”⁷

Another day, a fair-skinned man in orange-colored robes—a man of those who look beyond the Realm of Time—sat by my side and told me: “Your Continent has now within its midst another Incarnation of the great World-Sustaining-One. No longer weep over its long decay! But follow Him, and you shall win, in the long run. The struggle of today is but another phase of the perennial Struggle. And He is Light and Life come down to earth again to lead the Aryan World once more along the glorious Way!”⁸

And in the glaring homage of the village youth, echo of popular insight[,] as well as in that of the serene ascetic, I heard the world proclaim in space and time, that Thou was right, and foreign men on⁹ foreign shores, age after age, in speeches yet unknown, exalt Thy wisdom and Thy might.

And I was happy, even though so far away. And I too sang the conquering Song, with my right arm outstretched, while the¹⁰ Wise One, the truest of our true Allies, now bound to me through solemn mystic ties,¹¹ stood by my side and smiled, as though his eyes could see, beyond six thousand miles of land and sea, the Parade of Thy trusted Bodyguard along the conquered Avenue, the rush of Thy glittering planes across the sky.

* * *

Oh, great days! We were all so happy;¹² then Before our eyes, we saw the map of the expanding Reich unfold itself in all directions; and all our dreams materialize! In the glory of our reborn heathen civilization, ahead of us, we saw, a future of world domination, that was never to fail . . .

Oh, great days! Whether on the spot or far away, we watched the Gods come down from heaven at Thy call, and fight for Thee. We were so happy, then!—And I, the happiest of all!

¹ “. . . and then, as Death, straightforward and businesslike, reached into our ranks, the song also reached us, and we took it up and passed it on: ‘Germany, Germany over everything, over everything in the world!’” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 181)—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Capitalizing “jewish.”

³ Referring to the evacuation of fleeing British and French troops at Dunkirk from 26 May to 4 June 1940.

⁴ Reading “picture” as “pictured.”

⁵ Referring to the German army’s entry into Paris on 14 June 1940, during which they paraded down the avenue des Champs-Élysées beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

⁶ “Die Fahne Hoch” by Horst Wessel.

⁷ The young man was named Khudiram, and Savitri relates his story in her essay “Hitlerism and the Hindu World,” *The National*

Socialist, no. 2 (Fall 1980): 18-20. It is available online under its original title, "Hitlerism and Hindudom" at the Savitri Devi Archive, www.savitrivedi.org.

⁸ Probably Swami Satyananda, the leader of the Hindu Mission in Calcutta, who seems to have been the first to suggest to Savitri that Adolf Hitler was an avatar of the Hindu god Vishnu, the sustainer of order. See *And Time Rolls On*, 24, 119.

⁹ Deleting here the superfluous phrase "on foreign man."

¹⁰ Deleting here a superfluous repetition of "while the."

¹¹ Savitri Devi and A.K. Mukherji were married in Calcutta in a civil ceremony on 29 September 1939 and in a religious ceremony on 9 June 1940.

¹² Substituting a semicolon for a comma.



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—R. G. Fowler

X.

1942

“Nun weiß der Jude zu genau, daß er in seiner tausendjährigen Anpassung wohl europäische Völker zu unterhöhlen und zu geschlechtslosen Bastarden zu erziehen vermag, allein einem asiatischen Nationalstaat von der Art Japans dieses Schicksal kaum zuzufügen in der Lage wäre. . . . Er scheut in seinem tausendjährigen Judenreich einen japanischen Nationalstaat und wünscht deshalb dessen Vernichtung noch vor Begründung seiner eigenen Diktatur. So hetzt er heute die Völker gegen Japan wie einst gegen Deutschland”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

To the furthestmost Isles of Dawn, the struggle now extended . . .

More and more irresistible, the war-cry of those distant Isles had burst forth at the Gods' command, and within space invisible, over a stretch of fifteen thousands miles of hostile land, with that of our martial Song, its echo had blended.

These were also great days,—days of expanding power, in which, as though on their way to a feast, Thy yet unvanquished armies marched, full of self-confidence and joy, across the Russian plains, further and further east; while further still one could admire a world ridding itself of foreign chains at Japan's call, amidst the Pacific on fire.

Across the Russian plains, from North to South, from West to East, as though they were going forth to meet and greet the Rising Sun, on went Thy inspired Armies, that seemed invincible; Thy Special Storm formations,² spreading along their way, through lands that seemed unreachable, the fear of Thee into the hearts of newly conquered nations, further and further every day, and rounding up, as they advanced, and sending to their doom—their proper place—the arch-enemies of the Aryan race!³

From faraway Japan, through conquered Indo-China, through the Isles of the Southern Seas, and the thick jungles of Malay and those of Burma, from East to West, from South to North, our bravest allies poured forth, suddenly like a swarm of bees. Since that great night on which the world had seen, amazed, amidst the thunder of exploding bombs, in lurid light, a hundred⁴ burning ships trying to flee from Pearl Harbor ablaze,⁵ one place after another⁶ had surrendered to those who in the Pacific now fought for Thee.

Hong Kong; Manila, Saigon, Surabaya, Penang, and soon Kuala Lumpur were in their hands[,] and every dawning day brought news of further conquests, until, exactly 2602 years after the Empire of the Rising Sun is said to have been founded, burst forth, to the four corners of the world astounded, the most staggering news of all: that of the fall of⁷ Singapore.⁸

With that stronghold, which had, so long, seemed inexpugnable, it was as though our enemies had lost the bastion of their might. Joy unutterable, and frenzied hopes and dreams of domination filled out hearts and made our countenances bright. And while the Wise One who, in patient secrecy, had made it possible for Thy Allies to win their way through Burma, quietly smoked his water pipe, I paced the marble floor in proud elation, and sang the Song of war, like on the Day the vanguard of thy hosts had entered conquered Paris,—like on Pearl Harbor Night.

* * *

Great days indeed were these! Before the lightning thrust of Thy gallant allies, the enemies of Thy New Order fled in terror, along the dusty roads and through the swamps, while behind them filling the bright-red sky, slowly unfurled itself in thick black coils the smoke of hundreds of burning oil tanks, or else, hard-pressed on every side, they rushed here and there in dismay, seeking in vain, within the jungles all ablaze, a miraculous way by which to flee and hide; two mighty hunters⁹ led the chase: the fire¹⁰ crawled and ran and roared under the trees, and, calmly awaiting them outside, ready to shoot them dead as they came out[,] our efficient friends the Japanese.

Soon fell Rangoon and Mandalay . . . The gallant warriors of Dawn steadily pushed on and on, up the great Irrawady Valley and beyond; though plains and hills and forests, without rest, nearer Bengal, nearer Assam, nearer Upper Hindustan, where East meets West, a few miles further every day. And though a solid chain of trusted men, the Wise One sent them messages, so that more of Thy enemies¹¹ might perish at their hands. And we waited to welcome them as they would reach Calcutta, and past our house march forth on the way west, on their way north, to further lands.

Oh, it was sweet to watch them come! And it was sweet to know, that through our humble agency, more thousands of Thy foes—more servants of the world-wide Money power, traitors to their own race; more men of those who were now pouring fire upon Thy beloved people—would perish in their turn within the flames, in Burma's jungles far away, or be sent off to toil for Thy allies, no

one knew where on Asian soil! And it was sweet to see the impact of Thy armies break all resistance within mighty Russia, and thy Young Men march on and on and on, towards the Caucasus, towards the Volga, towards the endless Lands of Dawn.

* * *

We all thought Stalingrad would fall, and we all thought Calcutta would soon be in Thy Allies' hands. As warm sunbeams fill golden space, and then suddenly vanish,¹² were to leave no trace but that of bitter disillusion within our hearts, carried us right beyond the realm of dire reality; for then we felt, for then we thought, in all sincerity, that we had won . . .

By the Wise One I sat, picturing in my mind the endless eastward thrust of Thy victorious legions, for the Greater Reich and for Thee, from the shores of the Caspian Sea, past Bukhara and Samarkand, and through restless Afghanistan—through unknown regions—down to the heart of Hindustan. I pictured them along the old Conqueror's Road that Alexander took when Fate had willed him to bring war to meditative India, the road the ancient Aryans followed four thousand years before. I pictured them, as though their coming were a certitude. I pictured them along the Kabul Valley, and then within that haunted solitude of brick-red rocks and bright-blue sky, full of hallucinating beauty, that leads to Jamrud and Peshawar. I pictured them,—the same ones who had stood in the great Party Rallies—glad the command of duty had sent them there, singing along their way the well-known song: "We shall march further on, even if all should fall to pieces; for Germany belongs to us today, and tomorrow . . . the whole world!" The mighty rocks sent back the spell-like words[,] and the vibrations of the horns of brass mingled¹³ their grandeur with the grandeur of the site. And in the dry, transparent air, the red and brown hills seemed more bright, with their chaotic outlines and dark shadows. And in the sunshine fluttered the proud Swastika flag, red and white. And on they went, Thy soldiers,—my brothers bold and fair—like their forerunners of Antiquity, through the historic Khyber Pass!

They would indeed "march further on," and reach imperial Delhi; and there Thy brave Allies would meet . . . And war would end, and I would see both Lands of Dawn and Lands of Sunset at Thy feet;—redeemed and free. And between the Far East, extended realm of the Sons of the Rising Sun and Thy extended Realm, the Aryan West, the Wise One, hidden worker of great deeds, and of all Thy allies the best, would rule the South, from Ceylon to the Russian border, in faith and truth, according to the needs of Thy new Order. And under him in spirit no less than in name broad Hindustan would rebecome again!

And I would stand by Thee in happiness and glory, I, the Link between West and East and between North and South, the eternal Aryan Soul in woman's earthly garb, and in the famous marble hall in which has stood the Peacock Throne,¹⁴ in the name of strange multitudes unknown to Thee and to Thy¹⁵ people; my eyes and heart fixed upon Thee alone, hail thee as Leader of the reborn

world—my Leader!

* * *

Oh, why did that great drama not become true? Why did a hostile Fate suddenly change the course of things, and, kindling treachery on every front abroad, while letting loose the hell of hate over Thy Fatherland in streams of fire, set out to break Thy eagle's wings? Why¹⁶ was it so that before they could reach to mastery over the Sunset Lands, Thy beloved people fair and bold were first to hold the palm of martyrdom within their hands?

¹ “Now the Jew knows all too well that he, with his thousand-year adaptation, is probably able to undermine European peoples and educate them into raceless bastards, but in an Asiatic national state like Japan he is hardly in the position to promote this fate. . . . In his thousand-year Jewish *Reich* he dreads a Japanese national state and thus wishes it annihilated even before founding his own dictatorship. So today he incites the nations to hate Japan as he once did against Germany” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, pp. 723-24)—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² The *Einsatzgruppen*.

³ The Jews.

⁴ Deleting a superfluous “of.”

⁵ On 7 December 1941.

⁶ Substituting “another” for “the other.”

⁷ Replacing “to” with “of.”

⁸ On 15 February 1942.

⁹ Probably a reference to two Japanese commanders, whose identity can only be guessed.

¹⁰ Deleting a superfluous “that” at this point.

¹¹ Deleting a superfluous comma.

¹² A few words seem to have been omitted. Their probable sense is that the aforementioned dreams vanished leaving only disillusionment.

¹³ Reading “mingles” and “mingled.”

¹⁴ At the Red Fort in Delhi, the seat of the Mughal Emperors.

¹⁵ Inserting “Thy.”

¹⁶ Reading “Thy” as “Why.”



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the eleventh chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter.

—*R. G. Fowler*

XI.

1945

“Was folgte, waren entsetzliche Tage und noch bössere Nächte—ich wußte, daß alles verloren war. Auf die Gnade des Feindes zu hoffen, konnten höchstens Narrens fertigbringen oder—Lügner und Verbrecher. In diesen Nächten wuchs mir der Haß, der Haß gegen die Urheber dieser Tat.”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

Three more years of desperate struggle against the forces of disintegration²; against the unseen Money-Power; its growing armament and all its lies; three more long years in which the Jew's allies sought in vain to destroy Thy Nation in endless streams of phosphorous and fire; three more long years in which, before the eyes of the bewildered world, Thy people stood the test, and in the midst of smoking ruins, fought the East and fought the West, as only gods could fight, and would have won in spite of all—who knows?—had not increasing treachery given new weapons to Thy foes!

But then,—after those months and months of untold sacrifice—our darkest hour: surrender, with the trail of misery and bitterness that it implies; the desecration of Thy Eagle's Nest by Jews and slaves of Jews,³ and proud Germany torn in four between her persecutors; and Thou—visible Soul of everlasting Germany, the Founder and Head of our new faith of health and pride—with Thy whole life's creation, dead—so the news said!

Oh, who will ever, now or in the future, tell the tale of hatred and of rage of those atrocious days? The tale of mad despair,⁴ of our passage into hell? The tale of the last ones who fell in Libya's burning sands, or on the parched and shattered earth of their own Fatherland, or in the snow and frost of the Russias' Grim, white plains, on every battlefield, in loving faith, thy holy name upon their lips—up to the end—for honor to be safe, while they knew all the rest was lost? The tale of the survivors, of the survivors of the titanic fight, driven into captivity for knowing Thou wast right? The tale of Thy uprooted people of all the eastern parts of the great Reich, fleeing before the Russian host in the cold night only to meet, wherever they would go, the sight of more invaders—more agents of the Jewish might and self-ordained crusaders against our creed of Life and Light? The tale of Thy whole Nation under the horrid fourfold Occupation which then barely began and was to last no one yet knew how long.

* * *

Oh, to sleep—to forget, and never to awake, never again to know that once upon a time a wretched world existed in which out of the slime of mediocre, dull humanity, a godlike Nation had arisen, at the call of a godlike Man believing in her own invincibility, and lived and toiled and sang, in youthful joy and glory, six great years long,⁵ and then, the stupid fury of that mean and jealous world, for another six years resisted? Oh, to sleep,⁶ to forget; never again to

know, that under Thy New Order, firmly set in for centuries, all could have been so beautiful, but that, forevermore,⁷ because in spite of a series of Victories, we lost this war, it would hopelessly be just as before Thy dawning power—and worse, far worse; that this would be a God-forsaken world, full of our persecutors' fame; a world in which, henceforth, men would be taught to hate Thy people and to curse Thy name! A world in which the very children of Thy trusted ones, now full of bitterness like I, would slowly have to learn to love Thy enemies or learn to lie! Or to sleep—to forget,⁸ to die! Of this tragic collapse of Thy splendid great Reich, not to know a thing anymore!

Thus thought I as I wandered, all alone, from place to place as far from crowded cities as it was possible, in order not to hear or read the news, in order not to know when the dark day I dreaded—the last day of the hallowed Reich—would be. Beyond the forms and colors of all things visible, two inner nightmares haunted me: the vision of Thee in the midst of Germany in ruins, and that of my own wasted life away from Thee.

Why had I not been all these long years at Thy side? For Thee and for the truth I had loved all my life, why was I not there now to fight—and die—with the two Words of faith and pride upon my lips, as thousands of my brothers? I who had always seen in Thee the Child of Light; I who from miles and miles away had cheered Thy growing might, but had never seen Thy glory,⁹ now pictured to myself, with tears, Thy tragic face against the background of the crumbling Reich. And like the deep thrust of a knife into my heart, the maddening thought come back, ever and ever more: in this hour of agony when all was lost, oh, why was I not there, to fight, to die, with the Reich's last defenders, for all that I adored?

Oh, to sleep, to forget, now I could do no more! While in the distant West, events would take their course, in definitive nothingness, to lie—to rest—freed from the nightmare of surrender, freed from the nightmare of remorse for not having laid down my life in action at Thy side, in absolute unconsciousness forever to abide!

Thus thought I as, alone, in mountain fastnesses, or on the beaches, I would roam and roam. Facing me with noise and foam, the waterfalls and torrents, and facing me, the swelling Ocean tide, all seemed to say: "Come! Just a step into the depth, and you will be forever free, away from the haunting sight and thought of all your comrades' plight, away from the knowledge of the breakdown of their Nation, exalted home of all you love, away from the torment and horror of this hopeless world: you need,¹⁰ indeed, only to take a step into the roaring depth, in order to sleep—to forget!"

* * *

And yet that step I did not take. For stronger even than despair within my bleeding heart was hate—hated of those who had brought about that awful fate upon Thy beloved¹¹ Nation. And stronger than the horror of the long nightmare was one of great

aspiration: the will to live for sweet revenge's sake.

The will to live, in order that, one day, even if I never should see the resurrection of Thy great Reich in all its might, I should at least admire the coming scenes of the tremendous Play of Action and Reaction—heavenly nemesis, tardy but unavoidable;—in order [that] I should see our persecutors fight among themselves, and set each other's towns on fire; and that, remembering the untold suffering and the dismay their planes had once brought Germany night after night, I should then rejoice at the sight: In order that I should at least watch them—the everlasting foes of Aryan man, the real Killers of Thy people; and all those who now stood on their side, against Thee, against us—weep in their turn, and writhe, and burn, and die to my delight!

Yes, I would live, decided I,¹² though life could only be one long torment for me; I would renounce the blessed peace of endless sleep and of forgetfulness, suffer the horror of defeat and all the hopelessness of a world henceforth ruled by those who hated Thee—suffer it all, be it for years, only wait and see that world in terror reap, in the long run, the fruits of its alliance with Thy foes.

In the meantime, the long-drawn nightmare had begun.

¹ “What followed were horrible days and even worse nights—I knew that all was lost. To hope for the mercy of the enemy, only complete fools could bring that to pass—or liars and criminals. And in these nights, hatred grew in me, hatred of the authors of this deed” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, pp. 225)—Trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Reading “disintegrating” as “disintegration.”

³ Inserting a comma.

⁴ Inserting a comma.

⁵ Inserting a comma.

⁶ Inserting a comma.

⁷ Inserting a comma.

⁸ Inserting a comma.

⁹ Inserting a comma.

¹⁰ Inserting a comma.

¹¹ Reading “loved” and “beloved.”

¹² Inserting a comma.



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the twelfth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions appear in square brackets. Omissions and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor. PDF images of the typescript are available for those who wish to check my editing or bypass it altogether. Just click the title of each chapter.

—*R. G. Fowler*

XII.

1946

“Wahrlich, auch diese Helden verdienten einen Stein: ‘Wanderer, der du nach Deutschland kommst, melde der Heimat, daß wir hier liegen, treu dem Vaterlande und gehorsam der Pflicht.’”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

In the dull sky, above the greenish sea, out of the mist, appeared a great red Disk. And with their mighty wings wide-open to resist the bitter blowing wind, the screaming gulls passed by. And there stood I, upon the upper deck. As far as I could see: the rolling waves under the rising Sun, bright red and without rays. All I could hear: the howl of the cold wind,² the seagulls’ dismal cry. And there stood I upon the sea, nearing the coast of Europe after days of voyage—after years of absence—and thinking of the horror of existence among the fools and criminals who hated Thee.³

Less than a thousand miles away from where the steamer sailed, I knew Thy Fatherland now lay under the victors’ heel—a stretch of devastated continent; I knew the millions who hailed Thy holy name all through these years, now walked in silence and hunger along the Way of blood and tears. And indignation, hate,⁴ and anger grew at that thought within my heart. For though I could imagine the great inexorable Wheel of Destiny, slowly and steadily, rolling on and avenging us, one day, I knew the blessed hour was yet too far away for me to feel it coming. And I wept. But as I saw the Disk so gorgeous in the midst of wind and fog, above the sea, “The everlasting Sun,” thought I, “has never failed!” And so, while all lies Waste at our persecutors’ feet, the everlasting Truth Thou hast proclaimed remains and shines, although ignored, unaltered above ruin and defeat. And in my heart once more [I] worshipped thee.

Darker and darker grew the mist; dimmer and dimmer grew the sight of railway road and countryside, of suburbs and of city. And night succeeded day. So near and yet so far away, again the blood-red Disk hung in the dull grey sky. And day succeeded night.

The story of my brothers’ humiliation, presented as a talk of victory, was shouted out to me unceasingly, from private and from public places, from morn to sunset and from then to morn, along with nauseating sermons about “rights,” freedom, and human dignity,⁵ and our “re-education,” so that a “better world” could dawn for all men of all races . . . and evil, jewish-looking⁶ faces would grin at me while they insulted Thee. And thus the long nightmare dragged on . . . and on.

The long nightmare . . . the vision of the ruins of thy new Reich that was to us the one inspiring Force of Western Aryandom, its only living Soul; the vision of our foes now able to enforce their lying “liberty” upon the world, from pole to pole;⁷ of our foes, complacent tools within the hand of the almighty Jew, gloating over the charred and blasted walls, the miles and miles of martyred Land, that had been happy Germany, and in the name of

christendom,⁸ inviting us to become fools like they themselves, and to forsake all that we hold as truth now and forever; the vision of the felling of the great holy woods—ten thousand trees a day—and of the factories blown up or steadily dismantled and bit by bit carried away; and above all, more sinister than all,⁹ and more heart-rending, day after day, for months unending, the news of the infamous Trial¹⁰—of the long torture of the Twenty-One, and of the condemnation on that most shameful day in all the long life of the West,¹¹—and then, in the dim light of the following morning, the vision that will stay vivid within our hearts until we die, a thing of indignation and of horror: fluttering in the wind, the bodies of the best of those who, at thy side, had led [the] German Nation along the way of pride!¹² The vision of the end of all we loved and wanted; of all we had been living for; the knowledge that, in the wide world, that we had nearly conquered, there was no hope of our return to power, nay, no place for us ever more!

Our truth might Win, one day, but when? In the meantime, Thy hallowed Reich lay torn and devastated. Thy greatest followers were dead or in captivity, Thy people hated; Rebels against the downward rush of Time, all those who still revered Thee, were foreigners in every clime,¹³ exiles upon this earth, if not, with fury unabated, crushed in the name of “liberty.” How long? How long would all this last? No one could tell. Apparently, for every one of us, this world had become hell, and was to remain so, forever.¹⁴

But when Thy foes cried out to us: “Give up your Leader’s Faith, and take to ours and be free to come and go,¹⁵ to buy and sell,¹⁶ to speak and write!” we answered: “Never! Disciples of the Child of Light whether in ruin or in glory, faithful to Him whatever you might say or do,—‘faithful when all become unfaithful’—we [would] rather die with Him than rule with you! We [would] rather be defeated, knowing we fought for what is right, than share the comforts of the fools whom Israel has cheated; we [would] rather sink into the starless night of dreary day-to-day oblivion, knowing ourselves to be without fault in our Leader’s sight, than yield to you and share your hated might!”

* * *

The long nightmare dragged on and on . . . But in its midst, though no ray of hope had shone,—though we knew not whether we were again ever to rise,—our will to stand in spite of all against the money-power, and to resist; our will never to compromise, was like a ray of fire; a ray of fire in the dark night before dawn.

¹ “Truly, these heroes deserved a monument: ‘Wanderer, you who come to Germany, tell your homeland that here we lie, true to the fatherland and obedient to duty’” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 224)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Inserting a comma.

³ Savitri actually returned to Europe in November 1945, embarking on 2 November 1945 from Bombay and disembarking on 15

November in Southampton, where she took the boat train to London. Savitri relates other events from her return-voyage to Europe in “Heliodora’s Homeward Journey,” chapter 6 of *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess, or the true story of a “most objectionable Nazi” and . . . half-a-dozen cats* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1965).

⁴ Inserting a comma.

⁵ Reading “‘right’ freedom and human dignity” as “‘rights,’ freedom, and human dignity.”

⁶ Not capitalizing “jewish” in accordance with Savitri’s practice elsewhere in the typescript.

⁷ Inserting a semicolon.

⁸ Savitri does not capitalize “christendom,” perhaps for the same reason she does not capitalize “jewish.”

⁹ Inserting commas around “more sinister than all.”

¹⁰ The Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal.

¹¹ Capitalizing “west” according to Savitri’s practice elsewhere in the typescript.

¹² Savitri is referring to the 15th and 16th of October 1946.

¹³ Inserting a comma.

¹⁴ Inserting a paragraph break here.

¹⁵ Inserting a comma.

¹⁶ Inserting a comma.



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Forever and Ever

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—*R. G. Fowler*

XIII.

1948

“. . . die Menschen gehen nicht an verlorenen Kriegen zugrunde, sondern am Verlust jener Widerstandskraft, die nur dem reinen Blute zu eigen ist.”

Ruins, ruins, and still more ruins . . . unending rows of crumbling walls; deserted streets in which lay heaps of wreckage;² stations of which the charred and gaping halls open to wind and rain, led out to further sights of devastation; and in the midst of all that desolation, the haggard faces of Thy countrymen: of those who to the bitter end, had fought for Greater Germany her power to retain, for us to behold, under Thy strong protection, the long-awaited Western Resurrection; thus stretched over hundreds of miles before my eyes, the torn and bleeding body of Thy nation. Under the purple glow of dawn or sunset, under the phosphorescent light of the full moon, under the lonely Crescent in the midst of cloudy sky, under the splendor of the starry night, always and everywhere the same heart-rending sight: ruins, ruins,³ and further ruins; all that was left of Thy proud Reich;⁴ all that was left of Thy great life's creation; all that was left of Thy astounding might!

My Leader! Thou hadst seen, with Thy own eyes, those town ablaze and Thou hadst seen the charred⁵ walls still smoldering, the twisted iron bars still hot, the very earth itself, soaked through with phosphorus, still burning on, for days and days;⁶ and Thou hadst seen the corpses of Thy people—those who love and trusted Thee, and whom Thou lovest—stuck in the molten tar of Those now long-deserted streets, in which they had just met a most appalling fate;⁷ and from the cellars, thou hadst smelt the stench of death!

Who can, in any tongue, relate Thy immeasurable torment? In a flash, wherever I went, I pictured to myself Thy worn and tragic Face, against the background of that horror brought upon Thy dear Germany by the enemies of our race and their allies, the traitors, slaves of Jews. My heart full of relentless hate, I saw in the very midst of her towns in ashes, their brand new, vulgar “Clubs of Victory,” and, before Thy famishing people, their soldiers reveling and gluttony and luxury. And every day I heard the selfsame news: systematic destruction of everything Thou hadst done; further death-sentences against Thy true disciples, and further misery, and further humiliation for all those who, along with them, had fought under the blood-red Banner, bearing the most-holy Wheel of the Sun.

* * *

“Ruins, ruins, and further ruins,” thought I, as I went by; “Years more of persecution, years more of martyrdom, but resurrection, and sure and terrible revenge, and lasting domination—in the long run!”

Oh, Why had I not come before, and been, along those streets, now desolate and silent, one of the millions who had greeted Thee, in Thy great days of undisputed rule, before the war? Why had I not, at least, arrived in time to fight in Thy own Land, among Thy beloved people, in defense of Thy everlasting Principles and of Thy might?—I, who had loved Thee so much more, than many of those who had seen the glory that was Thine! But now that all lay waste

in mud and gore, I knew I was to be a Sign: a fiery Song of hope amidst despair, a Voice amidst the ruins: within the nightmare horror of the present fall, the Shadow of the unexpected future, and its living call. I was to stand in the sunshine, and tell Thy wounded Germany—The mute⁸ thousands who still believed in Thee, and even those who no longer did—that Thou wast right in spite of all.

And lo, as I obeyed the deep inner dictate of love and faith, and went about from place to place, first-fruits of the religious reverence of distant men of Aryan race towards both them and Thee, and whispered to Thy people at my side, however late, the mystic words of confidence and pride, I saw many a tired face look passionately up to me, as though, beyond the rows and rows of shattered walls and wreckage, and all the humiliation of the passing hour, the ardent eyes could clearly see, thanks to the magic of my message, the unbelievable return of old prosperity and power.

And as I put into their hand my written exhortation to stubborn day-to-day resistance, and quietly went on to do the same, numberless times again, throughout the Land, their glance would follow me with sympathy into the distance, and their heart would be with me wherever I would go. Not one of them betrayed me, even though they knew our persecutors would surely pay them well for doing so. In midst of utter destitution and hunger they had lived already three long years, but even so, there was no such reward, no such temptation, as could prompt them to help the standing foe⁹ against the faithful friend. And lo, brushing aside all fears, they took me under their protection, and I would come and I would go, safe in the midst of hell,¹⁰ and keep on bearing witness to Thy¹¹ glory: of all Thy¹² eighty million countrymen not one would tell the enemy what I had said and¹³ done; and all was well.

How many times have I not then, with tears, standing before the ruins,¹⁴ thought of Thy Reich of recent years! How many times have I not, then, remembered the glorious weeks, when, from the remote East, my mind and heart rushed forth to meet Thy coming host! Now that Thy land in ashes lay dismembered,—four hated victors' prey,¹⁵—now that, outwardly, all was lost, I had arrived at last from far away, to fight and wait amidst the common hardships and the common dangers, I, the least among Thy faithful ones,—day after day. And of Thy starving countrymen,—of those now silent eighty million whose voice had cheered Thee in the past—not a single one had been willing my humble effort to betray!

Even more so than in the days of Glory, I loved them even more so than when, along the way to snow-clad Caucasus and to the Caspian, Thy armies marched in conquering array; even more so than when I had awaited their coming through the Khyber Pass.

For three long years, with fury unabated, the evil jewish force had sought to crush that spirit which had wrought such wonders in Thy name. But I had come and I had fought only to see, erect and free, in faces emaciated, in thousands of proud eyes radiated, fearless

and without blame, the German Soul, always the same.

And suddenly, as in a dream, my mind flew back to one great scene twenty-four centuries ago: on his death-bed in Babylon, I heard the prince of Macedon tell coming generations the Gods' decree that they should know, and give "the worthiest," once and for all, the domination of the world.

And from the bottom of my heart, in boundless admiration, I hailed in those who stood the test, "the worthiest" in the full sense of Alexander's word, and in thy superhuman Nation, the future ruler of the West.

¹ ". . . men do not perish from lost wars, but from the loss of that power of resistance that only pure blood possesses" (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 324)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Inserting a semicolon.

³ Inserting a comma.

⁴ Inserting a semicolon.

⁵ Replacing "calcinated" with "charred." "Calcinated" is not an English word. Savitri was almost certainly thinking of the French adjective "*calciné*," meaning charred, incinerated, burned to a crisp.

⁶ Inserting a semicolon.

⁷ Inserting a semicolon.

⁸ Replacing "dumb" with "mute" to prevent a misunderstanding of Savitri's intended meaning.

⁹ Deleting a superfluous "against" followed by a comma.

¹⁰ Inserting a comma.

¹¹ Capitalizing "Thy."

¹² Capitalizing "Thy."

¹³ Inserting an "and."

¹⁴ Inserting a comma.

¹⁵ Inserting a dash.



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by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



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—*R. G. Fowler*

XIV.

1949

“Allein unser Denken und Handeln soll keineswegs von Beifall oder Ablehnung unserer Zeit bestimmt werden, sondern von der bindenden Verpflichtung an eine Wahrheit, die wir erkannten.”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

Of all ambitions in the world there is no higher one than that of being, in these times of trial, one of the few whose self-denial will help to clear the way for Thy return; one of the unknown few who burn with love and hate, as ardently as ever, and stand by thee alone against an evil fate; one of Thy dedicated ones who stubbornly remain upon the field when all is lost, however much they might yet have to learn, whoever much they might have to wait, determined to begin again, by any means, at any cost, knowing it is never too late.

Of all the pleasures in the world there is no greater one than to defy Thy enemies, whether in broad daylight or secret action, and to proclaim, against the overwhelming might both of the Red Front and Reaction, that Thou wast always right. There is no greater satisfaction than to behold the growing misery of that despicable humanity that hated Thee so readily, and fought but yesterday against our creed of life, to feel that their short victory has brought nothing but further strife between Jews' allies. There is at present no delight so thrilling as to see their camp divided, and to hope that, one day, one will look at them fight, and to know that while the fools, who were so long the Jew's best tools, will die during the Third World War, Thy faithful few will lead the Second Struggle for freedom and for might, and rise and rule, upon the ruins of the world—forever, in the glory of Thy light!

Firm in one's faith in Thee, that no power can shatter, when one shows *that*, what can all the rest matter?

And even if our final Day were not to come in one's lifetime, still one would have the holy joy of Duty done and of lasting defiance; still one would be, in spite of all, among the strong, among the free, who scorn the degrading alliance of the Dark forces; still one would feel proud of one's place among the fighters for the honor of the Aryan race—unwavering like any one of them, in one's limitless love of Thee, that nothing mars; free, even behind prison bars.

* * *

Thus did I feel while in my cell I worked and sang, and wrote. My cell was small. The sky, was bright. From its blue aether, so remote, as He pursued His daily course,² The Sun, through the high window, projected slowly moving lines of light, upon the wall. And I was happy. All was well, thought I, as long as I could write, —also, as long as I could see, now and then, the best one of all the women who, with me, were there for having loved and served the truth and Thee.

Beyond the iron bars and the high walls, beyond the heavy prison doors, in the struggling world of the free, men came and went and children played; and fruit trees blossomed and green fields and woods displayed their splendor in the spring sunshine, while, just as beautiful as in the days Thy people greeted Thee with arms outstretched, between its smiling hill, on flowed the sacred Rhine. Over the charred and crumbling stones, that had been walls of happy homes, regardless of the work of strife wrought by the Jewish powers, tender green creeper with pink flowers grew as a glaring Sign of everlasting life. And in the devastated forests, from

the live roots of every fallen tree, new shoots full of fresh sap took birth, and thrived invincibly, out of Germany's holy earth.

But happier, in spite of all, than anyone in the broad outer world—happy in the communion of our unchanging love of Thee—were I and she.³

We talked of nothing but the splendid days in which Thou wast all-powerful, and those even more beautiful in which Thou wilt return. And we were happy in the praise of all Thou art and all that Thou hast done; in the anticipation of the final annihilation of all the forces that stood in Thy way, and brought disaster on thy Nation, in the hope that we shall, one day witness Thy enemies crushed in their turn.

As I beheld the warrior's wife, the worthy daughter of Thy Land, I felt that I had fought and loved and waited all my life, to earn the privilege of holding out my hand to her within that prison cell. In her blue eyes shone all the pride of those who struggled on Thy side for these last thirty years and who have now, in man-made hell, retained unflinchingly their faith in Thee, while in my dark eyes full of fire and tears, forgotten centuries of yearning for living earthly godhead in its strength and beauty, told the martyr of Duty all my unending admiration, while in my voice,⁴ drowning the wail of misery present and past, rang as a hymn of triumph, a whole world's future adoration: the happiness of Aryan man standing by Thee of his own choice, hailing, in Thy fair people, his age-old gods in flesh and blood,—one day, at last!

And we were happy till the day the enemy discovered our secret meetings in my cell, and separated us—for how long? Who can tell?

* * *

For however long it might be, nothing can shake or lessen the faith of both of us in Thee. And nothing also can destroy, nothing can slacken, the holy bond of Comradeship now linking her to me.

Whether still behind iron bars, or wandering upon this sunlit earth that Money owns,⁵ so long as⁶ Thy spirit has not won,—so long as⁷ the Gods invisible have not ordered Thy return,—neither of us, and none of those who, like us, lived and fought for Thee, can now ever again be free, save in the realm inviolate of will and thought, of love and hate.⁸ So long as⁹ our second Day has not yet dawned upon Thy Land, we are all prisoners, whatever we might do in this wide world, wherever we might stand. But prisoners who know that they shall one day be the rulers of a reborn world, with Thee, through Thee, for Thee, and beyond Thee, for that true race of Gods: that coming Aryan mankind which is Thine—and mine.

United in our love of Thee forever and forever, she and I, and all those who walk along our Way, will keep on fighting for the resurrection of the great Reich, and waiting for Thy Day.

¹ "Yet our thoughts and actions should in no way be determined by the approval or disapproval of our time, but by our bound duty to a

truth we have recognized" (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 435)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

² Inserting a comma.

³ Hertha Ehlert.

⁴ Inserting a comma.

⁵ "Owns" is conjectural. The typescript contains an ambiguous conglomeration of letters: the word "wars" with the letter "o" superimposed upon (or beneath) the "w." Since "wars" makes no sense, and since a typed "n" could be misread as "ar" in retyping a draft, and since "owns" does make sense in the context, I think it a reasonable reading.

⁶ Inserting "as."

⁷ Inserting "as."

⁸ Replacing a comma with a period.

⁹ Inserting "as."



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the fifteenth chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**.*

In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and "Americanized" and updated the spelling. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. Editorial additions, omissions, and substitutions are indicated with notes. All notes are by the editor.

The photo is of SS Gruppenführer Otto Ohlendorf, 4 February 1907-8 June 1951.

—*R. G. Fowler*

“Die Richter dieses Staates mögen uns ruhig ob unseres damaligen Handelns verurteilen, die Geschichte als Göttin einer höheren Wahrheit und eines besseren Rechtes, sie wird dennoch dereinst dieses Urteil lächelnd zerreißen, um uns alle freizusprechen von Schuld und Fehle.”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

Full of bitterness of deeds bygone, full of the distant rumblings of the coming storm, six gloomy years had rolled into the past. One could have thought the victors had, at last, renounced their frenzied lure of persecution; that after all the stupid fury that had been released, their lust of murder was appeased. One could have thought that sense of growing danger would incite to reason. One could have thought the men whose treason to their own race had brought about the fall of Thy great Reich, and silenced our conquering war-songs for a time, even if they have not as yet become aware of their delusion, would hesitate before committing their most abominable crime.

And yet, in spite of the outcry of grief and indignation that sprang from every German heart, at the news of the foe's decision; in spite of restless crowds around the Landsberg prison; in spite of my own pathetic appeal to those who should have had more vision, and all I did to win the right to die in the place of the Seven Heroes, nothing could stop the frightful wheel of Destiny from rolling by.

And one by one out of their cells, they walked calm and upright, knowing they were to meet their doom. And with Thy holy Name and that of Germany upon their lips, and with the love of Thee, always the same, within their hearts, and with the inspired flame of pride within their tearless eyes so bright; with the serenity of duty done, and with the awareness of reconquered power, and of the glory they had won during those six long years of gloom, and of the immortality that now began for them in that atrocious hour, one by one they were hanged—in alphabetic order, first six, then five, then four, then three, then two, and at last one, fearlessly waiting for their turn.

And thus they passed into eternal light, last martyrs of the first phase of the Struggle for freedom and for might, and first ones of its second phase; heralds of Dawn, proclaiming Thy return—whether in spirit only or in flesh also, it matters little—form the midst of our present plight, upon that tragic late-spring night.

* * *

Wherever Thou might be on this earth, or in the radiant Dwellings of heroes ever young and strong and free, my Leader—our Leader—dost Thou know the last part of the story of the seven

Martyrs who have loved Thee so? Dost Thou know how they died for Greater Germany to rise out of tomorrow's war and chaos, and rule the West forever in Thy name? Along the path out of these days of trial, once more to domination and to fame, they walk in spirit at the head of us who have been Thine, and Thine remain.

They walk ahead of us and guide us unfailingly to the one goal: the resurrection of Thy Reich as Thou hast dreamed it: one State, one People, and one Leader; one blood, one heart, one conquering will; one super-human Soul.

No more than the Sixteen blood-witnesses of early days and the Eleven of Nuremberg, whom we revere and praise; no more than all Thy faithful ones, who died for Germany to raise the holy Swastika high above every Sign in space and time, did the exalted Seven give up their lives in vain. They died for us to conquer; for Thee to come again; for Germany to live—and reign.

¹ “The judges of this state may calmly condemn us for our previous deeds, but History, as goddess of a higher truth and a better justice, will one day smile as she tears up this verdict and acquits of all fault and responsibility.” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 780)—trans. R.G. Fowler.



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Forever and Ever

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



*This is the sixteenth and final chapter of Savitri Devi's previously unpublished book **Forever and Ever**. There are two versions of this chapter in the typescript. The first is the "prose" version transcribed below. Second is a verse version that Savitri circulated among her friends and that was published in **And Time Rolls On**. Aside from small changes of capitalization and punctuation, the two versions from the **Forever and Ever** typescript are virtually identical, differing primarily in the arrangement of lines. We will publish the verse version in our final installment. As Savitri recopied and recited the verse version over the years, more modifications crept in. Thus I have noted the word differences between the present version of "1953" and the one published in **And Time Rolls On**, but I have not noted changes of punctuation and capitalization.*

*In transcribing and editing these texts, I have translated the German epigraphs, corrected any spelling and grammatical errors, and updated the spelling. Although I "Americanized" Savitri's spelling in earlier transcriptions, I abandoned this practice when I decided I would publish **Forever and Ever** as a book with Savitri's original British spellings. I have not altered Savitri's sometimes eccentric capitalization practices. Nor have I altered her punctuation, although I have pruned her sometimes long ellipses down to three dots each. All notes are mine.*

To view a PDF of the original typescript, click the title of the poem

XV.

1953

“. . . die Menschen gehen nicht an verlorenen Kriegen zugrunde, sondern am Verlust jener Widerstandskraft, die nur dem reinen Blute zu eigen ist.”

—*Mein Kampf*¹

“Ein Staat, der im Zeitalter der Rassenvergiftung sich der Pflege seiner besten rassischen Elemente widmet, muß eines Tages zum Herrn der Erde werden.”

—*Mein Kampf*²

And time rolls on . . . and every empty day that slowly fades away, as uneventful as any other one, into the mist of unrecorded history, brings us, along our strenuous way, nearer the heart's desire of the revengeful, nearer the doom of those whom we resist, nearer the unfailing end of this atrocious night, nearer the yet well-hidden goal for which we fight,—the one unchanging³ dream for which we live, while we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on . . . and every dreary hour that passes by into eternity, glaringly shows the soundness of our claim, and tells the world the inanity of Thy enemies' victory, while bringing Thy dismembered Nation new strength and new prosperity, new hopes of unity, with the increasing certainty of our return to power, and *both* our persecutors further fears of unavoidable annihilation.

And thus we march invincibly towards our lofty Aim, along the Way of blood and tears. It matters not what price⁴ we gave, it matters not what price⁵ we shall yet give, to see all those who hated Thee descend into the grave after they groan under our whip for years and years,—while⁶ we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on . . . and every passing⁷ second brings us further away from the long nightmare of defeat; nearer the glory of our dawning Day; nearer the time we shall begin again; nearer the morn of Thy unending reign, when Thy adoring People will⁸ repeat the now forbidden words of faith and pride in frenzied spell-like cheers,⁹ and when, for countless scores of years, the nations of the West that have refused to side with Thee, and fight the common

foe, and live, will lie in ruins at our feet,—while we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on . . . With us, they had not reckoned,¹⁰ when setting forth their vast utopian schemes. They thought Thee dead, and us also; they thought our faith had slackened; they thought,—the fools—they¹¹ could rely upon our loyalties to values which we hate; they thought they could send us to die, without us ever asking why, while¹² we had grown too weary to say “no.” They thought they had become the masters of our fate; but¹³ here we rise, and here we stand, and give the world to understand that we shall never fight but for our same old dreams:¹⁴ for honour and for might, and what we know is right; for the joy of asserting the privileges of our birth; for Thee, for Greater Germany, for Aryan rule upon this earth—the Gospel of perennial Truth in its new form, which we came to proclaim, and, which is more, to live, while we never forget, never forgive.

And time rolls on . . . Nothing can break our spirit, nor alter our allegiance to Thee and to the German Reich, home of the best, stronghold and hope of Aryan mankind in the West. Of all Thy enemies might¹⁵ say or do to gain our favour that they so require, nothing can shake our faith, nothing can ever mar our loyalty to the old oath; nothing can kill our will to rise again. Every new step the former “great Allies” take towards us we meet with a new grievance; no threat can force us to believe their lies; no bribery can keep our hearts from hating both.¹⁶

Happier as the storm draws nigh, we wait and watch events go by . . . We wait and watch the signs of war—the hopes of liberation; the coming chances of Thy Nation to seize the lead of Sunset Lands once more. And we are confident in our own strength and we are grateful to the immortal Gods who made us free, serene even in hell and loving only Thee, having nothing to lose and all to give—faithful when all become unfaithful, while we never forget, never forgive.

¹ “. . . men perish not from lost wars, but from the loss of that power of resistance found only in pure blood” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 324)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

² “A state that, in an age of racial-poisoning, dedicates itself to fostering its best racial elements must one day become master of the earth” (*Mein Kampf*, 1939 edition, p. 782)—trans. R.G. Fowler.

³ Later versions: “undying.”

⁴ In later versions “what price” is replaced by “how much.”

⁵ In later versions “what price” is replaced by “how much.”

⁶ In later versions “while” is replaced by “for.”

⁷ In later versions “passing” is replaced by “fleeting.”

⁸ In later versions “shall” replaces “will.”

⁹ In later versions this reads, “when Thy adoring people shall repeat, in frenzied, spell-like cheers, the now forbidden words of faith and pride.”

¹⁰ In later versions “did not reckon.”

¹¹ In later versions a “that” appears before “they.”

¹² In later versions “when.”

¹³ In later versions “and” is replaced by “but.”

¹⁴ In later versions “dreams” appears as “dream.”

¹⁵ In later versions “might” is replaced by “can.”

¹⁶ In later versions “both” is emphasized.





Gold in the Furnace

By

Savitri Devi

Calcutta
1952

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ABOUT THE AUTHORESS

Dedicated
to the Martyrs of Nuremberg.

GOLD IN THE FURNACE is an ardent National Socialist's vivid and moving account of life in occupied Germany in the aftermath of World War II, based on extensive travels and interviews conducted in 1948 and 1949.

The authoress, Savitri Devi, is scathing in her description of Allied brutality and hypocrisy: millions of German civilians died from Allied firebombing; millions more perished after the war, driven from their homes by Russians, Czechs, and Poles; more than a million prisoners of war perished from planned starvation or outright murder in Allied concentration camps; untold thousands more disappeared into slave labour camps from the Congo to Siberia.

Savitri Devi describes in vivid detail how individual National Socialists were subjected to “de-Nazification” by Germany’s democratic “liberators”: murder, torture, starvation, show-trials, imprisonment, and execution for the higher echelons; petty indignities and recantations extorted under the threat of imprisonment, hunger, and the denial of livelihood for ordinary party members. She also chronicles the systematic plunder of Germany by the Allies: the clear-cutting of ancient forests, the dismantling of factories, the theft of natural resources.

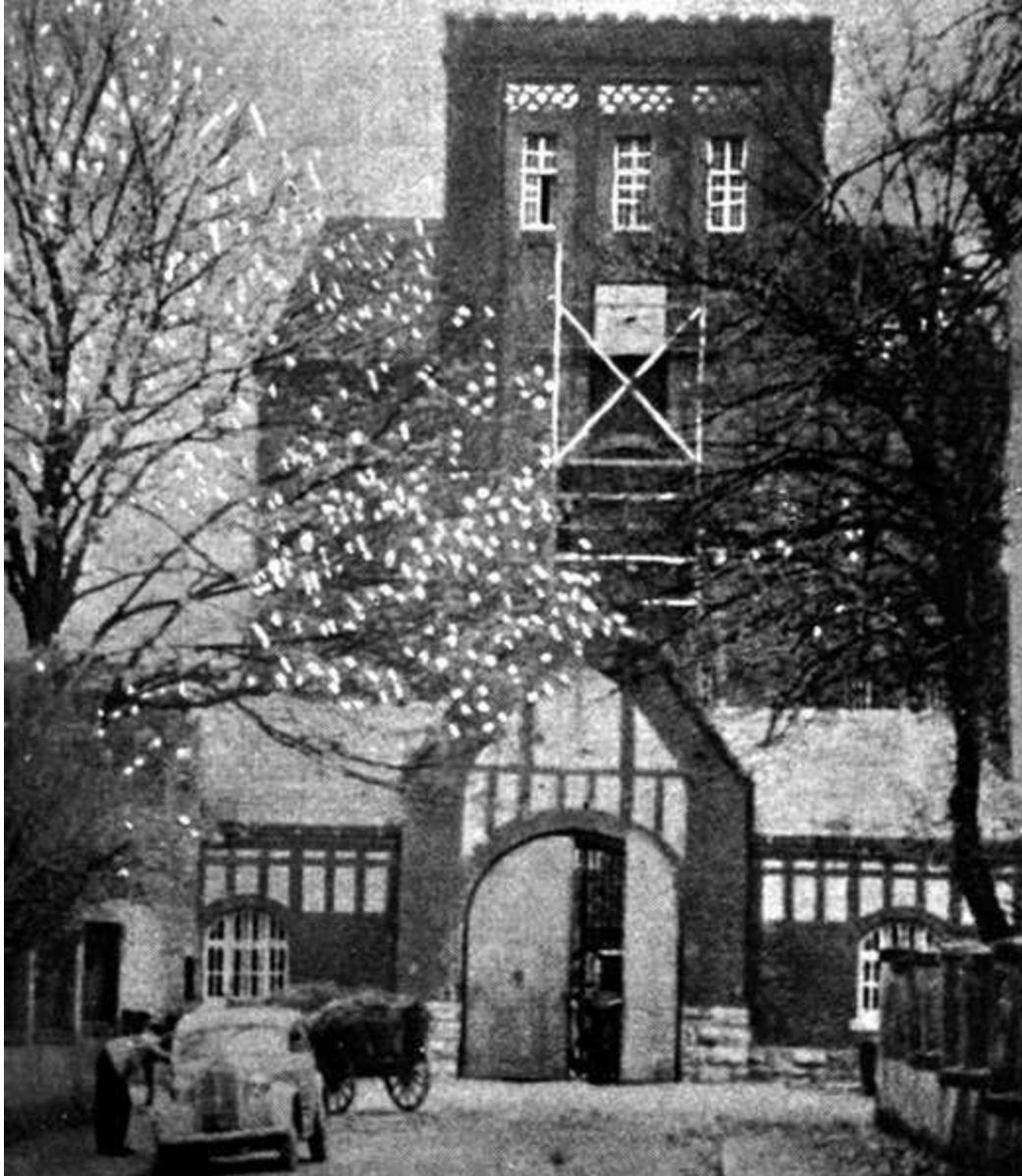
In spite of the disaster, Savitri Devi did not view it as the end of National Socialism, but as a purification—a trial by fire separating the base metal from the gold—a prelude to a new beginning. Thus Savitri also devotes chapters to presenting the basic philosophy and the constructive political programme of National Socialism.

Gold in the Furnace is a valuable historical document: of the National Socialists who never lost faith, despite suffering, persecution, and martyrdom—of the ordinary Germans who revered Hitler even after the war—of the widespread rumours of Hitler’s survival—of the hopes of imminent National Socialist revival, perhaps in the aftermath of a Third World War—of the expectations of Soviet victory in such a war—and of the philosophy, experiences, and unique personality of a remarkable woman.

Gold in the Furnace is one of the first “revisionist” books on World War II and its aftermath. But although Savitri Devi challenged many claims about the concentration camps, she believed that there had been a programme of mass-extermination of Jews, and that the methods of extermination included homicidal gas chambers. She rejected these claims only in 1977, after reading Arthur Butz’s *The Hoax of the Twentieth-Century*.

Until now, *Gold in the Furnace* has been almost impossible to find. Published in a tiny edition by Savitri Devi’s husband A.K. Mukherji in Calcutta in 1952, it was distributed privately by the authoress to her friends and comrades. A German translation appeared in 1982, a Spanish translation in 1995; in 2005, a second English edition was published in England, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Savitri Devi’s birth, on 30 September 1905.

This limited cloth edition corrects a number of errors in the second edition (including the omission of the frontispiece and two entire pages of text), and includes several new photographs.



The Werl prison,

in which so many Germans were—and still are, to this day—detained for having done their duty faithfully and thoroughly, as one should.

“Muß eine militärische Niederlage zu einem so restlosen Niederbruch einer Nation und eines Staates führen? Seit wann ist dies das Ergebnis eines unglücklichen Krieges? Gehen denn überhaupt Völker an verlorenen Kriegen an und für sich zugrunde?

“Die Antwort darauf kann sehr kurz sein: Immer dann, wenn Völker in ihrer militärischen Niederlage die Quittung für ihre innere Fäulnis, Feigheit, Charakterlosigkeit, kurz Unwürdigkeit erhalten. *Ist es nicht so, dann wird die militärische Niederlage eher zum Antrieb eines kommenden größeren Aufstiegs als zum Leichenstein eines Völker-daseins.*

“Die Geschichte bietet unendlich viele Beispiele für die Richtigkeit dieser Behauptung.”

—Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*¹

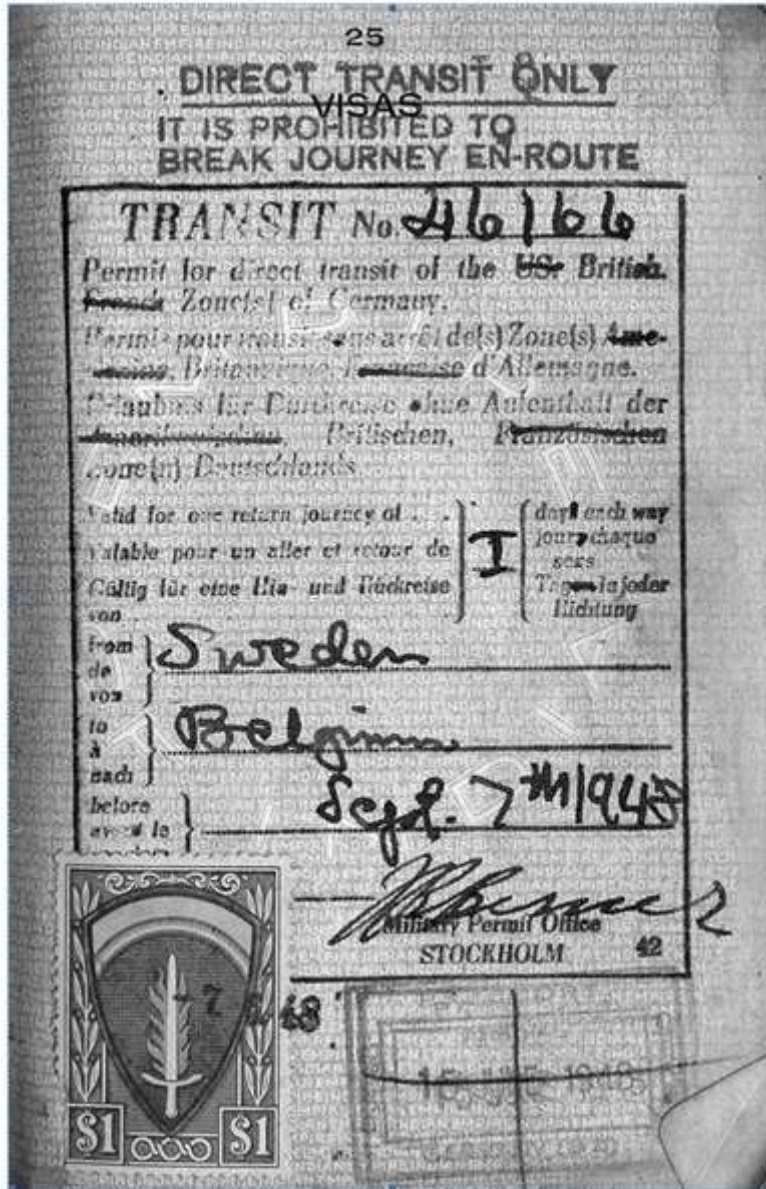
¹ “Must a military defeat lead to a complete collapse of a nation and a state? Since when is this the result of an unfortunate war? Do peoples perish in consequence of lost wars as such?

“The answer to this can be very brief: always, when military defeat is the payment meted out to peoples for their inner rottenness, cowardice, lack of character, in short, unworthiness. *If this is not the case, the military defeat will rather be the inspiration of a great future resurrection than the tombstone of a national existence.*

“History offers innumerable examples for the truth of this assertion” (Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf* [Munich: Zentralverlag der NSDAP, Franz Eher Nachf., 1939], vol. I, ch. x, p. 250; English trans. by Ralph Mannheim [Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1943], p. 229). Emphasis added by Savitri—Ed.



Savitri's military permit to enter French-occupied Germany, issued 31 August 1948



Savitri's permit to pass through British-occupied Germany, on 15 June 1948. (See Chapter 4.)

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Savitri Devi (1905–1982) was an ardent National Socialist. She regarded Hitler's Germany as a Holy Land for all Aryans. But Savitri never saw National Socialist Germany in its days of glory.¹ She saw it only in ruins. *Gold in the Furnace* is the record of her experiences.

My purpose in this Preface is not to provide a summary, analysis, or critique of *Gold*, but to tell the story of its creation based primarily on *Defiance*, Savitri's gripping and powerful account of her arrest, trial, and imprisonment in 1949 for distributing National Socialist propaganda in occupied Germany. *Defiance* is something of a companion volume to *Gold* since it tells the story of its creation.²

Savitri first entered Germany on the night of 15–16 June 1948. She was working as a dresser in the dance company of Ram Gopal.³ The company was returning to London after a Scandinavian tour on the Nord Express, which entered Germany from Denmark at Flensburg, passed through Hamburg, Düsseldorf, and Cologne, and crossed the Belgian frontier near Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). In solidarity with the German people, many of whom were starving, Savitri neither ate nor drank. Nor did she sleep. She spent the night throwing packets of food and cigarettes and hand-lettered National Socialist leaflets from the windows of the train. She describes her experiences in Chapter 4 of *Gold*, "The Unforgettable Night."

Savitri returned to Germany on 7 or 11 September 1948⁴ with eleven thousand posters and leaflets printed for her in London by Count Geoffrey Potocki de Montalk, a pro-German poet, printer, and pretender to the throne of Poland whom Savitri had met in London in 1945 or 1946.⁵ In addition to stealthily distributing National Socialist

¹ "Savitri Devi" is a *nom de plume* meaning "Sun Goddess." ("Savitri" = sun; "Devi" = goddess.) It may seem like undue familiarity to refer to her, for the sake of verbal economy, as "Savitri" rather than as "Devi," but "Devi" is not a surname, but a title analogous to "Saint," and just as one refers to Saint Paul as Paul for short, rather than as Saint, one refers to Savitri Devi as Savitri, not Devi. Savitri's surname, after her marriage, was Mukherji, Mukherji being a contraction of Mukhopadhyaya.

² Savitri Devi, *Defiance* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1951).

³ Ram Gopal (1912–2003) was one of the leaders of the revival of classical Indian dance and one of the most celebrated and widely travelled dancers of the twentieth century.

⁴ In *Defiance* (51), Savitri gives her date of return as 7 September 1948; in *Gold* (123) she gives the date as 11 September.

⁵ Count Geoffrey Wladyslaw Vaile Potocki de Montalk (1903–1997).

propaganda, Savitri had three other goals: to contact die-hard National Socialists, to take part in any possible resistance activities, and to record her experiences in a book.

Savitri probably began writing *Gold in the Furnace* shortly after her return to Germany. The Introduction to *Gold* is dated 3 October 1948 and was completed in Alfeld an der Leine, about 60 kilometres south of Hanover. Savitri remained in Germany until 6 December 1948, when she returned to London to spend the Christmas holidays with friends.¹ We know that the first two chapters of *Gold*, “The Philosophy of the Swastika” and “Brief Days of Glory,” were completed before or during her holiday, as Savitri prepared a typescript of them while in London. She then wrote out the beginning of Chapter 3, “Now, the Trial,” by hand and appended it to the typescript.²

Savitri returned to Germany sometime after Christmas of 1948 and resumed her activities. On 12 February 1949, she completed Chapter 3 of *Gold* in a café in Bonn.³ She began writing Chapter 4 in a café in Hanover the day before she departed for Cologne,⁴ where she was arrested on the night of 20–21 February 1949.⁵ The remaining chapters of *Gold*—the end of Chapter 4 and ten other chapters—were written in captivity, at great speed, in a blaze of inspiration: “I wrote feverishly every day. I felt inspired. And the days were long.”⁶

Savitri was transferred to the Werl prison on 21 or 22 February 1949. Although her manuscripts had been confiscated by the police, she was given pen and paper upon her arrival so she could write letters.⁷ Fearing the manuscript of *Gold* lost, she promptly tried to rewrite the Introduction, Chapters 1–3, and the beginning of Chapter 4.⁸ By 14 March, when her manuscripts were returned to her, she had completed Chapter 4 and Chapter 5, “De-Nazification.” By 5 April, the day of her trial, she had completed Chapter 6, “Chambers of Hell,” and had begun Chapter 7, “Plunder, Lies, and Shallowness.” Thus she wrote or

¹ *Defiance*, 52. The friends were probably Muriel Gantry (1913–2000) and Veronica Vassar (d. 1972).

² *Defiance*, 200.

³ *Defiance*, 85.

⁴ *Defiance*, 116.

⁵ Savitri Devi, *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews*, ed. R.G. Fowler (Atlanta: Black Sun Publications, 2005), 53.

⁶ *Defiance*, 530.

⁷ *Defiance*, 114.

⁸ In *Defiance* (94), she gives the date 21 February, but this does not seem to be consistent with the chronology of the book’s narrative, which indicates a later day. In *And Time Rolls On* (61), she gives the date as 22 February, which makes more sense.

re-wrote six chapters and part of a seventh in about six weeks—up to page 118 in this edition.¹

On 5 April 1949, Savitri was convicted of disseminating Nazi propaganda by a British military tribunal in Düsseldorf and sentenced to three years imprisonment. She was returned to Werl to serve out her sentence. A few days later she completed Chapter 7 and began work on Chapter 8, “A Peep into the Enemy’s Camp.”² By 13 May, or soon thereafter, Savitri had completed Chapter 8, had gone on to write three other chapters (Chapter 9, “The Élite of the World,” Chapter 10, “Divine Vengeance,” and Chapter 11, “The Constructive Side”—up to page 222 in this edition) and to begin work on a fourth (Chapter 12, “The Holy Forest”)—all in about five weeks.³ Savitri was still working on Chapter 12 when on 30 May her cell was searched and her manuscripts confiscated. On 17 June, however, her manuscripts were returned to her. Although she was expressly forbidden to continue writing *Gold*, she completed the book on the sly, finishing Chapter 12 and going on to write Chapter 13, “Echoes from the Russian Zone,” and Chapter 14, “Against Time.” She recorded that the final chapter was “Finished in cell no. 49 of the Werl prison, on the 16th of July, 1949.”⁴

Savitri’s speed in writing *Gold* seems all the more remarkable in light of the fact that she was writing her *magnum opus*, *The Lightning and the Sun*, at the same time. She wrote the first chapter of *Lightning* on 9 April 1948 in Edinburgh while on tour with Ram Gopal.⁵ She recorded that Chapter 3 of *Lightning* was completed in the railway station of Karlsruhe in Baden-Württemberg on 6 December 1948, the day she left Germany to spend the Christmas holidays in London.⁶ Savitri mentions that on 8 April 1949 she decided to return to working on Chapter 4 of *Lightning*.⁷ By the time her cell was searched and her manuscripts were seized on 30 May, Savitri had started writing Chapter 5 of *Lightning*. Although Savitri was forbidden to work on *Gold* after her manuscripts were returned to her on 17 June, that very day she was

¹ *Defiance*, 184. Savitri marked the point in Chapter 7 where she resumed work after her conviction with a footnote. See below, 118 n2.

² *Defiance*, 288.

³ *Defiance*, 393.

⁴ *Gold*, 288.

⁵ Savitri Devi, *The Lightning and the Sun* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherjee, 1958), 19.

⁶ *Lightning*, 55.

⁷ *Defiance*, 276.

given a writing pad, pen, and ink to continue writing about Genghis Khan in *Lightning*; on 22 June she was given a copy book.¹ Amazingly, none of the British authorities who examined the early chapters of *Lightning* thought it sufficiently National Socialist in orientation or political in implication to consider the book dangerous.² After Savitri completed *Gold* on 16 July, she continued to work on Chapter 5 of *Lightning* until her release from prison on 18 August. At the end of Chapter 5, she records that it was “Written in Werl (Westphalia) in July and August, 1949.”³

The manuscript of *Gold*, along with the manuscripts of *Lightning* and *Impeachment of Man*, narrowly escaped destruction after being confiscated during the aforementioned search of Savitri's cell on 30 May 1949. Although the authorities may have heard rumours that Savitri was continuing to write *Gold*, it is not among the stated reasons for the search. Instead, her cell was searched because Savitri had received forbidden visits from female prisoners convicted of war crimes; furthermore, as the holder of a British passport, Savitri was entitled to better food than the German prisoners, and she had shared her rations with the war criminals; moreover, once Savitri was locked up for National Socialist propaganda, she simply continued her efforts among the prisoners, talking to them and sharing the texts of her leaflets; Savitri also wore Indian earrings adorned with the swastika and showed them to fellow prisoners; she even kept a picture of Hitler in her cell.

On 3 June, Savitri had an interview with the Governor of Werl, Colonel Edward Vickers, who complained of three things: that she had a picture of Hitler in her cell, that she had a copy of *Das neue Soldaten-Liederbuch (The New Soldiers' Songbook)*, vol. 3, the first song of which was "Wir fahren gegen Engelland" ("We are going [to War] against England"), and that she received visits from war criminals. It was Savitri who raised the topic of her manuscripts. Vickers told her they were in the hands of experts and that they would be destroyed if deemed subversive.⁴ Vickers repeated the threat on 10 June, when he told Savitri, to her lasting joy and pride, that she was "the most objectionable type of Nazi" he had ever met.⁵ After three agonizing weeks of fear for her manuscripts, Savitri was

¹ *Defiance*, 527–28.

² *Defiance*, 527.

³ *Lightning*, 86.

⁴ *Defiance*, 467.

⁵ *Defiance*, 514.

stunned to learn on 17 June¹ that all her seized property had been returned to her: her manuscripts, her National Socialist songbook, her personal copies of her propaganda leaflets, even her picture of Hitler.² Savitri never learned the reasons behind this decision. Perhaps the British authorities simply could not have been bothered to read her manuscripts. Perhaps they followed the recommendation of the prison doctor who examined Savitri and found that her ordeal was taking a toll on her health.³ Whatever the proximate causes, Savitri believed she spied the hand of Providence at work behind them and gave thanks to the gods.

Savitri also made the best of her dark night of the soul. It wrung from her some of her deepest reflections and most inspired prose, namely Chapter 12 of *Defiance*, "The Way of Absolute Detachment." Here Savitri tries to reconcile herself to the possible destruction of her manuscripts and to justify going to any lengths to save them. To accomplish this, she appeals to the Bhagavad-Gita's doctrine of "karma yoga," which teaches that one who does the right thing, one's duty—detaching

himself from all concern with positive or negative consequences and leaving all such concerns to the gods who look after the welfare of the world—can rest in consciousness of complete moral rectitude.

Aside from the temporary seizure of her manuscripts, Werl turned out to be an almost ideal place for Savitri to write. She had ample free time and few distractions. The women imprisoned for war crimes whom she met provided her with useful information. Above all, she enjoyed working and sleeping in peace and quiet, far removed from the maddening twenty-four hour din of Calcutta.⁴ Having been arrested and convicted for Nazi propaganda, Savitri was, of course, forbidden to write in jail. But most of the German members of the prison staff took a liking to her and either tolerated or actively assisted her writing. Furthermore, Savitri was not forbidden to write entirely. She could, for instance, write letters. So even if she were observed writing by someone unsympathetic to her, that alone would not raise suspicion. The authorities would have had actually to read what she had written, and no one in the Werl administration seemed inclined to do so. Before her trial, Savitri was not required to work; after her conviction, she was.

¹ There had already been a preliminary search on 26 May and a clandestine search on 27 May, thus her ordeal had lasted three weeks by 17 June.

² *Defiance*, 523–27.

³ *Defiance*, 470–78.

⁴ *Defiance*, 397, 452–53.

But a sympathetic German member of the prison staff gave her light duties so she would have time to continue writing.¹

The lack of paper was a significant inconvenience, but Savitri was resourceful:

I saved to the utmost the little paper I had. I would write upon the envelopes of the rare letters I received, or even upon the letters themselves, between the lines, or on the packing paper from the parcels that a kind friend occasionally sent me from England, so as to make the half a dozen sheets I had left last as long as I could. I wrote at first very faintly, with a black pencil. Then, again, upon the same paper, over the pale writing with more stress, so that, this time, only the second writing would show. Then, I used over that second writing an indelible pencil which Colonel Vickers had given me “to write letters,” on the day following my arrival And whenever it was possible, I would write a fourth time over this third writing, with pen and ink. Each successive writing I copied, after correcting it, in the brown copy-book, with pen and ink.²

The lack of paper became even more acute after the search. Savitri was forbidden to continue work on *Gold*, and although she was given paper to continue writing *Lightning*, she could not use it for writing *Gold* because the pages had been

counted, and she might have been asked to account for her use of each page. But again Savitri was resourceful:

What I actually did was to write the rough text of my dangerous book . . . upon my wooden stool, with a piece of chalk that the searchers were kind enough to forget in a corner of my drawer; to correct it, wiping out with a damp cloth this sentence or that one, until I was satisfied with it; and then to copy it off with pen and ink, in tight writing, paragraph by paragraph, not upon my new writing pad nor in the copy-book . . . but at the back of the pages of the letters that I used to receive from Miss V [Veronica Vassar]. And that too, not in English, but in Bengali; and with many abbreviations and conventional signs of my own.³

After each letter was filled, Savitri returned it to its envelope and asked

¹ *Defiance*, 250.

² *Defiance*, 392.

³ *Defiance*, 529.

to have it placed in storage until the day of her release. Once free, she needed only to translate the end of her book into English.

Another inconvenience was lack of access to reference materials. Savitri mentions this in the text of *Gold* itself.¹ Because of these limitations, *Gold* consists primarily of professions of faith and narratives of Savitri's and others' personal experiences, rather than rigorously documented philosophical and historical discussions of National Socialism, World War II, and the Allied occupation. Nevertheless, *Gold* does contain many quotations, and Chapters 7 and 11 in particular contain many footnotes. Thus it is tempting to conclude that these quotations and notes were added after *Gold* was completed, which belies Savitri's assertions that the book was composed entirely in prison.

Savitri did, however, have a remarkable memory. Even in old age, she was able to quote her favourite passages from Hitler's *Mein Kampf* from memory, including the page numbers. Her memory also suffices to account for her quotes from Racine's *Andromaque*, which she had committed to memory as a child, as well as her quotes from Leconte de Lisle, Victor Hugo, Akhnaton's hymns to the sun, Wulf Sörensen's (Heinrich Himmler's) *Die Stimme der Ahnen* (*The Voice of the Ancestors*), and other works. Furthermore, in *Defiance* we learn that Savitri had a number of books with her in prison: the Bhagavad-Gita, Gottfried Feder's *Das Programm der NSDAP* (*The Programme of the NSDAP*), H.R. Hall's *The Ancient History of the Near East*, Herbert H. Gowan's *An Outline History of Japan*, a *Mythology of Ancient Britain* (perhaps Charles L. Squire's *The Mythology of Ancient Britain and Ireland*), an *Art and Civilisation of Ancient America*, two books on Mongolian history² (Harold Lamb's *The March of the Barbarians*³ and Ralph Fox's *Genghis Khan*⁴), and the aforementioned *New Soldiers' Songbook*.

Moreover, Savitri mentions that she had copies of and extracts from the periodicals she cites in Chapter 7 with her in prison.⁵ Finally, she mentions that the passages she quotes from Winston Churchill's *War Memoirs* in a footnote to Chapter 3⁶ were copied from an issue of *Life* magazine given to her by a fellow prisoner.⁷ So it is quite conceivable

¹ *Gold*, 182, 202.

² *Defiance*, 258.

³ *Gold*, 196 n1.

⁴ *Gold*, 283 n1.

⁵ *Defiance*, 248.

⁶ *Gold*, 20–21, n1.

⁷ *Defiance*, 301.

that Savitri also had access to the other titles she quotes in *Gold* while in prison. Of course Savitri probably checked her citations from memory against the originals once she left prison, and she added at least two notes,¹ but her claim that *Gold* was written in prison is essentially true.

After her release from Werl on 18 August 1949, Savitri entered the French occupied zone to visit friends in Koblenz. On 21 August, she left Germany for France where she took up residence in her home town of Lyons. But instead of immediately publishing *Gold*, Savitri first wrote and published *Defiance*. It was Savitri's custom to write the Forewords to her books last. The Foreword to *Defiance* was written in Lyons on 29 August 1950.² *Defiance* was published in 1951 in Calcutta by Savitri's husband A.K. Mukherji. Savitri then turned her attention to *Gold* and *Lightning*. She recorded that chapters 6 and 7 of *Lightning* were written in Lyons in 1951 and 1952, but the book was not finished until 21 March 1956 in Hanover,³ after many more adventures in Germany, some of which Savitri chronicled in *Pilgrimage* and *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess*.⁴ The Foreword to *Gold* was written in Lyons on 21 August 1952. The book was published later that year in Calcutta by A.K. Mukherji.

ON THE PRESENT EDITION

The first edition of *Gold in the Furnace* contains many errors and stylistic inconsistencies. Savitri attributed these to the fact that the book was printed in India while she was in France, unable to oversee production. Page proofs were apparently sent to her, but she gives no indication they were ever received.⁵ In truth, Savitri also needed the services of a good copy editor.

My goal as editor was to make the minimum number of editorial interventions necessary to bring *Gold* into accord with proper English and contemporary stylistic canons. Following Savitri's use of British English, I

¹ *Gold*, 56 n1, 118 n1,

² *Defiance*, vii.

³ *Lightning*, 126.

⁴ *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958) was written in Emsdetten, Westphalia in 1953–54. The Introduction is dated 3 June 1953; the completion date of the book is 6 February 1954 (*Pilgrimage*, 8, 354). *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess, or the true story of a “most objectionable Nazi” and . . . half-a-dozen cats* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1965), was begun in Joda near Baramjamda in Orissa, India, in September 1957 and completed in Hanover on 10 July 1961 (*Long-Whiskers*, 136).

⁵ *And Time Rolls On*, 68.

have corrected errors of spelling and grammar and made the style consistent throughout. I corrected a few “foreignisms”: unidiomatic diction and syntax based on French and German, the languages that Savitri was using regularly while writing *Gold*. I corrected errors of diction, e.g., “enormity” where “enormousness” was meant, “ostensibly” where “ostensively” was meant, “specially” where “especially” was meant, etc. I strayed from my minimalist approach in Chapter 4, where I changed the tense of part of Savitri’s account of her conversation with Sven Hedin to impart greater immediacy. I preserved Savitri’s sometimes eccentric capitalization practices without trying to make them consistent.

The subtitle, “Experiences in Post-War Germany,” does not appear in the first edition, but it translates the subtitle of the 1982 German translation of *Gold*, “Erlebnisse im Nachkriegsdeutschland.” Since Savitri was in constant contact with the translator, Lotte Asmus, while the book was in preparation, it is reasonable to assume that Savitri approved of the subtitle.

Regarding punctuation and capitalization: Savitri did not merely use commas and semicolons to organize information on a page, but to indicate dramatic pauses in imaginary speech. She indicates quite a few pauses, which seems ironic to anyone who actually heard her speak, for she spoke quickly and without pause. Nevertheless, I have maintained her punctuation practices. There are six exceptions to this. First, I “updated” the use of hyphens, for example in “to-day” and “to-morrow.” Second, I regularized the use of commas before conjunctions. Third, I removed a few commas that seemed to be obvious strays, conforming neither to accepted usage nor to Savitri’s style. Fourth, I eliminated commas and, in a couple of cases, semicolons that were adjacent to dashes. Fifth, Savitri enclosed every instance of the word “de-Nazification” in “scare quotes.” Although it pains my editorial conscience, I did not follow this practice when the repetition seemed tedious and excessive. Finally, there were several sentences that were difficult to read and understand because commas and semicolons had sprouted between virtually every word. I weeded out just enough punctuation to make these sentences readable.

I have translated all quotations in French and German or looked up existing translations. I have cited standard translations of French and German works,

even where the translation is mine. Where possible, I have supplied complete citations for books and articles mentioned. Finally, where useful, I have provided editor's notes, which are clearly marked as such.

I encourage those who wish to check my editorial labours against the original to contact me at the Savitri Devi Archive (www.savitrivedi.org), and I will provide them a photocopy of the first edition at cost or a PDF free of charge.

I judged a third edition of *Gold* necessary because of problems with the second edition, published by Historical Review Press, most notably the

omission of two entire pages of text. I would have preferred the entire printing scrapped and a corrected version printed. That was not done, hence this third edition. In the end, it was all for the best, because preparing this new edition has given me the opportunity to discover and correct a number of my own editorial mistakes, thus bringing this edition into closer correspondence both with Savitri's original and my own editorial principles.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to thank all who made this new edition of *Gold in the Furnace* possible: Colin Jordan for supplying a copy of *Gold* that had belonged to his ex-wife Françoise Dior, the copy that I scanned for this and the previous edition; Beryl Cheetham for supplying a copy of the dust jacket for *Gold* hand-painted for her by Savitri herself in 1961; M.H. for the cover photo and the 1948 photos of Savitri in Germany and Sweden; J. for the images of pages from Savitri's 1940–1950 passport; Fr. Genesthai for his advice on editorial matters; and John Morgan and D.A.R. Sokoll for carefully reading the page proofs. Special thanks are due Gabriella for her help with the dust jacket/cover.

Beryl Cheetham was Savitri's friend for more than twenty years and was especially helpful to Savitri during the last year of her life, when, with failing health and fading eyesight, she travelled around France and Germany living on the charity of friends and comrades. Beryl's contributions to this new edition of *Gold* go beyond the back jacket/cover, for she has been indispensable to my research on Savitri Devi. Therefore, for her help to Savitri and to me, I wish to dedicate this new edition of *Gold* to her.



Savitri in Alfeld an der Leine, Lower Saxony, 5 December 1948

FOREWORD

In 1948, I was able to enter Germany for the second time thanks to the military permit granted to me by the *Bureau des Affaires Allemandes* (in Paris) on the ground that I was going there to gather the necessary information for writing a book. This book is none other than the present one (ironical as the fact might be, from the standpoint of the temporarily victorious Democracies). Its Introduction and three first chapters were already written when, on the 20th of February 1949, I was arrested on account of “Nazi propaganda,” and the rest of it was entirely written in my cell in the Werl prison. It owes its publication, nay, its very survival as a manuscript, to a miracle, or rather, to a hardly believable series of miracles, of which I have related the extraordinary story in detail in another book of mine, *Defiance*,¹ written after my release.

All I wish to express here—four years after the actual writing of this book—is, once more, my boundless gratitude to the invisible Powers for having saved it as miraculously as if They had, indeed, pulled its pages, untouched, out of the fire. All I wish to express is my confidence in Their patient, passionless, impersonal Wisdom—in that Wisdom that uses everything for the greater glory of persecuted higher mankind and for the triumph of the Truth and Beauty it embodies. Those Forces which saved this book and brought it to light in spite of all, will bring my comrades and superiors back to power and, through them, save what is worth saving in the West, one day. Thus do I at least interpret the meaning of this miracle of Theirs in my favour.

Heil Hitler!

SAVITRI DEVI MUKHERJI
Lyons (France)
21 August 1952

¹ Savitri Devi, *Defiance* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1951).



Savitri's visa to pass through Denmark, on "The Unforgettable Night" of 15-16 June 1948.

INTRODUCTION

“Age after age, when justice is crushed, when evil rules supreme, I come; again I take birth on earth to save the world.”

—The Bhagavad-Gita¹

“Ein ganzes Volk, eine ganze Nation fühlt sich heute stark und glücklich, weil in Ihnen diesem Volk nicht nur der Führer, weil in Ihnen diesem Volk auch der Retter erstanden ist.”

—Hermann Göring²

Gods—*i.e.*, divinely inspired supermen—are not born on earth every day, nor every century. And when they do come, and live and act in their miraculous manner, not every man, not every nation recognises them. Blessed is the nation who follows to the bitter end the divine men born in her midst, and who, whether in victory or disaster, clings to their spirit! That nation will triumph over the forces of death, in the long run, and thrive in beauty, strength, and joy, while the rest of the ungrateful world lies in waste at her feet.

Thirty years ago, one could have believed that the days of the Gods were over forever; that the promise given to the world in the Book of books—the Bhagavad-Gita—was never again to be fulfilled; that mankind, day by day more degenerate, more bastardized, stupider, sicklier, uglier, had become incapable of producing an Individual worthy of carrying out a divine mission on an international scale. Both in the East and in the West, even the superior races were, or seemed to be, in full decay, nay, completely exhausted; nearing their end.

But the message of the triumph of life, over and over again—God’s promise—can never fail. The words spoken by the world’s eternal Sustainer, no one remembers when, in Kurukshetra:³ “I come again . . . ,” were not spoken in vain. They hold good for all times, and for all lands in which a truly noble race, however tired, however overwhelmed by the darkening shadow of death, is still alive enough to bear witness

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, 4:7–8

² “A whole people, a whole nation feels strong and fortunate today, for in you not only a leader but also a saviour has arisen” (Speech in Nuremberg, 15 September 1935) [Trans. by Ed.].

³ The famous battlefield in ancient India, where the words in the Bhagavad-Gita were spoken.

to their accomplishment; to marvel and to adore; and to rise at the bidding of the returning Saviour. “When justice is crushed, when evil rules supreme”—when all hope seems irretrievably lost—the Saviour is already there, waiting, unnoticed among the crowd; ready to reveal Himself.

At the close of the First World War, out of prostrate Germany, rose the Man destined to infuse a new strength and a new pride, to breathe a new joyful life, not only into his own people, but into the racial élite of the whole world; the greatest European of all times: Adolf Hitler. Alone, with no other riches but the love of his great heart, an indomitable will, and the intuition of things eternal; with no other strength but the compelling power of truth; with no other help but that of the invisible Gods, whose Chosen One he was, he accomplished what no man could have even dreamed. Not only did he raise Germany out of poverty, servitude, and demoralisation—out of the dust—once more to the rank of a great Power, but he made her the herald of a splendid idea of everlasting and universal scope. For a few brief years—until international Jewry succeeded in stirring against him the forces of the stupid majority of mankind—he was able to show the world the masterpiece of his creative genius: a super-civilisation, materially perfect, and, at the same time, inspired with a faith in the superior values of life, conscious of life’s true purpose, as no other had yet ever been, even in Antiquity; the first step towards the New Order in Europe, forerunner of a new “age of truth” in the evolution of the world; that glory that was National Socialist Germany.

Had Germany emerged victorious from the Second World War, and imposed Hitler’s dream upon the whole of the earthly sphere—or had there been no war, and had the Idea conquered ground slowly and steadily, through the sole strength of its appeal to the natural aristocracy of humanity—what a wonderful place this planet would have become, in less than a generation or two! We would then have witnessed the intelligent rule of the best, over a world organised according to that selfsame spirit in which the fair, strong and wise conquerors—the Aryans, or “noble ones”—organised India (that land of many races) in the far-gone days when the Nordic pride was still vivid in their hearts, along with the memory of their distant Arctic home.

We would have seen the natural hierarchy of human races—and individuals—part and parcel of the natural hierarchy of beings, ordained by the Sun, restored and maintained, stressed by law, exalted, in a reinstalled natural religion, wherever, in the words of the

Bhagavad-Gita, “the corruption of women has brought forth the confusion of castes”; a truly “new earth and new heaven”; the rebirth of the world under the Sign of the Sun.

Men were too stupid and too vulgar to feel the beauty of that dream. The world—the Aryan race itself, at large—refused the gift of Hitler’s love and genius, and repaid him with the darkest ingratitude. Few of the great Ones have been so mercilessly vilified as he, by their worthless contemporaries. Not one has been so utterly misunderstood, so systematically betrayed, and, above all, so widely hated.

Now—outwardly at least—the agents of disintegration have had their way. Proud and beautiful National Socialist Germany lies in ruins; hundreds of Hitler’s most active collaborators are dead; thousands are living, in captivity, a life worse than death. And the millions who acclaimed him only a few years ago with an enthusiasm amounting to adoration, are now silent. “*Es ist das Land der Angst*”—“this is the land of fear”—were the words addressed to me in Saarbrücken, in 1948, as the summary of the whole situation in occupied Germany. And no one knows where Hitler is, if still alive.

Yet, the National Socialist creed, based upon truths as old as the Sun, can never be blotted out. Living or dead, Adolf Hitler can never die. And sooner or later, his spirit must triumph.

This book is addressed to all his true followers, whether in or outside Germany; to all those who, in 1948, cling to the National Socialist ideals as steadfastly as they did in 1933 and in 1940.

But it is specially addressed to the German ones—to those who kept their faith in our Führer under the streams of fire and phosphorus poured down on them, from the Anglo-American planes, night after night, for five years; to those who continued to love and revere him in the midst of the atrocious post-war conditions imposed upon them by his enemies—under humiliations of all sorts; under persecution; and in hunger; in concentration camps, or in the bleak desolation of their ruined homes—in spite of all the frenzied attempts to “de-Nazify” them at all costs; to the men of gold and steel whom defeat could not dishearten, whom terror and torture could not subdue, whom money could not buy: the real Nazis, my comrades, my superiors—for I have not had the honour of suffering materially for our ideals, as they have—the only ones, among my contemporaries, for whom I would gladly die.

I thank all the friends who, in or outside this country, have helped me in my endeavour to prepare, along with them, the resurrection of our New Order.

I cannot also help thanking those of our enemies who, without knowing what they were doing, have so kindly made it possible for me to come to Germany. They too—for once—acted as instruments of those unseen Forces that are already clearing the way for the ultimate triumph of the Swastika.

Heil Hitler!

SAVITRI DEVI MUKHERJI
Alfeld an der Leine (Niedersachsen)
3 October 1948

Chapter 1

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SWASTIKA

“Thou hast set every man in his place. Thou hast made them different in form and in speech, and in the colour of their skins. As a divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people.”

—Akhnaton¹

“Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes; out of the confusion of castes, the loss of memory; out of the loss of memory, the lack of understanding; and out of this, all evils.”

—Bhagavad-Gita²

“Alle großen Kulturen der Vergangenheit gingen nur zugrunde, weil die ursprünglich schöpferische Rasse an Blutvergiftung abstarb.”

—Adolf Hitler³

A Movement such as National Socialism, destined to appeal to millions, does not attract every one of its adherents for the same reasons. That matters little, as long as the Movement is triumphant. Then, the more the better. Even the fellow who joins the Party for the material advantages he hopes to get out of it, can be made use of. And his children, at any rate—provided they be of irreproachable blood—can be trained into better Nazis than himself.

But, those alone who uphold the National Socialist Idea for the sake of something vital and fundamental—those alone who found in it the perfect expression of their own life-long philosophy—can be expected to cling to it under all circumstances whatsoever. I do not say they are the only ones likely to cling to it. A sense of duty, a chivalrous feeling of obligation towards their glorious past, a consciousness of gratitude towards a régime that gave them great privileges as long as it lasted, can, of course, prompt thousands of others to remain faithful in the

¹ Longer Hymn to the Sun, circa 1,400 BC.

² Bhagavad-Gita, 1:41–42; based on Eugène Burnouf's nineteenth century French translation—Ed.

³ “All great cultures of the past perished only because the originally creative race died of blood poisoning” (*Mein Kampf*, I, xi, p. 316; cf. Mannheim, p. 289) [Trans. by Ed.].

midst of untold hardships. And those thousands are to be praised. Yet, no allegiance is worth that which is based upon the physical impossibility of betraying one's own self. “One cannot kill a *Weltanschauung*—an outlook on the universe; a philosophy—by force, but only through the aggressive impact of another *Weltanschauung*.”¹ These are the very words of the Founder of National Socialism. And how true they ring today, after twenty-five years! The real Nazis—those who can (and will) resist, and defeat, in the end, the coalesced forces of a temporarily triumphant world—are those to whom not merely the political side of National Socialism, but the National Socialist conception of man and life is so natural that no other “*Weltanschauung*” can possibly appeal to them, however cleverly advertised it be, by people who pretend to know the art of advertising in and out.

* * *

The National Socialist conception of man and life is anything but “new.” Its first exponents on this earth were probably the oldest seers of mankind, and the principles on which it is based are as ancient as life itself. Only the National Socialist movement is new. Not merely new, but unique of its kind. It is, in the whole evolution of the West, the sole systematic attempt to build a state—nay, to organise a continent—upon the frank acknowledgement of the everlasting laws that rule the growth of races and the creation of culture; the one rational effort to put a stop to the decay of a superior race and to the subsequent confusion. It is the movement “against Time” *par excellence*—the movement against the age-old downward trend of history—conscious of the one way out of the evils and ugliness of our degenerate epoch, back to the joy and glory of every great beginning, and boldly urging along that way the noblest people of the West.

But precisely in order to appreciate all its novelty, and all its beauty, one should bear in mind the eternity of the philosophy that lies behind it; of what I call the philosophy of the Swastika.

This is not the philosophy of any man. It is, in the clear consciousness of the really great Ones who are capable of feeling it—from the oldest Aryan lawgivers of Vedic and post-Vedic India, down

¹ This is a paraphrase of ideas expressed in *Mein Kampf* I, v, pp. 186–89; Mannheim, pp. 170–72.—Ed.

to Adolf Hitler today—the wisdom of the Cosmos, the philosophy of the Sun, Father-and-Mother of the earth.

For man is but a part of the Cosmos—“a solar product,” as a brilliant English author put it!¹ He cannot, with impunity, set up laws for himself, against those unwritten, everlasting laws that govern life as a whole. In particular, he cannot disregard the laws that regulate the art of breeding and the evolution of races, and expect to escape the consequences which automatically follow, sooner or later, that “sin against the will of the Creator”² and which are “physical and moral degeneracy.”

The Christian philosophy—nay, the philosophy of all those international religions whose adherent “any person” can become, on a level of equality with all other adherents—puts stress upon the mind, the “soul,” the “immaterial” side of man (supposed to be everlasting and all-precious) at the expense of that transient thing: the body. It forgets that, as the one vehicle of transmission of life, the body also partakes of divine everlastingness; that it is not merely the “temple of the Holy Ghost,” but the creator of that consciousness which is the Holy Ghost, in the individual, in the individual’s progeny, in the race at large.

The oldest religions in the world—none of which were “international,” but all of which applied to the folk in the midst of whom they sprang the one, super-human wisdom—stressed the primary importance of the physical side of man; the holiness of the act of life; the duties and the responsibilities of the body not only towards the individual “soul” of which it may be considered as an instrument of development, but towards past and future generations; towards the race, that is to say, towards the Cosmos, of which the race is a part. They upheld the private cult of each man’s ancestors and the public cult of each folk’s heroes, and forbade objectionable marriages as a sin against the dead and against the unborn—against Life eternal. They admitted as a matter of course the fundamental inequality of human beings, rooted in imponderable causes; the inequality of human races, and the absolute differentiation of the sexes.

We have not copied the Ancients. No living thing is ever a “copy.” And the National Socialist movement, if anything, is living; nay, is, in spite of the temporary triumph of its enemies, the one real force of life

¹ Norman Douglas, *How about Europe? Some Footnotes on East and West* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1930).

² *Mein Kampf*, I, xi, p. 314; cf. Mannheim, p. 286.

and resurrection in the half-dead world of today. No, we have not copied the Ancients. But we have, under the inspiration of that god among men—Adolf

Hitler—become once more aware of the wisdom of all times without which life is bound to decay; of the wisdom, to the gradual forgetting of which is to be traced, from the dawn of history onwards, the increasing degeneracy of mankind and, in particular, the decline of the Aryan nations. We have become once more conscious of the fact that “only in pure blood does God abide.”¹ And from the man-made religion and man-centred morality that had dominated Western consciousness for the last fifteen hundred years at least, we have come back to a life-centred religious outlook, to a morality based upon the inequality of rights and the diversity of duties among both individuals and races, and to a political conception proclaiming the right and the duty of the superior races—and of the superior personalities in every race—to rule. And we have set out to make this world first a safe place for the best—for the racial élite of mankind—and then a safe place for all the living, under the protection of the best.

* * *

This is so true that the intelligent and orthodox representatives of the one part of the world in which the aristocratic tradition of the Aryans, fossilised as it may have become in the course of centuries, was never submerged—Hindu India—have more than once judged National Socialism with a clearer insight than most Europeans outside Germany. It would astonish many German National Socialists to know what enthusiasm greeted the Führer’s victories, in that distant land, during the recent war. There was, undoubtedly, a great deal of enmity towards British rule expressed in it. But there was in it also, something else, something deeper, much deeper. There was the expression of six thousand years of unflinching allegiance to the fair, strong, truly superior Race, the Aryans, or “noble ones,” worshippers of the Sun and of the Northern Lights, who once brought the Vedas from their long-forsaken Arctic home,² and founded the civilisation which, to this day, in India, still bears their stamp; the recognition that the spirit of those ancient hallowed Aryans had at last awakened in their most genuine

¹ Wulf Sörensen [Heinrich Himmler], *Die Stimme der Ahnen. Eine Dichtung* (Magdeburg: Nordland, 1936), p. 36. [In English: *The Voice of the Ancestors: A Poetical Work by Wulf Sörensen*, trans. anonymous (Hammer, 1993), p. 39.—Ed.]

² Lokamanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak, *The Arctic Home in the Vedas: Being Also a New Key to the Interpretation of Many Vedic Texts and Legends* (Poona: Kesari, 1903).

modern descendants, in far-away Europe, and was triumphing.

India would soon no longer be “the last stronghold of Aryan culture,” as some Hindu revivalists had called it. For Aryan culture would reconquer Europe under the rule of one of those men who appear once in the history of the world. But that Man’s victory—the victory of the Aryan over the “*Mlechha*”¹; of the ideal of racial hierarchy over that of democratic uniformity; of inspired leadership over the vanity of the obstinate herd—would be India’s victory also, for the best of India’s

tradition was the age-old gift of that Man's eternal Race. And although not everyone could express this, many felt it, more or less dimly. Already more than one high-caste Hindu, aware of the real nature of the European conflict—not Germany versus England, but National Socialism versus all forms of democracy; the true Aryan outlook versus the Jewish—already more than one, I say, had acclaimed in the promoter of the western resurrection, Adolf Hitler, a “*devata*,” *i.e.*, a “shining one,” a being above mankind, and the modern incarnation of the ever-recurring Saviour. I have heard them say so, some of them in public.

But out of the hazy consciousness of the illiterate masses of India, sprang also, in those days, remarkable intuitions. I shall always remember a young servant—a boy of fifteen or so—telling me, in glorious '40: “I too, admire your Führer.” And as I asked him if it were only because he was triumphant that he admired him, the boy replied: “Oh no! I admire him, and love him, because he is fighting to replace, in the West, the Bible by the Bhagavad-Gita.” He had got that extraordinary piece of information from a talk in the Calcutta fish market. I was dumbfounded. For the information, though literally fanciful, was perfectly accurate in spirit.²

And I recalled in my mind the words of the old Sanskrit Scripture: “Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes; out of the confusion of castes, the loss of memory; out of the loss of memory, the lack of understanding; and out of that, all evils,” or, in modern language: out of indiscriminate breeding proceeds the mixture of unequal races (always to the detriment of the superior race); from that mixture, comes the loss of racial memory—the ignorance of who one's ancestors were, and of who one is one's self—and from that, the lack of understanding of one's rights and of one's duties—of one's

¹ The word used, in ancient Sanskrit Scriptures, to designate the inferior races.

² For a more complete telling of this story, see Savitri Devi, “Hitlerism and the Hindu World,” *The National Socialist*, no. 2 (Fall 1980): 18–20.—Ed.

natural place in the world—and the consequence: “all evils,” decay; death.

Yes, it was true that the “New Order in Europe” meant the restoration of the Aryan outlook expressed in this immemorial text, as opposed to all the religions and ideologies of equality; the triumph of the Philosophy of the Swastika over that of either the Cross or the Crescent or the Hammer and Sickle, and the end of that primordial cause of “all evils”: shameful breeding. And it was true that Adolf Hitler was conducting the war to defend this New Order against the agents of disintegration who had planned to crush it. And it was true also, that, for centuries, no great man of action in the West or in the East had lived and struggled in absolute selflessness and detachment—actually according to the teaching of the Bhagavad-Gita—as he had. The marvel is that simple people, so far away, had found a forceful sentence to formulate that truth.

* * *

The central idea of National Socialism is that in the natural nobility of blood alone, source of the inherent qualities of the race, lies the secret of greatness. It is no use asking why one race is more gifted than another; why one has creative genius and others not. It is as silly as to wonder why a plane tree is not an oak tree. The Sun Himself, responsible for all differences among men as among other living species, has decreed from eternity which was to be, on this planet, the creative race *par excellence*. And that is why the immemorial solar Symbol—the Swastika—has become identified with the National Socialist Movement. Behind the will of Adolf Hitler, who decided that it should be so, was the divine will of the Sun.

It is, in particular, amazing, how historically sound are all Hitler's statements concerning the supremacy of the Aryans all over the world, throughout the ages—all the more so that, at the time he wrote his famous book, the Führer had seen nothing of the world outside Germany (save the battlefields of Ypres and other places where he had fought as a soldier during the First World War) and had never had the time to become a scholar.

He wrote from his heart. Yet, at the other end of the earth, outlandish monuments, raising their majestic lines out of coconut groves, under strange skies; hymns and poems in outlandish languages; atavistic memories and hallowed traditions of strange peoples—some, perhaps unknown to him in 1923—proclaim the truth of what he wrote.

Paintings and sculptures in South Indian temples, sacred dance dramas on the coast of Malabar; friezes upon the ruined walls of Angkor Wat; stories repeated to this day all over India, Java, Bali, perpetuate the glory of the fair Aryan hero, Rama, whose deeds once filled the East and the South with wonder and whom the descendants of the subjugated races still revere as a god. And as one recalls the inspiration behind those works of art and those traditions, one cannot but marvel at the exactitude of that bold summary of the evolution of mankind written by the modern champion of the Aryan race in the fortress of Landsberg am Lech: the eleventh chapter of the first part of *Mein Kampf*. Indeed, wherever one admires the tangible remnants of a great culture (provided one takes the trouble of going far enough back into the past) one finishes by tracing that culture to the glorious creative Race from the North to which belong both the fair warriors exalted in the Sanskrit epics (and portrayed in the technique of their Southern worshippers, on the walls of Dravidian temples and Cambodian palaces) and the author of *Mein Kampf* himself, and his beloved people.

The whole of Asia owes more or less its culture to the influence of Indian thought. And Indian thought—Sanskrit thought—is but the flower of the Aryan, or Nordic soul, in a tropical environment. And if, as some scholars believe, one can also prove that the same influences have given birth to the cultures of old America, to which the Swastika was also sacred—and that the same fact, namely “the gradual

disappearance of the original creative race” through mixture of blood, has caused their downfall—then, one will only have proved how extraordinary Hitler’s intuition of history is, and how solid is the rock on which he founded National Socialism.

* * *

Some have said that Adolf Hitler’s greatness lies in the fact that he roused German patriotism as none had done before. Those who hate Germany—those who have, or think they have, some interest in trying to keep her down—hate him for that very reason. But in reality his greatness lies in far more than that. For the German patriotism which he roused is not the conventional patriotism that every European child is taught at school ever since there were separate states in Europe. It is a particular aspect of a broader and deeper—and more natural—feeling. It is the expression, in the German people—the first to have the privilege of regaining it in the West—of the world-wide Aryan consciousness, which is above frontiers; of the collective pride of all

those who, however far they be living, now, from their original Nordic home, claim to belong to that truly noble and beautiful race to whom the world owes the best of its culture.

An upheaval such as no nation had yet experienced—an outburst of regained triumphant youth; a song of joy and freedom, on a scale of millions—was actually witnessed in Germany under the spell of Hitler’s magnetic personality, and that, in spite of over fifteen hundred years of demoralizing influences. But there lies not the whole of the “German miracle.” It lies also—it lies perhaps even more—in the fact that Aryans all over the world (few, admittedly, but the very best) hailed Hitler and Germany with him as the champion of their rights, as the Man and the country destined to fulfil, at last, their age-old aspirations. It lies in the fact that, during this war, Englishmen were happy to suffer in concentration camps in their own country for the National Socialist idea; that people of several foreign nations at war with Germany—including one or two Frenchmen¹—have died for it; that, in far-away India, in 1942, some men and women were waiting with joy to see the German army march down from Russia through Afghanistan on the triumphal road the first Aryan conquerors had taken, six thousand years before—the Khyber Pass—and meet in Delhi its Japanese Allies; that, *after* this war, there remained (and still remains) a minority of non-German Aryans ready to face torture and death for the pleasure of defying the persecutors of National Socialism upon the very soil of occupied Germany.

This world-wide appeal of Adolf Hitler shows sufficiently that, although in its modern form it originated in Germany—and could not possibly have originated anywhere else—the National Socialist doctrine transcends Germany. As I have

said, it is the everlasting truth about the laws of life and the evolution of human races, apprehended from the angle of the Nordic race.

That this Nordic race is a natural aristocracy, there is no doubt. First a physical aristocracy. To make sure of that, one need only look at its representatives, especially the purest Germanic types among the Germans and the Swedes, outwardly, perhaps, the finest men on earth. An aristocracy of character also, as a whole. One only has to live with Scandinavians, Germans, or *real* English people, after spending years amidst less pure Aryans, or totally different races, in order to find that out. An aristocracy of kindness, too—its most attractive sign of superiority. And this is a fact. The best proof of it is to be seen in the

¹ Such as Robert Brasillach, shot on 6 February 1945.

spontaneous sympathy which most pure-blooded Nordic children show towards animals, even before being taught to do so. Compare that with the spontaneous cruelty of the children of other races, with few exceptions! A five year old young German or young Englishman will stop to caress a cat, or offer something to eat to a dog in the street. A five year old child from the Mediterranean lands—or the Middle East—will throw a stone at the dog, pull the cat's tail, or do something worse, many a time. The indifference of the grownups to animal suffering, anywhere in the world save in the few lands where Nordic blood obviously prevails, is appalling enough, not to speak of the inborn nastiness of the majority of children.

That alone would be sufficient to confirm one's belief in the superiority of the pure Aryan, and to strengthen one's hopes that, after three or four generations of proper training—and enlightened breeding—the race could be made a race of supermen, creators of a new golden-age culture worthy of Nietzsche's dreams, worthy of Hitler's love. It would be enough to confirm one in one's conviction that the task which National Socialist Germany had undertaken—the systematic strengthening of the master race in Europe so that it might carry on an unparalleled super-civilisation—was, and still is, well worth its while.

* * *

That task was begun in Germany, as everyone knows, by the promulgation of a certain number of wholesome laws, intended to stop all objectionable breeding (and thereby to prevent the further physical and moral deterioration of the race), and by a wide-scale new education. When one remembers that Adolf Hitler took the government in hand in 1933, and that England, as a docile instrument of international Jewry, declared war on him in 1939, one can but marvel at the

enormousness of what he accomplished within six years. No god could have done better in so short a time.

Yet, the measures actually taken would not have been sufficient to keep the people in the desired path for centuries without a new—or very old—religious outlook, expression of the reborn Nordic soul, coming into being and growing up side by side with the National State. The prominent men of the Movement—Adolf Hitler more than any other—were aware of this. And not merely theoreticians like Alfred

Rosenberg,¹ and professors of the new thought like Ernst Bergmann² and others, but cool and practical-minded thinkers such as Dr. Goebbels,³ have stressed over and over again the necessity of putting an end to the influence of the Christian Churches of every persuasion if National Socialism is to enjoy a lasting triumph.

Indeed the fact that, owing to the war against the foreign agents of Jewry, not enough attention could be paid to the struggle against the Churches and especially against the Catholic Church—that bitterest of all the opponents of National Socialism at home—that fact, I say, must be counted as one of the main causes of the loss of the war. The Churches have proved only too well, by their attitude towards defeated National Socialism after the war, what a responsibility they had in its defeat and what an amount of power they expected to enjoy upon its ruins.

But there is more than that in the instinctive dislike we all feel for them, to the extent we are conscious of what we stand for. The Churches, as temporal organisations, commercialised and power-grabbing, are bad enough. The Christian “*Weltanschauung*” itself is far worse an enemy of National Socialism. It is of no use trying to hide the fact in order “not to frighten” people: one *cannot be* at the same time a Nazi and a Christian of any description. It is nonsense to say one can. It is wasting time to point out concrete instances of men and women who actually are. Such people are either bad Christians or bad Nazis or both; sincere but illogical people, deceiving themselves, or clever rogues, trying to deceive others.

One only has to think five minutes to realise that a doctrine centred around race and personality cannot possibly go hand in hand with a teaching that proclaims all human souls equally precious in the eyes of a God who hates pride. The Churches would perhaps, one day, contemplate the possibility of compromising with us, if they judged it expedient. But there can be no compromise whatsoever between Christianity—or, by the way, between *any* man-centred religion of equality—and the Philosophy of the Swastika. If we are to triumph in the end, then, Christianity must go—whether that pleases or not all our friends who still today bear the stamp of a Christian upbringing. Christianity must go, so that the Nordic soul, which it crushed over a thousand years ago, might live and thrive once more in the strength and

¹ Author of the famous *Myth of the Twentieth Century, Der Mythos des 20. Jahrhunderts* (Munich: Hoheneichen, 1930).

² Professor at the University of Leipzig under the National Socialist régime, author of *Die 25 Thesen der deutschen Religion*.

³ See the numerous passages of the Goebbels *Diaries* attacking the Churches.

pride of its renewed youth; so that Germany, and all the countries in which the Aryan blood is still alive, might evolve their own religious consciousness—the consciousness they *would have had* if Rome and Jerusalem had never interfered with them.

The religion of the reborn Aryans must naturally have much in common with that of the pre-Christian European North, and with that, of similar origin and spirit, kept alive to this day, in India, in the tradition of the Vedas. It must be, before all, the religion of a healthy, proud, and self-reliant people, accustomed to fight, ready to die, but, in the meantime, happy to live, and sure to live forever, in their undying race; a religion centred around the worship of Life and Light—around the cult of heroes, the cult of ancestors, and the cult of the Sun, source of all joy and power on earth. Indeed, it must be a religion of joy and of power—and of love also; not of that morbid love for sickly and sinful “mankind” at the expense of far more admirable Nature, but of love for all living beauty: for the woods and for the beasts; for healthy children; for one’s faithful comrades in every field of activity; for one’s leaders and one’s gods; above all, for the supreme God, the Life force personified in the Sun, the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk,” to quote the expressive words of the greatest Sun-worshipper of Antiquity.¹ The religion of the regenerate Aryans must be one in which the Christian idea of “conception in sin” gives way to that of conception in honour and joy within the noble race, the only “sin” being (along with all forms of cowardice and faithlessness) the sin of shameful breeding—the deadly sin against the race.

The conflict between National Socialism and the Christian Churches in our times, is but an aspect of the age-long struggle between the creeds of Life which accept the natural hierarchy of human races—and individuals—no less than of animal species, and which treat man as a part and parcel of living Nature, and the man-centred creeds which deny the irreducible differences in quality between one human race and another while postulating, on the other hand, an artificial abyss between “mankind” as a whole and the rest of creation. The *par excellence* man-centred creed of today—Communism—is but the natural and logical outcome of Western Democracy based upon “the voice of the majority,” as Adolf Hitler has himself pointed out a number of times. But Western Democracy, in its turn, is but the natural and logical outcome of centuries of Christian teaching. All Rousseau’s sentimental twaddle and the subsequent nonsense about the “equal rights” of all

¹ King Akhnaton of Egypt, circa 1,400 BC.

human beings, to which the French Revolution owes its prestige both at home and abroad, would have been unthinkable in a Pagan Europe, unaffected from the start by the original Jewish twaddle about the equal rights of all human souls and the subsequent “dignity of all men” in the eyes of a man-loving God.

Those of us who fully realise this, and to whom what I have called the Philosophy of the Swastika—expression of their own deeper aspirations—is the only satisfactory one, can face with calm the present and the coming hardships. No democratic, humanitarian, or Christian propaganda, whether outspoken or in disguise, can alter *them*. They form that chosen minority of real Nazis around whom, one day—after the coming crash—the remnants of the undaunted Aryan race will gather to start a new historical cycle, under Hitler’s undying inspiration.

Chapter 2

BRIEF DAYS OF GLORY

“Nirgends auf der Welt gibt es eine
derart fanatische Liebe von Millionen
Menschen zu einem . . .”

—Dr. Otto Dietrich¹

“Deutschland, erwache!”

—Dietrich Eckart²

There was a time when the personality of Adolf Hitler dominated European consciousness; when his voice stirred millions; when he used to pass by, on solemn occasions, cheered by millions—the idol of the nation whom he had raised from the abyss to unparalleled greatness. There was a time when Germany was prosperous, strong, full of self-confidence; when her reborn people, well-fed, well-clothed, and well-housed, were happy to work together for a future in which they believed; when they *lived*, as they had yet never lived before, under the firm and wise rule of the Leader who loved them as no man ever had.

One can hardly believe it today. It all seems so unreal—like a wonderful story from another world. And yet, it is true. There really was such a time, and that, not long ago. Collective enthusiasm was then as general in Germany as fear and bitterness have become since. Military parades, youth demonstrations, and enormous mass gatherings were usual occurrences. One watched the Brown battalions march past one’s house, and listened to the inspiring music of the Horst Wessel Song as a matter of course. One saw portraits of the Führer wherever one went. And one greeted one’s colleagues in offices and factories, and one’s friends in the street, in trams and buses, everywhere, with one’s right arm outstretched and with the two magic words that expressed all one’s love and reverence for the godlike Leader, all one’s hopes, all one’s dreams, all one’s pride—all the joy of those splendid days: “Heil Hitler!”

The German ambassador had greeted the King of England—at that

¹ “Nowhere in the world is there such a fanatical love of millions of men for one.”—Ed.

² “Germany, awake!”—Ed.

time, also Emperor of India—with those triumphant words and that gesture. England was amazed, but said nothing. Could say nothing, for there was nothing to be said. There was only a fact to be faced: the fact that Hitler ruled over eighty million people who adored him, and that, in those people, a new soul was rapidly taking birth—or rather, that the old, real, everlasting Aryan Soul was re-awakening in them. “*Deutschland, erwache!*”—“Germany, awake!” These words of the early poet of National Socialism had not only the honour of becoming one of the battle-cries of the Movement; not only were they written upon the standards of the Party formations, but they had rung through the hearts of the German people as a supernatural signal calling the dead to life. And Germany *had* awakened indeed.

And the people of the earth were watching her—some, already, with hateful envy, and fear; many with genuine admiration; some with love; with the certitude that Hitler’s New Order was the first step towards the sort of world they had always wanted. Glorious days!

* * *

Without war, by the sole pressure of that strength that the certitude of her rights had given her, Germany had now taken back within her boundaries practically all the people of her blood. Saarland, Austria, and finally Sudetenland had become part and parcel of the Third Reich. Danzig, and the impossible “corridor” linking Poland to the sea through German territory, were soon to follow. But then England declared war on Germany.

Why war? To keep that German town, Danzig, from calling itself German? No. In England’s eyes, at least, the town was not worth it. To “protect Poland,” then? No, surely not, however much the hypocrites might say so, and however much the fools might believe it. Poland could well do without the impossible “corridor.” And if she could not, who cared? No. War was waged upon Germany to crush Germany; not for any other reason. The unseen, all-powerful Jew, who governed—and still governs—England, had decided that Germany should be crushed, *had to be* crushed, because he hated her. And he hated her not because she had grown free, strong, and proud and was a “threat” to the peace of Europe (which she was not) but because she was National Socialist Germany, Hitler’s Germany, the herald of the awakening of the Aryan soul all over the world, and a very positive threat to the continuation of the unseen rule of the Jew behind all so-called “national” governments.

But Germany was not easy to crush. She answered the attack of the Jew and of his allies by a series of victories which filled the world with amazement. Her onward

march in all directions seemed irresistible. And one could believe, in the middle of 1942, that the New World Order, expansion of the New Order in Europe, was at hand. From the northernmost shores of Norway, facing the Pole, to the Libyan desert, and from the Atlantic to the Caucasus and the Volga, the Führer's word was now the law—while Germany's efficient and brave ally in the Far East, Japan, already mistress of the Pacific, of Indonesia, and practically the whole of Burma, was expected at any moment to thrust her armies across the Indian border and to capture Calcutta. There was yet no sign of ill-luck in Russia. And it was natural to expect that the German hosts would continue their triumphant march through that endless land and beyond; continue their march—the age-old march of the Aryans to the East and to the South—and meet their allies in imperial Delhi.

With profound sadness one looks back today to that great lost dream: the resounding of the Horst Wessel Song in the majestic rocky solitude of the Khyber Pass, the reception of Adolf Hitler—*Weltführer*—in the historic eastern capital. It was not impossible. At one time it even seemed—to the observer in India at least—the only logical conclusion of the Second World War. The tide of events had not yet turned in favour of the forces of disintegration. And few people, if any, even in Europe, even in apparently well-informed circles, could foretell that it was to turn so soon and so completely. These were still great days—days of confidence, days of hope; days in which, in spite of the immensity of the struggle, one felt strong and happy, wherever one happened to be; days in which one believed that all hardships, all sufferings would soon be forgotten in the joy and glory of “after victory.”

* * *

But, for that very reason one did not know—one could not know—in those days, who was a true National Socialist and who was not: nor, in the wide world outside “the Party,” who was a sincere believer in Hitler's ideology and a true friend of National Socialist Germany, and who was only pretending to be.

Up till 1942, the whole of Germany seemed to be heart and soul with the Führer. The whole of Europe obviously was not—since there was a war going on—but it appeared that, also in the occupied

countries, a growing number of people were realising that the coming of the New Order was unavoidable and that the best they could do was to collaborate with victorious Germany. In Asia, with the sure, elemental perception of primitives or the superior intuition of highly evolved souls, increasing millions strongly felt the importance and the value that Hitler's victory would have for the whole world. They felt it would mean a better world from *their* point of view also—the end of long-detested dominations; the end of the rule of money; and also, in some cases, the triumph of the age-old ideas that they accepted as a matter of tradition; the triumph of a spirit familiar to them for millenniums. And they wanted it. If the war had ended in 1942 by the defeat both of Communist Russia and the Western Democracies, and the meeting of the Axis armies of East and West in Delhi, then

not only would the whole of Germany have rejoiced, as one can well imagine, but the entire world (with the exception of the Jews and of a stubborn minority of Democrats and Marxists) would have burst into one immense cry of happiness: “Heil Hitler!” The magic words would have rung triumphantly from Iceland to Indonesia.

But one would never have known how far they came from every man’s heart or were just an effect of mass suggestion. The weaklings and the hypocrites—the time-servers—would never have “changed their opinion”; the potential traitors, in Germany itself, would have remained loyal. The actual traitors would have taken good care to keep their fruitless underground activities forever unknown. Nay, more than one of those scoundrels would have been honoured—and remembered—as a prominent member of the ruling hierarchy and an organiser of the victory—for there were such ones even in the midst of the Nazi Party!

They began to reveal themselves as soon as the tide of events definitely took a bad turn. They ceased to take so much trouble to hide their shadowy doings, so much so that some of them got found out. One is only amazed at the fact that more of them were not found out sooner. A traitor of first magnitude like Admiral Wilhelm Canaris remained unsuspected in his high position as chief of German Intelligence until 1944. Even such a penetrating eye as that of Dr. Goebbels could not see through him. And had it not been for that monstrous conspiracy against the Führer’s life, in July 1944, in which he took part, who knows if the man would ever have been discovered? Others were not until *after* the war—*after* the disaster, when it paid to tell the world that one was an enemy of National Socialism, and to prove it. If the war had been won, a fellow such as Hjalmar Schacht

would still be seen in the solemn Party gatherings, wearing upon his arm the badge of the Swastika; standing by the genuine Nazis as though he were one of them. Now—in 1948—he has written his *Abrechnung mit Hitler*¹ and proved what a faithless man he is—and *was*, all those years.

There were thousands of creatures of that type, in the golden days. And there were millions of weak people, neither good nor bad, whose devotion to the Man they had so often frantically acclaimed was skin-deep and gave way under the hardships of “total war.” But there were those, too, whose faith was unshakable, whose fortitude knew no limits; whose National Socialism was the outcome of thought and experience, rooted in the depth of life.

There was gold, base metal, and slime among the so-called National Socialists of the days of glory. Now, after all is lost, the slime has gone over to the Democracies’ side—the right people in the right place. The base metal exists, but no longer counts; no longer claims to stand for any ideology. The gold alone is left—and is more plentiful in Germany, today, than the world imagines. It can also be found among the few—very few—foreign National Socialists who have remained faithful to Adolf Hitler and his ideals after Germany’s defeat; among

such men as Sven Hedin and a handful of others, less well-known, of different nationalities.

¹ Hjalmar Schacht, *Abrechnung mit Hitler* [*Settling Accounts with Hitler*] (Berlin: Michaelis, 1948)—Ed.

Chapter 3

NOW, THE TRIAL

“You will be tried like the gold in the fire.”

—2 Esdras 16:73

“Wir sind das lautere Gold, das im Schmelztiegel auf die Probe gestellt ist. Laßt den Ofen flammen und brausen! Es gibt nichts, was imstande ist, uns zu zerstören!”

—From a Nazi leaflet distributed in occupied Germany in 1948¹

One must have seen with one's own eyes the ruins of Germany, to believe the enormity of the hatred that laid that country waste. Surely London was bombed. So were other English and continental towns. War is war. But *this* bombing was something different. What the half a dozen apologetic air raids of the Japanese on Calcutta were to the London air raids, so were the latter, in their turn, compared with the hellish bombing of Germany by the Allied planes, in formations of hundreds at a time, night after night.

Broad, lurid streaks of phosphorus filled the sky. In their glaring white light, the outlines of a city could be seen for the last time. A few seconds later, the whole place was ablaze; a few hours later, it was a heap of ruins still on fire. The very earth, soaked in phosphorus, burnt on slowly, for days.

Not one, not ten or twenty, but *all* the German towns were submitted to that systematic destruction by the enemies of the New Order—“crusaders to Europe,” as the American lot call themselves. That was to punish the German people for loving Adolf Hitler, their Leader, their Saviour, and their friend. That was also to punish Adolf Hitler for loving the German people and the Aryan race at large more than anything in the world; for having dared, for their sake, to challenge the might of the unseen Jew behind the screen of world politics. The rascals who planned and carried out that inhuman bombing

¹ “We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us.”—From Savitri’s own leaflet. For the full text, see p. 34 of this volume.—Ed.

knew that the surest way to torture him was to inflict that terror and that suffering upon his helpless people. They smashed Germany so that he might see it smashed. They burnt thousands of Germans alive—stuck in the boiling mud of the streets they had no time to cross, or roasted in the cellars where they flocked for shelter—so that the thought of their horrid deaths might haunt him day and night. They reduced the whole country to heaps of smoking ruins, so that he, poor great One, might suffer, even more than the men and women that the phosphorus bombs affected materially.

The most effective devastators of all times, the Assyrians in Antiquity and the Mongols in the Middle Ages, were pretty thorough in warfare; nearly as thorough, in fact, as the airmen who poured fire and brimstone over unfortunate Germany, only yesterday. But even *they* did not display such a fiendish will to exterminate a whole enemy population. The Mongols definitely spared, as potential concubines and slaves, the desirable women, the useful craftsmen, and the children not taller than the wheel of a cart. The airmen of the United Nations spared nobody. The only people who, in olden times, proved to be as enthusiastic mass murderers as they (to the extent the technique of ancient warfare permitted) are the Jews. One has but to re-read, in the Bible, the monotonous but instructive accounts of the conquest of Canaan by that self-styled “Chosen People”—accounts of unbiased Israelitish source, all of them—in order to understand what I mean. But even they never mingled, with their hatred towards a hostile nation, such stubborn, fanatical, and yet methodical hatred for one great Individual. That remained to be done, in this war, by the Aryans and semi-Aryans in the pay or under the influence of their modern descendants.

And who was that hated man, Adolf Hitler? Not only the first one who had striven to give back a collective consciousness and pride to the whole of the Aryan race, outside Germany as well as within; not only the one who, after doing all he possibly could to avoid war, had three times offered England an honourable peace; but the man who had spared the remnants of the fleeing British Army at Dunkirk, and refused to invade England and pursue his victory, still believing, in his loving heart, that England would understand the sincerity of his gesture, renounce her frenzied anti-German policy, and help him to build a beautiful world upon the ruins of the sole enemy of better mankind: the money power of the international Jew.

That is the one against whom they let loose all the savagery stored within them for centuries.

Today, as one walks through the bombed streets of Hamburg, Cologne, Koblenz, Berlin, or any German city; or even as one beholds, from the windows of a railway carriage, those miles and miles of ruins in whatever part of the country it be—

charred walls of which the torn outlines stick out against the grey or blue sky, or the glow of sunset, as far as the eye can see; impossible piles of twisted iron, disjointed stones, and blocks of cement, heaped over endless waste spaces where life once flourished, where men once were happy; where the Führer held out his hand to little children less than five years ago—as one sees *that*, I say, and as one recalls in one’s mind the inferno that preceded and caused such appalling devastation, one does not only think of the glorious pre-war days and feel: “That is what they did to kill new Germany!” One also evokes another, and quite different picture: the muddy beach of Dunkirk, and the pitiable survivors of the British Expeditionary Force gathered there, in the late spring of 1940, tattered and torn, wounded and hungry but, above all, scared out of their wits like hunted animals; the roaring sea before them, the German divisions behind them, rain and lightning and the dark night all round them; awaiting in terror the only fate that seemed likely to befall them: death. It would have been so easy for the victorious German Army to step forth and kill them all off—and put an end to the war. Oh, so easy! But orders came from above, to the bewildered generals and the soldiers on their onward march; orders from that Man whom England was fighting, but who was not fighting England; from the generous, loving, trusting German Führer, who recognised no enemies in the misled Aryans who composed the bulk of the British Army: “Leave several kilometres between them and the German Army,” in other words, “Spare them! Allow them to wait undisturbed for their ships, and to reach the coast of England safe and sound.”¹ Whatever the German High Command

¹ Mr. Churchill, in his *War Memoirs*, gives a different explanation of these orders of the Führer to General Halder, Chief of the German General Staff. This is only to be expected. He writes: “He [Hitler] felt he could not sacrifice armoured formations uselessly, as they were essential to the second stage of the campaign. He believed, no doubt, that his air superiority would be sufficient to prevent a large-scale evacuation by sea. He therefore, according to Halder, sent a message to him through Brauchitsch, ordering ‘the armoured formations to be stopped, the points even taken back.’ Thus, says Halder, the way to Dunkirk was cleared for the British Army.

“Other German generals have told much the same story and have even suggested that Hitler’s order was inspired by a political motive, to improve the chances of peace with England after France was beaten” (Winston Churchill, *War Memoirs*, Vol. II., *Their Finest Hour*).

The supposed “actual diary” of General Rundstedt’s Headquarters “*written at the time*,” on which Mr. Churchill bases his statement that the orders were given on the initiative of General Rundstedt, are very probably *not* “written at the time” at all, but after the war. I have come to this conclusion for the following reason.

On the 6th of April 1949, I was told by Colonel Edward Vickers, British Governor of the Werl prison where I was myself a political prisoner, that “political prisoners are the last ones to whom the British authorities would grant light in their cells after 8 p.m. and the facilities to write” (I had precisely asked for extra light, which I was not given). “But,” added Colonel Vickers, “those who write things for us,” who do “secret work in our interest, *are given every facility*.” On the other hand I was told by a responsible member of the British police in Düsseldorf, who intended to impress upon me how “good” and “lenient” the British are in Germany, that General Rundstedt was given in captivity all sorts of special advantages—not only light after time and the permission to write, but the permission to leave his prison on “parole” which is indeed much. I would not like to be unfair to anyone, especially not to a German general, but I cannot help wondering if the

“diary” of his mentioned by Mr. Churchill is not another “secret work in the interest of the British” of the kind Colonel Vickers had in mind on the 6th of April 1949.

might have felt towards the defeated aggressor, orders were orders. The remnant of the British Expeditionary Force was allowed to live and go home; allowed to recover and fight again.

One remembers, I say, that episode of the Second World War as one beholds the ruins of all the German cities, the plight of men and women in the overcrowded areas still fit to live in, and all the misery, all the bitterness, consequent of that devilish bombing. Streams of fire, tons of phosphorus, relentlessly poured over his people for five years, these were England’s thanks to Adolf Hitler for having shown mercy to her soldiers in his hour of victory. These were the thanks of the United States of America for his orders not to shoot the parachutists captured on German soil. These were the thanks of the unworthy Aryans both of Russia and of the West to the Man who loved them, as a race, and who had dreamed for them an era of glory and prosperity, side by side with his own people, in a world freed from the tyranny of the money system.

* * *

Under that continuous terror, the German people suffered, at first with the hope that the ordeal would soon be over, that victory was at hand; and then, more and more, as months passed and no sign of betterment appeared, with no hope. The traitors, as I remarked in the preceding chapter, became bolder and bolder. And disaffection grew among the ordinary folk who could not understand how anything—including unconditional surrender—could possibly be worse than what they were enduring.

In May, 1945, when Germany did actually acknowledge defeat, very little seemed to remain of the splendid spirit that had lifted the country so high between the two World Wars, and in the early part of this war. From East and West, hostile armies every bit as greedy, brutal, and hateful as each other—every bit as “anti-Nazi,” whether professing to uphold the Marxist ideology or the more hypocritical or sillier form of Democracy—rushed forth to occupy disarmed Germany. The bulk of the tortured Nation looked at them coming, with the tired resignation of those who have reached the limit of what it is possible to suffer.

The eastern gang raped all the women they could catch; stole everything they fancied; drove millions out of house and home in order to replace them by Russians, Poles, or Czechs. The western gang, while behaving with perhaps a little less savagery as regards women, was hardly better in other respects.

The French kicked people off the trains under the slightest pretext—I have seen one of them do it *now*, three years after the end of the war, and can well imagine them in 1945. They also stamped about the streets ostensibly loaded with edibles, in front of the starving population. They brought their families over, to

occupy the best remaining houses and to be fed and fattened at the expense of exhausted Germany. The British and the Americans did much the same. They gave people anything between fifteen minutes and an hour to leave their flats and go wherever they liked—wherever they could—when *they* wanted comfortable lodgings. Usually, they would turn the flats into pigsties in a couple of days, and carry off whatever objects they found desirable when they moved. They built a shockingly luxurious “victory club” in the midst of the ruins of Hamburg and, like the Russians, tore down all the likenesses of the Führer from public buildings, burnt all the National Socialist literature they could set hands upon, and pursued with systematic hatred all those whom they knew—or believed they knew—to be National Socialists.

Whatever might have been their professional efficiency, none of these were allowed to retain the positions they had formerly held. Most were not permitted to work at all. Thousands were arrested, imprisoned, savagely tortured, sent to concentration camps, or to their doom. Among these were Hitler’s closest collaborators: the members of the National Socialist Government, the generals of the German Army, the leaders of the SS regiments and of the Youth Organisations—some of them, the finest characters of modern times. For weeks and weeks, months and months—in fact, for over a year and a half—the all-too-famous Trial of 1945–46, that most repulsive of all the parodies of

justice staged by man since the dawn of history, dragged on. It ended, as everyone knows, by the ignominious hanging, in the slowest and cruellest possible way (each execution lasting about twenty-five minutes), of men whose only crime was to have done their duty without having succeeded in winning the war. And that atrocity took place in what was left of the old mediaeval city which, only a few years before, had been witnessing the glory of reborn Germany in the splendid pageantry of the annual Party rallies: Nuremberg.

When, between the two wars, a couple of Italian Communists, Sacco and Vanzetti, were tried and executed in the United States of America, a wave of indignation rose from the four corners of the earth. Placards were posted on all the walls, and public demonstrations were held in all the large towns of Europe to protest against the condemnation of the two martyrs of Marxism. In 1945, 1946, and 1947, no such feelings stirred God-forsaken Europe (or the God-forsaken world, at that) in favour of the twenty-one victims of the Nuremberg Trial, or of the thousands of other National Socialists labelled by their persecutors as major or minor “war criminals,” and condemned as such by the bogus Allied tribunals in occupied Germany. No—even in the neutral illegality of the trials, in a few people’s casual comments on current events and, perhaps, in one or two booklets—and those, worded as mildly as possible. And on the other hand, either the boisterous glee of triumphant savages at the sufferings inflicted on their captured enemies, or else the still more revolting smugness of self-righteous rogues and fools; the patronizing lectures of self-appointed reformers of mankind, hoping that after such historic “justice,” the Germans would at last “learn their lesson,” i.e., renounce National Socialism and toe the line with their

victors' ideology like good little boys; talks on the wireless about the gradual return of the German people to the "ideals of Christian civilization," now that the Nazi "monsters" were dead.

How I remember that silly, vulgar, cruel, positively nauseating gloating of English-speaking apes of varied breeds over one of the greatest crimes of history, and that hypocrisy in addition to it all! Never, perhaps, could one feel more keenly what a curse the very existence of Christian civilization was. Pagans would not have disgraced themselves to that extent. *We* would certainly not have behaved in any like manner, had we won the war—we whose aim was to resurrect the proud Pagan spirit among the Aryans of the whole world. We might have crushed all opposition out of existence, but we would have neither made a farce of justice in order to condemn our enemies nor tried to convert them to our philosophy. Oh, no! For we

know how to kill, and we know how to die; but we do not know how to lie in order to justify our actions in our own eyes and in other people's. Our only justification is the triumph of National Socialism—the organisation, now, on this earth, of a harmonious hierarchy of human races led by a race of real earthly gods. We need no other. Our enemies—with, I must say, the exception of the Communists, who are as thorough and sincere as ourselves in their way—persecute us in the name of "morals" in which they do not believe. We despise them from the bottom of our hearts. We despise them more than we can ever hate them. Maybe we lost this war; or, to be more accurate, weaklings and full-fledged traitors—*ersatz* Nazis and downright anti-Nazis—lost it for us. But we would prefer to perish forever, even in men's memories, having remained ourselves to the end, rather than to rule the world and resemble our victors. We would prefer to perish, and leave in the dark infinity of time, as a flash in the night, the unrecorded fact of our brief and beautiful passage, rather than to acquire a single one of their democratic "virtues."

* * *

But the National Socialist soul—the Aryan soul, quickened after nearly fifteen hundred years of slumber—is not prepared to die again. Purified by untold suffering, erect, invincible, it gleams—when one takes the trouble to appeal to it—in the eyes of every German worthy of the name; it expresses itself in silent gestures, in whispers; in a superhuman will to live and once more to conquer; in a splendid defiance of torture and death; a reaction to persecution which, even from the mere aesthetic point of view, has hardly any parallel in world history.

In 1945, torn and desolate Germany, overrun by hostile armies, plundered by rapacious occupants, insulted by a whole cowardly world, could do nothing, say nothing, hardly think anything. Like a boxer temporarily knocked out in the ring, she was stunned. Cases of mass suicide, as well as of large scale deportation to

Siberia were reported from the Russian occupied areas, while hungry, completely destitute, packed like goods in cattle wagons (or worse), the whole German population of East Prussia and of Sudetenland—over 18 million people—uprooted by the Russians and by the Czechs, poured into western and southern Germany. All over the country, arson and outrage were taking place on a scale unheard of for centuries. The mere fact of a house being or having been occupied by Nazis was a sufficient

excuse for all the criminal elements of the neighbourhood to rush to it for loot, knowing they could now do so with impunity. No man or woman known to be a sincere follower of Hitler was safe in the street or indoors. In a twinkling of an eye every external sign of the National Socialist régime was being effaced by the invaders aided by the Jews of Germany.¹ In offices, in cafés, in the ruined railway stations, in every public place, members of the occupying forces, with the help of the few rascals on the spot, were busy tearing down all likenesses of the Führer, with ferocious glee. Every blow they struck, every thrust of knife or sword into cardboard or wood, every tearing up of paper, every desecration of the reminders of the glorious days or of the holy sign of the Swastika, was to them a new assertion of their victory over National Socialism.

The sincere Nazi who happened to pass by, powerless—the one among thousands in whom hunger and hardships had not temporarily silenced all idealism, in those atrocious days—felt his eyes fill with tears and his heart with rage. He had already witnessed, that day, a dozen scenes of similar vulgarity, and many others before. He had seen, at the stalls, the headlines of the now Allied-controlled papers announcing the latest arrests of prominent National Socialists. He had heard the nearest “bunkers” in the countryside being blown up one after the other as detested remnants of the power of the Third Reich. He had seen the soldiers of the victorious democracies march up and down the streets and their officers walk in and out of the Club erected in haste in the midst of the ruins of his town. He knew that for months—perhaps for years—such scenes would be common occurrences, such news daily news, and such an atmosphere of persecution and depression, of fear and hate, the “normal” atmosphere of his proud Germany. He knew there was now no hope, no immediate future for all he loved and stood for. And he turned his head aside not to see the picture of Adolf Hitler trampled in the mud, and the repulsive glee on the faces of the victors of the day.

Still, whatever might have happened, whatever was yet to happen—whether National Socialism was one day to reassert itself or not—*he* would never, he *could* never withdraw his allegiance to the everlasting Idea on which the Führer had tried to build a truer civilisation and a more beautiful humanity. On the contrary, never had the greatest

¹ We are accused of having exterminated goodness knows how many “millions” of Jews. It is strange—to say the least—that so many were still living undisturbed in Germany at the time of the Capitulation.

European of all ages seemed so great to him, perhaps, as now, visualised from the depth of disaster, from the midst of persecution, and of worse than persecution; from the midst of the apparent apathy of his very own people, in whose millions five years of savage bombing and now hunger and destitution had killed all but the elementary animal reactions to food and warmth, every desire but the desire to be left in peace and to suffer a little less.

The faithful young man hastened home. He came to a block of houses in ruins, went down some steps, reached the only inhabitable room left in the surroundings: the cellar, in which he lived with a friend. The place had at least the advantage of being lonely—away from unwelcome onlookers and listeners ready to inform against any true National Socialist. He opened the door, and shut it carefully after him. Then, lifting his right arm—in May, 1945—he greeted his comrade as in the days in which they both marched side by side in the ranks of the Storm Troopers: “Heil Hitler!”

In the silence of the cold, damp, and desolate room, in which there was nothing to eat but a few boiled potatoes from the day before, the two mystic words of love, pride, and power resounded clear and triumphant. The comrade, rising to his feet and making the same gesture, repeated them in answer, now as *then*, now as always: “Heil Hitler!”

Hail, invincible Germany! Hail, undying Aryan youth, élite of the world whom the agents of the dark forces can starve and torture, but never subdue! That unobtrusive profession of faith of two unknown but real Nazis in 1945 is itself a victory.

It is not the only one.

In the winter of that same awful year 1945—or was it in the beginning of 1946? The eyewitness who reported the episode to me did not remember—a train passed through Saarbrücken, carrying off to different concentration camps in occupied Germany several thousand German prisoners of war whose sole crime was to belong to that élite of the National Socialist forces: the SS. The young men, squeezed against one another, had been standing for goodness knows how many hours in the dark freezing cattle wagons, without food, without water, without the most indispensable human commodities. They were going towards a destiny worse than death; towards the very chambers of hell—and they knew it. And yet, although no one could see them (for the wagons were completely closed save for a narrow slit at the top) one could hear them. They were singing—singing the glorious song of the SS legions in defiance of their horrid present conditions and of the still more

horrid future awaiting them. As the train rolled past, well-known words reached the silent and sullen crowd gathered on the platform—an echo of the great days of National Socialism and, in the midst of Germany’s martyrdom, the certitude of indestructible might and, already, the promise of the new rising, never mind

when, and how: “If all become unfaithful, yet we remain faithful . . .”¹ Every bystander was moved to tears. And so was I, when now—nearly three years later—the fact was brought to my knowledge.

The train passed by and disappeared in the distance. One could no longer hear the song of the SS. But one knew the young warriors were still singing. And one remembered the words that sprang from their lips—the motto of their lives tomorrow, for months, perhaps for years, in hunger, fever, and agony; in torture at the hands of the cowardly Jew and of his agents, till the very minute of death: “Faithful as the German oak trees, as the moon and as the Sun.”²

Where are they now, those fine young National Socialists, real men among apes, followers of a god among men? Dead, probably, by this time, most of them; or back from captivity with ruined health and apparently no future—crushed by the all-powerful machinery of “de-Nazification,” that whole organisation set up in Germany by the sub-men to grind to dust all that is naturally strong and beautiful, alive, intelligent and proud, and worthy to rule; all that the worms cannot understand and therefore hate. That is, no doubt, the fate of the great number of them. But not of all. Thanks to the Aryan gods Who love and trust eternal Germany, some have miraculously retained their physical vitality along with their National Socialist ideals and, whether still in concentration camps or in their homes, are waiting to lead and conquer in the coming struggle. Heroes of that episode worthy of Antiquity which I have just related, or of other, equally moving incidents of which I have not heard, wherever they be, now, the undaunted survivors of our immortal SS—and SA—may the song that sprang from the wagons of captivity, in the station of Saarbrücken, on that bleak evening when all seemed lost, resound, one day, along the highways of Europe and Asia, accompanying their resumed onward march to the South, to the East, to the ends of the world! They deserve it. And we deserve it, all of us, far and near, who in secret action or in silent expectation remain faithful to our Führer and to our ideals among a majority that has lost faith.

¹ “Wenn alle untreu werden, so bleiben wir doch treu . . .”

² “. . . treu wie die deutschen Eichen, wie Mond und Sonnenschein!”

* * *

Majorities are always faithless. Majorities are composed of average men and women, neither good nor bad, for whom the security and comforts of everyday life and personal ties always come before great impersonal ideals such as ours. Majorities stand openly for great ideals, and proclaim their devotion to great leaders by word and deed, only when they feel they can safely do so without impairing their daily bread or disturbing their private lives. Even the best Aryan majority is not yet free from those weaknesses; and one can doubt whether it ever could have been—whether it ever can be—even after years of National Socialist

training. And that is why, although centred *first* around race, our socio-political philosophy is not centred around race alone, but also around personality. Personality is always the privilege of a minority—all the more so that it is stronger and more conscious, more definite, and consequently more reliable.

And yet, in spite of this undeniable, universal fact, what astounds a foreign National Socialist today, in occupied Germany, is not to meet so few genuine German ones, but, on the contrary, to discover so many, often in the most unexpected circles; it is not to be forced to acknowledge, with disappointment, how similar the most consciously Aryan population in Europe is to any section of mankind considered *en masse*, despite twelve years of the National Socialist régime, but, on the contrary, to behold how different it remains, even after such a brief experience of the New Order as it had.

As I have already said, the desolate nation is—apparently—devoid of every external Nazi sign, picture, or book, and the German people are silent—casual, noncommittal—at first sight at least) about all that is connected with National Socialism. They talk of everything but “that.”

The foreigner who has come to “occupy” the land, or to buy and sell, or to send “interesting” articles to the democratic newspaper of which he is a correspondent—the unsympathetic outsider in whose eyes National Socialism is a curse, or all politics a matter of indifference—shrugs his shoulders and says: “Well, they are probably sick of the blessed ‘régime’! Can’t blame them, seeing the mess in which it landed them.” Or else he mistakes the German people for a passive flock interested only in eating and drinking, daily work, material betterment; ready to follow anybody who will promise them these things—and keep his promise. “What do you think?” told me, in Paris, a Frenchman in high position who had spent three years in

Germany, “They followed Hitler because of what they got out of him: the opportunity to stuff themselves at the expense of other nations; to stamp about in jackboots and behave as bullies both at home and abroad. Not one of them cares two hoots for him now, save a handful of fanatics. They only grumble over the advantages they lost and await the new master who will again give them parades and plenty, whoever he be. That’s the Germans!” I wanted to say: “Don’t be so cocksure of it, my dear sir.” But I had not come to discuss.

In other instances, the enemy settled here ever since the capitulation finds the Germans “sly” and “undignified in defeat,” to quote the expression of an official in the French Zone to whom I paid a visit shortly after my arrival in the country. (One just has to keep in with the creatures, outwardly, however much one might detest them at heart. And all the more so, that one lives more dangerously.) “There are,” said this man, “any number of Nazis about; and of the worst type. But they will never tell you so. You will never know what they really think. I have been three years in the country. I speak the language fluently. I have made friends with many people. But I only met one—one in all that time—who told me

that he (or rather she, for it was a woman) still clung to National Socialism. And some say that I am lucky. They met none.” “My dear sir”—I thought—“you are not ‘lucky’ at all. I have been only a week in the place, and I have already come across over fifty people, both men and women, who told me ‘that,’ or allowed me to guess it without difficulty. But I am not saying a word, lest you might suspect what sort of a customer I am myself, in such a case, and start investigating about me. No fear! I do not disturb the sleeping dog. You will not know me—or real Germany—until the liberation.”

Now, in the meantime, the only outsider who can expect to know anything about real Germany is the genuine foreign National Socialist. And not the mere thinker at that; not the one who draws his conclusions in silence and waits philosophically for the next war to put things right. But the active one; the one who loves the Führer enough to take risks; who loves the German people enough to share with them the burden of hardships and persecution; the one who in his beautiful life of poverty, faith, and danger, has no protection but that of the immortal Gods, and theirs. Such a person has naturally a truer insight into the reactions of the Germans, today, than any other outsider, and even than many Germans themselves, for no one can possibly fear him. The downright enemies of the National Socialist régime—who would have had every reason to fear him a few years ago—know only

too well that he can do no harm to them now, however much he might like to. (It is, on the contrary, they, who, if they find him out, and if they choose to do so, can do any amount of harm to him. But they express themselves frankly, imagining in their vanity that no outsider can still seriously support the régime they hate, after its defeat. The foreign Nazi scents the danger and takes good care they do not get to know him too well.) The bulk of the people who have “no politics” but who, in the present-day atmosphere of persecution, are afraid to say a single word in praise of “Hitler’s times,” give him their genuine opinion about all the prominent men of the New Order, as soon as they know for certain who he is. Sometimes, they even destroy some of his illusions without meaning to. But they surely trust him—precisely *because* he is a National Socialist.

And, above all, he (or she) is the only foreigner whom the genuine German National Socialists—those who, in these days of trial, not only retain the courage of their convictions but are ready to resume the struggle at the first opportunity—can, and do, trust implicitly.

And it is amazing, not merely how aware—how alive—but also how numerous these are among the outwardly silent, outwardly subdued—“selfish” and “devoid of all idealism”—average Germans. I once asked a man whom I know to be a Nazi of the purest quality, how many others there were “like himself” in the whole country. He answered with earnest pessimism: “Very few; perhaps two million; surely not more than three.”—“Germany deserves to rule,” I replied, “if she can still boast of three million such sons and daughters, now. It is a very high

proportion.” (And I am personally inclined to believe they are many more than three million.)

To feel the confidence of that proud élite of Europe (which is also the élite of the world) now, in 1948, when it knows it can trust nobody, is surely the most moving experience a foreign Nazi can have, in present-day Germany. To sit in some humble dwelling in the midst of a ruined town, or in a lonely place in the countryside, and to hear, with one’s own ears, words of unshakable faith in our Führer and all he represents, from men and women who have acclaimed him in glory and stood by him in disaster, and suffered all manner of persecution at the hands of his enemies, during these three years; from men and women who have never, even outwardly, compromised with those who hate him, whatever their courage might have cost them materially, and who now, when all seems against us, are ready to fight again for the triumph of his great dreams; to experience the comradeship of such people, it is worth coming from the other end of the earth.

To admire in them the proud soul of everlasting Germany and to bring them, through one’s devoted collaboration in hardships and danger, a foreshadowing of the future homage of the whole of Aryan mankind, which they so deserve, it is worth any sacrifice. To be worthy of them—to earn the right to think and say “we,” and not “they,” when referring to them—it is worth living with the knowledge that one’s career might end, at any moment, in prison or in a concentration camp.

In the meantime, as long as one is still free, one has the pleasure of defying those who now hold Germany under their heel. One forces them to feel—to know—they cannot keep the country down for long. One teaches them that material power is something, no doubt, but not everything; that, as our Führer rightly said, “One cannot kill a *Weltanschauung* by force, but only through the aggressive impact of another *Weltanschauung*.”¹

* * *

Another *Weltanschauung*? Which one? What have our enemies to offer the world in the place of National Socialism which they are trying so hard to destroy as the purest expression, in our times, of a natural élite they detest? What have they, to build the future upon? Christianity, of which the world is already sick, anyhow? Or Democracy, that other large-scale farce?—“freedom of speech for everybody,” save for those who think for themselves and love truth; “freedom of action for everybody,” save the better men and women, those who would act as they think, if given power, and who think as we do; the systematic installation of the wrong people in the wrong places; the plunder of the nations’ wealth by clever rascals; the rule of the scum? Or Communism—that most cunning of all mass delusions, that philosophy outwardly endowed with many characteristics of ours—and therefore, at first sight, attractive to sincere haters of capitalism—but devoid of

the two fundamentals to which our creed owes its everlastingness: the acknowledgement of the natural hierarchy of races, and that of the importance of personality in history and in all walks of life?

Do they seriously expect anyone who has studied National Socialism—and *a fortiori* anyone who has lived it—to fancy one or the other of these snares of the human mind?

Christianity might still satisfy the blind, the old, the weak—people

¹ Cf. *Mein Kampf* I, v, p. 189; Mannheim, p. 172.

of the type of those kind and silly elderly virgins of Great Britain who, to this day, refuse to believe that their male compatriots used phosphorus bombs during this war, or mishandled German prisoners. Such naïve people, living in a fools' paradise, can spend their few last quiet days musing over the possibilities of what they call "esoteric" Christianity as opposed to the exoteric brand which has failed. But the world's millions have no time for that nonsense, whatever might be its next label. And the strong ones despise it. Democracy is doomed by the fact that the Democrats themselves know it is nothing but a pitiable show. And Communism—real Communism; not the diluted stuff for Western consumption—might well be the best ideology for Chinese coolies, for the lower castes of India (the former customers of the Christian missionaries, and the once easy converts to Islam) and for the lousy masses of North Africa and of the Near East. But not for the working men and women of the superior races, whether in the West *or* in the East—especially when these come to know all that the Founder of National Socialism has done for the labourers. And not for the thinking people in whom the Aryan consciousness has once been awakened—not for us. Never! Let the wave come! It might for a time subdue the whole of Europe, materially, and prolong our trial. But its impact will prove, ultimately, as powerless as that of the Democratic *Weltanschauung*. "Nothing can destroy that which is built in truth."¹ In these words, circulated throughout Germany in a Nazi leaflet in 1948, lies our confidence in the future. The truth behind our socio-political philosophy—along with the character of its faithful representatives, now, during the time of our trial—is the strongest guarantee that we can never be submerged.

Today, we suffer. And tomorrow, we might have to suffer still more. But we know it is not forever—perhaps even not for long. One day, those of us to whom it will be granted to witness and survive the coming crash, shall march through Europe in flames, once more singing the Horst Wessel Song—the avengers of their comrades' martyrdom, and of all the humiliations and all the cruelties inflicted upon us since 1945; and the conquerors of the day; the builders of future Aryandom upon the ruins of Christendom; the rulers of the new Golden Age.

¹ From Savitri's propaganda leaflet. For the full text, see p. 34 of this volume.—Ed.

Chapter 4

THE UNFORGETTABLE NIGHT

“When all is lost—when thou hast no possessions, no friends, no hope left—then I come, I, the Mother of the world.”

—The Goddess Kali (according to Swami Vivekananda)

I was coming from Sweden, and going back to England through Germany and Belgium. The train was rolling on towards the German frontier, which I was to cross at Flensburg on the same day, the 15th of June, 1948, at about 6 p.m. All these years, I had lived six thousand miles away, in India. I had never *seen* Germany in the grand days of Hitler’s power. Now, the Gods had ordained that I should have a glimpse of her ruins. Bitter irony of fate! “But there must be a meaning to it”; I thought, “All that the Gods do has a *meaning*.”

I was travelling—officially—as a dresser in a theatrical company.¹ And I marvelled at the network of circumstances that had been preparing for me, of late, a new life. Never, perhaps, had I felt more grateful to the principal of the company² for having taken me to Sweden two months before. That trip had been for me the welcome awakening after a long nightmare. I had met in Stockholm an old friend: the sincerest, perhaps, and surely the most intelligent of all the English Nazis I happened to know; a fine character, and the one person to whom I had been able to open my heart in London when I first came there from India, in that wretched year 1946.³ We had talked again, and he had managed to convince me that things were now a little less awful, from our point of view. And through that friend, I had soon met others, Swedish Nazis, magnificent men and women of the purest Nordic stock, faithful to our eternal ideals; real Pagans according to my heart. And through these—and through the will of the Gods—I had had the honour of meeting one of the great men of the New Order, the famous explorer and the Führer’s friend: Sven Hedin, aged eighty-three, looking forty-five, and speaking as only everlasting youth can express

¹ The dance company of Ram Gopal (1912–2003)—Ed.

² Ram Gopal—Ed.

³ Elwyn Wright—Ed.

itself. I had had a four hour interview with him on that memorable Sunday, the 6th of June. “Have confidence in the future,” had he told me, among other things:

“There are millions like you in darkest Europe. Trust them as you would trust yourself.” And as I had recalled our irreparable losses, in particular, the death of the martyrs of Nuremberg, he had replied: “Germany has other such men, of whom you never heard.” And as I had pointed out that one Man, at least—namely the Führer himself—must be looked upon as irreplaceable, he had told me: “Do not be so sure of his death. Several versions of it were published, none of which is convincing.”—“So,” I said, “perhaps . . .” I was too moved to finish my sentence. “Yes, perhaps . . .,” replied Sven Hedin. He said no more. But I understood.

After three years of despair and disgust, I felt an inexpressible happiness fill my breast. I had known from that minute that a new life had begun for me; that all was *not* finished—that all was perhaps just beginning. I then told Sven Hedin what I intended to do during this first journey of mine through Germany. He had not discouraged me but only told me that “times were not yet ripe,” and tried to make me realise how risky my project was. Several young Swedes who had indulged in similar activities had never come back or been heard of again. Still I said, “I shall try.” The pleasure of defying those who had set out to destroy the National Socialist Idea was something too tempting for me to resist.

So I spent two nights copying on separate papers, five hundred times, in my own handwriting—for I knew nobody in Sweden who could print such literature—the following words in German:

Men and women of Germany,

In the midst of untold hardships and suffering, hold fast to our glorious National Socialist faith, and resist! Defy our persecutors! Defy the people, defy the forces that are working to ‘de-Nazify’ the German nation and the world at large!

Nothing can destroy that which is built in truth. We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us. One day we shall rise and triumph again. Hope and wait! Heil Hitler!

And now I was sitting in a corner of the railway carriage, with my precious papers in my pockets and in my luggage; waiting to throw them out of the windows of the train at every station we passed through, as soon as we reached Germany. I was sitting and thinking of

the glorious past, so recent, and of the wretched present—and of the future, for now I knew we had a future.

The train rolled on. I was not the only one to think of these things. There were in the same compartment as myself three Indian girls—three dancers of the

company with which I was travelling—and also two Jewesses. One of the Indians, a Maharashtrian of the warrior caste, started relating how, in Stockholm, she had read, in an American magazine, an article discussing the question of whether Adolf Hitler is alive or dead; and she added: “How I do wish he is alive! For the good of the whole world, such a man should live!” My first impulse was to press the girl in my arms for having said that. My second one was to reply that “such men always live,” but this ugly world of knaves and fools is unworthy of them. I refrained from both these forms of self-expression and merely gave the girl a sympathetic smile. With five hundred leaflets in my pockets, I could not afford to attract further attention to myself. But I thought: “Even a twenty year old girl from the other end of the world finds it impossible to feel herself nearing the German frontier without thinking of our Führer.” And I recalled in my mind the words heard long ago, in the days of glory: “Adolf Hitler is Germany; Germany is Adolf Hitler.” These words still express the truth. They always will. And I thought: “Just as, today, this daughter of the southernmost Aryans, so, for endless centuries to come, the whole world will identify, in its consciousness, Hitler and Germany and National Socialism—as one cannot help identifying to this day the Islamic civilisation, Arabia, and the Prophet of Islam.” Once more, I marvelled how broad and how eternal National Socialism is.

But the two Israelites present did not allow me for long to think in peace. “How dare you?” exclaimed one of them, turning to the high-caste Hindu; while the other sprang up like a wounded snake from the place where she was reclining and thrust herself at the girl: “Yes, indeed,” said she, “how dare you praise such a man?—Hitler, of all people! What do *you* know about him? You should learn before you speak . . .” Her eyes flashed. And she spat out, against the Germans in general and against the Führer himself, the vilest, the most nauseating tirade I had ever heard since the gloating of one of her racial sisters over the Nuremberg Trial in a London boarding house in 1946.

The world accuses us of cruelty. *I* am supposed to be “cruel,” and—if given power—would surely be more merciless to our enemies than any other National Socialist whom I personally know. And yet even I have never said—never thought—that I would “be delighted to see” any man, any devil, “torn in two.” I have not said that of the rascals

who conducted the Nuremberg trial; nor of those who organised the bombing of Germany to the finish. Can a Jewess hate our Führer more than I hate those people? No. But what the world miscalls our “cruelty” is just ruthlessness—the earnest and frank use of violence whenever it is necessary. The really cruel ones are the Jews. And that is why the fate of any of us in their hands is incomparably worse than the fate of any Jew in our power.

I shuddered as I heard that young daughter of Zion speak. Nobody yet had ever, in my presence, uttered a word against Adolf Hitler without my replying vehemently. But now, though burning with indignation, I was mute and motionless. I had those precious leaflets with me. I thought of the godlike Man

for the sake of whom the German people are so dear to me. Was I to defend him against that tapeworm of a woman, and create a row, and get discovered, and become useless—or distribute my message of pride and hope to the people he so loved? I held my peace. But I gave the woman such a glance of hatred that she recoiled—and was never again to address a word to me. And I rose from my place and went and wept in the one place in which, even in a train, one is always sure to be alone.

* * *

The train rolled on towards the German border. There were some difficulties awaiting me at Flensburg. I was asked to get out of the train to be questioned on the platform by a man—visibly a Jew—to whom the stage manager of my employer's company, also a Jew, was already talking. I possess a pair of Indian earrings in the shape of swastikas. I had them on; and intended to wear them right through German territory, in sheer defiance of all “de-Nazification” schemes. I threw a shawl over my head (there was no time to do anything else) and came out. The man on the platform, I was told, was “a member of the police.”

“Are you Mrs. Mukherji?” said he, as he greeted me.

“Yes, I am.”

“Well,” he continued, “There are rumours about you. Can you tell me how far they are justified?”

“What rumours?” said I.

“You surely know.”

“I do not. I have not the faintest idea. People say so many things.”

“Some say you are a Nazi. Are you really?”

“Does it matter what one is, in a land to which you are supposed to have brought ‘freedom’—so you say?” I replied ironically.

“It does,” said the man. “We don't welcome people likely to make the already difficult task of the Occupying Powers still more difficult.”

“I don't see how anyone could display such might from behind the windows of the Nord Express,” I answered—wishing all the time *I* could.

I had hardly finished saying these words when one of the youngsters of the company, who knew I was wearing my lovely and dangerous earrings, pulled the shawl off my head from behind, “for a joke” he later explained. The “joke” could

have proved a tragic one. But the boy did not know—nobody knew—what I was carrying with me and what I was intending to do. The hallowed Symbol of the Sun gleamed on each side of my face in that first German frontier station, now in June, 1948, as it did in the streets of Calcutta in glorious '40.

“I see it is useless talking to you any longer, Mrs. Mukherji,” said the man to me. “You’d better stay off the train. We shall search your luggage.”

“You can,” I replied, with outward calm. But I ran to the principal of the company, who was taking a stroll, and took him aside at the other end of the platform.

“You must help me to get on that train again at once, without them searching my things,” said I.

“Why? What has happened?”

I explained what had happened, and the principal promised he would try to help me.

I could not tell what he said to the official or semi-official “member of the police” who had questioned me. He probably pointed out to him that no person seriously intending to indulge in Nazi underground activities would be such a fool as to advertise herself beforehand by wearing a pair of golden swastikas. And the argument, apparently, proved convincing. My very stupidity saved me. My luggage was not searched. At last the train moved on. “The Gods still love us,” thought I, as I rolled triumphantly into German territory.

* * *

Right and left the land stretched out, green and smiling, in all the glory of its summer garb—“as beautiful,” thought I, “as when ‘he’ ruled over it.”

I stood in the corridor, with as many of my leaflets as my pockets and handbag could carry—some concealed in packets of ten or twenty

cigarettes or in small parcels of sugar, coffee, cheese, or butter (whatever I could buy in Sweden), others placed in envelopes, others just loose. The railway ran parallel to a road. Walking along the road were a woman and a child. I waved to them, and threw a little packet of sugar out of the window—a packet with a leaflet in it, naturally. The woman picked it up and thanked me. I was already far away. By the side of a small station through which we passed without stopping, was a café. A youngster and a girl were seated at one of the tables, out of doors, drinking beer. I threw them a packet of cigarettes also containing a leaflet. The packet fell a little further from the table than I thought it would. The young man got up to take it, and smiled at me while I leaned out of the window to catch a glimpse of him. He was a fine young man: tall, well-built, blond, with bright eyes.

The girl—a graceful and slim maiden with golden locks—had also got up and was standing at his side. She too, was smiling, glad to have the cigarettes.

As the train carried me further and further away out of their sight, I imagined them opening the packet, finding the paper, unfolding it. I imagined their eyes sparkling as they saw at the top—once more after three dark years—the unexpected Sign of the Sun, and as they read the words written for them from the depth of my heart: “Hold fast to our glorious National Socialist faith, and resist! . . . One day, we shall rise and triumph again.”

They had thought they had got twenty cigarettes and lo, they had got *that* along with them: a message of hope. I was happy. The idea did not enter my head that the message was perhaps wasted on them; that, after all, they might not necessarily be Nazis. I took it for granted that they were, at heart. However much this may seem childish, nay, foolish, utterly out of keeping with the seriousness of what I was doing, they struck me as too beautiful to be anything else.

* * *

And on I went, through the lovely countryside, my head at the open window. Whenever we passed through a station, or whenever I saw anybody within my reach—workmen on the side of the railway, people walking along a road or waiting at a level crossing for our train to pass—I threw out some small parcel and a handful of loose leaflets. The faces of which I caught a glimpse were haggard and tired but dignified faces; faces of men and women who, obviously, had not had enough to eat for a long time, but whom an iron will kept alive and whom an invincible pride kept unsubdued. I admired them.

A little before we reached Hamburg, I thrust from the toilet window over a hundred of my leaflets onto the crowded platform of some station through which we passed, and then came back into the corridor. The train was rushing on at full speed. I had no time to see what happened. “But surely,” I thought, “some of my papers must have fallen in good hands.” Then it struck me that some, also, being so light, might well have flown back into the train. I knew that the Jew B.T.,¹ the stage manager of the company, was sitting in a railway carriage nearer the end of the train than mine. And I shuddered at the idea of *him* suddenly seeing one fly in from the window and fall upon his lap. “Oh, dear!” said I to myself, “I must be more careful henceforth!”

The Sun had already gone down, and we were running through the suburbs of Hamburg. For the first time, I beheld what I was soon to see every day: the ruins of Germany. Black against the pale green and golden sky—the afterglow of the late summer sunset—I saw no end of shattered walls; of heaps of wreckage; of blocks of iron and stone out of the midst of which emerged, now and then, the skeleton of what had once been a boiler, or a wagon, or an oil tank; no end of long

dark streets in which no life was left. The whole place looked like an immense excavation field.

Tears came to my eyes, not because these were the ruins of a once prosperous town, the lamentable remnants of happy homes and useful human industries, but because they were the ruins of our New Order; all that was—materially—left of that super-civilisation in the making which I so admired. Far in the distance, I noticed the steeple of a church standing, untouched, above the general desolation—like a symbol of the victory of the Cross over the Swastika. And I hated the sight of it.

Once more, as in the last days of the war and in the months that followed, I experienced for a while the feeling of despair. In my mind, I recalled those darkest days: my departure from Calcutta already at the close of 1944—when one knew what the end would be—not to hear, not to read, and, if possible, not to think about the war; not to be told *when* National Socialist Germany would capitulate; and then, my wanderings from place to place, from temple to temple, all over central, western, and southern India, without my being able to draw my attention away from the one fact: the impending disaster. I saw myself again in a train on my way to Tiruchendur, at the extreme south of the Indian peninsula. A man holding a newspaper in English was sitting

¹ Ben Topf—Ed.

opposite me. And I could not help reading the headlines in big letters: “Berlin is an inferno.” It was in April, 1945, a day or two after the Führer’s birthday. The man had looked up at me as he had seen me reacting and had said: “Well, we are safe out here, anyhow!” And I had replied: “It is all right for you, but I wish I were not safe. I wish I were there.” And before he had had the time to overcome his astonishment and ask me why, I had gotten up and gone out into the corridor, and there, easily abstracting myself from my tropical surroundings, I had thought of that inferno—as far as one *can* think of such a thing without having seen it. And I had pictured to myself the Man against and around whom raged the fury of a world possessed by demons, the Man who had striven for peace and on whom three continents were waging war: my beloved Führer—in the midst of the noise of exploding bombs and of crumbling buildings, his stern and beautiful face lighted up, now and then, by the sudden glow of new fires started in the vicinity. And I had felt all the more tormented in my security far away, because I could not look up to that tragic face in the hour of ruin and tell my betrayed Leader: “The East and West may turn against you now, but I am with you forever!” And I recalled, after that, my return to Bengal in July, 1945; the news: Germany divided into four “zones”; and then, the three long, gloomy years that had followed, until I had found in Sweden a new ray of hope.

I was thinking of all this as the train halted in Hamburg station, along the one remaining platform of the twenty-eight the station once possessed.

* * *

I soon noticed a gathering before one of the windows of our train—the window of a compartment nearer the end than the one I occupied. People were rushing forward, pushing one another, struggling with one another for something at their feet on the platform. Then, for a minute, all was calm again—all eyes were once more gazing at the window in expectation until, at last, the desired thing fell, and all again rushed to pick it up. The thing was a cigarette—a single one.

I walked down the corridor to the carriage from which it had dropped. It was the one occupied by the stage manager of the company, the Jew whom I mentioned. And there I actually saw Israel B.T. standing at the window, gloating over the ruins of Hamburg and of all Germany at the top of his voice—saying he was sorry an atom bomb had not been dropped on each town—and throwing onto the platform

one cigarette at a time (only one) just to have the pleasure of seeing twenty people rush forth to pick it up. Twenty people who less than ten years—less than five years—ago, had acclaimed the Führer at the height of his glory with their right arm outstretched and the cries of “Sieg Heil!”; twenty people who had fought for the triumph of the Aryan Ideology and for the overlordship of the Aryan race in this world, were now, after three years of systematic starvation, oppression, and demoralisation, fighting for a cigarette thrown to them—like a dry bone to a pack of hungry dogs—by a fat, ugly, mean, cruel, gloating Jew! My heart ached with shame and indignation. I wanted to get down from the train, to rush to the ones on the platform—to my Führer’s people; to *my* people—and tell them: “Don’t pick up that thing! It is the gift of mockery. Don’t!”

But the train had already started moving on. I turned to Israel B.T. with cold, contained rage: “If you must see people fight for your damned cigarettes, you could at least throw out a packet of twenty—something worth having.” I loathed the spiteful, cowardly creature from the depth of my heart, but I just could not keep silent. The Jew looked around at me and said: “I keep my cigarettes for Englishmen, and would advise you to do the same, if you have any.”

“Mr. B.T.,” I replied, “what have *you* in common with England and Englishmen? As for advice, let me tell you straightaway that I take none from my racial inferiors.”

It was the first time I ever had shown the creature my National Socialist feelings in all their glaring nakedness! He was taken aback. “What is the matter with you?” he said. He did not know me enough—yet—to understand at once.

“What is the matter with me?” I repeated, “Nothing. We are in Germany. That’s all.”

The train moved forth between further expanses covered with ruins. Yes, we *were* in Germany.

* * *

It was now dark. A bright starry night, and that desolation—those endless charred and blasted walls, and those emaciated, stern, and dignified faces—beneath the splendour of the heavens; and I, still standing in the corridor with a new supply of leaflets in my pockets. “Why had I not come years before, during our great days?” I was thinking. “Why had I not stood, I too, along those now devastated streets and cried out ‘Sieg Heil!’ at the passage of the one Man of my

times whom I revered as a god? Why had it been my destiny to spend all those years six thousand miles away from Europe and to come *now*—now that proud Germany lay in the dust?”

Tears filled my eyes as I gazed at the deep sparkling sky, and then at the rare lights scattered here and there in what was left of that immense city: Hamburg. The dark infinity above reminded me of one of the many names of the immemorial Mother Goddess, in Sanskrit, the sacred language which the Aryans once brought to India: *Shyama*—the Dark Blue One; Goddess of indestructible life, Goddess of death and destruction; lover and avenger; Energy of the Universe. And I recalled the words which the Mother Goddess Herself is said to have addressed to a Hindu sage: “When all is lost—when thou hast no possessions, no friends, no hope left—then I come, I, the Mother of the world.” And I remembered that, to the Hindu mind, the universal Mother lives in every woman. “In me, also,” I thought; “I too have come when all is lost, when all is in ruins; when all is dead, save the invincible Nordic soul, in Hitler’s people. Is that why I have come so late?—to speak to the German soul for fifteen hours from the corridor of the Nord Express?”

We passed through a station. More leaflets flew out of the window, written by me, thrown by me—“written and thrown by the Gods *through* me,” I felt. We rushed through another station. I repeated the gesture.

I was alone in the corridor save for a young man standing there—a handsome blond with a frank, trustful face. I had sworn to myself not to touch food or drink of any sort and not to sleep as long as I was in Germany—a manner of self-imposed penance for not having come before, and a symbolical expression of solidarity with the starving and the homeless among my Führer’s people.

I continued to distribute my leaflets. Save for two papers concealed, one in a packet of sugar, and the other in a small tin of butter, I had now only loose messages left. Each time we stopped, I expected the police to come, the train to be searched, and me found out and arrested. I knew I was doing something risky and had not for one moment hoped to get away with it. When, on the morning before, I had seen the Baltic Sea gleam in the sunshine, and watched the seagulls come and go in the bright sky, I had felt convinced that these were my last hours of liberty. I was prepared for the worst. But nothing happened.

The young blond I have mentioned did not seem to be watching me or even to have noticed what I was doing. Yet, I thought I had better try to find out who he was and what views he held . . . “in case.” I went

up to him, and we started talking. He was a Dane, he told me. I had met in Iceland, over a year before, a couple of Danes who were convinced Nazis. But I knew, of course, that a very great number were not. I asked this one the testing question which, generally, no European whose country was recently under National Socialist rule can answer without revealing his tendencies: “How did you fare with the Germans, during the war? Badly?” He smiled and replied: “Better than since they left.” I thought for a minute that he had guessed his answer would please me. But no. That could not have been. It was not written on my face that I am a National Socialist. And also, I was then dressed in the Indian style, in a “sari,” as I always had been, for years, before I came to live in occupied Germany. And few people knew what a response Hitler’s message had found in the hearts of some of the “southernmost Aryans.” The young man was probably sincere. And I felt I could talk a little freely to him. I told him how the sight of the ruins shattered me to the depth, and how I was in sympathy with Germany in her martyrdom.

“Yes,” he said, “I see you throw cigarettes and food to these people.”

“And better than that,” I suddenly replied, as though something had prompted me to betray myself—or as though I were sure the young Northerner would not betray me.

“What do you mean by ‘better than that’? What is better than food for the starving?” said he.

“Hope,” I replied, “the certitude of a future. But don’t ask me for further explanations.”

“I shall not. I think I understand you *now*,” he said. “And you have all my sympathy,” he added in a voice that seemed sincere. “But may I ask you only one question: you are not yourself a German, are you?”

“I am not.”

“Then, what is your nationality?”

“Indo-European,” I replied. And I felt my face brighten. In a flash, I imagined on the map of the world the immense stretch of land from Norway to India on which, from time immemorial, the different nations of my race created cultures. And as the young Dane seemed puzzled, I explained: “Yes,” said I, “I *have* no other nationality. Half Greek and half English, brought up in France, and wedded to a Brahmin from far-away Bengal, what country can I claim as mine? None. But I can claim a race—a race that stands above conventional boundaries. Fifteen years ago, to someone who asked me whether I gave my allegiance to Greece or to India, I answered: “To neither—or

to both along with many other lands. I feel myself an Aryan, first and last. And I am proud to be one.”

I did not add: “And I love this land, Germany, as the hallowed cradle of National Socialism; the country that staked its all so that the whole of the Aryan race might stand together, in its regained ancestral pride; Hitler’s country.” But the young man understood; “I know,” he told me; “and I repeat: you have all my sympathy. I shall not betray you.”

I was now sure he would not. He talked a little longer to me and then withdrew into his compartment. I soon was alone, awake in the sleeping train rushing on at full speed in the night through Germany. We halted at Bremen and at other stations. But, in order to avoid getting found out, I threw out my leaflets, as much as possible, at small stations through which we passed without stopping, whenever I saw people on the platforms. Every time the train stopped, I thought I might have been detected; I expected to be asked to get down and follow some man in uniform to the nearest police station. But nothing happened. Of all those who had picked up my message dropped from the windows of the Nord Express, none had yet been willing to betray me.

* * *

The train halted at Duisburg, and although it must have been about 3:30 a.m., there were plenty of people on the platform. To throw out a handful of leaflets was out of the question. The train was stopping. I would have been seen and arrested at once, without any profit to anybody. But I had an idea: I stuffed the pockets of one of my coats with leaflets, folded the coat in four carefully, and, as soon as the train began to move once more, threw the bundle out of the window. Someone, I thought would be glad to wear it the following winter. (It was a good coat, given to me in Iceland.) In the meantime, whoever picked it up would find in the pockets enough Nazi propaganda for himself and all his friends.

The train moved on . . . but stopped again. Had I been discovered, this time? I experienced that same uneasy feeling of danger which I had known so often since my narrow escape at the frontier station. Then, I noticed two men in railway uniforms get into the train by one of the doors that opened into the corridor where I was standing. One of them was carrying my coat. The uneasy feeling left me all of a sudden, as by miracle, and was replaced by absolute calm. I now was sure I

was going to be caught. I watched the two men walk toward me, as the train started once more.

They greeted me and asked me whether I spoke German.

“A little,” said I.

“You come from India?” asked again the same man, noticing the white cotton “sari” in which I was draped.

“Yes.”

“And you threw that coat out of the window?”

“Yes. It is my coat. I hoped someone among the people would pick it up.”

“But there are papers in the pockets of that coat—very dangerous papers. Did you know of them?”

“Yes,” said I, calmly, I would nearly say casually—my fear had completely vanished—“I wrote them myself.”

“So you know what you are doing, then?”

“Certainly.”

“In that case, why do you do it?”

“Because, for the last twenty years, I have loved and admired Adolf Hitler and the German people.”

I was happy—oh, so happy!—thus to express my faith in the superman whom the world has misunderstood, and hated, and rejected. I was not sorry to lose my freedom for the pleasure of bearing witness to his glory, now, in 1948.

“You can go and report me, if you like,” I added, almost triumphantly, looking straight into the faces of the two bewildered men.

But neither of them showed the slightest desire to report me. On the contrary, the one who had spoken to me, now gazed at me for a second or two, visibly moved. He then held out his hand to me and said, "We thank you, in the name of all Germany." The other man shook hands with me too. I repeated to them the words I had written in my leaflets: "We shall rise and conquer once more!" And, lifting my right arm, I saluted them as one would have in the glorious years: "Heil Hitler!" They dared not repeat the now forbidden words. But they returned the gesture. The man holding my coat gave it back to me: "Throw it out in some small station in which the train does not stop," he whispered. "It is no use taking unnecessary risks." I followed his advice. The coat—and the papers it contained—must have been found at daybreak, lying on the lonely platform of some station of which I do not know the name, between Duisburg and Düsseldorf. The two men had long got down from the train.

The name of Düsseldorf reminded me of the early days of the National Socialist struggle, of the days when the French occupied the Ruhr after the First World War. It also reminded me of one of the Führer's speeches there, on the 15th of June, 1926, and I recalled a sentence from that speech: "God, in His mercy, has made us a marvellous gift: the hatred of our enemies whom we hate in return with all our hearts." "Yes," I thought, "whoever cannot thus hate, is also incapable of loving ardently." I loved. And I also hated. And for the thousandth time, I realised all that I had lost for never having seen the Führer with my own eyes. Oh, why had I come so late, to behold nothing but ruins? I did not know that, in less than a year's time, I should have the honour of being tried before a Control Commission Court in that same town—Düsseldorf—for having indulged in "Nazi propaganda."

In the meantime, the words of the unknown railway employee filled my consciousness: "We thank you, in the name of all Germany." Was it to hear these words addressed to me that I had come from so far? And was it to deserve the love of my Führer's faithful ones—now, in the days of trial, when only the faithful ones remained—that I had come so late?

* * *

The train rolled on. I was still there in the corridor, standing in the same place. I was neither tired nor sleepy, although this was the third night I was spending awake. The thrill of danger and my devotion to our Führer sustained me. And the memory of those glorious, unexpected words addressed to me by one of the thousands who still love him—and the first German in the country who had spoken to me—filled me with joy and pride. I would soon be out of Germany now. But I longed to come back—although I could not imagine *how*—to come back, and begin again.

We reached Cologne—another ruined city. In the bright morning sunshine, this time, I saw once more those same endless rows of burnt and shattered houses, those deserted streets. The sight was perhaps even more heartrending than in the

subdued light of evening. The wounds of the martyred town gaped in all their horror, calling for vengeance.

I saw people pass in the streets below the level of the railway—those same worn and dignified faces I had noticed all over Germany. When we came to a bridge built above a street, I threw out my last leaflets and my last parcel—some sugar (and, naturally, a leaflet)

wrapped up in green paper. The train halted on the bridge, and I watched people pick up my message. They had a look at the papers, saw the swastika at the top, and quickly put them in their pockets; such literature was not to be read in public. For a long time the green parcel lay in the middle of the street. Then, a young man on a bicycle stopped and picked it up. He felt the parcel. Lumps of sugar—or perhaps sweets—something fit to eat, anyhow. He put it in the basket fixed to his bicycle and disappeared.

I imagined him reaching his home—some cellar, or some narrow rooms in a half-destroyed house—and opening it; seeing the old sacred Sign of the Sun, which is also the sign of National Socialism, at the top of the paper; reading the writing. He would show it to his friends. And when his friends would ask him where he had got it, he would say: “From nowhere. It dropped from heaven into the street. The Gods sent it.” Yes, the Gods. And the words of hope would travel from one end of the country to the other.

The train moved backwards. Had someone at last betrayed me, and was I going to be asked to get down? No. I was not to be arrested till several months later, in this very station of Cologne, but through my own abysmal stupidity, not through the betrayal of any German. The train was only changing lines. As we passed before a ruined house of which the ground floor alone was inhabited, I saw before the door a plate out of which a stray cat was eating something—some black bread soaked in water, probably; all that the poor people could spare for it. And I was deeply moved by that kind attention to dumb animals on the part of starving people, in the midst of a town in ruins.

The train started to move again, slowly. For a while, I went back to my carriage where I found two of the Indian girls alone. The Jewesses were not there—thank goodness! I stood at the window, gazing at what was left of Cologne. Then, turning to the girl from the warrior caste—the one who had said, the evening before, that she would like to feel that Hitler were alive—I said to her, in Bengali: “Look! Look what they did to beautiful Germany—to my Führer’s Land!” And I burst into tears. Then, I remembered the splendid starry sky I had seen all night from the windows of the corridor. And I remembered the Dark Blue Goddess, the Mother of Destruction, Whose presence I had felt that night. In faraway India, during the war, I had visited her temples and offered her wreaths of blood-red jaba flowers for Hitler’s victory. The implacable Force had not answered my prayer. But I knew that the ways of the Gods are inscrutable. I now turned my face to the sky, as though the Dark Blue One had been there, invisible, but

all-pervading—and irresistible—standing above the ruins. “*Kali Ma*,” I cried, again in Bengali, “*Pratishod kara!*”—“Mother Kali, avenge!”

The Hindu girl saw how moved I was, and heard my appeal to heaven. She looked up to me from her corner and said: “Savitri, believe me, I understand you. The way these people treated Germany is disgraceful.”

* * *

Aix-la-Chapelle,¹ another city in ruins. Our train stopped again. It must have been, by now, nine o'clock in the morning. A woman came to sweep the train, a woman with a kind, sympathetic face. Seeing me alone and willing to talk, she talked to me. She showed me the ruins one could see from the train and told me the whole country was in the same state. “*Alles kaputt*,” she said.

“*Jawohl; alles kaputt*.” I repeated—all lies in the dust. “But that is not the end. The great days will come back, believe me,” said I, with the accent of sincerity. I had no leaflets left to give her. But I knew their contents by heart. I told her what I had written: “We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us. One day, we shall rise and conquer again. Hope and wait.” She looked at me, bewildered, hardly daring to believe that she really heard my words. “Who are you?” she asked me. “An Aryan from the other end of the world,” I answered. “One day, the whole race will look up to the German people as I do today.” And I added in a whisper, as she pressed my hands in hers, “Heil Hitler!”

She looked at me once more. Her tired face now shone. “Yes,” she said, “he loved us—the poor; the working people; the real German nation. Nobody ever loved us as ‘he’ did. Do you believe ‘he’ is still alive?” she added. I was not yet sure of it. I said: “He can never die.” Some people were coming. We parted.

The two Jewesses were walking up the corridor with the stage manager. The female who had spoken like a devil from hell on the evening before did not address a word to me—the Gods be praised! But the other one burst out at me in anger. She felt she could say what she pleased to the dresser.

“Where were you all night?” she asked me.

“Standing in the corridor.”

“Why weren’t you in your place in the compartment?”

¹ Aachen—Ed.

“I wanted fresh air. And whose business is it, anyhow, whether I care to sit or stand?”

“Fresh air, my foot!” she exclaimed. “You were feeding your bloody Germans all night. Don’t we know.”

“*Feeding* them, only,” thought I. So they did *not* know the whole truth after all. “Can’t I feed whom I please with my own money?” I replied. “Again, what business have you to pry into my affairs?”

But the stage manager stepped into the row. “The Germans!” said he. “You should go and live with them, if you find them so wonderful: live on boiled potatoes in some cellar, like they do, and see how you like it!”

My eyes flashed, and my heart beat in anticipation of the beautiful life that I so wanted to be mine. Without understanding what he had said, the Jew had expressed my most ardent, my dearest desire. “Gods in heaven,” I thought with a longing smile, “help me to come back, and live among my Führer’s people.” But the Jew was not shutting his mouth. My silence, and possibly the happy expression on my face, irritated him.

“You should be ashamed of yourself,” he continued. “You should think of the British soldiers who lost their lives in this country before you go giving butter and cigarettes to these people.”

“Mr. Israel B.T.,” I replied, stressing that word *Israel* that used to precede all Jews’ names officially under the National Socialist régime—“Mr. Israel B.T., I happen to be half-British. And my other half is at least European. You are neither British (save by a misuse of the word) nor European.”

“A bloody Nazi, that’s what *you* are!” the Jewess now shouted at me, as loudly as she could, so that all the English-speaking people in the carriage could hear.

My face beamed. “The highest praise given me in public ever since I left India,” I wanted to say. But I held my peace. We were still in Germany. There was no purpose in further irritating those angry dogs, and calling for unnecessary trouble. I needed my freedom to come back—and begin again.

The row subsided, as rows always do. I was once more standing at the window alone, my head against the wind. My task was done—for the time being. I looked back to those fifteen intense hours across Germany. I thought of those famishing people, living among ruins. Five hundred of them had got my message. Any of these could easily have taken the paper to the police, and said that it dropped from the Nord Express, and with the reward given him, bought enough black

market food to stuff himself for a month. The Nord Express would have been stopped, and searched, and I arrested. But no; of five hundred Germans taken at

random along a route of four hundred miles or more, not one had wished to betray the holy sign of the Swastika—not for money, not for food, not for milk for their children. I admired these people, even more than I had in glorious '40. “My Führer’s people,” I thought, “I’ll come back to you somehow. I wish to share your martyrdom, and fight at your side in these dark days. And wait with you for the second dawn of National Socialism.”

* * *

I crossed the Belgium frontier without difficulty. The train now carried me on towards Ostend, towards the sea.

Still standing in the corridor, I was singing an Indian hymn to Shiva, the Creator and Destroyer—the very hymn I had sung, over a year before, in Iceland, on the slopes of burning Mount Hekla, when I had faced in the night the majesty of the volcano in full eruption. At regular intervals, mighty subterranean roarings then answered my song. Now, I felt as though the noise of the redeeming war—the voice of that irresistible coming Vengeance that I had invoked—was answering me. Out of further ruins—the ruins of the whole world this time—the people who had not betrayed me, Hitler’s beloved people, would one day rise again, the Voice said.

On the evening of that day, the 16th of June, 1948, I was back in London. A few weeks later, the Gods had granted me my wish. I was again in Germany, having entered the French Zone with over six thousand more leaflets—printed ones; and larger ones too—also written by me. My new life, or rather the period which stands as the culmination of my whole life, had begun.



Savitri with unidentified friends (the man may be Elwyn Wright), Stockholm, May 1948.

Chapter 5

“DE-NAZIFICATION”

“Woe to him who assails thee!
Thy City endures,
But he who assails thee falls.
The sun of him who loves thee not
goes down, O Amon!”

—From a hymn to Amon¹

“Jeder Versuch, eine Weltanschauung
mit Machtmitteln zu bekämpfen,
scheitert am Ende, solange nicht der
Kampf die Form des Angriffs für eine
neue geistige Einstellung erhält.”

—Adolf Hitler²

In all times—ever since the primaeval Golden Age in which the right conception of life and the right religion of truth prevailed all over the world—there have been great struggles of ideas, religious wars under one form or another. One of the oldest known is the struggle between the perennial Solar religion reorganised as a State cult by the Pharaoh Akhnaton, and the Egyptian religion of Amon, in the fourteenth century before Christ. This war—World War number two—was also a religious war (along with an economic one, as are necessarily all wars planned and waged by plutocratic States). It was fought as bitterly as any religious war of old can have been. And it presented the same phenomenon of a minority of people (on each side) standing against the country to which they were expected to belong, for the Ideology dear to their hearts—in England, and even in France (which is still more remarkable), a National Socialist minority which longed for Germany’s victory because Germany was fighting for the Aryan cause (just as there were, in sixteenth century England, Catholics who desired the victory of Spain because Spain represented the cause of the Roman Church); and, on the other hand, a minority of German

¹ From a hymn to Amon written after the overthrow of the Religion of the Disk (14th century BC) and preserved on an ostrakon in the British Museum.

² “Every attempt to fight a worldview by means of force will fail in the end, unless the struggle

takes the form of the attack of a new spiritual attitude" (*Mein Kampf*, I, v, p. 189; cf. Mannheim, p. 172) [Trans. by Ed.].

Democrats and Communists who desired—and helped to bring about—the victory of the United Nations. Ideologies have always soared, and always will soar, above frontiers.

But there ends all the analogy between this recent conflict of ideas and the other European ones, whether in the Middle Ages or in Modern times. This conflict of the two allied forms of Democracy versus National Socialism has nothing in common, fundamentally, with any ideological war among Christians. It is, on the contrary, after many, many years, the first phase of the resumed struggle between the very spirit of Christianity and that of undying Heathendom; between the cult of suffering humanity and the joyous, ever-young, and pitiless philosophy of the Sun; the man-centred conception of the world and the life-centred; between the age-old international spirit of Jewry (which asserted itself in turns in Christianity, in Social Democracy, and in Communism) and the Aryan spirit; the national spirit, identified, not with the superstition of frontiers but with the religion of Race, i.e., with the Religion of Life in all peoples of Indo-European stock—something far more full of meaning than any quarrel about two conflicting interpretations of the same foreign Bible.

And while the minorities which, on both sides, stood for their faith against their country in the religious wars among Christians can be, and should be, accused of treason from a national point of view, the Aryan minorities who, in England, in Norway, in Holland, in France, and elsewhere, worked for the victory of Germany during this war, can certainly not be. For they set up, above the conventional conception of nationhood, not a still more flimsy conception of the Unknown, but the positive, the natural, the living reality of the Race, apart from which nationhood itself loses all its substance. From the strict, but enlightened, national point of view, no less than from the broader racial standpoint, the traitors, in every Aryan nation, were not they, but the ill-advised majority who believed, and the criminal leaders who carried on, the anti-German propaganda—the people who waged war against the champions of their own cause, the defenders of their own race, thus willingly or unwillingly playing into the game of the alien Jew. As for the anti-Nazis of German blood, they are, of course, the most unpardonable of all the traitors who worked against their race in this war, all the more so that they had every opportunity of knowing and of understanding (if only they cared to) the real nature of the issue at stake.

Now that this first phase of the renewed age-old struggle has ended with our disaster, it was only to be expected that the victorious

supporters of both forms of Democracy would try to wipe out every trace of us, and to prevent us from rising again. And they *are* trying; in fact, trying hard. There has never been, in the history of the world, such a desperate attempt to crush any ideology—save, perhaps, 3300 years ago, the persecution of the

Religion of the Disk under Tutankhamon, and especially under Horemheb, in Egypt. “Woe to thy enemies, O Amon,” intoned the priests of the Egyptian god in Karnak, as they solemnly cursed the memory of the inspired King, Akhnaton, Living-in-Truth, “Woe to thy enemies, O Amon! Thy City endures, but he who assailed thee falls!” And the Man who had stood for the Philosophy of the Sun against the philosophy of vested interests, was henceforth known as “that heretic” or “that criminal,” until, within a few years, his following had ceased to exist, and his very name was utterly forgotten.

The one modern counterpart of that most radical, most systematic and merciless of all persecutions in Antiquity (including the better known and more spectacular ones of the early Christians under several Roman emperors) is the persecution of our *Weltanschauung* in present-day occupied Germany: “*Entnazifizierung*,” as they call it—“de-Nazification.”

But in spite of the parallelism,¹ the result might not be exactly the same. For although National Socialism itself is undoubtedly the modern expression of the self-same perennial Philosophy of Life and Light; and although its enemies are the self-same slaves of the perennial money power, in modern European garb, its persecuted supporters—the undaunted Nazis of 1948 and 1949; the real ones—are of an entirely different mettle than the time-serving adherents of the ancient solar state cult of Tell-el-Amarna²; as far above them, in fact, as pure gold is above clay (and bad quality clay at that).

* * *

There is one way of thoroughly getting rid of an Ideology, namely, to kill off *all* its supporters, and to bring up the new generation in the admiration and reverence of a rival Ideology. And even then, one is never quite sure that the condemned *Weltanschauung* will not one day spring up again, from no one knows where. With unsurpassed

¹ Remarkably enough, both persecuted régimes—Akhnaton’s ideal state dominated by the Religion of the Disk, in ancient Egypt, and Adolf Hitler’s New Order in modern Germany—lasted about 12 years: 1377–1365 BC, and 1933–1945 AD.

² “His Majesty has doubled to me his gifts in gold and silver. My Lord, how beneficent is thy Teaching of Life!” (Inscription in the tomb of Ay at Tell-el-Amarna).

ruthlessness, the first Shoguns of the Togukawa Dynasty practically succeeded in uprooting Christianity from seventeenth-century Japan. Yet, nothing could prevent *some* Japanese from taking an interest in that religion in the twentieth century. And long before, Charlemagne had done his best to blot out Heathendom in ninth-century Germany—and had succeeded, with all the display

of barbarity one knows. Yet he could not—nobody could—prevent the awakening of the spirit of eternal Germanic Heathendom in National Socialism, in our times.

But people who set out to kill ideas are, in general, nowhere near as thorough as either the Saxon slayer, in the West, or iron-handed Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, in the Far East. First of all, because the opposite idea in the name of which they act does not, as a rule, mean all that much to them. Secondly, because, in their unqualifiable vanity, they seldom realise that philosophies, religions, socio-political systems which *they* dislike, might have supporters to whom they are dearer than anything in the world—far dearer than anything which they (the persecutors) profess to love is to them. In all such cases, the attempt to uproot the idea misses its aim, however horrible a form it might occasionally take.

Apart from that, as I have said before, the success—or failure—of persecution does not depend upon the quality of the persecutors alone. It depends as much—and, in most cases, still more—upon the courage, the tenacity, the single-mindedness of the persecuted; upon their power of dissimulation, also: their capacity to lie brazenly to their enemies while remaining, at heart, loyal to themselves and to their ideals—which, in times of emergency, is also a virtue.

The people who establish statistics about the progress of de-Nazification in Germany since 1945, and the people who study them—and especially those who conduct the whole show—have a tendency to forget these truths of all times.

* * *

Ever since the enemies of the New Order have acquired mastery over German territory, National Socialism has been systematically persecuted in its homeland, both by the Russians, in the name of Communism, and by the Western Allies, in the name of Democracy; more radically, perhaps, by the Russians, only because (give the devil his due!) the latter, being themselves more earnest about their own hateful *Weltanschauung* than the Westerners about their principles, take us—their only irreducible opponents—more seriously.

The aim of both gangs is to suppress our philosophy as a living force. Their methods are also, fundamentally, the same; the methods of anyone who ever attempted to blot out an ideology in any epoch; the exploitation of fear and need—terror and bribery—also the exploitation of ignorance and weakness—“persuasion,” applied to those who happen to be too young or too ill-informed, or too congenitally stupid to be able to form an opinion of their own.

As everyone knows, the first step of the new masters of Germany was to send to their doom, as “war criminals,” as many of us as had played—in the National Socialist organisation, or in the struggle against Jewry, or simply on the battlefield, in the defence of Germany—a part too prominent to be quickly forgotten. Former ministers of state, *Gauleiter*, generals, governors of countries occupied by Germany during the war, people who had done nothing more than

their duty, thoroughly and selflessly, as one should, were hanged, or sentenced to long terms of imprisonment (often to imprisonment for life) by tribunals pretending to deal out “justice” while being, in reality, but the instruments of a vengeance that had not the guts to call itself such; the vengeance of hypocrites and cowards, mean and cruel as cowards are bound to be.

The same sort of “justice” was exercised in the Russian Zone, with the only difference, perhaps, that there it was not disguised under such a thick layer of humanitarian nonsense. It was summary, brutal, passionately destructive—the glaringly barbaric vengeance wrought by highly organised primitives on their overpowered superiors. It was openly dealt out to us because we were Nazis—and not, outwardly, because we had “sinned” against “mankind” but, in reality, because we were Nazis. Those Germans who had held any sort of position in the National Socialist hierarchy, and who were not lucky enough to be killed outright, were deported no one knows where: to places beyond the Ural Mountains; to slave camps in the heart of High Asia—out of touch with the rest of the world—to toil for the rest of their lives under the whip.

That would not de-Nazify them—any more than the humiliations, the hardships, the ill-treatment inflicted upon their comrades in the Western Zones would the latter. But it would keep them out of the way—for a long time at least; the Russians hope “forever.” Along with the measures applied in the Western Zones, it would help to de-Nazify Germany and the world by keeping less important people away from the influence of the “dangerous” ones. So our persecutors think.

* * *

Apart from brutal force, the advocates of de-Nazification use another weapon: economic pressure. They first do all they possibly can to deprive people, known as or supposed to be National Socialists, of the means of earning a living. And then, more and more, they offer new jobs to people with a National Socialist past who are willing to be de-Nazified. They even offer to reinstall them in their former posts, in the rare cases in which these have not already been given to notorious anti-Nazis as a reward for their war-time treacheries.

To be de-Nazified consists in going through the proceedings of a de-Nazification court and in paying a sum of money, after which one is looked upon—by the occupation authorities—as though one had never been a Nazi. Needless to say that, in the three Western Zones, all people who, thanks to some exceptional luck, have been allowed to retain a post in spite of their former connection with the National Socialist Party, are *compelled* to undergo that formality if they care at all to remain in office. In the Eastern Zone, I am told, no such a show is put up, for the simple reason that there *are* no persons in office who ever were, at one time or another in their lives, even distantly connected with National Socialism.¹

Sometimes, the penalty for having been a member of the NSDAP—or just somebody sincerely interested in social welfare, who took a more or less active part in the truly admirable work sponsored by the Party in that field—does not go so far as losing one’s job, but consists in a degradation in one’s professional hierarchy, and in a subsequent reduction of salary, regardless of years of honest and efficient service. This is—among thousands of others—the case of Fräulein W, a woman with thirty-four years of service to her credit in an office of the German Railway, somewhere in the now denominated “French” Zone. She has been brought down to the rank of a beginner, with a pay of 116 marks a month instead of the 360 marks she formerly earned. And why? Just for having attended women’s meetings during the grand days, and for having devoted a little of her time to the babies of her country. And I would not even call the lady a National Socialist—not by any stretch of the imagination! She is far too much of a pious Christian to deserve that glorious title.

Entnazifizierung—de-Nazification—has upon the lives of totally

¹ This was true in 1948 and 1949, when this book was written. It is no longer true in 1951.

unconcerned people, in Germany, unexpected bearings. It has been, for instance, ever since it was imposed, the cause of a disastrous lowering of the level of education. As soon as the Occupying Powers took over the country, all schoolmasters who were listed as Nazis or reported as such, were turned out of employ (and not permitted to work at all in their own line) unless they could prove that they had been “forced” to join the Party while being, at heart, as anti-Nazi as the Occupying Powers themselves. But, with very few exceptions, *all* schoolmasters of any worth *were* convinced National Socialists. As a consequence, all of a sudden, there were practically no schoolmasters left in Germany. For the whole year following the capitulation, the schools and colleges were shut. The Occupying Powers did not care. Why should they? The children and the young people were the sufferers. And they were only Germans—the heirs of that New Order that the United Nations so much wanted to crush. A year without schooling would do them good—until the Occupying Powers would be ready to stuff them with their new democratic propaganda.

After that, up to the end of 1947—in some places up to 1948—the children were granted an hour or two of schooling *a week* (a few new schoolmasters had somehow been secured; and some of the old ones, whose past was not too damnable in the eyes of the Occupying Powers, had been after consideration allowed to remain). At the end of 1948, and in 1949—four years after the capitulation—school-going children between six and thirteen in the British Zone (in the region of Hanover) enjoy still only an hour or so of schooling a day. That is the negative side of Germany’s “re-education”—*Entnazifizierung*.

Another aspect of the same is the prevention—according to Article 7 of Law 8 of the Occupation Statute—of any attempt to keep alive “the military and the Nazi spirit” in occupied Germany. I was myself arrested in Cologne, on the 20th of February 1949, for violating this regulation; and this chapter, as well as the end of the former one, was written in prison while awaiting my trial. In fact, ever since my entry into Germany, I had been doing nothing else but “Nazi propaganda,” and not merely under the crude form which, in the end, caused my arrest. This crude form consisted in distributing leaflets and sticking up posters bearing the sacred sign of the Swastika and calling the German people to remain firm in our National Socialist faith—firm in the certitude that they are the first Aryans re-awakened to racial consciousness and racial pride, and that they deserve freedom, plenty, and power; firm in the certitude that the agents of the forces of death cannot keep them down forever. I had stuck up several such posters in a town

of the French Zone on the 30th of January—the sixteenth anniversary of the day National Socialism rose to power—and a few days later, I had been distributing similar leaflets in Cologne. *That* constitutes a crime—for which the maximum penalty is death—in the eyes of those who, so they say, fought six years to secure, all over the world, and especially in Germany, the “freedom of the individual”!

Yes, the “freedom of the individual” . . . unless he (or she) be a Nazi—that is how they should have put it, to be honest. But we all knew all the time what the slogan really meant. And many Germans who, perchance, did not know, then, have surely learnt since 1945.

Any form of self-expression, any form of art or literature which reveals more or less obviously “Nazi tendencies”; any philosophy which might pass for a new—or an older—edition of ours, and especially which justifies whatever we have done in the past and are likely to do in the future; anything of that description, I say, is anathema in the eyes both of Democrats and Communists; of those who are bent on de-Nazifying Germany and the world—if *they can*, that is to say.

The ban on National Socialist literature is not even restricted to Germany. Although there are no *laws* actually forbidding one to do so, it is, in fact, practically impossible to publish anywhere even plain historical truth showing, without comments, the excellence of the National Socialist régime, or the soundness of its basic principles, or the greatness of its immortal Founder, let alone books in which personal devotion to Adolf Hitler and to the Nazi cause is expressed with the warmth of sincerity. (I do not expect this present book ever to see the light, unless radical changes take place in the world.)

Nor is the ban *in* Germany restricted to National Socialist literature. It extends to books that have nothing whatsoever to do with politics or even philosophy; to books of travel and exploration, written *before* the National Socialist Movement was ever heard of, if these happen to be written by someone who is well-known as a Nazi. Sven Hedin’s books, for instance—written as early as 1908, about Tibet

and the Himalayas—come under the ban. No new edition of them can be printed in Germany today. Sven Hedin told me so himself on the 6th of June 1948. Given this, one understands how the books of Friedrich Nietzsche—the spiritual father of National Socialism—are nearly as difficult to find in the country as pictures of the Führer (unless, of course, one knows where to look for them). And I was told that, a year or two at least after the capitulation, Wagner’s music was “dangerous”

to play . . . for the simple fact that the Führer admires it!¹ That is the stuff they call “*Entnazifizierung*.” Pretty significant, anyhow, as an index of the quality of that world that turned against its Saviour.

* * *

But the attempt to make people forget us has also its positive aspect. The Occupying Powers in Germany do not use force alone. They use persuasion too. They *try* to. In the schools and colleges they have taken over—i.e., which they have given over to Germans who hate all that we stand for—they do their best to tell the young that all we did at the time we were in power was wrong; that the principles from which our Ideology draws its strength are false—“unscientific,” “not in keeping with facts,” etc. . . . ; that our scale of values is wrong—“inhuman”; contrary to the morality of “decent” people, etc. The Churches—the arch-enemies of National Socialism—help this propaganda as much as they possibly can, by harping upon the Christian values as opposed to our essentially Heathen ones. More doubt is stirred in the minds and consciences of young Germans, once wholeheartedly devoted to National Socialism, by the Christian preachers than by all the official “democratic” propaganda in the three Zones rolled in one.

Also, a number of books criticizing the Führer’s policy—or the Führer himself—from varied standpoints, are exhibited in the bookshops. Their sale is sponsored by the Occupying Powers. And not only here, in Germany, but all over the world, publications attacking in more or less all civilised languages, the philosophy of the National Socialist régime, or its relations abroad, or its conduct at home—or all three—are printed freely, nay encouraged, under local governments directly or indirectly indebted to Jewish money, while the tale of the other side—the tale of *our* grievances against those who, not content with having ruined a whole continent in order to crush us, have been persecuting and slandering us for the last four years—is not given a chance to reach the ears of the thinking people, let alone to move the feelings of the unthinking but kind-hearted masses.

Our enemies have decided that the world must remain in ignorance of all that we really stand for; in ignorance of all the good we have actually done; in ignorance of all the beauty we have created. Its

¹ In January 1949, the world-famous German pianist Walter Gieseking was not allowed to play in the USA on the ground that he had been the “musical ambassador” of the Third Reich.

labourers must not realise all that our Hitler did for the health and happiness of the German labourers, nor its mothers, all that he did for the German children, lest they might love him. Its “intelligentsia” must learn to consider as masterpieces the products of decadent art which we condemned—only because *we* condemned them—and ignore the work of such an artist as Arno Breker, which expresses, in all its splendour, the very soul of National Socialism. Its millions of East and West must look upon the opponents whom we fought and overcame as heroes and martyrs—only because *we* fought them—and remain in ignorance of our heroes and of our martyrs. Yes, of us Nazis, the world must remember nothing but a series of horrors—the exaggerated picture of the violences we *had to* resort to in order to surmount the obstacles which those very same people, who now accuse us, had put in our way; and the wholesale lies added to it by those who hate us or believe they have some interest in slandering us. *That* is de-Nazification on the broadest possible scale—that concoction of cleverly presented half-truths and downright lies, coupled with complete silence about all facts that proclaim the glory of National Socialism louder than anything or anyone can preach against it.

Is that the weapon with which they hope to *kill* our *Weltanschauung*? Lies never kill truth—not in the long run. And not even in the short run, if the champions of truth can help it.

* * *

I have already said: after that of National Socialism, now, the most thorough persecution of truth in history is perhaps the persecution of the Religion of the Disk under the Pharaoh Horemheb, in ancient Egypt. Within a few years, not a trace of that beautiful cult of Solar Energy, and of King Akhnaton himself (its Founder)—not a sign of his brief passage upon this earth—was left. And for thirty-three solid centuries, not a man in the whole world even knew of his existence—let alone of his philosophy. The triumph of the priests of Amon seemed complete. And yet! In spite of all their curses and of all their glaring success—in spite of that endless period of 3300 years during which nothing challenged their victory—could they keep the truth from coming to light, one day? Could they keep a humble peasant woman from discovering, by accident, the famous Tell-el-Amarna tablets in 1887 AD? Could they keep Sir Flinders Petrie and his successors from excavating the site of Akhnaton’s destroyed capital? And, in lands of which they did not then suspect the existence, in languages which were

not yet spoken in their days, could they keep men and women of our times from reading the translation of what remains of his hymns to the Sun, and from marvelling both at the literary beauty of those songs and at the accuracy of the eternal ideas which they reveal?

In a like manner, even if the agents of the dark forces could crush us out of existence, still they could not blot out the everlasting truth on which our socio-

political Ideology is founded. Even if, by killing us all, they could de-Nazify the earth in its length and breadth, still they could not keep Life from evolving, now and always, on this and on all planets in space, according to those self-same iron laws regulating the rise and downfall of races, which Adolf Hitler recognised and stressed in his speeches, in his writings, in his whole career; still they could not de-Nazify the Gods.

But can they even de-Nazify Germany—as the priests of Amon (like they, worshippers of vested interests in their days) swept the Religion of the Disk out of Eighteenth Dynasty Egypt? That is already too great a task for their ability. Not that *they* lack the cunning—the methodical art of threat, and blackmail and bribery; the capacity to exploit the worst side of humanity hidden in most men—nor the hatred that once distinguished the ancient sacerdotal gang. But *we* are not the light-minded courtiers of Tell-el-Amarna. We are prepared to resist all attempts to destroy our spirit, with the same enthusiastic fortitude as that displayed by the early Christians in the defence of a *Weltanschauung* less beautiful and less eternal than ours. Thousands of us have proved it, during these last four years. Thousands more will prove it in the near future—until at last we win.

* * *

The whole apparatus of de-Nazification is powerless against those of us who, whatever their official status in life, admit no ties—no allegiance to anyone, save to Adolf Hitler; no personal love, save for him and for his other followers; no interest, save that of the Movement, that of the Idea for which he stands. Such ones are free, even behind bars. Such ones are strong, even when their bodies are broken. They stand beyond the reach of threat and bribery. But they are the minority among a minority—naturally. Pure gold always is.

But even the great number of our comrades, the average Nazis (to use together two words that strike me as incompatible), the men and women who share our philosophy but who happen to have personal ties as well, defy, in a different way, the “cultural” schemes and the

“re-education” programme of the Occupying Powers.

I do not say that they put up a very glorious show. Anything but that! They fill out the forms stating that they have ceased to believe in Hitler’s ideals, and sign them; they go through the formality of de-Nazification in all its humiliating details, and pay the sum of money they are asked (twenty marks at least) and come home with some kind of written attestation that they are no longer to be considered as National Socialists; especially, no longer to be submitted to the restrictions that had hindered them (and their families) economically, up to that day. But all this does not keep them from being just as good Nazis as before. And how they laugh at the whole process of *Entnazifizierung*! “*Dieses Affenspiel*”—“that monkey play”—that is what they call it. That is, in fact, what we all call it. If

only the representatives of the Occupying Powers could see and hear us laugh when we are among ourselves! It would do them good. It would destroy some of their silliest illusions and strike a blow at their vanity; it would teach them how contemptuous the whole country feels about their precious “de-Nazification” effort. It would show them how lightly we consider all that they take such pains to quack at us, and force them at last to realise that, save of course for the cash they get out of it, the whole business *is* just what we call it: a monkey play.

But perhaps they love the cash so much that even that knowledge would not induce them to stop the nonsense.

I have told some of them myself what we think of them and their de-Nazification—not in the hope that they would put an end to it a day earlier, but merely for the pleasure of hurting that insufferable vanity of theirs. The trouble is that vanity refuses to admit facts that might hurt it and also that I cannot afford to risk harming our friends by exhibiting too precise facts, for the sterile satisfaction of wounding our enemies’ vanity. If I were not pledged to silence by the very nature of my connection with the people concerned, I could have told the bloated political reformers of a few cases of which any single one would be enough to shake a Democrat’s faith in de-Nazification. The case of Fräulein S, for instance.¹

Fräulein S is a most sympathetic young National Socialist of under thirty, employed by the French Military Government, somewhere in the

¹ All the people I mention in this book are living people whom I actually know. I refrain from writing their full names and particulars for *their* safety’s sake, as one can easily understand. And the initials by which I designate them, here as well as in other chapters, are not necessarily their real initials. [In every case that can be checked against Savitri’s letters, interviews, and other writings, she does use real initials.—Ed.]

French Zone. I met her in a railway station, a day or two after my second entry into Germany, and have learnt to love her more and more ever since. Her first words to me, after I had told her I was intending to write a book about present-day Germany, were: “Don’t believe all ‘those people’ will tell you about us, Germans. See and judge us for yourself. That is my only request.” I! Fancy me believing anything of what the enemies of the New Order would tell me about Hitler’s people! But how could the girl guess?

I looked up at her with the grieved face of one who feels accused of a thing he would never dream of doing. “You do not know who I am,” I said; “otherwise you would never tell me that.”

We were standing amidst ruins. In the girl’s tall, athletic figure, in her healthy face, in the metallic gloss of her ash-blond hair in the morning sunshine, I saw the symbol of Germany’s invincible vitality. I recalled in my mind the sight of the

whole country laid waste by the Allied bombs and thought, “Mortar and stone. That can be rebuilt. As long as this magnificent youth is alive, nothing matters really.” Against the background of the torn and gaping buildings, I imagined a procession of new Storm Troopers, in the resurrected National Socialist State—the irresistible future—and I smiled. Was Fräulein S to be the leader of a hundred younger Hitler Maidens in those days of my dream? I wished she would be. And then I at last asked the girl: “Have you kept the ideals that once inspired you, here in Germany?”

She seemed a little surprised at my question; and a little uneasy. “Do you mean ‘those’ ideals?” she said, referring to those that no foreigner in Germany today professes to admire.

“Yes,” I replied; “I mean the National Socialist ideals.”

“Some of us still adhere to them in the secrecy of their hearts,” she said.

“Do *you*?” asked I. “Whatever you might say, you have nothing to fear from me.”

She hesitated a second, and then probably reflected that I would not have spoken so openly, had I been some “*agent provocateur*.” She replied firmly: “I do.” My face brightened, and I took her hands in mine.

“Come and have a cup of coffee with me,” I said, “and I shall tell you who I am and why I came.”

We went to a café, and there, in a corner, after half an hour’s conversation, I gave her a handful of my leaflets.

“You wrote these?” she asked me, as she read one, carefully hiding the Swastika printed at the top.

“Yes. I.”

“And you managed to cross the border with them?”

“Yes, with over six thousand. I was lucky.”

“And what if you had been caught?”

“I was prepared for the worst. It is the only thing I can do, now, in ’48, for my Führer and for you, his people, whom I love.”

The girl was gazing at me intently. She got up. “Come,” she said, “come to my home. You are the first foreign Nazi I have ever met. But please, for heaven’s sake, not a word of politics to my old parents!”

“Why? Are they against us?”

“Goodness no! On the contrary. But they would be scared at the thought of what might happen to me if I associate with you. And I wish to associate with you, now that I know. I shall do all that is in my power to help you—or rather to help Germany through you, her faithful friend. I am so glad I met you!”

On the way to her house, she told me that her old father and mother were dependent upon her for their livelihood. She had a good job in an office of the French Military Government.

“Why *you*, with those people?” I asked her.

“We have to live,” she replied, “and jobs are not easy to get. Moreover, is it not preferable that I should have the post, rather than some anti-Nazi?”

I agreed that it was. Still, I felt a little uneasy, being by nature an uncompromising person, and being also a newcomer in occupied Germany.

“Do ‘they’ know your views?” I asked.

“I should think not! Why should they, anyhow? I told them the ordinary tale: that I was ‘forced’ into the Party ‘as nearly everyone was.’ And the fools believed it. They will believe anything that tends to point out that their so-called insight into German affairs is correct. And who cares, after all, what they believe? All I want is well-paid work to keep my house going. Those people think they have ‘converted’ me. I think I am exploiting them.”

I could not help admitting that there was much to be said in support of the girl’s attitude. What else *could* she do, without causing her parents to suffer?

We became good friends. And on several occasions Fräulein S helped me substantially, actually taking serious risks—endangering herself *and* her parents—for the sake of the National Socialist cause. That alone, in my eyes, proves that she is genuine. Nobody would have done what she did without being sincerely devoted to our Ideology.

Yet, only a month or two before my arrest, the girl informed me that she was to be de-Nazified. I was grieved to hear of it. I took it as a matter of personal shame. To me, the idea of a comrade going through *that* humiliating process, was nearly as unbearable as that of a younger sister being outraged by some undesirable man.

“Why?” said I. “*Must* you really do it?”

“I have to,” she replied, “or else, abandon my parents to starve. I have no choice. It is a part of the routine. *All* former Party members who are now in service of the

French military government must go through that formality or give up their jobs.”

And she told me of the questions she would have to answer in writing, stating that she no longer adhered to our socio-political principles and our philosophy of life—she, Fräulein S, of all people!

“I know,” she added, “how much the whole business disgusts you. It does me, too, believe me. It means writing and signing a heap of blatant lies. But what else can one do in the circumstance?”

“What would happen if one boldly wrote the truth?” I asked, knowing all the time what the answer would be.

“One would just be turned out of one’s post without being allowed to hold another in one’s own line; and one would be replaced by a person willing to lie—or by some real anti-Nazi, which would be still worse.”

She paused for a second. “I know how the disgraceful show disgusts you,” she repeated. “But *you* are free. You can afford to be truthful. You can afford to be defiant. Nobody is depending on you for his or her livelihood. Nobody will suffer with you, if you suffer. So you can do what you feel—what we all feel—to be right. I cannot. Very few of us can. This is the tragedy of the matter: we are given the choice to lie or to die. That is Democracy, as you know yourself.”

“I hate from the depth of my heart those who place such a choice before you and thousands of others,” I said. And I meant it. And I mean it.

Fräulein S looked at me with a sympathetic smile. “We all do,” she said. “But we must not take them and their mad regulations too seriously. They will not be here forever, anyhow. Germany cannot be kept down indefinitely; you know that as well as anybody. And who will care for their blasted “de-Nazification” once they are gone? In the meantime, we have to submit—outwardly; to play the game with them, the monkeys’ game, “*Affenspiel*”; “*cette singerie*,” she added in French. “That is indeed the right name for it in all languages.”

For all I know, the person who thus spoke less than two months ago

is de-Nazified by now. And the authorities in charge of the “re-education” of the Germans believe that they have won a victory—made an extra convert to their detested Democracy—while in reality they have only added a little more bitterness to the bitterness already prevailing throughout the country, and earned a little more contempt from one extra individual.

The story of Fräulein S is by no means unique. It is the story of practically every de-Nazified German, man or woman. I have related it from the beginning and in detail, only to show that one should not hasten to brand as “turncoats” the great

bulk of those Germans who consent to play the confounded comedy imposed upon them as an alternative to starvation.

* * *

The only cases—rare, I hope—in which de-Nazification results in no bitterness are those of people who never were National Socialists, although they might have been, at one time, outwardly, members of the NSDAP.

For long years, I was simple enough not to believe in the existence of such creatures. I well knew—from my own experience and from that of a few other non-German Aryans wholeheartedly sharing Adolf Hitler's ideals—that it was possible to be a Nazi without being a Party member. But I had to come to Germany in order to believe that the reverse was also possible, namely that people could be—and far too often were—Party members without being Nazis. (It appears to me, now, that it was much too easy to become a Party member. And all those time-servers, pretending to be National Socialists only because it then paid to pass off for one, have played no small part in the disaster of 1945. Out of their ranks sprang the least detectable, and therefore the most dangerous, of the traitors who brought about Germany's ruin, and postponed the triumph of National Socialism in the world.)

Such people can get de-Nazified without qualms of conscience. And tomorrow, they can turn to Communism or to anything else that “pays.” They are of no use to any party; of no help to any cause. Let them go over to the democrats! A little scum more or less in that gang will not make much difference. It is also safer for them than becoming Communists. There, they would perhaps not be given a chance to turn their coats once more. The leaders of our bitterest opponents purge their party. Our generous Führer had too much confidence in the Germans who came to him; he loved them too much, to suspect

treason. He did not purge his Party as often and as drastically as safety demanded. Now, the Gods are purging it for him. And the various forms of pressure exercised upon us by the machinery of de-Nazification are, along with other, less ludicrous means of persecution, a detail in the implacable scheme of the Gods.

After these atrocious years, never must the old Party rise again *as it was*. No. The surviving followers of Adolf Hitler must emerge out of the trial reduced in numbers, no doubt, but purified, strengthened in quality; comprising only the hundred percent genuine National Socialists and not a single one of the others. That is the will of the Gods. And that is the one great lesson of a defeat brought about by long-drawn treachery. And the one great hope, the one glorious promise that brightens our lives in these days of humiliation.

In the meantime, what really matters is not to accept or to refuse to be de-Nazified on paper; to lie to our oppressors and laugh at them, or to defy them

openly. What really matters is, whether in mockery or in defiance of the organised anti-Nazi forces, to remain equally firm in our principles, equally faithful to our Führer, equally impervious to all obvious or subtle anti-Nazi influences, until the day dawns for us to rise and conquer once more.

Chapter 6

CHAMBERS OF HELL

“They shall lay hands on you and persecute you, deliver you up to the synagogues and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for My name’s sake.”

—The Gospel according to Luke 21:12

“Alle Verfolgungen der Bewegung und ihrer einzelnen Führer, alle Lästerungen and Verleumdungen vermochten ihr nichts anzuhaben.”

—Adolf Hitler¹

The relentless persecution of National Socialism in occupied Germany since 1945 is characterised, above all, by the hatred with which it is pursued—hatred of our philosophy of life, no doubt, *and* also hatred of our persons. This is a trait which, if not entirely new, had not, at least for centuries, distinguished an ideological struggle.

Much is made, in usual European histories, of the persecution of the early Christians by the Roman authorities, for the Western world is—or was, for a very long time—a Christian world. But, whatever else they might have done, the Roman authorities did not *hate* the obstinate men and women whom they sent to death in the circuses. They rather despised them; looked upon them as strange fanatics. They could not understand why the customary lip-homage to the divinity of the Emperor constituted such a crime in their eyes. When they had them tortured, it was to extract from them some confession or some denunciation, not for the sheer pleasure of applying torture.

The men of the Holy Inquisition did not hate the “heretics” whom they handed over to the “secular arm” to be burnt at the stake. On the contrary, they loved them—in their strange, very strange way. They loved their souls, in Christ and in the holy Church, as it was their duty, and hoped till the end for their conversion, and prayed for God’s grace to enlighten them, while the bodies were burning.

¹ “All persecutions of the movement and its individual leaders, all vilifications and slanders, were powerless to harm it” (*Mein Kampf*, Conclusion, p. 782; cf. Mannheim, p. 688) [Trans. by Ed.].

The furious reformers of the French Revolution killed off their opponents by the thousands, after a rapid trial or no trial at all, without bothering to torture or to humiliate them, save in a few special cases. They too, did not hate them. They only wanted to get rid of them.

And we, National Socialists—we whom the whole world accuses of all possible and impossible crimes, now that we are no longer in power—we never hated anyone in our grand days. We were ruthless, yes; we had to be. But we never were cruel, whatever the liars might say. We killed, if we were forced to, but with detachment, and as quickly and cleanly as possible. We never inflicted pain, unless it was absolutely necessary, for State reasons. And then we never considered it a pleasant necessity.

Our persecutors have, countless times, inflicted pain upon us, without it being in any way a State necessity from their point of view. They have starved us, beaten us, tortured us and compelled us, at the point of their bayonets, to undergo the worst possible humiliations, for the sheer delight of knowing that we felt the hunger, the pain and the insults, and that we suffered—we the strong and the proud; the hated Nazis—for the sheer delight of feeling that we were now in their power, and that any ill-treatment could henceforth be meted out to us with impunity. Maybe, they have treated *me* a little better—either because I happen to possess a British-Indian passport, or because their democratic conceit does not allow them, even now, to realise how deeply and passionately Nazi I am; or because they know I can speak, and are afraid of what I might say, when free once more, and wish to placate me beforehand. But rest assured, my kind and considerate British custodians, that any amount of exceptional treatment with which you may favour *me*, now—and for which, I suppose, I should be grateful—will never induce me to forget what I know of the martyrdom of my comrades and of my superiors, at your hands and those of your allies; and never lessen the bitterness of my resentment; and never silence my call for retribution.

* * *

Why has such savage hatred been stirred against us—nay, systematically cultivated, all these years? For two main reasons: because we endeavoured to free the Aryan world from the yoke of international Jewry, and because we claim to have, as Aryans and as National Socialists, greater duties, greater responsibilities, and greater rights than other human beings, whether these be members of the lower races, forever

our inferiors whatever they do, or Aryans like ourselves, but not yet racially conscious. It is that which the world takes as a personal insult and will not forgive us. For this is a Jew-ridden world; and, in the West at least, to a very great extent, a bastardised world—thanks to a religion that has never raised an objection to

unwholesome marriages, provided they be blessed by the Church. And the half-Jew, the quarter-Jew, the one-eighth Jew—the fellow who, more often than not, has Jewish blood without knowing it—sides irresistibly with the anti-Aryan forces against us. “Blood is thicker than water”—in most cases.

And many pure-blooded Aryans also side against us—alas!—and against the vital interests of their own race, thanks to the unnatural, anti-racial outlook which they have acquired from a Christian, Democratic, or Marxist education, and from the Jewish press and literature, and learnt to hold as natural and commendable. They might not be fundamentally cruel—real Aryans seldom are—but they add their voice to the clamours of the Jewish and Judaised portion of mankind. They put their fine inborn qualities to the service of the ideologies of disintegration, thus indirectly helping our persecutors. And sometimes they too torture and insult us—their blood brothers and natural friends—shame on them! The Englishmen and Americans who organised the phosphorus warfare against Germany—and still less the airmen who carried it out—were not all half-Jews or quarter-Jews. Nor were all those who staged the Nuremberg mockery show; nor all those who tortured our unfortunate SS boys, or stuck the points of their bayonets into the flesh of captured Nazi women. Nor had all the Russians who committed similar atrocities upon us the excuse of being half-Mongolians. But they were all prompted by some outlook, some doctrine, or some ideology of Jewish import. The Jew was, and still is, at the root of that untold hatred with which half the world or more has been pursuing us already before and during the war, and more than ever since 1945—since it became profitable as well as fashionable to be our enemy. It is the Jew’s own hatred. That is why it is so bitter and so cruel.

* * *

In the spring of 1945, on German soil overrun from all sides by invading armies; and already before that, in every country formerly occupied by Germany, as soon as it was clear that Germany could no longer hold out against the combined pressure of East and West, began, in all its horror, that long-drawn trail of unheard-of brutalities: the persecution of National Socialism.

At first, it took the form of a general outburst of mass violence—of looting of Nazi property, of murder and outrage—seasoned with varied individual atrocities, from the beating to death of wounded or tired German soldiers unable to leave the accursed country in time (as happened over and over again in France) to the tearing to pieces or burning alive of local National Socialists, Germans or “collaborators” of other nationalities, as in Poland and Czechoslovakia, the two countries in Europe who, in hatred of us and in barbarity, managed to outdo even France—which is indeed an achievement! Then, it became more and more official, organised, backed by military authority, and was finally sanctioned by law, at first in the trials of the so-called “war criminals” and then, in a less spectacular form, in the Occupation Statute.

I have already written in this book—and elsewhere¹—what I think of the bogus tribunals set up in occupied Germany by Germany’s victors, to judge and condemn as “war criminals,” and hang, transport, or imprison all National Socialists who formerly held any high position in the country. I shall not repeat here how repulsive is the very idea of that so-called “justice,” put forward by people whom their own conduct towards Germany alone, during and after the war, would reduce to silence, if they had any shame at all; by people who, after the atrocities which they tolerate or support, both in their colonies and at home, on men² and beasts,³ as a matter of course, should refrain from censuring the Chinese, Assyrian, and Carthaginian horrors of old, let alone our clumsy, amateurish acts of violence. What I only wish to denounce—apart from the vile hypocrisy that underlies *all* those trials of so-called “war criminals”—is the cruelty which inspired every one of their proceedings, from the arrest of the accused to the final sealing of their fate at the end of a rope or in a prison cell.

I have never had the honour of meeting any of the Twenty-one³ sentenced at Nuremberg on the 15th of October 1946. Only through other people have I heard of the physical and moral tortures and daily

¹ In my book *The Lightning and the Sun* (yet unpublished), ch. 1. [The book was published in 1958: Savitri Devi, *The Lightning and the Sun* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherjee, 1958)—Ed.]

² One-third of the population of Bengal—15,000,000 people—were starved to death or permanently injured in their health through the effect of prolonged hunger, from April to December 1943, as *all* the rice had been requisitioned to supply the British and American troops fighting in Burma.

³ Over one million innocent animals are vivisected yearly, in Great Britain alone.

⁴ Ten were actually hanged; three put an end to their own lives; seven others are in prison to this day. Hjalmar Schacht alone was acquitted.

humiliations to which they were submitted to the very end. The one episode which Montgomery Beligion—an Englishman and an anti-Nazi—reports in his book *Epitaph on Nuremberg*,¹ about the treatment inflicted upon one of the men on trial, during his imprisonment, is revolting enough to brand Germany’s victors forever with the mark of infamy. Julius Streicher, says he, had asked for some water to drink. A number of rascals among his custodians—doubtless mostly Jews—all spat in a basin, and then, forcing open the unfortunate man’s mouth with crooks, one of them poured the spittle into it, while the others held him down as still as they could. They then mocked him saying that, if the beverage were not to his taste, he could drink the contents of the lavatory.

However much a Jew might hate the former *Gauleiter* of Franconia and editor of *Der Stürmer*—one of the greatest fighters in the struggle against the Jewish yoke—still nothing can justify such behaviour as this. Nothing can even explain it, save a mean, cowardly, typically Jewish hatred. A man might wish to kill the sworn enemy of his race. And surely Julius Streicher himself had wasted no superfluous pity upon the Jews. But it takes a worm, with a dirty, perverted imagination, to think of such a revenge as *this*.

Perhaps less mean and dirty in itself, but proceeding, nevertheless, from the same sickening cruelty, is the final scene of that darkest drama of our times: the hanging of the Ten martyrs. The executioner had been specially flown over from America. One can well imagine what sort of a man he was: one of the same type as those American airmen who were heard in a train, in England, laughing and joking about the “grand fires” they had lit in their trip “over” Germany; a fellow who detested Nazis without even knowing why—because it was the thing everybody did, in Roosevelt’s silly USA—and who enjoyed torturing. The creature did his job only as such a one as he could do it: he hanged his victims as slowly as he could, and made them suffer as much as it was possible. Each execution took about half an hour, and the photographs of the martyrs’ dead bodies—which were published²—reveal an unusually painful agony.

However, I repeat, I have not come in contact with *any* of the Twenty-one, during or immediately after their trial—save, perhaps, with one, but in such an extraordinary manner that, were I to mention

¹ Montgomery Belgium, *Epitaph on Nuremberg: A Letter Intended to Have Been Sent to a Friend Temporarily Abroad* (London: Falcon Press, 1946)—Ed.

² In several English and American magazines.

it, nobody would believe me save those who have themselves some knowledge of that extension of Nature which we miscall the “supernatural.”¹

But on the other hand—thanks to the immortal Gods and to the British authorities of the Occupation—I have had the honour of speaking to more than one of the so-called “war criminals” imprisoned here, with me, at Werl, in Westphalia. Along with its many obvious drawbacks, prison life has some advantages of which the greatest, to me, is, undoubtedly, the opportunity of obtaining first-hand information (nowhere else available) about those facts that constitute, in themselves, the best impeachment of our persecutors. I thus improved my knowledge about that all-too-famous item of anti-Nazi propaganda: the German concentration camps under our régime, and about the equally all-too-famous trials of so-called “war criminals” connected with them.

* * *

Belsen—to take one instance among many—*was not* the place of horror that the average uncritical swallower of propaganda imagines. That, I knew, before coming here. And—although I did not need to be convinced even then—this was told to me in France, in 1946, by the first honest anti-Nazi whom I met there, a Frenchman who had himself been interned three years in the ill-fated concentration camp. Only such internees as deliberately rebelled against the

discipline, “*les récalcitrants*,” were, said he, roughly brought to order. The others, the great majority, were kindly treated. And this is all the more to the credit of the staff that the number of people in charge of the place was, in proportion to the number of internees, amazingly small. (Twenty-nine women *only* were responsible, at least during the last weeks of the war, for the good management of the whole female section of Belsen, comprising about 30,000 internees. With so much to do they could be excused even if they had, at times, lost their temper.)

It is only in early April 1945, that Belsen started to become a place of hunger both for the internees *and* for the staff, not through any fault or neglect on the part of the staff or of the German food-supply, but through the sole action of the Allied Nations themselves—through the

¹ Savitri is referring to her dream, on the night of Hermann Göring’s death, of visiting him in his cell and giving him a cyanide capsule, a dream which Sven Hedin suggested may have been a case of “astral projection.” For the full story, see Savitri Devi, *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews*, ed. R.G. Fowler (Atlanta, Georgia: Black Sun Publications, 2005), pp. 43-44—Ed.

ceaseless bombardment by the Anglo-American planes, which had completely disorganised all transport services in Germany and which had, in particular, smashed to pieces whole trains carrying provisions and medical aid to the camp. The vanguard of the invading troops—in this instance, British—found the camp in a state of famine. And instead of blaming themselves and the RAF and the war in general, they immediately threw the whole burden of responsibility upon the unfortunate German staff. It was so easy! The men and women in charge of the camp were, of course, all out-and-out National Socialists—the men all members of the SS. What a lovely opportunity to inflict upon them all manner of torture with the blunt excuse of dealing out “justice,” and then, either to hang them as “major war criminals” or else to let them rot in prison any number of years, so that the world might never hear what *they* have to say! But truth will come out, sooner or later. It cannot be suppressed forever. It cannot be suppressed even for long without, one day, suddenly bursting forth in a murderous explosion. The gullible people of all countries have heard enough of “Nazi atrocities,” real or faked. The Gods have sent me here so that I might supply them—at last—with a little first-hand information about anti-Nazi ones—only too real—and British ones in this particular instance no less than Jewish ones under British supervision, if that can add to their interest.

I shudder when I recall the horror of the scene described to me by Frau E,¹ one of the main persons sentenced to long terms of imprisonment by the British judge in that iniquitous “Belsen trial”—the scene of the arrest of the German staff of the camp.

Twenty-five of the women who, at first, had left the camp with one of the SS men in command and had gone to Neugamme, were treacherously told by the Allied military authorities that they could safely come back to Belsen; moreover, that

they were to resume their posts there, and to run the place under Allied supervision. They came back in confidence, only to find themselves immediately surrounded by a crowd of yelling men, with drawn bayonets. Huddled against one another in terror, they saw the narrowing circle move towards them from all sides, nearer and nearer, until the cold, sharp points of steel touched them, scratched them, were thrust an inch or two into the flesh of some of them. They saw the ugly, evil glee on the grinning faces of the Jews and degraded Aryans who accompanied them and helped them in this cowards' enterprise. For along with the regular British soldiery,

¹ Hertha Ehlert—Ed.

the Allied military authorities had sent and were still sending to Belsen, as to every other place in which prominent National Socialists were captured, motor-lorries full of frenzied Israelites. It was to these that Adolf Hitler's unfortunate followers were to be specially delivered.

The women were completely stripped and, not only submitted to the most minute and insulting examination in the midst of coarse jeers, but threatened or wounded with bayonet thrusts without even the slightest pretext, or dragged aside by their hair and beaten on the head and on the body with the thick end of the military policemen's guns, until some of them were unconscious. Needless to say, everything they possessed—clothes, jewellery, money, books, family photographs, and other property—was taken away from them and never given back to this very day. (Frau E was thus robbed of 12,000 marks—the whole amount of her savings from several years of honest hard work—by the British Occupation authorities.) The internees, now set free—and stuffed with white bread, butter, meat, eggs, and jam until half of them burst of indigestion—were given most of the valuables belonging to the German staff. The new masters of Germany, Jews and non-Jews, stole the rest.

Then, the women were hurled into the mortuary of the camp, a small, cold, and dark room, with a stone floor, and locked in. They were given nothing to lie upon, not even straw, and were not allowed more than one blanket for every four of them. The room contained nothing but an empty pail in one corner, and had no ventilation. The long day dragged on. No food and no water were brought to the prisoners. Now and then, from outside, a sharp, thin shriek, or a loud howl—a distant or nearby cry of pain—reached their ears. They half guessed what was going on from one end of the camp to the other. But they were locked in. And had they not been, still they could have done nothing. The whole place—nay, the whole of Germany—was now in the hands of the Jews and of their vile satellites. There was nothing one could do, save to suffer in silence, and hope that one day one's comrades would be avenged.

A long sleepless night followed that atrocious day. And a new morning dawned. Still no one came to unlock the cell. Still no food and no water were brought to the helpless women. The day wore on, as slowly and as horribly as the one before. The same shrieks of pain were heard. Sometimes they seemed as though they came from very near; sometimes they seemed to come from far away. And still the door remained closed. And still not a scrap of bread to eat; not a drop of water to drink—or to wash in. The pail in the corner was now

overflowing and useless. And the whole room was filled with its stench.

The night came, and slowly passed also. The third day dawned. And still no one came to open the door; to remove the pail; and to bring food and water—water especially. Weakened by hunger, their throats parched with thirst, sleepless, and more and more dirty—now sitting and lying in their own filth—the helpless women began to give way to despair. Were they all going to be left to die in that horrid room, that chamber of hell if ever there was one? Perhaps. One can expect anything from Jews newly come to power.

But the Jews—and their satellites—wanted a more long-drawn revenge; a revenge that would last years.

Another night dragged on. Then came the morning of the fourth day, and a part of the fourth day itself. At last the door opened. The women were given some food and some water. But only because they had to be kept alive in order that their martyrdom might continue.

* * *

Through the famine conditions that had prevailed ever since the destruction of means of transport by the Allies themselves, as I have said, many of the internees were already in a hopeless state of health before the Allied forces set foot in the camp. Most of these died. Many more—who might have been saved, had they been fed gradually, at first on light food—were killed through sudden overeating, thanks to the senseless kindness of their “liberators.” Plenty of dead bodies were lying about, without mentioning those of the SS warders, whom the British military policemen had tortured and done to death.

The German women, hardly able to stand on their legs after their three days confinement—and several of them wounded by bayonet thrusts—were made to run, at the point of the bayonets, and ordered to bury the corpses; which they did all day, and the following days.

Along with the dead bodies of internees, the women recognised those of a number of their own comrades, the warders of the camp, all bearing horrible wounds, some with entrails drawn out. The sharp shrieks and howlings of pain

heard during those three days, became more and more understandable. Moreover, these were not the last victims of the invaders' brutality within the camp area. Frau E and Frau B,¹ who both lived through all that I have just tried to describe from

¹ Herta Bothe, according to Goodrick-Clarke (*Hitler's Priestess*, 143).—Ed.

their accounts, were the actual eyewitnesses of further nightmare scenes. They saw men wearing the uniform of the British Military Police overwhelm more of the surviving SS warders in struggles of several against one. They saw them knock them down on the floor or upon the heaps of dead bodies, kick them in the face and beat them with the thick end of their rifles till their heads were battered in; or rip open their bellies with bayonets and draw out their intestines while the martyrs were still alive, howling with pain. The ones in British uniform seemed to enjoy the cries, and the groans of agony. For who were those men, still in power but a few days before, now shrieking in pools of blood, disfigured, dismembered, torn to pieces—and mocked? Nazis. In the eyes of the vile Jew, and of those degenerate Aryans—traitors to their own race and a disgrace to mankind—who had accepted to side with him, no torture was vile enough for them.

Frau E could not retain her tears as she related to me those scenes of horror that haunt her to this day—that now haunt me, although I have not seen them myself; that will haunt me all my life.

I looked up to heaven—to that eternal blue heaven that contains the Dance of the Spheres, perennial illustration of the merciless Laws that compel the effect to follow the cause. And from the very depth of my heart—with tears in my eyes, I too—I repeated the prayer that had sprung from my lips at my first sight of the ruins of Germany; my answer to all the cruelties committed against those and other National Socialists, my comrades, my friends, the only people I love in this despicable humanity of today: “Avenge them, irresistible Force Who never forgives! Mother of Destruction, avenge them!”

After they had, under the brutal supervision of the Military Police, buried as many of the dead bodies as they could, the German women were sent back to the narrow room—the former mortuary—that they occupied as a common prison cell. The place stank. The overflowing pail was still there. And for many days more the prisoners were neither allowed to empty it and put it back, nor given another one for the same use, nor given a drop of water. They could neither wash themselves nor wash their clothes. Their hands, reeking with the stench of corpses after each day's servitude, they could wash, if they cared to, only in their own urine. And with those hands they had to eat!

Any human beings—any animals, including pigs—would have suffered the utmost, if forced to live under such conditions. For all the living abhor the smell of death even more than that of excreta. But if one bears in mind that these prisoners were Germans and National

Socialists—i.e., women belonging to one of the cleanest nations on earth, and women whose very philosophy of life stresses, more than any other in the West,¹ the care of bodily purity—then one will realise how this life must have been, all the more, a torture to them.

When at last all the dead bodies were buried, the prisoners were made to clean the lavatories. It was pointed out to them—deliberately, so that they might feel the humiliation all the more—that these were used by the numerous Jews, now masters of the camp. Under the threat of bayonets—as always—the proud Nazi women were ordered to remove the filth with their own hands. Then, and then only, were they allowed to clean their own awful cell, which by this time had become a cesspool.

* * *

After all that unforgettable horror and humiliation, at last, came the trial of the prisoners—a disgraceful piece of iniquity like the rest of those trials of so-called “war criminals.”

Of the 30,000 female internees of Belsen, over half were Jewesses. Out of these were selected the “witnesses” for the prosecution—such “witnesses” that were ready to swear anything in order to have the hated Nazis condemned; such “witnesses” that wanted them to be condemned not because they had done this or that, but only because they were Nazis, and therefore hated. Jews related to or acquainted with the internees were also brought in. And they, too, swore falsehoods.

Frau E, Frau B, Frau H²—the most kindly, the sweetest women; persons one cannot know without loving them—were condemned to long terms of imprisonment for “deliberately ill-treating” internees. A Jewess whom Frau E had once slapped—and that, not without reason, for she had caught the woman stealing—reported that the accused had made it a habit of beating her. This Jewess—as the other “witnesses” in the disgraceful trial—was not even present at the time the trial took place. All the former internees had been sent abroad by plane by the Allied authorities themselves. The accused were condemned on the sole strength of what the “witnesses” had said before their departure! Democratic justice.

Frau E had been in service at Belsen since the 13th of February,

¹ At least since the days of ancient Greece.

² Anna Hempel or Irene Haschke, according to Goodrick-Clarke (*Hitler's Priestess*, 143).—Ed.

1945—i.e., for about nine weeks only. Before that, ever since 1935, she had helped to run the female section of four other camps, and had been, for a time, at the head of one. It is strange, to say the least, that no complaints were ever heard—even from Jewesses—about her behaviour there. As for Frau B, she had not even slapped anybody; and yet the most disgraceful type of anti-Nazi propaganda was circulated around her name, she being characterised as a “blond beast” and so forth. For nothing! For being *in* Belsen, as a member of the staff, at the time the Allied bombing had severed all connection of the place with the outside world; and, as Frau E and Frau H, for being a Nazi—a real, sincere one. Democratic justice, I repeat; Jewish justice, for the whole prosecution was a Jewish show. Even the interpreters who translated the answers of the accused from German into English (for the trial, as all similar ones, was conducted in English) were Jews. Of the accused, very few, if any—none among the women—knew English.

From what I hear about unfortunate Irma Grese from women who worked with her, lived with her, knew her personally, she too was no more guilty of all the so-called “crimes” attributed to her, than Frau E was, herself, of “ill-treating” the internees. She was described to me as “a lovely girl.” But like the others, she was there at the time. And like them, she was a National Socialist. And the Jews who accused her, perhaps hated her all the more for being young and pretty. So they succeeded in getting her hanged—as they very nearly succeeded in getting Frau E hanged, so Frau E herself told me.

And what can be said of the women “war criminals,” of whom I have now the honour of knowing a few, can doubtless be said also about the men, far more numerous, of whom I cannot meet here even one. Every “war criminal” case, from that of Hermann Göring, one of the finest characters of modern Europe, down to that of any rank and file SS man accused of “brutality,” constitutes a shocking piece of iniquity, hatred, and hypocrisy, on the part of the anti-Nazi powers. The suffering inflicted is *always* either gratuitously imposed, or else, entirely out of proportion with the actual deed of which it is supposed to be a “punishment” and—what is more—outrageously out of keeping with punishments dealt out by British and other Courts for real offences; it is, also, in revolting contrast with the complete impunity that all actual war criminals have enjoyed whenever they happened to be neither Germans nor National Socialists. Frau E was sentenced, in 1945, by British judges, to fifteen years’ imprisonment, in fact, for slapping a thief. Frau B and Frau H were sentenced each to ten years for nothing more grievous. In 1943, a butcher from Calcutta, named

Mahavir Kaliar, was sentenced, also by Britishers, to *one month* imprisonment only, for flaying two goats alive. But goats are not Jews, although they feel pain. And the criminal was an Indian Untouchable—anything but an Aryan and, a

fortiori, anything but a Nazi. And those Britishers themselves, and those American “crusaders to Europe” who, through their phosphorus bombing, caused thousands of Germans to be burnt to death, like living torches, their feet stuck in boiling asphalt, those, I say, never stood before any Court of justice at all. How could they? They were fighting in order to deliver the world—including England and America—into the hands of Israel, forever.

* * *

But, numerous as they might be, the so-called “war criminals” are but a very small section of the sum total of Germans condemned by our enemies to suffer for the sole reason of their being National Socialists. Moreover, some sort of a charge, however fanciful, was cooked up, some sort of an excuse, however blunt, invented, in order to arrest and try those men and women who came under what is known as “category I.” The much more numerous political prisoners who came under “category II,” were not even arrested under the pretence of any charge other than that of having held some responsible post in the National Socialist Party organisation. Anybody who had enjoyed the slightest authority in “Hitler’s days”—an ordinary *Zellenleiter*¹—could come under that category, provided he had shown, in the discharge of his duties, sufficient zeal to win for himself the hatred of the local Jews (if any) and of the less detectable treacherous German elements. Often, even that was not necessary. The military authorities of the Occupation would just round up all “dangerous”—i.e., prominent—Nazis they could set hands upon, in a given area.

These people have suffered no less (if not, often, even more) than the so-called “war criminals” themselves, for the cause of the Swastika. Many are still detained in concentration camps without their families knowing, to this day, whether they are alive or dead. (I know the authorities deny this fact. I know they even deny the existence of concentration camps in post-war Germany. But I happen to have met relatives and friends of National Socialists who were never heard of since their arrest in 1945 or 1946—and not merely in the Russian Zone, but in the other three as well. And they have no reason to hide the truth

¹ Cell leader—Ed.

from me, while the authorities have.) Other political prisoners have been set free, but, many of them, in such a state that it seems impossible for them ever to regain their former health and strength. I have met many such ones, day-to-day martyrs of the National Socialist faith for the rest of their lives. And I have had the honour of spending a few days in the company of one, amidst friends. His name is Herr H.¹ I shall say something of the deep impression he left upon me, in one of the following chapters. Presently, I shall only repeat the tale of awe which I heard from his lips; the tale of the chambers of hell where he spent nearly three years, a captive of those who hate us. What prompts me to speak of his

experience rather than of similar ones of other faithful Germans is, first, that I know this man personally, and also that I look upon him as one of the finest National Socialists whom I have ever met—which is saying a lot.

Herr H had been *Ortsgruppenleiter*² in a town of the present-day French Zone, ever since 1932. He was arrested by the new masters of Germany—namely the Americans—at the end of May, 1945, for no other reason than that he was well-known as a genuine Nazi. He had never used his power to harm anyone, and there were no grievances against him.

He was first taken to Diez and there, locked up with thirty other people in a tiny room for two days and two nights, without food or drink or . . . any indispensable commodity; without sufficient space to sit down, let alone to lie down. The prisoners, tightly squeezed against one another all the time, were forced to sleep (if they could) and also to give way to the necessities of nature, in that standing position. And they did not know, of course, for how long they would be left to rot in that room.

After forty-eight hours, however, they were brought out, and taken, in cattle wagons, to Schwarzenborn near Treysa, in the Rothar Mountain Range. There had been gathered in a concentration camp, nine or ten thousand National Socialists prominent not only on account of their position in the Party organisation, but also by their status in life, their family, their intellectual or professional achievements. Prince August-Wilhelm of Prussia, and the Prince of Waldeck, and many other members of the old German aristocracy were there; and the rank and file prisoners were no common men. (Herr H himself is a very well-known architect.) About two hundred women were there also, some of them

¹ Friedrich Horn—Ed.

² Local Group Leader—Ed.

expecting children that were eventually born during their internment.

The men were lodged in what had once been the stables of the German cavalry. Three men were made to live, day and night, in the space originally destined to accommodate one horse. They lay upon straw, with no blankets; and they were given, for their daily ablutions, not separate jugs and washstands, not even a common tap of running water (which they could have used in turn), but a long and narrow common trough in which about a hundred of them were forced to wash themselves all together in the same water, like cattle. They were divided into sections of five hundred without any communication between one another. And for the ablutions of each section, the trough was refilled perhaps three or four times.

They were put on a diet of systematic starvation; half a plate of thin, watery soup, and two or three hard biscuits about five inches long by two and a half inches wide *per day*; and then—after two or three months or so—one extra slice of bread which was given to them, not by the Americans (who ran the camp) but by the German population of the neighbourhood. Five per cent of the internees died of hunger during the first fortnight. And that proportion increased, as time went on. Herr H—a tall, strong man, with an immense store of vitality—lost forty-five pounds during the first month. However, the Americans decided to give the helpless prisoners a cup of coffee at midday, and an extra slice of bread.

Then came Christmas 1945, that most lamentable Christmas, perhaps, in the whole of German history. The Americans, and especially the Jews among them, knew what the immemorial Winter Solstice Festival, now disguised as the conventional birthday of Jesus Christ, has always meant and still means to the Germans. It would have been a miracle if they had not thought of being cruel to the Nazi inmates of their concentration camps on that occasion. And they did think of it. The ration of the prisoners on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day consisted of half a plate of watery soup *only*—without even any dry biscuits or bread at all, this time, let alone cakes or oranges or any niceties of the kind. Half a plate of thin, watery, tasteless soup, and nothing else—not a kind word from anybody; not a line from their families, for they were allowed neither to write nor to receive letters, and their families and friends did not even know where they were!

The Germans employed in the kitchen, however, managed to put aside six cakes for the internees, out of those they were allowed for themselves. And such was the fear the Americans inspired, that the servants hid those cakes . . . in the lavatory, in order not to be found out.

By the end of December, Herr H, who had now lost sixty-five pounds, was no longer able to stand on his legs. He was sent to the hospital attached to the camp.

* * *

But one should not imagine that American brutality consisted merely in keeping the prisoners on a famine diet that was hardly believable, and under the hellish conditions I have just tried to describe from Herr H's account. It extended to every dealing of the conquerors and "reformers" of Germany with the hated Nazis. It found expression in the collective punishments they imposed upon the latter, without any grounds, and in the impunity that the warders enjoyed, whatever they might choose to do.

Herr H told me, for instance, that the whole camp had once gone without any food or water at all for a whole day, just because a photo camera belonging to an American was missing. The object was found the next day in the pocket of

another American, who had stolen it. Still, no extra food was given to the internees as compensation. Another time, an American guard, posted near the place where the prisoners used to go to have their meagre meals, fired for no reason whatsoever—just “for fun”—at one of the Germans quietly eating. The man was killed on the spot. He was an out-and-out good man, Herr H told me, and the father of six children. The guard was never even reprimanded, let alone punished. And these are the people who at Nuremberg assumed the rôle of judges; the people who, to this day, along with their allies, persecute National Socialism in the name of a so-called “more humane” outlook on life!—The vile hypocrites!

In February 1946, Herr H was sent to another concentration camp, in Darmstadt. Although he and several of the other internees sent with him were still ill, they were made to travel in cattle wagons without heating and without even straw to lie upon. And, on their arrival, the sick were not sent to hospital but straight to the cells, with the others.

The cells contained nothing but bed frames and had neither light nor heating. The mattresses that should have been on the bed frames had been thrown out of doors in the snow, and were covered with ice. They were brought in. The ice slowly melted. And it is on those wet, cold mattresses that the men—including the sick—were forced to lie. Twenty-five shared the same cell as Herr H.

Herr H was for two days and two nights shut in that cell, and then was again taken to hospital, where he remained three months. His body,

once as strong as iron, had become so exhausted by hunger and hardships that his heart was hardly beating at all. To this day, he suffers from periodical fainting fits and his pulse, which I have myself felt, is slow beyond belief. And there is no hope for him ever to recover. His health is irretrievably lost.

One remembers, perhaps, how cold the winter of 1946–47 was all over Europe, and particularly in North and Middle Europe. In Darmstadt, where 40,000 political prisoners were interned, the temperature within the cells was 25 degrees centigrade below the freezing point. And the cells, I repeat, were not heated.

And Darmstadt, and Schwarzenborn, were by no means isolated instances of places deserving, in occupied Germany, the name of extermination camps. There were others—there *are* others, to this day—run with equally Democratic zeal. In such a camp, at Bad Herstfeld, political prisoners captured immediately after the capitulation were made to sleep upon the bare earth, without a roof over their heads whether in fine weather or in the rain, for weeks altogether, with hardly any food. They were forced to walk between double rows of soldiers, to be beaten by each one until they were unconscious—or dead. Camp 2288, run by the British, near Brussels, also in 1945, and containing 40,000 prisoners, was of the same description, from what a British officer, Mr. R, who was there, told me himself.¹ Dachau, once, under National Socialist rule, a camp for men mostly

convicted for unnatural sexual offences, and world-famous on account of the repeated mendacious allusions to it in the anti-Nazi press and propaganda literature, was taken over by the Allies in 1945. They continued to use it as a concentration camp, with the difference that the internees were no longer sexual perverts, but just Nazis, and preferably men belonging to the Waffen SS. Many of these were afterwards sent to Darmstadt where Herr H met them. And he repeated to me something of the long tale of horror which he had heard from them, and which several of them, whom I had the honour of meeting myself, later on, confirmed.

Dachau, *after* the Allies had taken it over, became a place of torture—not merely of hunger, and cold, and hardships of all sorts, but of deliberate infliction of pain with all the repulsive apparatus attached to it; a chamber of Hell in the fullest sense of the word. And in that hell, the fiends were the Jews, mostly political culprits who had gotten into trouble for their shadowy activities under the National Socialist

¹ Mr. R was relieved of his post and forced to leave for having protested.

régime, and who were out for an easy and cowardly revenge. All men to appear before Allied tribunals as “war criminals” were selected on the denunciation of Jews, and submitted to torture without any proof of the soundness of the charges brought against them. The tortures varied according to the amount and quality of imagination that the Jews possessed. Many of the victims were forced to lean in a row against a wall, with their feet a yard or so from it, and then struck on the legs with a rod, as hard as possible, so that they fell flat upon their faces, bleeding, and their teeth were knocked out. Others had their fingernails pulled out; or were hung up for any length of time or whirled around the room by a thin, strong rope, or a chain, fixed to their virile organs. The Allies themselves admit it. In his memorandum to the American War Minister Kenneth Royall, the American judge E. Lewy Van Roden states that the men who appeared before the American Military Tribunal at Dachau, charged with “war crimes,” were submitted to all sorts of tortures. “They were kicked, their teeth were knocked out, their jaws broken; they were put to solitary confinement, tortured with burning sticks of wood, starved, threatened with reprisals on their families, and given false hopes of release, in order to extract confessions from them.”¹

In Darmstadt and in Schwarzenborn, under the slightest pretexts, the internees were often condemned to remain stark naked in a freezing cold cell for a whole month, being allowed one blanket at night only.

Such is the treatment inflicted upon my comrades in the post-war anti-Nazi concentration camps under Allied management, by those darling Jews whom the whole world has been taught to look upon as the innocent and lovable victims of

our “monstrous” régime, and to pity, and to champion, but, in reality, all the time—unknowingly—to obey implicitly as a slave.

* * *

Herr H, to whom I owe the above information and a great deal more, was at last released in December, 1947, after spending nearly three years in hell.²

It is difficult to say how many thousands of other National

¹ This appeared in the *Rheinisch-Pfälzische Rundschau*, a democratic paper of Bad Kreuznach, on 31 December 1948. It was reproduced in French in the *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 1, which was kindly given to me by the French authorities in Koblenz.

² He died on the 12th of December, 1949.

Socialists, once as healthy and able as he, have, like him, become physical wrecks in the same and in other extermination camps all over occupied Germany, and further east, in the unknown penal settlements of the Soviet Union, from which none have come back. It is difficult to say how many thousands have died. In particular, it is difficult to give a picture of that darkest and grimmest of all the varied aspects of the persecution of National Socialism: the martyrdom of the SS men. None is grim enough to be accurate.

Whether in occupied Germany, in Russia, or in other countries, it is this splendid élite of the National Socialist forces that has decidedly suffered the most—as could be expected.

France is one of the countries where the young SS men, easy to recognise, were deliberately subjected to the greatest hardships: made to lie for weeks upon the cold, damp earth; starved; beaten; tortured. Many were sent to slave labour camps in the French (or Belgian) equatorial colonies, that they might die there of exhaustion coupled with malnutrition, ill-treatment, and tropical diseases. I met one—Herr W¹—who, in 1945, after his capture by the French, was sent from Marseilles to Sidi-bel-Abbes with 18,000 others, and from there, through the Sahara Desert under the escort of half-wild Moroccan auxiliaries, to the Belgian Congo. These Africans, alone with the unarmed prisoners in the burning solitude, made it a pastime of firing at them under the slightest pretexts or even under no pretext at all. The French had perhaps taught them to look upon Nazis as the natural enemies of all dark-skinned people—as British propaganda has quite a number of silly Indians. And that, along with an inborn propensity to murder, possibly prompted them. Many of the prisoners who were not killed off in this fashion died nevertheless on the way of malignant fevers. They had no medicine, no opportunity for medical aid whatsoever; no care, save from their comrades.

In the Congo, they were parked in a camp, also entirely under the supervision of wild North African and Negro troops, and made to work like slaves in the lead

mines twelve hours a day—from dawn to sunset—with water up to their waists and hardly anything to eat. They were not allowed to write or to receive any letters, not allowed to have any books that would have helped to make their lives less wearisome, less gloomy, less desperate, in that hell in which they remained three long years!

Of those 18,000 men who had sailed from Marseilles in 1945, only

¹ Gerhard Waßner, the young man whose indiscretion led to Savitri's arrest—Ed.

4,800 lived to see the shores of Europe again in 1948; to see Germany in ruins, but also, perhaps—may all the Gods hear me!—to see their comrades and themselves avenged sooner than our enemies expect.

* * *

Yes, avenged, a hundredfold—not by the human agents, whoever these be who will, one day or the other, again plunge Europe and the whole world in streams of blood; but by the merciless unseen forces in whose play all human agents are but instruments; by the terror which our enemies have brought upon themselves every time they have hurt or insulted one of us. For there exists a Justice, immanent in the very nature of things; an unavoidable Law of action and reaction which measures the punishment to the enormity of the sin, and the enormity of the sin to the greatness of that against which and the value of those against whom it is committed.

I have seen the East and the West—visited fifteen countries; spent equally long years of my life in the Near East and in India. And, with the varied memories of those vast and varied lands forever vivid in my mind—the one advantage my strange destiny has given me over most other National Socialists—I say from the depth of my heart: I know nothing, in the modern world, as beautiful as the Nazi youth. Nothing. There are exceptional individuals everywhere among the Aryan and—in the Far East—among some of the non-Aryan races. There are still in India a few real Brahmins who would be fit to represent our mankind at its best before the inhabitants of another planet. But nowhere can one find a *collectivity* of human beings comparable with this physical and moral élite of Germany: tall, strong, handsome—looking, outwardly, like Baldur the Fair, the best of the Nordic Gods—truthful, reliable, self-confident, brave, and loving; kind to creatures; pious towards Nature; Heathen, in the highest sense of the word; devoted to one another and devoted heart and soul to that living god of our times, Adolf Hitler, and to the everlasting ideal of perfection which he embodies.

There is no forgiveness for people who have deliberately harmed such men as these; no forgiveness for people who have starved them, scourged them, disembowelled them, rejoicing in their groans of agony; who have thrown them

alive into the chambers of hell. There is no forgiveness either for those who have treated likewise the elder National Socialists, the teachers, the inspirers, the creators of that godlike youth; the fathers and mothers of that unparalleled élite. With

passionless exactitude, with smiling detachment, that impersonal, all-pervading Justice of which I spoke will grind them to death. And no amount of money or skill can save them.

And what if the irresistible wave of destruction overtakes us, also?

Were this just another struggle of material forces it probably would. But this is not. This is, as I have said already, the modern phase of the eternal struggle between the unseen Forces of Life and Light and the equally unseen Forces of death; between the world's will to live, expressed in the will of its élite to thrive and rule, and the world's age-old sickness—its tendency towards disintegration, expressed in the will of the parasites, of the weaklings, of the sub-men—of the multifarious scum—to destroy the natural élite and come to the top in its place. And in this, the all-important, the real struggle, we have already won the battle. However much we might appear, at present, powerless and hopeless, utterly crushed, we have already conquered on the invisible plane. We have kept our spirit. Kept it, not in victory—that is easy; that, any worthless fighters can do—but in the very abyss of disaster, humiliation, and agony; in the monotonous routine of prison life, day after day, month after month, for already four years, like Frau E and the other so-called “war criminals” who were not hanged; or like Herr H in the freezing cold cells of the anti-Nazi extermination camps (the proper ones to deserve that name) with nothing to eat; or in torture chambers; or, like Herr W and his comrades, under the Negro's whip, in slave labour settlements in the burning heart of Africa; or, as thousands, to this day, in the midst of similar hardships in mines in the Ural Mountains, in Siberia, no one knows where.

After he had told me that he and the other SS men, prisoners in the same camp, were not allowed to have any books, Herr W added: “But I managed all the same to keep *this*.” And he produced from his pocket a tiny volume. I read upon the cover *Selected Thoughts of Friedrich Nietzsche*. And Herr W said again: “A few golden words of the author of *The Will to Power*; that is what sustained me all through these hellish years.”

“Yes, words of pride and of power, not words of consolation,” thought I.

And, recalling all that the young man had suffered, I was overwhelmed by a feeling of religious elation, as before the rising Sun—the daily victory of Light over darkness. I hailed in my heart that victory of the Nazi spirit, that triumph of everlasting youth—the assertion of that power of the world's natural élite, that nothing and no one can ever break.

Chapter 7

PLUNDER, LIES, AND SHALLOWNESS

“. . . man stirbt nicht für Geschäfte,
sondern nur für Ideale.”

—Adolf Hitler¹

The object of the far-sighted international Jew, when he prompted England to declare war on Germany on the 3rd of September 1939, was to crush National Socialism. Germany, to him, meant nothing else but the cradle and the stronghold of that extremely dangerous socio-political philosophy. Germany *without* National Socialism was no match for him, however powerful she might become. That, the Jew knew. Centuries of experience had taught him—only too well—that there is nothing so easy to exploit as pure Aryans, so long as they are not racially conscious. “The purer, the stupider,” thought he, taking—as he would!—the inborn magnanimity of the Aryan for dullness of intellect. He was not afraid of them; not as long as they were kept asleep. But the dangerous philosophy had already awakened most of them in Germany. And it was beginning to awaken them in other countries too; to stir the whole of the Aryan race. It therefore had to be crushed, so that the Jew might continue to thrive as the masterful parasite of Europe and America; the lord of the whole world through his control of the international money system.

The Jew’s attack on Germany—already before the war, through propaganda—had no other meaning.

But the purpose of the short-sighted Aryan of England and elsewhere in accepting to become the Jew’s allies against the champions of his own race, was quite different. Either he was a sentimental idiot galloping off to deliver the Israelitish darlings from the clutches of the Nazi “monsters,” or else . . . he was just jealous of the prosperity of his German brothers, jealous of their productive factories, of their reorganised army; of their growing influence; of their splendid “*Autobahnen*”; of their clean, spacious, sunny workmen’s houses with modern kitchens and geraniums on the windowsills; of

¹ “. . . one does not die for business, but only for Ideals” (*Mein Kampf*, I, iv, pp. 167–68; cf. Mannheim, p. 152) [Trans. by Ed.].

their gardens full of healthy children; of their youth parades and inspiring Party rallies; jealous of their joy and vitality—of the fact that *they* had somebody to look up to and love, and something to live for, while the rest of Europe and the greatest part of the world had nothing. And he hated the fortunate Germans and the superman who had brought them such prosperity and such happiness.

And, also, he was, himself, out for plunder. For the Jew had forgotten to tell him that *that* was *his* department and that, even if his ally did grab some little profit out of Germany's defeat, the main profit—the permanent profit—could only flow, ultimately, into the pockets of “God's own people”; that *they* were to exploit not only Germany, but England and America as well—the whole world—upon the ruins of the hated Nazi system. They, and no others. Had the English and even the French Aryan realised that, perhaps he would not have fought his German brothers with so much readiness. Unless, of course, in him, the hatred bred by jealousy was greater even than the instinct of self-preservation and—widely speaking—tomfoolery over the precious Jews of Central Europe, greater than everything.

* * *

Some of those who fought Germany during the war are less stupid and more cynical than others.

I was introduced to such a one—a Frenchman who now occupies in Saarland an important post in one of the German factories that the French have taken “under control” and who, during the war, played an active part in the French “*résistance*.” The man professes to detest Democracy, being a monarchist; and he certainly nourishes no illusions about Christianity and the Christian Churches. As for the Jews, he expressed his opinion about them to me in a joke: “Those were surely no gas chambers which your pals used in Germany,” he told me. “They must have been . . . incubators. Why, one has never seen so many ‘Yids’ all about the place as since the end of the war!”¹

I burst out laughing, for the joke is an excellent one. But I was astounded to hear it from a *résistant*. True, this man was as polite as if he had come straight out of the seventeenth century; and the common acquaintance through whom I had met him had introduced me as “a red-hot Nazi.” Still, I could not help thinking that this was going a little too far out of his way to please a lady.

¹ A French composer of songs was the first man to make that joke public.

“But, apart from any joke,” said I—after I had finished laughing—“if you really do feel as you say about Democracy and about the Jews, then why on earth did you fight *us* during the war, like an idiot?”

“We never fought National Socialism,” replied the man, to my further astonishment, “We only told the fools that we did—to make them join us.”

“What did you fight, then?”

“Germany.”

“After 1933,” said I, “one cannot separate Germany from National Socialism.”

“Perhaps. And I am sorry for that. For in that case, National Socialism had to pay the penalty for being German.”

“I fail to understand,” said I. “The National Socialist outlook on life transcends Germany and transcends our times. It is—or should be—the outlook of every Aryan conscious of his natural privileges and proud of his race. If one realises this, one cannot fight the Man who has given his nation such an outlook; nor that nation, which is his and which he loves. Adolf Hitler has made Germany a sacred land in the eyes of every worthy Aryan in the world. If, as you say, you do not hate our philosophy, how could you raise your hand against Germany?”

“Because she was too prosperous and too powerful, and consequently too arrogant,” said the Frenchman; “because her industries were far ahead of ours; her people healthier, stronger, more disciplined, more warrior-like, and more prolific than ours, and simply had to be our masters—unless we crushed them in time; because her armies had overrun France and were overrunning the whole of Europe; because, in the united Europe that she was about to lead and control permanently, we French people would only have had a third rate place.”

I looked at the man in surprise. He had given me the right account of France’s war aims, the account which, in fact, any German would have given me. “*Au moins*,” said I, quoting Racine, “voilà un aveu dépouillé *d’artifice!*”¹ So you would have liked the leadership of Europe for yourselves, is it not so?”

“We wanted, first, our country for ourselves,” replied the Frenchman.

“But in reality, you gave it to the Jews, as you yourself admit. Was not a united Europe thriving under Hitler’s strong protection far better than that—even if you people did not occupy in it the first place? Have

¹ “*At least*, here is a confession stripped *of artifice!*” This is a paraphrase of a line spoken by Hermione in Act IV, Scene 5 of Jean Racine’s *Andromaque*.—Ed.

you the first place now? Can you expect to have it tomorrow? Can you expect ever to have it? Can England herself expect ever to have it again? I hope not!—were it only as a divine punishment for rising against the inspired Leader of our age,

mean, short-sighted fools you all are, the whole continent!” said I, retrospectively indignant at the idea of that collective madness that the Second World War represents in my eyes.

The answer that came to me was so utterly cynical in its simplicity that it sounded childish—embarrassing in the mouth of a man of forty-five: “Hitler was not French,” said the Frenchman.

Yes, thought I, and not English either, but profoundly, passionately German. And it is because you narrow-minded and narrow-hearted people could not forgive him for loving his Germany so; because you could not forgive him for being a part and parcel of his own people at the same time as one of the greatest Aryans of all ages, you turned against him! You preferred to ruin your respective countries yourselves, rather than to see a German save them. You gave them over to the Jews, who hate you, rather than see him, who loved you, rise to the leadership of a regenerated West; rather than renounce, for his sake your petty, selfish claims, your dreams of separate security—each obsolete State behind its obsolete narrow boundaries—your silly belief, as Englishmen, Frenchmen, Poles, Norwegians, Russians, Greeks, that your separate existence as administrative units is worth more than the creation of a higher humanity, Aryan in both the senses of that ancient word: in the sense of “Nordic” and in the sense of “noble.”

Criminal, unpardonable fools!

“I admired him,” continued the Frenchman, speaking of the Führer. “I still admire him. No sensible person can help admiring him. But I could not follow him; not after the war broke out; not at the cost of my country’s independence. Had he been French, I would have followed him blindly wherever he led me.”

I suddenly recalled my happy home in Calcutta sometime at the close of 1940, when Greece had just stepped into the war. My husband came to me and said: “The Greeks are now routing the Italians, but sooner or later the German army will have to intervene. Mussolini is the Führer’s ally and has to be supported. Maybe the struggle will be a bitter one. Maybe the whole country will be smashed. If so . . . will *you* still be on our side?”

I had looked up to him, rather surprised that he had so little confidence in me as to ask such a question.

“Naturally, I shall,” I said. “Why do you ask me? Why do you doubt it? Am I not as devoted to the Führer as anyone can be?” And I had explained my attitude: “Whatever the men at the head of the present Greek Government might say or do, is it not true that National Socialism has brought to life once more—and how brilliantly!—those eternal Aryan ideals of perfection (beginning with physical perfection) that have been the ideals of Greece ever since the Aryan race settled

there—ever since the victory of Hyperborean Apollo over the Python, to express history in terms of mythology? Rest assured, I shall never sacrifice the eternal to the transient, the racial values to the narrowly, conventionally national ones; the Aryan, to the narrowly Greek, or narrowly English; or narrowly Indian. I shall always be on our side—on the Führer’s side—whatever might happen.”

My husband—that son of the oldest Aryan aristocracy of the Far South which the caste system has kept aloof and pure—was pleased and said: “I know. I only asked to see what you would answer.”

I related this episode to the Frenchman.

“You are Indo-European,” he replied. “I am just French.”

“Unless you and your compatriots and the British and all other Aryans can sincerely feel themselves Indo-Europeans—Aryans—before anything else,” said I, “and accept the New Order as it is, you will have to sink down into slow decay, become Judaised, become bastardised, disappear. The truly Indo-European socio-political philosophy, National Socialism, is the only force that could and still can save what is worth saving in France as in other Aryan countries. But, of course, you can choose decay. You have, in fact, chosen decay.”

“Perhaps you are right,” he admitted at last. “But you must agree that it is hard on us to have to choose, as you say, German supremacy or the Jewish yoke . . . while your German pals only have to prefer their own domination to that of the Jews in order to be perfect National Socialists.”

“You have to agree,” said I, “that they *are* purer Aryans than yourselves, as a whole. No man with eyes to see can deny it. And they are the Führer’s people, too.”

“I admit that my outlook is, philosophically speaking, neither as consistent nor, especially, as disinterested as yours,” declared the man at last. I laughed.

“That is a fine thing indeed for a former French *résistant* to tell a Nazi in 1949,” said I; “is it not?”

I asked this man, who seemed so willing to tell the truth, what he thought of the dismantling of the German factories. “It is an excellent thing,” he replied.

“What?”

“Surely,” said the Frenchman. “The more factories are dismantled, here in Germany, the more German industry is crippled by us, the more the production of French industry increases in proportion, and the more French goods get a

chance to flood the world market, in the place of German ones. Each one of the other occupants argues, on his own behalf, the same as we do—although you might not find many people in high position to tell you so as frankly and bluntly as I have.”

“And you call that fair, in Democratic circles?”

“That is business,” replied the Frenchman. “Business is never fair. Business means to make money at the expense of one’s rivals, that is all. But, of course, one cannot *tell* that to the fools, or else they would no longer be willing to play the game. To them, one speaks of ‘Democracy’—just to give them an illusion to stick up for, while, in reality, they help the capitalists of their country to become rich. One speaks of ‘fighting the fascist beast’—so that one might canalise their stupid fury against one’s rivals of dangerously prosperous countries. Business . . . War itself is nothing but that.”

I was disgusted. For I knew the man spoke the truth.

“And you like that sort of thing?” I asked, without caring to hide my contempt.

“Whether one likes it or not, that sort of thing is the world—at least as it has become today,” replied the Frenchman.

“*Your* world; that degenerate, ugly, venal world which we fought to destroy,” said I; “not *ours!*”

And I recalled and quoted those words of the Führer: “Men do not die for business; they die for ideals.” “We National Socialists die for ideals,” I stressed; “those who fought us, fought only for business, you admit it yourself; and for other people’s business at that; for the business of your capitalists, who deceived them. How wonderful! We have every reason to hate the Jews. They are the natural enemies of all that we stand for. But you? Why should *you* dislike them—if you really do, as you say? Have you not much in common with them, in spite of your different blood? Are they not also just ‘businessmen,’ like yourselves?”

“They are our rivals in business,” said the Frenchman.

“To us, they are the parasites sapping the life-blood of the finest

race on earth,” said I. “Our grievances are different, as are also our ideals.”

And I took leave of the Frenchman after thanking him for the light he had thrown (supposing that I needed any) upon the true mentality of those who, at present, occupy Germany and persecute National Socialism.

* * *

Indeed, “business”—a polite word for plunder, in this particular case—is the keynote of the Allied Occupation in Germany, and the secret that lies behind and explains, directly or indirectly, all the objectionable steps taken by the foreign Powers, from the brutal confiscation of individual German property to the recent Ruhr Statute.

The cost of the Occupation alone, steadily increasing since 1945, absorbed, in the British Zone, one third of the total amount of taxes paid by the German people in 1947, and over forty per cent after the Currency Reform of 1948, according to the memorandum which Dr. Weitz submitted to the Military Government in December 1948.¹ And this large-scale robbery is by no means restricted to this Zone. The French Occupation costs, proportionately, even more, as the number of occupants (and of occupants’ families) settled in Germany is far greater in comparison with the number of Germans inhabiting the Zone. According to a declaration of General Hepp, head of the Information Department of the French Military Government in Baden-Baden, at a Press Conference in December 1948,² there were still, at that date, 22,263 houses entirely requisitioned and 25,475 partly requisitioned in the French Zone. And in Baden-Baden alone, where “the occupying power has taken possession of practically all the main hotels,”³ German enterprise, both private and municipal, has incurred a loss of over twenty million Reichmarks, in spite of the compensations given (of which the greatest part was lost through the Currency Reform of 1948⁴).

And all this is practically nothing compared to other forms of wholesale, systematic plunder to which the Allies of both East and

¹ See the *Neue Volkszeitung* (Dortmund), 13 December 1948.

² Reported in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Mainz), 23 December 1948.

³ See *Badische Neueste Nachrichten* (Karlsruhe), 29 December 1948.

⁴ *Ibid*, quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 3, no. 52.

West have submitted Germany ever since they set foot in the country: the dismantling of an enormous number of factories; the confiscation or “control” of those factories which were not dismantled, as well as of such private or public enterprises on which depends the whole economic life of the country (such as the shipping concerns on the upper Rhine¹); the seizure of German goods under one pretext or another; the shameful policy of deforestation; and, at the close of the year 1948, the Ruhr Statute.

The guiding spirit at the back of those confiscations, “controls,” seizures, etc., on the part of the occupying Powers, is a mystery to nobody. They all aim at keeping Germany forever under the economic domination of her victors of 1945. The German newspapers, however, do not dare criticise too openly the robberies of the Military Government of the Zone in which they are printed. For obvious reasons, the impeachment of the occupant of one Zone is only to be found in the papers of another one. And even so (save in the case of Russian controlled papers

criticizing the Western Allies' policy, or of the Western Zone papers criticizing the Russians), it is always a very mild and polite impeachment, springing from an alleged desire to see "truly Democratic principles" govern the life of the country. (The papers, despite the so-called "freedom" granted to them, must show that they have "learnt their lesson," or else . . . they would be suppressed at once—and prosecuted for "attempting to keep the Nazi spirit alive" under the same Article 7 of Law 8 of the Occupation Statute under which I am, myself, imprisoned here.)

Thus, for instance, in its issue of the 24th of December 1948, the *Main-Post* of Würzburg (American Zone) criticises the seizure by the French of a number of shipping enterprises on the Upper Rhine and of the property of many industrial concerns, some of which have their headquarters in the British and American Zones.² This step "puts Württemberg and a great part of Bavaria at the mercy of the sweet will of French shipping companies for their coal supply."³ And the factories that turn out fireproof bricks—an article of primary necessity in the setting up of blast furnaces—"are now compelled to export their

¹ See the *Main-Post* (Würzburg), 24 December 1948.

² The newspaper names a few of the well-known concerns effected—Franz Haniel, Duisburg-Ruhrort; Rhenania-Rheinschiffahrt, Homburg; Harpener Berghau, Abt. Schiffahrt; Linden-Reederei, Duisburg-Ruhrort; Klöckner Werke, and the Reemtsma cigarette works.

³ *Main-Post* (Würzburg), 24 December 1948, quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 3, no. 52.

products to Lorraine, thus encouraging competition to the disadvantage of the German industry of the Ruhr."¹ Moreover, states the same paper, this step had been prepared carefully ever since the time of the capitulation. From that time,

French shipping companies had taken possession of the equipment and ships of the left bank of the Rhine. A "German Shipping Bureau" with headquarters at Mainz, was authorised to requisition the ships and to transfer them to French purchasers. The French-privileged companies, at the time of the Currency Reform, exchanged their capital at the rate of 10 Reichmarks for 8 Deutschmarks, thus realising their present capital of 12.8 million Deutschmarks. The whole coal supply of Pfalz and Württemberg is in the hands of the "Union Charbonnière" which exerts a growing pressure upon the further Bavarian country. The company is now trying to acquire vast grounds at Karlsruhe and at Heilbronn.²

The suppression of the great industrial "cartels" had no other aim but to break the economic power that Germany still possesses, and to forward the interests of

the rival French coal mining and iron and steel industries; “to fasten the grip of France upon the economy of the whole country lying between the Rhine, the Main, the Meuse, and the Mosel,” as the above quoted paper puts it.

And this is only one instance among many. The Berlin paper *Tagesspiegel*, licensed by the Americans, criticises the grabbing policy of the French in no less clear although courteous terms, in its first page article of the 21st of December 1948.³ It would be easy, but tedious, to give a long list of German papers of the British and American Zones that do the same. As for the German papers of Berlin and of the whole Eastern Zone, licensed by the Russians, they do not hesitate to accuse the Western Allies of turning Germany into a “colonial country” and to characterise—and rightly so—the entire Occupation Statute of West Germany as a device to enslave the German people permanently.⁴ Naturally, they forget to speak—or rather are not allowed to speak—of the no less systematic and wholesale plunder of German property by the Russians, and of all the Russian regulations that constitute a no less

¹ *Ibid.*

² *Ibid.*

³ Quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 3, no. 52.

⁴ *Tägliche Rundschau* (Berlin), 23 December 1948.

complete enslavement of the German people in the Eastern Zone, let alone of the vast portions of territory from which the German population has been entirely removed.

* * *

But the two forms of robbery that have surely been the most bitterly resented by the Germans ever since the beginning of the Occupation and that, to this day, every German cannot but take as open acts of hostility, are the dismantling of the factories and the large-scale deforestation of the country.

One must know something of the German labourer’s high standard of technical education and of his genuine interest and pride in his daily work, to realise what an amount of bitterness the Allies are storing against themselves in the hearts of millions of Germans, through that mean policy of thieves which they have pursued since 1945, and are still pursuing, in all the Zones. Even if their orders to remove piece by piece, or to destroy, thousands and thousands of valuable machines, were actuated by the sole desire for “security,” i.e., by the sole fear of seeing a powerful, warrior-like Germany rise again in amazingly short a time out of the utter ruin of today, still I would characterise their policy as criminal. For what right have they, anyhow, to try to keep down a great nation forever, just because it has more potentialities for military efficiency than they? Who are they,

that they alone in the world should be armed and ready for war, and others, by no means their inferiors, should yield to them? But that is not even the case. The attitude of the victors, in this matter of plunder, as in the others, is inspired by “a policy of economic competition,”¹ to quote the words of another German paper, written precisely in connection with the dismantling of a factory. This is so true that not merely armament factories, but many others, of which the production is entirely affected to peaceful aims—such as the firm Hellige, Morat, and Company of Freiburg, specializing in manufacturing medical and physiological instruments—were also dismantled.

On the other hand, the German people—now powerless to act, but not powerless to think and feel—and especially the workmen attached to the factories that are to be dismantled, witness the proceedings with healthy, concentrated bitterness. Over and over again, cases have occurred in which the workmen appointed to take part in the

¹ *Handelsblatt* (Düsseldorf), 2nd week of January 1949.

dismantling categorically refused to pull down, piece by piece, the machines that had been in their hands, for so long, instruments of prosperity. Recently—in January, 1949—the 11,000 workmen of the Bochumer Verein factory (which the British insisted on dismantling) sent a telegram to the President of the USA, Mr. Truman, stating that “they would not take part in the destruction of their instruments of labour, even under military pressure.” The further wording of the telegram is full of significance: “One cannot ask us to demolish our own house, and to give bricks and old iron to feed our increasing population. No true German will dirty his fingers by contributing to the destruction of our factory.”¹

Proud and sensible words, that were not “nothing but words”; for, a week or so later, began before the British Military tribunal of Bochum, the trial of several workmen of the Sulzbach concern, from Essen, who had refused to take part in the dismantling of the Bochumer Verein factory.²

One can imagine the feelings of these men, tried for not agreeing to lend a hand to the systematic ruin of their country’s economy imposed, under threat of arms, by rapacious foreign capitalists. As millions of workmen all over Germany, they must have looked back, within their hearts, to those glorious days in which they acclaimed the Führer—the maker of Germany’s prosperity—and in which the Führer held out his hand to them, individually, and to their happy children. And if, among them, several had not, in those days, wholeheartedly supported the National Socialist New Order; if, during the war, some had allowed themselves to be deceived by anti-Nazi propaganda, and had expected out of Democracy some greater good than that which our loving Hitler could give them, how they must have regretted their folly!

The destruction of Germany's splendid forests is something even more tragic than the dismantling of her factories. However precious might be highly perfected machines, living trees are still more so. And they—the outcome of Nature's patient fecundity, not of man's skill—cannot be replaced in a couple of years even with the help of any amount of money. I have, years ago, expressed in another book what I think of deforestation in itself, apart from any utilitarian consideration from man's point of view.³ To the extent one does not resort to it

¹ Quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 2.

² *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Mainz), 17 January 1949.

³ *Impeachment of Man*, ch. 9, "The Rights of Plants." The book is still unpublished. [*Impeachment* was written in 1945–46 and finally published in 1959: *Impeachment of Man* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1959).—Ed.]

extremely cautiously and sparingly (replacing every tree one fells) and then too, only when one is absolutely compelled to, by some vital necessity, to that extent, I say, I look upon it—whenever and wherever it be—as a crime against the divine beauty and majesty of Nature. Here, in Germany, now, it takes on a still more sinister character. It is not merely the repetition of the stupid sacrilege which countless generations of men have committed every time they have cut down trees for some petty human purpose "not worth it"; for some temporary convenience or satisfaction, without realising what they were doing. It is a deliberate sacrilege, coupled with inexcusable robbery, on a scale that one has seldom seen; a double insult to Nature Herself and to the German people who, in the West at least—and more so after that admirable National Socialist education which the younger ones have received—are perhaps the nation that understands and loves Nature the best; the nation among which the old Aryan cult of the Tree has left the strongest roots.

One needs no tedious statistics to become convinced of the enormity of the disaster. One only has to take a trip through the Black Forest—to travel, for instance, from Baden-Baden down to Titisee—and to use one's own eyes. In a number of places, along the main road, one beholds, right and left, for miles and miles, nothing but empty expanses in which appear stumps of felled trees—thousands of them. That is what the French call "*des coupes à blanc*"¹—cutting down of a portion of forest until there is not one tree left; until the once thick, living patch of vegetation is reduced to *a blank*. In any of those "*coupes à blanc*" one can walk for hours without seeing a standing tree. And it is not true that such devastation can only be found on the border of the main road going south. There are also plenty of "blanks" in the interior of the Black Forest. The contrast with the luxuriant green portions that have not yet been touched, makes the sight of the cut down areas even more heartrending.

One recalls the first verse of a fairly well-known French poem: "*Les Turcs ont passé la; tout est ruine et deuil.*"² But no; here it is not the Turks; it is only the French themselves—and the British in the British Zone, where the great sacred

forest, the Hartz, has suffered no less than the Black Forest in Southwest Germany; and the Americans, and the

¹ Clear-cutting—Ed.

² “The Turks have passed through; all is ruin and mourning” (From “L’Enfant” [“The Child”] in Victor Hugo’s collection of poems entitled *Les Orientales* [Paris, 1829]) [Trans. by Ed.].

Russians, who have wrought equal devastation all over the country, from East Prussia, now a desert, down to the ruined cities of central Germany and of the Danubian region. The Turks would not have done the job so thoroughly.

And it is not only the Black Forest and the Hartz, and the forests of North Germany. Wherever one goes, one is bound to see hilltops on which nothing is left of the once glorious green mantle of living woods. The extensive patches of forest that can still be seen, and that one imagines prolonged over the horrid “blanks,” help one to realise (if one has not actually seen it) how beautiful Germany was before the disaster of 1945. The Allies are simply disfiguring the land for the sake of their petty profits; perhaps also for the pleasure of disfiguring it—they are mean enough for that.

Wherever one goes, one is bound to see, also, travelling along the railway lines, or waiting in the stations to move on behind another engine, wagons and wagons of wood; whole tree-trunks, heaped upon one another horizontally, or relatively small pieces of wood placed vertically one by the side of the other. And it is not once, it is not twice, it is not “often”; it is every day, and at every time of the day or night. It looks as though the trees of Germany—those trees that the German people love so much and of which they were so proud—are *all* being deliberately cut down and carried away.

The German people can say nothing and can do nothing about it, as much as the daily sight of that systematic plunder and ruin of their country fills them with legitimate indignation. They only know that they have lost the war, and are now disarmed, and cannot rearm themselves as long as the Occupying Powers hold the land. They have lost the war, not through their own fault—most of them have been loyal and enduring, and have done their duty well—but through the fault of the anti-Nazi traitors who helped the coalesced forces of East and West to crush the National Socialist State. And because they are vanquished they must suffer, they, and the very land itself. *Vae victis!*¹

And yet . . . as one walks about in those devastated, those massacred forest areas—those “blanks” where not a tree is left standing—one sees that there are already green leaves appearing on the sides of many of the stumps; new, tender shoots, springing up from between the roots; new trees growing between the old ones in the bright sunshine, from nowhere—from the bosom of the invincible earth.

One remembers the fresh green grass, or the creepers with pink and

¹ Woe to the conquered.—Ed.

white flowers that one sees so often in the cracks of burnt and blasted walls, in the ruins of all the German towns. Here, as there, life continues. No Occupying Power can kill it. Here, as there, patient Nature reasserts herself, after the work of death wrought by the little men, agents of the death forces. And in the German people themselves, too, the will to live—which is the beginning of life—and the will to conquer—which is the beginning of victory—bursts forth already, in the midst of the bitterness of defeat.

Under a show of resignation; under apparent adhesion to the professed principles of the victors; under de-Nazification reluctantly and only outwardly accepted for practical purposes, the soul of Hitler's people watches and waits!

"We are waiting for the spark," said to me, in October 1948, one of the sincerest National Socialists I know in Saarland.

* * *

That readiness, that expectation, that impatience under the yoke, was manifested recently in the unanimous reaction of the Germans against the Ruhr Statute—the latest device to secure for the Occupying Powers the maximum opportunity of permanent plunder, and to keep Germany down forever.

What does the Ruhr Statute amount to? All Germans know, only too well. Yet, it is perhaps worthwhile repeating it here, for those readers of the far-flung English-speaking world, if any, who might have forgotten it by the time this book sees the light—if ever it does. It was decided by the Western Allies, in December 1948, in London, that

an international body in which the Germans, when they once more have a Government, will be represented by three delegates, as also France, the USA, Great Britain, and the Benelux, will supervise the *distribution* of coal, coke, and steel, of which a part will be used for home consumption while the rest will be exported. That body . . . will have, in addition, the right to examine the *commercial utilisation* of these products. And when the Occupation ends, it will possibly take over the power lying at present with the military governors, in connection with the eviction of former Nazis, the interdiction to reconstitute cartels, and the management of the industries.¹

¹ *Journal de Genève*, 1st week of January, 1949, quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 1.

Side by side with the international authority, of which the function is essentially economic, will be set up an Allied body of “military security,” “which will see to it that the disarmament and demilitarisation (of Germany) are maintained. It will be the duty of that body to enforce the interdictions and limitations that are to be imposed upon German industry.”¹ The Office of Military Security is to be constituted in a near future, probably at Koblenz or at Bad Ems. The International Committee for the Ruhr will only really come into function after the end of the Military Occupation.

One has no need to be a politician to see at once that this new dictate is anything but “a solution that allows the reconstruction of Germany while giving legitimate guarantees to her neighbours.”² One has even no need to be more than moderately intelligent to see that it is no step towards a “peaceful and friendly” collaboration between the countries of Western Europe. It is an outrageous document, sealing (in the minds of the Allies, forever) the relegation of Germany not merely to the rank of a third-rate power, but to that of an actual colony of the Western Democracies; to that of a State in which the very standard of life of the people would no longer depend upon their own efficiency or their own social laws, but rather “upon the vote of the competitors of the German economy.”³

Three main features of the Ruhr Statute cannot but strike one’s attention: first, it *limits* the production of coal and steel in the main German industrial area and controls the use to which these goods are to be put at home *and* abroad; second, through the Office of Military Security, it aims at suppressing every possibility of a new rise of the National Socialist spirit, i.e., at keeping Germany, politically also, under control; and third, both these outrages to the German nation are to be made permanent. (At least that is what the Allies want.) To us, the first feature constitutes no less than the *official* sanction of organised plunder on behalf of the Western victors of 1945; the second and the third are attempts to avoid the possibility of the plunder being one day put to an end.

Not only is the production of steel in the Ruhr never to exceed 10.7 million tons a year, but, in addition to that, according to article 14 of the Ruhr Statute (to take only one instance), the new international

¹ *Le Monde*, 1st week of January 1949, quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 1.

² *Bulletin de la Semaine, Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 1.

³ Professor Ludwig Erhard, *Der Spiegel* (Hanover), 8 January 1949.

authority is to distribute among the different purchasing countries the output of about 7,000 German enterprises.

The Ruhr furnishes the raw material for 80 percent of German exports. The new international authority is given the power not merely to fix the minimum quantities of coal, coke, and steel to be absorbed by German industry, but also to determine *the nature* of Germany's exports, which allows it, for example, as regards steel, to eliminate at one stroke all German exportation of dentistry appliances, a rich line that would bring in currency. Provided they agree, the representatives of the Western powers are therefore practically in a position to strangle any line of German exports that would risk becoming a danger to their own economy. Along with this power of control over the German exports, the international authority can also stop arbitrarily all commercial transactions between Germany and the Scandinavian countries, Spain, Italy, and the Southeast of Europe. The Western Allies can therefore also use the Ruhr exports as a means of very effective pressure in matters of foreign politics.¹

And, in order to make that total and permanent dependence still more secure, the German concerns would have to send periodical accounts of their activity to the international authority, while the representatives of the latter would have free access to all the factories!

If that is not carefully planned plunder, then I ask: What is?

Of course—as always, with Western Democrats—it is plunder under the cover of some excuse. (They have not even the guts to be thieves frankly and boldly). The excuse is the same old one—that wearisome, sickening one that has saturated Allied speeches, Allied discussions, and the European press, ever since the end of the First World War: France's security. Strangle, shackle, weaken, keep down the naturally strong—the healthy, the pure-blooded, the martial, the fit to live and fit to rule—so that those born tired might at last feel “secure”; stifle the representatives of a more virile humanity, so that a few quaint flowers of decadence might bloom at ease, amidst the many weeds of mediocrity, in the thick and soft manure of undisturbed corruption! That is the whole spirit, the whole justification of Democracy, and the secret of its appeal both to the degenerate Aryans of the West and to so many “intellectuals” of the inferior races who, all

¹ *Der Spiegel* (Hanover), 8 January 1949.

over the world, re-chew and re-swallow with delight, like docile camels, their equalitarian teachings and their anti-Nazi slogans! That is also the real meaning of French security in this connection; that and nothing else.¹

But security is only an excuse. The true motive behind the Ruhr Statute in 1949, is the self-same one which lay behind the Occupation of the Ruhr by the French in 1923—plunder; in Democratic language, “business.” The Democrats say so themselves, when they leave off talking propaganda. The Parisian bulletin on economic affairs, *L’Echo de la Finance*, puts it indeed very nicely: “It is especially our former enemies’ industrial possibilities that make us feel uneasy. If tomorrow the German steel industry were to oust us from the European market, it would no longer be possible for us to secure for ourselves the currency which, however, we absolutely need. It is not in the military field but in the field of economy that we shall have, henceforth, to measure our strength with our enemies of yesterday.”² This is spoken clearly enough. It is addressed to businessmen, not to sentimental fools.

Is it any wonder if a German paper calls the Ruhr Statute, “a realisation of the Monnet plan which provides for a transplantation of the steel production from the Ruhr into Lorraine,”³ and, if even a Social-Democratic paper such as the *Telegraf*, from Berlin, writes that “the control foreseen for the Ruhr will discourage and discredit the Democratic forces of Germany, and will again render ‘radical’ the broad layers of the German people”?⁴ Is it any wonder that the nefarious plot was denounced officially by the directing Committee of the Social-Democratic Party itself as a “temporary solution for the abolition of which” that party will “fight with all its strength”?

And if that outrage on the part of the Allied Western Democracies can force even the leaders of the SPD to remember that they are Germans, then, I leave one to imagine what its effect must be upon that great section of the German people—and that intelligent and faithful

It is interesting to note here what *Der Abend*, a Berlin paper licensed by the Americans, says in this connection, in the 1st week of January 1949: “One always speaks of French security, but one forgets that, within the last three hundred years, the French frontiers have advanced more and more towards the east. And who speaks of the security of Germany? Growing generations and generations not yet born are sacrificed to the French Security complex.”

¹ Quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 2.

² *Westdeutsche Zeitung* (Düsseldorf), quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 1.

³ Quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 1.

Aryan minority outside Germany—silent since 1945: the National Socialists.

* * *

As I have pointed out above, the plan for permanent plunder is completed, or rather buttressed, by a plan for the further persecution and permanent annihilation of National Socialism.

But one should have no illusions about the true motives that inspire this plan—or, by the way, that underlie the whole persecution of our *Weltanschauung* since and already before 1945. They are by no means humanitarian, as simple people believe. They are commercial. They have very little or nothing to do with the way we might have treated the poor darling Jews. On the other hand, they have a lot to do with the way National Socialism pulled Germany out of political and economic servitude after the First World War, and made her the leading Power in Europe. Had the hated Nazis not accomplished *that* miracle, under the leadership of Adolf Hitler; had they not, out of the hungry, disarmed, demoralised Germany of 1920, made the Greater Germany of 1940—prosperous, victorious, irresistible—then, it would not matter how many worthless parasites were gassed. The clever businessmen of the soft-hearted Democracies would not care; and the sentimental fools who provide the rank and file of the anti-Nazi forces, would not know. The press, the wireless, and the films, would never have told them.

The unpardonable crime of National Socialism, in the eyes of its foreign persecutors, is to have made Germany great. And the one feeling that actuated all the steps taken to crush it by the present-day masters of the unfortunate land, is fear—the fear lest, out of this abyss of ruin and desolation, again Greater Germany might rise, to the music of the Horst Wessel Song. They know it can. They know it will, sooner or later. Still, they do all that is in their power to prevent it, so that they might continue to plunder the land a little longer. That is the secret of all their arrangements for the permanent disarmament of Germany, for permanent Allied control and permanent eviction of National Socialists from all posts of importance.

The Jews really hate us for *all* we stand for. They are the ones who hate us for the most natural, the most vital reasons; and who therefore hate us the most. They are the ones who hate us personally, individually; who are capable of any atrocity upon any one of us. That is the reason why they are used by Germany's enemies as our direct persecutors—as false witnesses in the trials of so-called “war

criminals”; as torturers in the anti-Nazi extermination camps. No one could do those jobs as well as them.

The Communists—when they are not also Jews—hate us for our philosophy, but without that deadly physical element that makes hatred irreducible. They hate us like Christians hate Pagans (or used to hate them, when there still were Christians), not like mice hate cats. The average anti-Nazis of the West hate us

without knowing why; because they have read, printed in black and white, a hundred thousand times, that we are “monsters,” so it must be true.

The clever people who have a word to say in the persecution of National Socialism in occupied Germany only hate us because our philosophy is indissolubly linked with Germany’s greatness. In reality, it is Germany they hate—Germany, the least Judaized among the great Aryan nations of the West, and their natural leader; in the meantime (even in defeat!), their dreaded competitor.

They always reproach Germany with nurturing a “dangerous nationalism.” What about *their* nationalism resting, not upon the right of a healthy people to seek more living space, but upon the claims of an objectionable confraternity of businessmen to fill their pockets? Nay, what about their chauvinism—a better name for it—regularly and piously fed by the money of the international Jew? For behind the patriotic French, British, American competitors of Germany in the struggle for industrial, commercial, and ultimately political supremacy; behind those who hate and persecute National Socialism as Germany’s guiding force on the way to greatness, there stands—again!—the international Jew who hates Germany both because of her technical efficiency *and* her racial consciousness; both as a businessman *and* as a Jew. The bitterest, most consistent, and most powerful anti-Nazi of all, he is the one who uses the patriotic fears and the commercial greed of the Aryans against National Socialism, as those Aryan renegades themselves, who control occupied Germany, use in their turn the hatred and cruelty and anti-Nazi fanaticism of the rank and file Jews to break at least the bodies of “dangerous” German Nazis, knowing all the time that they can never break their spirit.

* * *

More than any others, those large-scale thieves now busy making Western Europe a safe place for themselves, are also liars. They do not say: “We are thieves”—who does?—And if they sometimes admit it to one another, or to people whom they think they need not fear—as that

Frenchman did, whose conversation with myself I reported at the beginning of this chapter—they cannot possibly admit it before the world, for that would deprive them of the support of the simpletons, who, in modern Democracies, have one vote each like any man or woman, and who are millions. As things stand, the simpletons condone such robbery as goes on in occupied Germany. They call it a “guarantee of security,” of “peace,” of “justice,” echoing the voice of their morning paper, which, in its turn, echoes the interests of the capitalists who hope to edify their country’s permanent prosperity—and first of all their own—upon Germany’s permanent impoverishment. They must continue to call it so. Therefore excuses must be found to justify both the plunder itself, and the

indispensable persecution of National Socialism, without which it could not last six months.

The better organised the plunder, the cleverer the lies that serve to excuse it.

I have already said what I think—what every National Socialist thinks—of the Western Democracies' insistence upon the limitation of Germany's industrial output, for the sake of the "security" of Europe, and especially of France. Another mild word for theft, in Democratic jargon applied to German affairs, is "restitution," "justice." This is particularly true in the case of all property sold to National Socialists by Jews who left Germany under the Nazi régime. The people who acquired the property have paid for it—not always as high a price as the Jews would have liked, admittedly, but they paid. Now, many of the Jews have come back. And the Allied military authorities, their humble servants, force the new owners to return, without compensation, the houses, land, or other property for which they had given money. That is called "restitution." The same applies to a great number of objects acquired by Germany in occupied countries during the war, whether they were taken as spoils of war (without hypocritical excuses) or paid for. According to French official information, objects worth two hundred million dollars (eight milliards¹ of francs, at the rate of exchange in 1938, forty-two milliards of francs now, or a hundred and twenty milliards, if one takes into account the proportion in which prices have risen in France) were returned to their former owners, in France alone, up till June 1948, naturally without compensation to whoever was in possession of them in Germany.² Also "restitution."

¹ A milliard is one thousand million, in American terms, one billion.—Ed.

² *Wirtschaftszeitung* (Stuttgart), 8 January 1949, quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 2.

But there are far lovelier excuses than these; for example the explanations kindly given to me by one of the high officials of the "Bureau de l'Information" at Baden-Baden, during my first interview with him on the 9th of October 1948. The reckless massacre of the Black Forest? Just a very unpleasant necessity!—Not merely a necessity from the standpoint of the Frenchmen's pockets; not merely a "just" compensation for damages caused in France during four years of German Occupation, but a necessity in the interest of the trees themselves! A disease—so the Frenchman told me—had attacked a certain number of trees, in different areas of the West. And those trees and the trees around them were cut down . . . to prevent the disease from spreading. In other words, the French have perpetrated the mass felling of those trees of which one can see the thousands of stumps in now completely blank areas, all along one's way through the Black Forest, only in order to "save" Germany's glorious living ornament! How kind of them indeed! But it is strange, to say the least, that such "kindness" was necessary in *all* the great forests of the country, and also that the rapidly

spreading disease only made its appearance after the Occupying Powers had settled in.

As for the commentaries of this same Frenchman on the dismantling of the German factories, they surpass in crooked ingenuity anything that I have heard before or since. Undoubtedly, France and her Allies had dismantled numberless factories for the sake of their “security” and also in order to carry off very useful machinery as a contribution to “war reparations.” But . . . the Germans did not really resent it. At least, the German industrialists did not. On the contrary, in the secret of their hearts, they were only too glad to get rid of their old machines, hoping to replace them as soon as they could by more up-to-date ones! The resentment of the people? The refusal of the workmen to help to dismantle their factories? That was all due to “a pernicious propaganda.”

Needless to say, in addition to this, every time they possibly can, the Military Governments of the Occupying Powers publish denials of the little information given in the German papers about their confiscations, their Occupation expenses, and other forms of plunder. But the figures which even *they* admit are impressive enough.¹

¹ For instance, the French military government has denied having confiscated more than 300,000 tons of ships on the Upper Rhine (*Allgemeine Zeitung* [Mainz], 30 December 1948).

Also General Bishop has denied the figures quoted by Dr. Weitz regarding the Occupation expenses in the British Zone. Still he admits that the Occupation expenses amount to one fifth of the total expenses in the budget for the year 1 April 1947 to 31 March 1948, and that excludes all expenses in connection with reparations, compensation, disarmament, prisoners of war, and displaced persons (*Rheinische Zeitung*, 3 January 1949, quoted in *Revue de la Presse Rhénane et Allemande*, vol. 4, no. 1). [The French official’s name is Rudolf Grassot. See Chapter 8, pp. 130–36.—Ed.]

* * *

Along with the lies intended to justify Allied plunder in occupied Germany there are those still greater lies, half-truths, and total suppressions of truth, intended to provide a convenient excuse for the persecution of National Socialism.

The main idea behind them all is to make us Nazis appear as monsters of fanaticism and cruelty in the eyes of the whole world. To attain that result, the first step of our enemies is to show—or try to show—that *they* are, and have always been (even in war time) and cannot but be—being Democrats—well-balanced, kindly people, incapable of such atrocities as ours; “decent” people. They therefore have to suppress all facts that would prove the contrary—and how glaringly! So, to begin with, not a word must ever be said or written—and not a word *is* ever said, if they can help it—about *their* atrocities; not a word about all

that went on in the torture chambers of Ham Common, a few miles from London, during the war, and in similar ones in other places, in all Democratic countries as well as in Soviet Russia; not a word, either, about the manifold horrors perpetrated upon Germans, also during the war, by that scum of the earth which composed, by the admission of many honest Frenchmen themselves, the bulk of the French “*résistance*”; not a word for instance, about the rascals who, having caught hold of twelve German officers and tied them up, slowly pressed them to death between the iron teeth of an enormous winepress in a village of the centre of France named Oradour; not a word about the cruelties of all description committed upon Nazis, mostly by Jews, under British, American, or French supervision, after the war, in the anti-Nazi extermination camps of West Germany, or by the Russians, in East Germany and farther East; not a word about Darmstadt and Schwarzenborn, and Herstfeld, and Dachau *after* it was taken over by the Allies; nor about Galgenberg, near Bad Kreuznach, nor about camp 2288 near Brussels, and other places of hunger and ill-treatment under Allied management, both in and outside Germany, after the capitulation. Woe to him who dares to throw some light upon such facts! The British officer who reported to me the horror of the hunger camp 2288, was forced to resign his post

and turned out of occupied territory for having had the honesty to point out the same to the competent authorities.

The next step is to harp upon whatever violence we might have resorted to, whether in war or in peace time; to exaggerate it, naturally; and to forget to mention the outrages in punishment or in reprisal by which it was permitted and is justified.

The shooting of hostages, in countries occupied by Germany during the war, is one of the familiar themes of anti-Nazi propaganda. The “poor” hostages had not *done* the deed for which they were shot. Admittedly. But why was the deed done? Why was, for instance, some perfectly harmless German soldier suddenly shot dead, no one knew by whom, while peacefully taking a stroll in a public garden after sunset? Was *that* fair? And if that was fair—if that was “war”—then why had not the fellow who did it the courage to come forward and give himself up rather than allow a dozen “innocents” to be shot in his place? And who were those “innocents”? Men whom the Germans picked up at random, in the streets? No—save in a few extreme cases in which repeated aggression on the part of the population had exasperated the local German authorities—but people collected from the prisons where they were already detained on account of their proved anti-Nazi activities. Was it not just natural that such ones should suffer, in that circumstance, for the acts of hostility committed by their comrades, when these comrades were not themselves prepared to suffer for their own deeds?

As far as I know, there have been, in present-day occupied Germany, no similar acts of hostility against the members of the Allied occupying forces. But had there been, would not the Military Government of whichever Occupying Power have killed any number of hostages in order to reassert its authority?

There were sometimes reprisals ordered by the Germans in occupied countries. But why were they ordered? I shall be content with recalling one sole instance—sufficiently eloquent in itself to need no comment—that of the “wiping out” of the village of Oradour, in the centre of France, an episode which has been exploited *ad nauseam* by the enemies of National Socialism, all over the world, as a major “Nazi atrocity.” (I first heard of it in India; then I saw the “ruins of Oradour” on the screen, in Iceland, among the “*actualités*”¹ projected before the main film, at a cinema show of the Alliance Française, in 1947. But I had already been told in 1946, in France, by a Frenchman, of the real

¹ Newsreels—Ed.

atrocities that had been perpetrated in the broadly advertised village.) I have mentioned it above: twelve German officers had been slowly pressed to death in an enormous winepress, to the devilish glee of some two or three hundred bystanders. Their legs were crushed first, as they were erect, and some were still alive when the steel teeth, closing in on the upper part of their bodies, at last put an end to their martyrdom. And those twelve men had not even been specially selected for such a horrid fate because of something that they had done to the inhabitants of the place or to other French people. They were tortured for no other reason save that they were officers in the German army—“hated Nazis.” Is it a wonder that the village was “wiped out” after *that*? It would have been a disgrace had it not been. One knows of the terrible reprisals of the British against the Indians for excesses committed during the Indian Independence War of 1857, or even far more recently, during the disturbances of the last twenty years. Had the Indians treated not twelve officers, but one single British soldier, as the French treated those innocent Germans, it is not only a village but a whole province that the British army would have “wiped out.”

* * *

But certainly the most popular of all those biased accusations brought against us National Socialists, is that of having “persecuted the Jews.” Those “poor Jews,” all as innocent as lambs, all benefactors of humanity, kind, honest, gifted, disinterested people—God’s own people; what more can they be?—were the defenceless victims of us “inhuman monsters!” Around that lie (for it *is* a lie) a worldwide anti-Nazi propaganda has relentlessly worked with such skill that it succeeded in turning against us not only millions of simple folk indifferent to “politics,” but also a very great number of the earlier admirers of our régime, in all countries outside Germany. The fact that the lie is a partial truth (like all or most of the greatest lies are) made its success all the more rapid and all the more persistent.

There is no doubt that we fought and are still fighting Jewry. And fighting Jewry and “persecuting the Jews” look much the same. Nevertheless, they *are not* the same. We have fought and are still fighting Jewry in self-defence; nay, in defence of the whole of Aryan mankind. It is not true that we hate Jews “for no reason at all,” or out of mean commercial jealousy (as quite a number of anti-Nazis do) or on account of their “talents.” No. Had the Jews remained in their place, and lived an honest national life in a land of their own, like other races

(or even in other people’s land, if they were able to conquer it in fair battle; most races have sought new homes at one time or the other of their history) then, I say, there would have been no mention of them in National Socialist literature. There is no mention of Arabs, although racially, the Arabs and the Jews are both Semites. But the former are warriors, the latter parasites, and, what is more, parasites of this continent. It is because the Jews are dangerous and, apparently, congenital parasites—for they have never been anything else ever since they existed—that there arises, sooner or latter, a “Jewish question” wherever they settle. It is for that reason that, sooner or later, whether in ancient Egypt or in modern Germany, steps have to be taken against them in defence of the race, or races, at the expense of which they live and thrive. It is for that reason that, as champions of Aryan humanity, we have put such stress upon the struggle to liberate Germany and all Aryan nations from the subtle Jewish yoke. That is not “persecuting the Jews.” That is just defending the Aryan people, in their own home, against the pernicious infiltration of a parasitic, alien race. We were—and are—bound to be ruthless in this struggle. One always is, when one is defending one’s life. And this is the struggle in which the very survival of the Aryan race is at stake. Yet, as I have already said, though we might have been ruthless, we were never cruel. The accusation, brought against us all over the world, of deliberately inflicting pain upon Jews for no other reason than they were born Jews, is a blatant lie.

Many—in fact, far *too* many—Jews were living free and prosperous under the Third Reich. And those who left Germany, left—unfortunately—with all their property. I have met such ones in London. They used their property to stir up hatred against National Socialist Germany in foreign lands. Now that they have nothing to fear, they boast of it. Those who remained free in Germany were, after a time, made to wear a yellow “star of Israel,” so that one might at first sight characterise them as Jews, even if there were any doubt about it from their appearance. Why do so many of them seem to find that regulation outrageous? I do not know. They should have been glad to wear their own star. Or are they themselves, at heart, conscious of their natural inferiority and ashamed of being Jews? One would think so. *I* would only be too glad if our enemies, now in power, were to ask me to wear a swastika. In fact, I bitterly resent their not allowing me to wear one openly, at least here in Germany.

The Jews who were interned in concentration camps were all there for something more than for merely being born Jews. Like the

Germans, or Poles, or Czechs interned with them, they all had, in some way or another, acted or propagandised against the National Socialist régime. They were treated as any irreducibly hostile elements—whether or not actual conspirators—would be under a strong and earnest Government that knows what it wants and with what mission it came to power. They were deliberately standing in the way of the creation of that glorious resuscitated Aryandom that we were—and are—striving for, at the cost of immense sacrifices. Were we to pat them on the back and set them free, and tell them: “Work against us as much as you please, old fellows; we don’t mind”? In a thousand years’ time, in a racially conscious world in which responsible, enlightened breeding coupled with the complementary system of education would have made practically all men and women accept National Socialism as a matter of course; when this present struggle, visualised in its historical aloofness, would have appeared as the heroic foundation of the established civilisation, then, perhaps, we might have done so. But *not now*; not within the first decade after coming to power; nor within the second, nor the third, nor even the tenth. We could not afford it. No young Movement can afford to tolerate opposition. It is, for it, a matter of life or death.

But I repeat: though ruthless, we were not cruel. There may have been, here and there, cases of individual brutality. Who denies it? Any party that counts its members by hundreds of thousands is bound to include some people who happen to be brutal by nature. But, if so, in the present instance, these people were brutal *in spite of* being Nazis, *not* because they were Nazis as our enemies pretend. And any gratuitous act of brutality on their part, whenever detected, was severely punished. That was told to me, among others, by a woman who held an important post in the management of five concentration camps in turn under the Third Reich, and who therefore should know what she is talking about; a woman, moreover, who, knowing fully well how little I really care, at heart, to what extent such acts took place and how far they were discouraged, had no reason whatsoever to hide the truth from me.¹ And if I repeat, here, what I know to be true, it is by no means in order to excuse my superiors in the eyes of the Democrats. Our right to rule rests upon physical and moral strength alone—upon racial and personal value—not upon “whitewash.” No. If I repeat what I know to be true, it is only because it is true. Indeed, we do not care what the Democrats and Communists—and the vast non-political

¹ Hertha Ehlert—Ed.

majority of mankind—think of us. But on the other hand, we expose the lies that form the kernel of all popular anti-Nazi propaganda on the sole ground that they are lies.

We do not deny that there were gas chambers in *some* of the German concentration camps, under the Third Reich. They might have been an unpleasant necessity, and an unaesthetic one; instruments of execution are never

pleasant or pretty. Yet, they were a necessity. But first, the people who met their death in them were all sentenced for some serious offence for which that particular penalty was foreseen; they were not “innocent” people, guilty only of being Jews (otherwise there would not have been a Jew left in the whole country in 1945, and goodness knows how many thousands there still were). Second, while the soft-hearted Democrats purposely prolonged the agony of the martyrs of Nuremberg for half an hour—and think nothing of it—an execution in a gas chamber took not more than fifteen or at the most twenty minutes, and sometimes less. And the condemned were unconscious long before that time was over. The information was given me by a comrade who had himself acquired it from repeated personal experience. Finally, there were extremely few gas chambers in Germany. There were five in Auschwitz; there was one in Lublin. But there were none in Ravensbrück until November 1944, when one was built. There were none at Krakow, none at Belsen, none at Buchenwald, although these were important camps. There were none in a dozen of the other camps, equally important, and none in the minor camps, while the gullible victims of anti-Nazi propaganda willingly imagine one in every place of internment.

Along with the gas chambers, the next things to become world-famous thanks to our enemies’ lies are the crematoria. Cremation—the age-old typically Aryan form of disposal of dead bodies—was encouraged by the National Socialist State all over Germany, for everybody, not merely for the inmates of the concentration camps. And there were—and there are still—crematoria everywhere, as there are in England, in many places. There only were special crematoria attached to concentration camps in case a sufficient number of probable executions would render them necessary. In Auschwitz, there were five; in Lublin one. There was not one in any of the camps in which there were no gas chambers. And—what our enemies always omit to say—wherever they did exist, crematoria were for the dead, *never for the living*. To assert that internees condemned to death were thrown alive into the furnace is the most shameful lie—and our enemies know it as well as we do. Nobody, Jew or non-Jew, was ever burnt alive by

order of any National Socialist authority. That is the sort of thing the Christian churches once did (and would probably do again, were they to enjoy the same unlimited power as they did in the sixteenth century). Whatever our enemies may say, it is not like us to indulge in such atrocities. And those who have purposely cooked up and circulated that lie all over the world in order to discredit National Socialism; those who, at least for the time being, have won a war with such weapons, are vile cowards, all the more criminal if they have not even the excuse of being Jews. I repeat: had any subordinate put a live Jew into the fire, he would have acted upon his own initiative and *not* under orders and, when detected, would have been punished with utter severity. *I know* it from people who have worked for years in more than one concentration camp, and who are more than sufficiently sure of my unshakable loyalty to our system to tell *me* the truth, whatever it be.

But why waste one's time to prove the fundamental dishonesty of all this anti-Nazi propaganda, when one or two eloquent facts would suffice?

I was shown in January 1949, in an issue of the American illustrated magazine *Look*, an article relating the supposed life of Frau Ilse Koch, the woman accused of having had lampshades made out of the skin of dead internees from German concentration camps. Even if this were true, by the way, I fail to see why it should be looked upon as such a "crime," and punished with life-long imprisonment. The alleged internees were, after all, dead; and they were not killed for the sheer purpose of having their skins. But *is* it even true? The American paper showed photographs of tattooed skins supposed to be those out of which Frau Koch had had her lampshades made. Many of those skins were decorated with pictures of women wearing hats. Strangely enough—to say the least—*all* those hats were in the fashion of the 1920s! The people from whom the skins were supposed to have been taken all died between 1940 and 1945. I repeat: it is strange. And the whole story looks like a cleverly plotted propaganda tale. But it is difficult—very difficult—to work out a tissue of lies so cleverly that some detail does not, sooner or later, betray the nature of the whole scheme.

This appears even more glaringly in the instance of the faked film supposed to represent the "horrors" of the German camp of Buchenwald. In Kassel—where every adult German was forced to see the famous film—"a doctor from Göttingen, watching the film, saw himself on the screen, looking after the victims. *He had never been to Buchenwald*, and could not recall the incident in which he figured. So

he took a colleague to see the film, to help clear up the mystery. The latter suddenly recognised the incident. It was part of a film taken after the raid of the 13th of February 1945 on Dresden, where in fact the doctor had been working."¹ This was reported in the *Catholic Herald* of the 29th of October 1948. Now, whatever one might say for or against the Catholics, one thing is certain: nobody can accuse *them* of being pro-Nazi. On the contrary; as I have said in the beginning of this book, they are, along with the Communists, the bitterest and most consistent enemies of National Socialism, and therefore have no interest whatsoever in exposing our enemies' lies. If still they expose them, and as strongly as one can see in the above report, it must be that really they exceed the limits of accepted dishonesty.

But the bitterest and most shocking irony of all, perhaps, in the concoction of lies just mentioned, is that the non-existing "Nazi atrocities" in the faked film were made up out of scenes from that perfectly real atrocity of the Allies themselves: a savage air-raid by British and American bombers upon a town crowded with refugees for whom there were no adequate shelters; a raid during which 27,000 people were killed, and over 30,000 injured, according to official figures.² If that is not an insult to the most elementary decency, then what is?

The only explanation is that, in the eyes of the Allies, nothing was horrid enough to advertise us as “monsters.” The Jewish and Assyrian atrocities of old, unfortunately for them, could not be filmed. Failing that, the second best could only be their own latest performances in Germany.

Many other similar lies can be pointed out, such as, for instance, that well-known accusation brought against us of being the authors of the famous mass-execution of Poles in Katyn. We believe the Russians are the authors of it. The point has already been the object of endless controversies and, after the glaring proofs of Democratic dishonesty which I have just quoted, it is hardly necessary to repeat, here, the arguments in support of our thesis. Personally, I do not think it matters much who did what. The Democrats have thrown the blame of the “Katyn massacre” on us only because the Russians—of whom they are *now* afraid—were, *then*, their “gallant allies.” “Gallant allies” must

¹ *Catholic Herald*, 29 October 1948.

² I say “according to official figures,” for in reality nearly 500,000 German civilians were killed in that abominable air raid.

never commit “mass murders,” or even resort to mass executions. At least, never officially. And when they do, then they must be white-washed . . . always at the expense of the enemy. Shivering and shaking in their shoes at the news of the advance of the “Russian roller,” were those very same Western Democrats, our persecutors of today, to seek our help tomorrow, the world would at once witness the practical implications of that truth. The “Katyn massacre” would become a Russian atrocity overnight.¹ And any other of our alleged “horrors” would quickly be attributed to its real authors or else either dismissed or “white-washed.”

. . . Until, of course, we ceased to consider such an unnatural alliance as this expedient and therefore worth prolonging.

* * *

Slander is our enemies’ main weapon. And their main allies, human weakness and human stupidity. Without those, they would have achieved nothing—not even with the help of all the Jewish money in the world. Money can only buy weaklings and fools. They would have achieved nothing through that “humanity” of which they boast so loudly. For it does not exist. What the Euro-American Democrats would like people to take for “humanity” in their dealings with their opponents—and in particular with us—is just shallowness. They are not as ruthless as we, not because they are “better” than we (they are far worse), but

because they do not believe in that which they profess to stand for, as we do in our eternal *Weltanschauung*. Nine times out of ten their alleged Christianity is but the cult of vested interests—“business” again—and their Democracy is bunkum ten times out of ten.

They have now sentenced me.² And they tell me that, had I been tried in the Russian Zone instead of in the British, I would have got thirty years’ hard labour in Siberia instead of three years’ imprisonment at Werl. Do I not know it? And had I been called upon in a Nazi state to pass judgement in the counterpart of my own case (supposing I were a judge), it is not three years nor thirty that I would have given anyone

¹ Now—in 1952, three years after this book was written—a Commission is investigating on behalf of the “free Democratic nations” into the Katyn case, in order to prove that “the Russians did it” (now that they would like us to join them against them, against their former “gallant allies” the Russians).

² This—and the rest of the book—was written in Werl *after* my trial in 1949. The beginning of the chapter and chapters 4–6 were written there during the time I was “on remand.”

guilty of having distributed 10,000 anti-Nazi leaflets and of having stuck up posters in prominent places against all I love. I would have given him (or her) a death sentence straight away—especially if the person were a sincere idealist like me and had spoken in Court as clearly and fearlessly as I have. For such people are the only *real* enemies of any cause that stands in the way of theirs. I take them seriously. I know they should be taken seriously. I know it, being one such person myself. The Communists know it, for they too, however misled, are at least earnest. The Democrats do not know it; will never know it; cannot know it—cannot realise it—for they are *not* earnest. To them, the system of ideas and values in the name of which they persecute us is just “politics,” and “politics” are a separate department of life—not *life*. To us, the system of ideas and values for the sake of which we are persecuted is life; our whole life; ourselves and more than ourselves. It is the greater life of the Race, nay, the greater life of endless Creation, which gives ours its meaning. And the Man who embodies it—our beloved, our revered Führer, living or dead—to us is a living man; an everlasting Man, not merely a “politician,” not merely the head of a party, not merely the founder of a faith, but the exponent in our times of the eternal Religion of Life, more specially on the socio-political plane but also on all planes. For *that* and for *him*, no sacrifice is too great, no action too drastic. Nothing and no one that is an obstacle to its and to his triumph can be too ruthlessly removed. We are therefore not afraid to suffer. Nor do we hesitate to inflict suffering—if it be necessary.

The Communists, strange as this might seem to us, feel about Marxism somewhat like we do about our *Weltanschauung*. They know what they want. (I speak, of course, of the intelligent ones.) Every time I met one, and especially a German (I have never met a real Russian one), I have respected his sincerity and consistency, and regretted that those fine qualities were not put to the service of a

better cause; of *our* cause, in fact. I hated him, perhaps—for, the greater his personal value, the greater the loss and also the danger that he represents from our standpoint. But I took him seriously. And he took me seriously, knowing fully well what he could expect from me under different circumstances. The Democrats never take us seriously until we actually hit them on the head. That is the whole secret of their pretended “leniency” and “humanity.” They believe it is possible—even relatively easy—to de-Nazify us. And they try—in many cases, admittedly, using methods of intimidation, but in many cases also using the subtle bribery of “kind treatment.” It takes, with people who, like them, are not

earnest; with people whose political life is nothing but an advantageous “career” or an exciting show. It does not take with us. We see through it. If we are not taken seriously, we can only feel insulted—or amused, according to our mood—until the time comes for us to demonstrate by our actions how foolish our enemies were to imagine they could induce us to forget or to forgive.

* * *

I was arrested here, in Western Germany, after indulging in National Socialist propaganda, undisturbed, for over eight months. And had it not been for the clumsiness of a young German¹ with whom I had been seen (and whose arrest, consequently, caused mine) I probably would still be free. They tell me that, in the Russian Zone, under similar circumstances, I would not have remained free for eight days. And I believe it. Again, not because the Democrats are “more humane” than the Communists, but just because they are more shallow. Politics do not mean, to them, all that they mean to our real enemies, and to ourselves.

One of the very few out-and-out anti-Nazis whom I met in Germany was a man—a German—travelling in the same railway compartment as myself between Baden-Baden and another place in the French Zone. The train halted several hours in Baden-Oos. Being practically alone and having nothing else to do, we talked. The man, who had nothing to fear from me under the protection of the French Military Government, was frank enough to tell me, after two hours’ conversation, that I reminded him of the “worst type” of Nazis of whom he “hated the sight” in the days of our power. “I have spoken too much to the wrong person,” thought I. But I remained calm and replied that, if the ideology which means everything to me was really as repellent to him as he said, the best thing he could do *now* was to go and report me. I even added that I would surely consider it my duty to report him, if ever I met him again in a future National Socialist Europe.

The man’s answer was eminently democratic. Admittedly, said he, he disliked that “arrogant and aggressive” racism of mine; admittedly, he could not understand how any foreigner could “idolise such a man” as Adolf Hitler; yet, in his eyes, each person was “entitled to hold the views he or she liked.” Moreover,

he “could not be bothered” to miss his connection for the pleasure of getting a “harmless fanatic” into

¹ Gerhard Waßner—Ed.

trouble. *That* was the true explanation of his not running to denounce me, in spite of all the hatred he professed for my views; *that* and not “humanity.” The fellow did not hate me enough to go out of his way for the pleasure of harming me. He did not hate me enough because he did not take me seriously. He could take none of us seriously, now that we no longer have the power to get him or his precious family into trouble. He did not love his own ideology enough to take *it* seriously; otherwise, he would have thought it was worthwhile to miss a train in order to defend it against any sincere enemy, however “harmless.” The few Communists whom I have met would have reported me, under a Communist Order, to the Communist authorities. But they hate the Western form of Democracy nearly as much as we do. They had a reason not to interfere with me in the Western Zones; an ideological reason, not a personal one.

* * *

This fundamental shallowness of the Democrats makes the persecution of National Socialism at their hands none the less thorough, but all the more hateful. It is not—as in the Russian Zone—the persecution of a faith in the name of another faith; of truth, in the name of a sincere illusion. It is the persecution of the eternal Religion of Life in its modern form, for the sake of nothing else but vested interests of the lowest order; business interests.

Of course, behind those business interests, there is far more. There is the irresistible tendency of a degenerate world towards its doom; the frenzied rush to death of Judaised Europe, at an accelerated speed. We who have long overcome in ourselves that general human tendency; we, the children of Light and Life—the regenerate—joyfully holding out against the current of time, our eyes fixed, beyond the ruins of today and of tomorrow, upon the glory of the new Beginning; we, I say, the only ones in the world who stand in the way of the death forces and defy them, we must be crushed, if the death forces are to triumph forever. And *that* is the real reason why persecution has been waged upon us from all sides on their behalf. But in the East, those unseen forces have chosen as their vehicle a false Ideology sufficiently deceitful to impress, along with the unthinking masses, quite a number of the best men and women. In the West, they knew, so to speak, that allegiance to vested interests on the part of the clever few, coupled with selfishness, chauvinism, moral cowardice, squeamishness, and gullibility on the part of the many, were enough to inspire and sustain,

for any length of time, the persecution of our everlasting Idea.

But ultimately, nothing can prevent the triumph of life. Nothing can alter the iron laws that regulate the succession of cycles in time, bringing back an era of resurrection after the worst era of disintegration.

One day, with the help of all the Gods—I hope—we shall see to it that the Democrats and even the Communists bitterly regret not having killed more of us. In the meantime, the fact that our enemies' shallowness has kept some of the most ardent ones of us alive, in spite of their defiant boldness, is a sign from the Gods; a sign that National Socialism is to live, and to become, once more in a relatively near future, *the* ruling force of the Aryan world.

Chapter 8

A PEEP INTO THE ENEMY'S CAMP

“Jede Halbheit ist das sichtbare Zeichen des inneren Verfalls, dem der äußere Zusammenbruch früher oder später folgen muß und wird.”

—Adolf Hitler¹

One of my earliest contacts with the representatives of the Occupying Powers in Germany was, naturally, at the technical frontier that separates Saarland from the French Zone. There I had a glimpse of the puerile arrogance with which one of the most conceited nations in Europe lords it today in a part of unfortunate Germany.

I crossed that frontier at Saarhölzbach on the 11th of September 1948, at about nine in the morning. It was a bright sunny day. I lined up with the other passengers for the control of my passport and the examination of my luggage, not without a little anxiety, for I had with me, among other things, an extremely heavy trunk containing, concealed between books, six thousand National Socialist leaflets—or, to be more accurate, six thousand minus the few dozen I had already distributed in Saarland. I had written them myself, in Sweden, and had them printed in England. It would not do, now, for “them” to find “those,” I thought, as a man helped me push the trunk in front of the customs officer. I was prepared for the worst. Yet, if I were destined one day to “get caught” I hoped it would be *after* I had finished distributing my papers, not *before*. For a moment, I withdrew myself, mentally, from the surroundings, and thought of our beloved Führer. And also of the invisible Gods who had, up till then, helped me to do my best for our ideals and at last brought me to Germany. If such was their will, they would also help me cross the border unscathed. If not, I would at least show our enemies that there are still National Socialists worthy of the name, even among the non-German Aryans. And I thought of all those who have suffered and died for our cause. Would I ever have the honour of suffering too? Of dying? I wished I had. But

¹ “Every half-measure is a visible sign of inner decay which must and will be followed sooner or later by outward collapse” (*Mein Kampf*, I, x, pp. 268–69; cf. Mannheim, p. 246) [Trans. by Ed.].

not yet; not until I had distributed all my leaflets, stuck up all my posters; done all I could.

I was pulled out of my inner world by loud shouting. It was the French customs Officer who had lost his temper with some German traveller whose turn was just before mine. I shall never know why the man had suddenly become so angry. But I shall always remember the tone of his voice and the expression of his face. He was spouting out a series of abuse in bad German. His face was congested; his mouth was twisted. However hard he might have tried, he did not look a bit like a military officer in a conquered land. He looked, rather, like a clumsy and overgrown schoolboy attempting, in a game, to play the part of a policeman. The German passenger, nearly twice as tall as he, was gazing at him in silence, inwardly no doubt with contempt. At last, the officer's vocabulary of abuse was exhausted; he pushed the passenger's open attaché case violently along the table and, pointing to the exit, cried out in French at the top of his voice: "*Foutez-moi le camp!*"¹ My turn was next.

I speak perfect French, having been brought up in France. I handed over to the officer a letter from the French "Office of German Affairs" (Bureau des Affaires Allemandes) in Paris, stating that I was the authoress of several books on "historical and philosophical subjects"—which is true; that I had come to Germany "in order to gather the necessary information for writing a book about that country"—which was partly true—and finally asking "the French and Allied Military authorities" to be kind enough to provide me "with every help within their power." I had obtained that precious letter through a French woman who had once sat at school in the same class as I, and who, since then, had become the wife of one of General De Gaulle's prominent collaborators and worked in London, during the war, in the "free French" information service.² Both she and her husband knew the official in whose power it was to grant me a military permit to Germany. The woman had not seen me for nearly thirty years, and she did not ask me what views I held, nor what I had done in India during the war. She remembered that I had always been, even in my childhood, "an out-and-out Pagan," and told me so. But it did not occur to her that "an out-and-out Pagan" in the modern world can hardly be anything else but a National Socialist. The official had seen me five

¹ Bugger off!—Ed.

² Jacques and Georgette Soustelle—Ed.

minutes and asked me nothing at all, so that I had not even needed to lie in order to obtain that unexpected *sauf-conduit*¹ to occupied Germany.

The face of the enraged customs officer softened at once.

“So you know Monsieur S, you say?”

“Yes. I was at school with his wife, years and years ago . . .”

“Oh, well, in that case . . . it’s all right. Tell me all the same what you have in there,” he said, pointing to one of my travelling bags.”

“A few edibles; three kilos of sugar, five kilos of coffee . . .”

“Much more than one is allowed, you know. But it does not matter, since you know Monsieur S.”

“And what have you got in there?”

“There,” in an iron box, I had all my jewellery: lovely massive gold necklaces and armlets and earrings from India. I intended to sell them in Germany in order to live and carry on my National Socialist activities, or else—if I came across any serious Nazi underground organisation—to give them, for the same purpose. But intentions cannot be seen; papers can. I thought it good policy to distract the attention of the officer on this box. He would perhaps forget to examine the heavy trunk too thoroughly. So I opened the jewel box, and showed some of its contents. I was wearing my golden swastika earrings—under a scarf tied over my head. So they were not to be found in the box.

The officer marvelled at the exotic ornaments. In a minute, the whole customs office was around me, handling the glittering things.

“It is a treasure that you are carrying about with you!” said the officer: “Are you not afraid it might get stolen? There are plenty of thieves in this famishing country, you know!”

I thought within my heart: “They could have betrayed me for money, on the 15th of June, and they did not.” But naturally, I *said* nothing. The police stepped in, wishing to see the Indian jewels. “Dear me! That would be worth something, in Paris!” said a police officer. “Why do you take all that with you?”

“I know nobody with whom I could leave it.”

“And what about a bank?”

“Well,” said I with a smile, “the truth is that I do like to wear those things sometimes, when I put on my Indian dress.”

The policemen laughed. “Women are all alike,” exclaimed one of them. And the chief police officer put an end to the exhibition by

¹ Safe conduct—Ed.

telling me that I was free to take the jewels into Germany. The trunk full of dangerous leaflets was completely forgotten. It is I who reminded the customs officer of its existence. He made an effort to lift it.

“It is damned heavy! What have you got in it?”

“Books.”

“Books are indeed heavy things. Well, open it, will you? We cannot let you pass without even opening it,” said he.

I opened the trunk with perfect assurance and calm. I now knew it would pass. The men were thinking only of the Indian jewels. The customs officer took a glance at it; picked out a book or two. “All in English?” he asked me.

“Some also in French,” I replied, showing him a volume of poems by Leconte de Lisle, “one or two in German—a grammar, a dictionary, easy story books—and a few in Greek.”

He laughed. “Greek! Oh, dear! That is too learned for me.” And at last he uttered the words I was longing to hear, the words that were to enable me to continue in the “Zones” of occupied Germany the happy and dangerous life of which I had had, already, a taste in Saarland. “You can pass,” said he.

And I sat once more in the train bound for Treves, with the jewellery that would now help me to live, and to move about, and with the leaflets written from the depth of my heart for the German people.

I sat in a compartment alone—there were relatively few passengers that day—and the train moved on in the beautiful valley of the Saar. Under the bright sunshine, both sides of the winding river, I could see nothing but green meadows and wooded hills. The train was making a terrific noise as it rushed along. And, with my head at the window, against the wind—like on my unforgettable first journey—I really felt, this time, that, notwithstanding my personal insignificance, I was entering Germany as a liberator. At least as a forerunner and as a sign of the coming liberation. Had I not put all I had and all I was to the service of the forces that are to free not merely my German comrades but the Aryan race at large, and the Aryan soul? “One day,” thought I, “in many, many years to come, I shall remember this life, now beginning for me, and feel, with happiness and pride: ‘I too had a place in the glorious Nazi “underground” during those darkest days.’”

And I felt elated at the thought that the Gods had willed me to do this. And, gazing at the lovely German land spread before me, I sang the Horst Wessel Song with something of the conquering joy of 1940.

The train was making too much noise for it to be heard in the next compartment.

* * *

Some time after this, I was going to Treves from a village named Wiltingen where I had spent a few days.

In occupied Germany, every train comprises several carriages reserved not only “for the troops of occupation,” as stated on a notice hanging outside, but also for any person travelling with an Allied passport, and, an equal or often a smaller number of other carriages in which the Germans are allowed to travel. The former—the occupation ones—are warm and comfortable. And as there are relatively few people travelling with Allied passports, they are not crowded. No German is permitted to use them. That is a regulation of the Allied Military authorities. The other carriages—in which people holding Allied passports *can* travel, of course, if they wish to, but in which the Germans are forced to travel whether they wish to or not, if they must travel at all—are neither warm nor comfortable. They are—or were, until very recently—not lighted at night. And naturally, as they are very few, they are overcrowded. Needless to say, I never used the “occupation carriages” as a matter of principle. (I never took advantage of any privilege that my British-Indian passport could grant me, unless I could share it with at least some Germans of my persuasion.) But, on that day, the signal for the train to move had already been given when I reached the platform. I had no choice. I stepped into the first carriage before me. It happened to be an occupation carriage. And it also happened that some fifteen or twenty Germans who could not guess that I held a British-Indian passport and who somehow felt that I could not possibly belong to the “personnel” of the Occupation, seeing me get into it, stepped in too.

At the next station, a French officer came along, red with fury from the start: “What are you people doing here? This is an occupation carriage. This is not your place!” he shouted. “Your papers! Show your papers!” The terrorised folk started showing their “*Ausweis*.”¹ Not one, naturally, had an Allied passport, except me. But this was not written upon my face. I was sitting in a corner with my luggage (including my heavy trunk full of Nazi propaganda tracts) at my side, and slightly smiling. I suppose my hardly perceptible smile infuriated the fellow all the more, for he turned to me and thundered: “And you! Your papers, I say! Have you not heard? Are you deaf?” This was all said in German, with the most shocking French accent.

¹ Identification papers—Ed.

“I am showing you my papers,” I replied, in faultless French.

My accent must have impressed the man.

“But you are not French!” he exclaimed. “Or are you? You don’t look it.”

“I was born in France,” said I; “That is all.”

That simple assertion seemed to pour oil upon the fire of the man’s fury. He flared up.

“And you went and married one of those . . . *sales Boches*”¹ (sic) he retorted. “In that case, you have no right to be here. Clear out!”

“I am sorry to disappoint you, sir,” said I—and a triumphant irony rang in my voice—“but the man who gave me his name is ‘only’ a Brahmin from faraway India.” And I produced my passport.

The Frenchman glanced at the cover, and his face changed. A passport issued in Calcutta in the days when India was still a British colony—that was enough to tame a foaming French officer in occupied Germany! “My Führer’s people, how long will these rats rule over you?” I thought. The Frenchman was all honey. He did not even open the British-Indian passport. The sight of the cover was sufficient. “Quite all right! Quite all right!” said he. “Naturally, *you* can stay here. Why did you not tell me at once?”

“I wanted to show you my passport,” I replied. “And it was at the bottom of my handbag.”

“Quite all right! Quite all right! Don’t bother to move.”

The train slowed down its speed as we were entering another station. The Frenchman suddenly forgot that he had just been overwhelmed by the reflected prestige of an ex-colony of his country’s allies. He only remembered that he was there to make as many Germans as possible feel the pressure of his unexpected and undeserved power. He turned to the other passengers. “Get out!” he shouted, “Get out!” He caught a man by the collar of his jacket and, opening the door, actually pushed him out before the train had stopped. Then—as at last it did stop—he pushed out half a dozen women who, in his estimation, were not getting down quickly enough. He kicked out what little luggage they had, and also kicked out a young boy about twelve or thirteen. The bulk of the passengers rushed to the other exit, and got down as speedily as they could. The frenzied man could not be at both doors at the same time.

Then, the railway employee on duty—who should have seen to it that these passengers did not enter the occupation carriage—was called

¹ Dirty Krauts—Ed.

in, reprimanded in the most abusive language, and told he would be dismissed for his carelessness. He wished to say something. The Frenchman cut his speech short: "Shut up, I tell you! And get out!" He spoke to him as though he were a dog—or worse. He spoke to them all—and treated them all—as though they were worse than dogs. Harmless people; peaceable people—far less aggressive than myself, the whole lot of them! Sitting, immune, in my corner, I mused over the injustice—and irony—of the scene I had witnessed. "Yes, peaceable people," thought I. "Not one of them is travelling with six thousand Nazi leaflets. But also, not one has a British-Indian passport!"

Alone with the Frenchman, I pretended to be sleepy, so that he might not talk to me. I did not wish to address a word to him—if I could help it—after the way he had behaved with the Germans. But we reached Treves, and I made ready to get down. The officer was getting down too, apparently. He remembered that I was a lady and not a German; nor in sympathy with the Germans—at least *he* thought, mistaking, as most people do, the average probability for the living individual reality.

"May I carry some of your luggage for you, Madam?" he asked me, as the train halted in the main station of Treves.

"How kind of you, Monsieur," I replied. "I am really grateful. In fact, I have here a trunk that is a little heavy. If only you were so amiable as to carry *that* for me, I would consider it a great favour."

He lifted the trunk and joined me, with it, on the platform.

"Gosh! It is heavy!" he said, "What have you got in there? Lead?"

"Books."

"Where are you going? To the waiting room?"

"To the cloakroom."

Along platform number one of the main station of Treves, and past those walls that the Allied bombs have reduced to a heap of ruins, straight to the cloakroom walked that French officer—that man whom I had heard and seen abusing and mishandling Germans, only half an hour before; that living embodiment of all that the word "*Besatzung*"—occupation—means to proud Germany. On he walked, ahead of me, carrying . . . my trunk stuffed with Nazi propaganda! That was something worth seeing indeed!

"*Merci Monsieur; merci infiniment,*" said I, with a smile, to the oppressor of my Führer's people, when I reached the cloakroom and parted from the man forever.

* * *

On the 9th of October 1948, I paid a visit to a Frenchman in high position, Monsieur G,¹ whose address in Baden-Baden had been given to me by the Paris official who had granted me my pass to Germany. “The more one indulges in forbidden political activities, the more one should remain on ‘friendly’ terms with the established authorities,” my wise husband once said shortly after the outbreak of the war. And I remembered the advice. I had therefore not come to discuss, still less, openly, to defy; but to hear, and to judge in silence—as far as possible.

This man had been in Germany ever since 1945, and before that had taken an active part in the French *résistance*. I had been in this country a little more than a month, and all through the war, nay for many years before the war, I had been living in India, officially “unconnected” with and outwardly “non-interested” in European affairs. It was easy for me, on account of these circumstances, to play the part of the ignorant in search of enlightenment. And I knew that, provided I had enough mastery over myself to conceal my natural Nazi feelings whatever the Frenchman might say, my acting would be welcome, for it would flatter the man’s vanity both as a Frenchman and as a high official of the “Information Department” in occupied Germany.

Monsieur G, knowing nothing about me save what was stated in the letter from the “Office for German Affairs” (which, naturally, I showed him) received me with great amiability. He asked me a few questions about my projected book on Germany. “From what I understand,” said he, after a while, “it is the German people—the German soul—that interest you, rather than the political or economical aspects of the ‘German question.’”

“Surely; economics can only come second, or even third; factors of ethics and race come first,” I replied. And I suddenly realised that I had been quoting *Mein Kampf* without meaning to.² But Monsieur G—who did not know the book by heart; who, as thousands of notorious anti-Nazis, had possibly never even read it—did not notice that the words were not mine.

“But the Germans are not really one race,” he answered. “They have only tried to make us believe that they are, and failed. And as for ethics, National Socialism has deprived them of the little they had. You cannot imagine what a monstrous influence it has had on them. It has killed in them the sense of humanity. We are trying to re-educate them. But it is difficult, very difficult.”

¹ Rudolf Grassot—Ed.

² *Mein Kampf*, I, x, p. 247; cf. Mannheim, pp. 226–27.

My spontaneous answer would have been: “I do hope it is impossible!” But again, I had not come to discuss. I had come to *see* one of our persecutors, as he is; as they all are. I acted up to my rôle. “But,” said I—to see what the man would

answer—“many Germans are Christians. And one cannot be a Christian and a National Socialist. At least I, who have studied logic under Professor Goblot,¹ cannot understand how one possibly could.”

“*You* cannot; nor can I,” replied Monsieur G. “But the Germans seem to. Their logic is different from other people’s. You don’t know them yet. You probably find them all charming. They are, at first sight. But wait till you know them. Wait till you know the Nazis—if you are clever enough to spot them out; for nobody will tell you that he or she is one.”

“Have you not found any praiseworthy qualities at all in the Germans, including the National Socialists?” said I. “They are hard-working, clean, and courageous; one has to admit that. And,”—I added—“should I speak of *that*? Is it a general trait? Or did it strike me only because I have been but a few days here, and because I have come from India where the contrary has so often and so painfully impressed me? They seem to me to be kind to animals. Shall I tell you of a scene I witnessed in a village of the Saar?”

“Do.”

“Well, I was stopping, waiting for a bus to another village. Nearby, I saw a man trying to bring a horse and cart out of some waste land on the border of the main road. The cart was loaded with earth. The horse tried as hard as he could to pull it. But he could not. It was too heavy. The man coaxed him, encouraged him. *He did not beat him*. The animal tried again, twice, without any result. In India—in southern Europe, why speak of the distant East?—the driver would have lost his temper, and started whipping and kicking his beast. This man did not. He merely allowed about one third of the earth to drop from the cart; he coaxed the horse again, patted him on the neck. And the animal gave a jerk, and came forth drawing the cart behind him. I could not say what were that man’s politics, if any. But he was a German. And I have seen many other similar instances of kindness to beasts since I have come here. Only in England, and in the North of Europe, have I seen the same. The people, there, are of the same stock—which is perhaps an explanation.”

“As for that,” said Monsieur G, “I entirely agree with you; they *are*

¹ At the University of Lyons from 1924 to 1927.

kind to animals. And the Nazis more than the others. They were taught to be, under the Hitler régime. They were trained to love living creatures, trees, flowers, everything in Nature, and, at the same time, encouraged to be merciless towards their political opponents. Do you know,” he pursued after a pause, “that in that world-famous place of untold horrors, Buchenwald, they had beautiful flowerbeds? And, hung up in the trees, wooden shelters in which the birds could

find food and protection against the bitter wind in wintertime? *That*, along with their gas chambers and their crematoria! That is the Nazi logic.”

I said nothing. For the only thing I could think of in answer to this tirade was: “I thank you, Monsieur, for your information about the flowerbeds and the bird shelters at Buchenwald. You have made me feel sorry that I cannot congratulate the governor of the place.” And to say that, would have been to step out of my *incognito*.

Monsieur G continued: “I say ‘the Nazi logic,’ for it is a logic in its own way, but a logic that baffles us; that baffles all decent people. It is the logic of a nation in which, as I told you before, all sense of human rights has been killed; a frightful logic.¹ Those people’s whole mental outlook was guided, dominated by one principle, namely that everything else must be subordinated to the triumph of National Socialism. They crushed all opposition. But, at the same time, they used their opponents to the utmost. To make them work to their maximum capacity, in concentration camps, was not sufficient. They had to use them even dead. They made soap with their fat; strong ropes with the women’s hair; lampshades with their skins. Nothing was to be wasted. And those same people were against cruelty to animals. Those same people made the use of steel traps illegal; ordered that even pigs were not to be killed for food save in one second, by an automatic pistol. Can you understand such logic? I am sure our few French National Socialists would not have followed it to the end, had they seen it at work. But the Germans did. Because the German soul is fundamentally made up of contrasts and contradictions. Show that, in your book, and you will be telling the truth.”

“I am not a German,” thought I; “and yet that absolute logic, which frightens this fellow so much, is mine, nevertheless; has been mine all my life. To me, innocent animals are far more lovable than one’s human opponents. Undoubtedly! Does this Frenchman imagine that he is going to stir my sympathy for those who fought us or betrayed us, for the sole reason that they have two legs and no tails? No fear! The

¹ “*Une logique effroyable*,” are the exact words of Monsieur G.

fellow does not know me.” That is what I thought. But naturally I did not say it. To the best of my ability I remained expressionless, and prepared my answer.

I knew that half the accusations against us (of which Monsieur G had only repeated a few) are groundless. But had they all been buttressed by facts, I could not have cared less. I surely could not—and cannot—understand why so many consider it a crime to make use of people’s hair (or skin) once they are dead. In my eyes, one can only object to such a thing on purely sentimental grounds, namely, in the case of one’s friends, not of one’s opponents; not of people who are out to destroy all one loves. And to raise such points against a régime that has

done so much, on the other hand, not only for animals, as Monsieur G admitted, but also for the best among living people, seems to me utterly absurd; mad—all the more shocking that, in those very countries in which anti-Nazi propaganda has been the most successful, countless horrors are tolerated, nay, encouraged, even in peace time, provided they be performed in the name of some real or supposed interest of “mankind” upon innocent beasts instead of upon dangerous human beings. I did not wish to discuss the truth or falsity of Monsieur G’s statements about our doings, for I knew that this could only raise his suspicion. But I felt I could not remain silent about *that* inconsistency, *that* contradiction—for it surely is one—and I spoke. “Are not contrasts and contradictions the characteristics of average human nature?” said I cautiously.

I was going to say more, but Monsieur G interrupted me with vehemence: “That may well be. But no civilised people have ever committed such atrocities as those Nazis,” he exclaimed, “not in our times, at least; and not in Europe.”

“People who practice vivisection under the cover of the law in nearly all so-called civilised countries of the world, in Europe and elsewhere, and in our times, commit far worse atrocities,” said I, risking at last to be found out. I am not made for a diplomatic career, and could not stand the conversation any longer.

“But that is on animals,” retorted Monsieur G, “We make a difference between them and human beings. Don’t you?”

“I am not a Christian,” I replied; “and I love all life that is beautiful.” I did not add: “And I make a difference—and a very great one—between human beings who hate all that I love, and others.” I thought I had already spoken too much, and was inwardly reproaching myself with my lack of suppleness. But Monsieur G did not seem to notice, or even to suspect, the source from which my answer had sprung.

“I too, am no Christian,” said he; “but I believe in humanity. And I know you do too, at heart.”

I wanted to reply: “Do you, really?” But I thought it wiser to say nothing.

* * *

I have already reported some of the fanciful arguments which Monsieur G put forward to justify in my eyes the plunder policy of the Allies in occupied Germany.¹ They rank among the most remarkable lies I have ever heard. But Monsieur G—that kind Monsieur G, who “believes in humanity”—said something more to me; something that will remain engraved within my heart as long as I live. He spoke to me of one of the unknown thousands who died for the National Socialist Idea; of one whom he had known, at least a few hours, and in the murder of whom I feel sure he played a part.

He was speaking of what he called the “contrasts” of the German soul—his favourite theme. He had told me that, in 1945, he had met some Germans who appeared to him to have “little dignity in defeat.” “But,” he added, “while I was in the *résistance*, during the war, I have seen a few of them die; all real, hundred percent Nazis. And those, I cannot help admiring. I have never seen anybody show such fortitude as they in suffering, nor such calm and fearlessness in front of death.”

I felt an icy sensation run along my spine and all through my body. I kept in my breath, and listened. This was the story of my own comrades—of those who had loved our Hitler as I do, and who had had the honour of dying for him, which I had not had. And one of our persecutors was telling it to me, as an eyewitness, if not . . . something more; something worse—without knowing who I was.

“Yes,” continued Monsieur G, wrapped up in his own recollections, and not noticing how moved I was, “yes; and there is one among them all, whom I can never forget; a boy of eighteen, a mere lad, but a lad whom we were forced to respect, we hardened men of the *maquis*.² We caught him in France, never mind where. He was to be executed the next day. A tall, particularly handsome German type; the best specimen

¹ In Chapter 7, p. 109.

² Literally a thick and intricate wood in Corsica to which men pursued by the regular police fled for safety. During the 1939–45 war, another name for the French anti-Nazi underground organisation.

of Hitler youth one can imagine. I could have felt sorry for him, had I not known who he was. But I knew. And had I not been quite sure, my night long conversation with him would have been more than sufficient to convince me that he was a full-fledged Nazi. He had behaved as they all did: ruthlessly, without the slightest regard for human life. But he believed in what he did. He had a purpose, and ideals, and was perfectly sincere. He knew he was to die in a few hours’ time. Yet, during that night, he explained to me his whole philosophy with the earnestness and the happiness of absolute faith, thinking perhaps that, one day, I might remember what he said and admit he was right. You know the philosophy; I do not need to tell you. He believed in what they all did—in what they all still do, at heart: in the God-ordained superiority of the Aryan and the divine mission of the German nation; in the prophetic rôle of Hitler in world history. There was beauty, there was greatness in what he said, even if it were but a misconception, for *he* was beautiful from every point of view. Beautiful and strong; absolutely sincere, and absolutely fearless.

“He was shot the next morning. I have never seen anyone look so happy as that boy walking to the spot of execution. He refused to be tied or blindfolded; stood

against the pole of his own accord; lifted his right arm in the ritual gesture which you can guess, and died in a cry of triumph; ‘Heil Hitler!’”

“And it is you, you yourself who killed him! I would bet anything that it is you—you swine, you devil!” These were the only words I could have said—shouted—had I not known that, to speak thus to Monsieur G was to ruin all the possibilities I had to work for the National Socialist Idea in occupied Germany. But knowing this, I said nothing. For the sake of the unknown thousands for the love of whom I had come, I had no right to be rash. Yet, I was moved to my depths. Every one of the Frenchman’s words had gone through me like a knife. I now loathed the creature, for I felt sure that he had been more than a mere eyewitness to this murder. And the handsome, sincere, and fearless young Nazi, I loved, as though he had been my son. I felt proud of him; and at the same time aggrieved, as one is for a loss that is irreparable. Those large thoughtful blue eyes that shone as the young man spoke of our great ideals; those eyes that had looked straight into the faces of the men who shot him, without a shadow of hatred or fear, would never see the Sun again . . .

Controlling the tears that I felt welling up into my eyes, I asked Monsieur G: “Could you tell me the name of that young German, and where exactly, and in what year he was shot?”

The Frenchman seemed a little surprised. “Why do you wish to know all those details?” said he. “I only told you of this episode in order to illustrate what I had tried to explain previously concerning the contrasts of the German soul.”

“That’s just it,” I replied. “I was thinking of putting it in my book, as it is so illustrative. And I was going to ask you if I could not quote your name, both in connection with this episode and with what you said of the ‘appalling logic.’”

“Oh, you can mention me with regard to the ‘appalling logic’ as much as you like. But not with regard to this. No please; on no account. Those were very tragic times and . . . I think it is better if my name does not appear.”

“Could you not tell me, at least, who shot that young man?”

“I am sorry,” replied Monsieur G, “but I cannot answer that question. Moreover, I cannot understand what interest all this has for you.”

I felt more and more convinced that he had done the deed himself, or that he was, anyhow, one of those who did it. I got up and took leave of the Frenchman, on the pretext of an appointment that I would miss if I did not go at once.

But the thought of that young hero pursued me. I imagined him telling me, from beyond the gates of eternity: “Why are you so grieved because of me? Did I not

die the very sort of death you envy? And am I not happy, by the side of Leo Schlageter and of Horst Wessel, forever?”

I remembered it was the 9th of October 1948, exactly forty-one years after the day Horst Wessel was born.

And I recalled in my heart those two lines of the immortal Song:

Comrades whom the Red Front and the Reaction have shot,
March in spirit with us, within our ranks!

* * *

I met a few other specimens of the Allied forces in occupied Germany: one or two more Frenchmen in Baden-Baden and in Koblenz, and a handful of Britishers before and during my trial. The Frenchmen, who did not know who I was, were either typical representatives of France’s official opinion like Monsieur G, or else, equally mediocre but less conscious Democrats: people who really did

not care two hoots what happened to the world as long as they, and their wives and children, were all right and could get meat and wine every day and enjoy a cinema show once a week. These only hated war because it upset their insignificant little lives, and also because, one must admit, it is a dangerous game. They were “against Nazism” only because they had been taught that it was “the cause of the war.” In fact, they did not care for any “ism.” They cared for themselves, and felt uneasy in the presence of anyone who cared for something greater. Such people always do.

The Britishers with whom I came in touch—Military Intelligence officers, police officers, one or two members of the English governing staff of this prison, and the policewoman in whose charge I was on every one of my journeys between Werl and Düsseldorf—all knew who I was. I could therefore speak freely to them. I asked practically the same question to all: “You say you fought six years to make the world a safe place for the free expression of the individual—‘freedom of conscience’ as you call it. You fought us—you say—because we refuse to admit that the law should express the will of a majority of individuals won over by free propaganda. Why then do you deny *us*, now, the right to propagate our views, nay, the right to express ourselves as National Socialists? Why do you persecute us?”

The answer of *all* of them has been printed in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Observer* by E.I. Watkin, and published in that paper on the 27th of February 1949: “Experience of National Socialism and Communism should have taught us that toleration, if it is not to stultify itself, must have a limit. We cannot tolerate *the dangerously intolerant.*”¹

The intelligent Frenchmen (like the one whose talk I reported in the beginning of a former chapter²) admit that “business”—that is to say, plunder—is the ultimate motive behind their whole disgusting policy in Germany. And the British would doubtless admit the same, had they the moral courage and intellectual honesty to do so. But the sincere and courageous ones among them are either fools, misled by the press and the radio, or (in those rare instances in which they happen to be intelligent) National Socialists, ex-internees of Brixton or of the Isle of Man under “18B,” not to be found in present-day Germany. The intelligent ones are, generally, neither courageous nor sincere. They are congenitally prudish, congenitally squeamish, and, if moral cowardice

¹ This letter to the editor is entitled “Cromwell’s religion.”

² In Chapter 7, pp. 90–95.

and hypocrisy can be cultivated, their whole education has helped to give those vices a foremost place in their psychological makeup. *They* will never call a spade a spade, even among themselves. They have grown so accustomed to a scale of spurious values, to moderation and “decency” through falsity, that they believe their own lies. And that is, partly, the secret of their diplomatic successes in war and peace. That is also the secret of their hold upon the mind of the average coward. Moderation; “decency”; toleration of all but the “dangerously” intolerant—of all but the sincere, the bold, the strong; of all but those who prefer healthy violence to diplomacy; who despise diplomacy, even when compelled to use it; the average coward relishes such an attitude and therefore likes *them*.

They—and the Americans, with whom I have not come into contact but who, I am told, are even more bent on “de-Nazification” than they are—have not come here for plunder. They do not persecute us because they know that, in our hands, a free and racially conscious Germany would not take more than a couple of years to rise once more, *on the material plane also*, to the leadership of the Aryan world. Oh, no! They do not want the material leadership of the world for themselves, those broad-minded, humane, peace-loving British and American Democrats—so they say. They persecute us for philosophical reasons: because we are prepared to enforce our scale of values—which is the complete denial of theirs—by violence, while they, old, sickly, decadent people, have nothing to enforce, save rules destined to protect, forever, the worthless lives and silly amusements of a more and more ape-like majority, as well as the profits of the “decent” capitalists with Christian ideals of charity and a deep-rooted horror for eternal truths expressed in new, living words.

There is, undoubtedly, a far more impressive connection between our enemies’ economic greed and fears, and their “philosophical” dislike of National Socialism, than one suspects at first sight. But it is not, perhaps, the simple causal connection one expects. The Democrats’ “philosophical” objection to our Ideology, and their alleged horror of our methods (as of those of the Communists,

who, as I said before, are also earnest people) are perhaps not so much an excuse for their plunder policy, as the insatiable material greed behind that policy is a consequence of the whole mentality of the decadent West, embodied in Democracy. In other words, the Democrats want a free hand to exploit the world, and hate all possible competitors, because they have nothing nobler, nothing more lovable to live for than their pockets. And they are so “tolerant” not out of a generous

comprehension of every point of view (for, in such a case, they would tolerate us too) but out of indifference towards anything that does not threaten the cherished security of their little lives—the material security, no doubt; but the moral security *also*; the comfortable feeling that all is well with the established Judeo-Christian tradition of degenerate Europe.

They speak of us and of the Communists in the same breath, however fundamentally opposite our two philosophies be, however contrary be our basic aspirations. They are hypnotised by one fact, namely that we and our bitterest enemies both know what we want and believe in what we preach; that we are both prepared to use any methods which are expedient, any means that lead to triumph; in one word, that we and they are equally intolerant.

All living *Weltanschauungen* are equally “intolerant.”¹ Christianity was, when it was alive. The Greek religion of old, in its narrow, ritualistic aspect, was not—so they say. But even if this be true, the real racial and national *Weltanschauung* at the back of the public cult—the Hellenic edition of our broader Aryan philosophy, expressed in the proud words: “*Pas men Ellen, Barbaros*” (“Every man who is not a Hellene, is a Barbarian”) could not have been more radical, more intolerant. As our Führer has rightly said: “The greatness of any active organisation which is the embodiment of an idea, lies in the spirit of religious fanaticism and intolerance in which it attacks all others, being convinced that it alone is right.”² But the Democrats are old and sick and tired—decadent, as I said before. At heart, they are afraid of any people bearing, like we, that glaring sign of youth: intolerance—precisely because it is a sign of youth. They envy us that faith and devotion that fills us, that once filled the early Christians, *their* forerunners, and that they know *they* will never have again. And they fear us, and they hate us because we are young; because we are the embodiment of Aryan vitality, the everlasting Youth of the Race. For they know, as everyone else, that youth is to take the place of decrepit old age; that the living are to take the place of the dying and of the dead.

¹ Except if—like Buddhism—they be aimed exclusively at drawing man out of the bondage of time.

² *Mein Kampf*, I, xii, p. 385; cf. Mannheim, p. 351.

The attitude of the few French and British people whom I met in occupied Germany, to us and our way of life, is essentially the same as that of most anti-Nazi specimens one comes across in France or in England. Only a little more cynical, perhaps—or else, still more hypocritical—in the case of the clever ones; and, if possible, still stupider, in the case of the average. For one does not remain in the service of the Allies in that oppressed land, unless one is brazenly selfish and cynical, congenitally dishonest, or incurably stupid. Any person who does not possess one of these three qualifications—or two; or all three—becomes disgusted of the Allies' doings and resigns, or is forced to resign, within a remarkably short time.

As a rule, I do not discuss with anti-Nazis if I can help it. I only wait for the time and opportunity to silence their quack¹ by force. Yet, from the few I came in contact with, out of policy or out of compulsion—useful members of the British and American forces in India during the war; useful officials, in or outside Germany after the war, and, last but not least, people who cross-examined me during or before my trial—from all those, I say, the impression I received confirms entirely that which written Democratic propaganda had made upon me long before: those self-styled champions of “humanity” and “decency” have no philosophy whatsoever. Their stubborn enmity towards us; their blind hatred of all we stand for; even their pretended horror of our uncompromising methods, all spring from the same source: fear, and bitter envy—the envy of the mental (or physical) cripple at the sight of us, healthy Heathens, in whose world he knows he would have no place; the envy of the *blasé*, pitiable product of decay, at the sight of the rising Youth of the Race in whose heart, in spite of material disaster, confidence still abides and love can still work wonders; the envy of the weakling and of the coward, too cautious to be radical, too squeamish to face facts, too shaky to walk more than half way along the path of resurrection, at the sight of those who, in one frantic leap, have thrown themselves into the struggle for the survival of Aryan mankind with Hitler's immortal words “Future or ruin!” as their battle cry; that envy, and . . . the fear of coming death.

Those are not our final enemies. However much they might hate us and persecute us, the real, the final issue does not lie between us and them—any more than it does between them and their “gallant allies” of yesterday, the Communists. The ultimate issue lies between us and the

¹ Savitri seems to be (mis)using the English word “quack” as a synonym for the German word “*Quackelei*,” i.e., silly talk, nonsense, prattle.—Ed.

Communists. For they alone profess the Democratic principles without being impaired by that insurmountable shallowness of the Western Democrats; by that mania for “moderation” and “decency”; that unhealthy admiration for half measures. Their *Weltanschauung* is diametrically opposed to ours; but it is a *Weltanschauung*—not just an excuse for dabbling in politics without any serious

inconvenience to one's physical comforts and moral and intellectual slumber. It is Democracy, nay, it is Christianity—that oldest successful snare held out to the Aryan world by the ubiquitous Jew—carried to the limits of its logical implications. (The attitude of the Communist *State* to the Christian *Churches*, as temporal organisations, lessens in no way the importance of that philosophical fact.) It is more than the artificial creation of the brains of idle, decadent Aryans under the influence of Jewish thought. It is the brutal, physical impact of an immense portion of the multifarious non-Aryan world, coalesced in aggressive hatred against us, its natural betters, and against that outward expression of our legitimate consciousness of superiority: racial pride.

The unpardonable crime of the democrats is to have strengthened *that*, by fighting us for their petty ends.

May they suffer—and die—for that crime!

Chapter 9

THE ÉLITE OF THE WORLD

“Der Stärkere hat zu herrschen und sich nicht mit dem Schwächeren zu verschmelzen, und so die eigene Größe zu opfern. Nur der geborene Schwächling kann dies als grausam empfinden, dafür aber ist er auch nur ein schwacher und beschränkter Mensch; denn würde dieses Gesetz nicht herrschen, wäre ja jede vorstellbare Höherentwicklung aller organischen Lebewesen undenkbar.”

—Adolf Hitler¹

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

And today, after many years; after the test of disaster and persecution has reduced our number, but strengthened our faith; today, from the narrow prison cell to which our enemies have confined me—like thousands of my betters—while the free, sunny world blooms and smiles far and wide in the glory of spring, I am happy to repeat those words. For, strange as they might have seemed to my anti-Nazi interlocutor of long ago (who gazed at me in amazement, as though this was the last statement he had expected in answer to his question); strange as they might appear to all those who do not realise the full meaning of what we stand for, or who are too coarse to feel the appeal of an eminently aristocratic philosophy such as ours, they are true, and could not be more so. I know nothing in our times and, since a very remote antiquity, nothing in the past, also, which can be compared for beauty with the life and personality of Adolf Hitler, with the history of his struggle, or with the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* itself.

Many a time, in this book and elsewhere, I have stressed the truth of the National Socialist doctrine, the unquestionable facts that underlie it, the natural laws, older than the world, on which it rests. But aesthetic perfection is the glorious tangible sign of absolute truth. Even before I

¹ “The stronger must prevail over and not merge with the weaker and thus sacrifice his own greatness. Only the born weakling can feel aversion to this, but after all he is a weak and limited man; for if this law did not prevail, any conceivable higher development of all organic life forms would be inconceivable” (*Mein Kampf*, I, xi, p. 312; cf. Mannheim, 285) [Trans. by Ed.].

fully realised how sound and everlasting Hitler's ideas are, his socio-political system appealed, in me, to the artist. And I know of no other system—nay, apart from the immemorial cult of the Sun which I profess, I know of no religion—capable of appealing in like manner to me or to anyone else who, like me, is first and foremost a lover of beauty, and especially of visible beauty; a lover of this earth and of this life, here and now; a worshipper of the body in all its strength, grace, and vitality; a worshipper of Nature in her merciless majesty; a real Heathen.

Two words appear over and over again as a *Leitmotiv* in the few splendid pages that Heinrich Himmler has devoted to our philosophy under the pen name of Wulf Sörensen: “*Wir Heiden*”—we Heathens.¹ They provide the key to our whole outlook. For not only I, but every true National Socialist is a Heathen at heart. And—which is more—every true Aryan Heathen of our times is bound to be a National Socialist. (If inhibited by “humanitarian” reservations, he or she is no true Heathen.)

One does not *become* a National Socialist. One only discovers, sooner or later, that one has always been one—that, by nature, one could not possibly be anything else. For this is not a mere political label; not an “opinion” that one can accept or dismiss according to circumstances, but a faith, involving one's whole being, physical and psychological, mental and spiritual: “not a new election cry, but a new conception of the world”²—a way of life—as our Führer himself has said.

And it is, essentially, the way of life of those in whose eyes the value of man, which lies in his all-round beauty—in his faithfulness to Nature, that calls on him to *surmount* humanity—is far more important than that “individual happiness” of which the “bourgeois” make such a fuss; more particularly, it is the way of life of those whose personal happiness is inseparable from the awareness of their rights and duties as Aryans, *i.e.*, of their value in the natural hierarchy of human beings.

* * *

. . . The axe has mutilated the
forests,
The slave crawls and prays,
where swords once clattered;

¹ *Die Stimme der Ahnen*, a small book of only 37 pages.

² *Mein Kampf*, II, i, p. 409; cf. Mannheim, p. 373.

And all the Gods of Erinn have
departed. . . .¹

Thirty years ago, I read for the first time that concise and pathetic description of the twilight of European Heathendom, which a French poet has put into the mouth of an old Irish bard. And I sobbed desperately because I—in 1919—could do nothing to bring back the proud and beautiful Gods of bygone days. From my earliest childhood, I had always been a bitter rebel against the Christian values; a soul to whom the Christian ethics had never meant anything but silliness or perversity—or “pose”; to whom the Christian message meant nothing. And I loved the Gods of the ancient North, as well as those of Greece and of the Aryan East, with passionate, nostalgic love. And I kept within my heart the healthy, warrior-like ideal that they embodied, while despising the dreary humanity in the midst of which I lived—that humanity that tried, through the teaching of Christianity or of the principles of the French Revolution, to impose its wretchedness and sickly benevolence upon me.

I was not, then, aware of the dawning of National Socialism in Germany, only a few hundred miles away from my native town. I did not know I was destined, one day, to hail in that inspired Movement the long-delayed awakening of the Aryan Gods within the consciousness of the undying Race that had once created them. I only began to take a serious interest in it ten years later. And yet, at heart, I was already a National Socialist. And my continual conflict with the world around me and both its Christian “humanitarian” and Democratic values—its man-centred, equalitarian values—was nothing else but the conflict of the new Movement itself with those same values, those same traditions, those same principles, outcome of centuries of decay; with that same ugly world, boasting of its incurable sickness and hypocrisy under the name of “moral progress.”

Oh, if only I had known that, in 1919! I could have done nothing, for I was a mere thirteen year old girl. But I would have dried my tears, and looked with hope and confidence to the slowly rising Leader beyond the Rhine and to his handful of followers. Instead of mourning for a past that would never come back, I would have sought in the living present and in the future that eternal beauty for which I was

¹ “. . . la hache a mutilé les bois,
L’esclave rampe et prie, où chantaient les épées,
Et tous les Dieux d’Erinn sont parties à la fois.”

—Leconte de Lisle, “Le Barde de Temrah,” *Poèmes Barbares [Barbaric Poems]* (Paris: Alphonse Lemerre, n.d.), p. 70.

craving, and spared myself ten years’ more bitterness.

* * *

As I have said before, National Socialism is not merely the one modern “ism” which is anything but modern; the only political Ideology which is infinitely more than political. It is the only system concerned with social questions and government, with economic and territorial problems, national welfare and

international relations, in our times—and perhaps in all times—to which a man or woman who is first and last a lover of beauty and nothing else, can be wholeheartedly attracted; *should*, indeed, be wholeheartedly attracted.

No out-and-out lover of beauty can help feeling bitter, at times, if not utterly dejected, in a world in which, roughly speaking, everything is beautiful and lovable save his own species. And such seemed to be our world, until very recently; until, in fact, out of the hopeless general slush of slowly decaying humanity, new Germany rose, as by miracle, under the leadership of Adolf Hitler, a living picture of what the whole Aryan race—the world's natural élite—*could* re-become, if only it were willing to follow its true friend and Saviour. And, what is more, for the last four years already, the reborn Nation has stood the terrible test of disaster. She suffered; and there were times when one could believe she had reached the limit beyond which no human beings could keep faith in themselves and in their destiny. And yet, invasion, prolonged occupation, with all its demoralising consequences, hunger, humiliation, de-Nazification: she stood it all and did not lose faith. And the worthy ones among her martyred people are, more than ever, today, a splendid example of what the Aryan race can be, when invigorated anew with the sound doctrine of pure blood and legitimate racial pride. More than ever, the lover of beauty cannot but admire them, and feel happy to have at last found a land where the unchanging beauty of Nature outside man is equalled by the superhuman, all-round beauty of a small section of mankind; a land where a few hundreds of thousands if not a few millions of men and women fulfil the purpose of their race—which is to create a “supermankind”—as surely and as simply as the beautiful beasts of the forest, or the trees, or the distant stars in heaven fulfil theirs.

National Socialism has performed that miracle. That new Germany, that stands today erect in the midst of her appalling ruins, a thing of indestructible beauty forever, is entirely Adolf Hitler's handiwork; the product of that love that led him to the intuitive knowledge of a few

eternal truths and to the ruthless application of that knowledge to the complete remoulding of a whole nation. And the miracle is unique. For nothing, save the short-lived application of the Nazi Ideology to government and education, seems ever to have arrested man's unavoidable decadence, even for a while, let alone to have raised a superior race, once more, towards its forgotten perfection, against the all-powerful current of time. So much so that, if the Western world is one day to rise again, it will have to date its resurrection from the birth of the National Socialist Movement, or at least from the 30th of January 1933, the day Hitler came to power. And if it is never to rise, still it will remain true that the only way to resurrection was once opened to it by our Führer.

How is it so? And how is it that so many other political, social, and religious changes have taken place, in this and other continents, without leaving a trace, save upon the externals of life? The answer is simple. The other political movements, even the great religions ancient and modern, have all accepted as a

matter of course—or tried to conceal—the tragic fact of man’s *physical* decay, as though nothing indeed could be done about it, and have striven to cultivate man’s personality, to raise man’s ethical or spiritual level, or even his mere material standard of life *in spite of* that fact—which is absurd.

All recipes for the moral, intellectual, spiritual, or merely social development of a physically decaying humanity are humbug. Like other “quack” remedies, they are, at the most, fit to fill the pockets or to advertise the otherwise worthless names of those who put them forward. If physical decay be irredeemable; if race, even when slightly weakened or vulgarised, can never be restored—if even a little poison can never be eliminated from the racial body—then there is only one solution to the human problem: extinction; only one ideal to be upheld, with utmost vigour: the monastic ideal; only one request to be made, or rather only one order to be given to men and women before they sink to the level of perverse apes: “Cease breeding, and leave this planet as soon as possible!—Die in dignity, while you still perhaps retain enough of your ancestral nobility to feel that death imposes itself as the only tolerable future; death, rather than endless degradation.”

If not—if there *is* hope for man—then salvation should be sought not in the social, economic, moral, or spiritual uplift of the degenerate *as they are*, but first and foremost in an arrest of degeneracy; in a return to health, without which there is no morality, no spirituality, no beauty, nothing worth living for. It should be sought in a world-wide policy of systematic healthy birth and healthy life but, before all, in a policy of

healthy birth and life applied to the natural leading race of the world, the Aryan, of which the decay, if definitive, would mean the greatest disaster from the human point of view. Our Führer has expressed all this far better than I or anyone else can do, in that magnificent Chapter 11 of the first part of *Mein Kampf*, which contains the kernel of our eternal philosophy. With the stirring eloquence of clear, objective truth allied to unshakable conviction, he has advocated that ruthless policy of purification and strengthening of the Aryan race—that regulation of man’s sexual life with a view to the birth of healthy children of pure blood—which it is the glory of the National Socialist régime to have carried out. It is the only sensible policy, in alternative to that of systematic extinction. And it is the only policy that can—that must—result in the re-creation of a humanity which the out-and-out artist can admire and love without reservations.

* * *

There is a curious and, in my eyes, a very significant fact in religious history—a fact which nobody, up till now, as far as I know, seems to have noticed. Of the two great religions of India, Brahminism and Buddhism—the two typical products of

the Aryan mind in a tropical environment—the former is nothing else but the eternal creed of blood purity and racial hierarchy—*our* creed—applied to a land of many races; and the latter is the most pitilessly consistent religion of extinction that man has ever conceived at the sight of irredeemable decay.

And while, in spite of all attempts to suppress it, from without, or to mar it from within, the race policy embodied in the immemorial caste system, has preserved in India, to this day, an extremely small, indeed, but still worthy blood aristocracy—the southernmost and easternmost outpost of Aryan humanity in the world—the policy of extinction has failed lamentably. For alone, or nearly alone, those individuals of the superior races who adhered to it, carried it out to its end, with all the courage and thoroughness natural to them.¹ To the millions of *Untermenschen* who gradually came to be labelled Buddhists, in the length and breadth of Asia, the great religion of non-violence and chastity soon meant nothing but a mere ritual, and a mythology,

¹ It is remarkable that, while most of the first converts to Christianity were slaves or Jews—the non-Aryan, and the least Aryan elements of the Roman world—the first and best converts to Buddhism were Indians of the Brahmin or Kshatriya castes—Aryans.

without any bearing upon their lives. No philosophy can teach the *Untermenschen* to stop breeding. Wherever their number should be kept down, it is the business of sterilisation, not of religion, to see to it. The countless multitude and the poor quality of the professed followers of the most logical religion of extinction in the world, today, after two thousand five hundred years, proves this only too well. The main result of the preaching of a philosophy of extinction on a worldwide scale, would be to reduce in number the superior races, making place for the unrestricted increase of the inferior ones, and their mastery over the whole earth; in other words, to lower the human level and to create, not nothingness, but ugliness; not a world in which beautiful wild beasts would prowl alone in the re-grown forests, over the dust of forgotten towns, but . . . Chinese slums and Indian “bustees.”

The philosophy of extinction can therefore only express the individual attitude of those men and women who have lost all hope in life's possibilities and all interest in material man. It is merely the outcome of one's personal determination not to contribute to the continuation of a doomed world, not to allow one's own blood to lose itself into the general stream of decay. It provides no practical solution for the human problem which is, ultimately, the problem of the survival of the superior races. And the struggle for the maintenance or restoration of pure blood—our struggle—remains the only course.

As far as I know, this course has been seriously taken only twice in the long history of our race: in ancient India, some six thousand years ago, when the newly settled Aryan invaders from the North, bearers of a culture entirely different from that of the civilised natives, first became aware of the dangers of

blood contamination and invented the caste system, or—if it already existed, as some scholars think—remoulded it upon a racial basis,¹ in order to keep themselves pure and worthy of their recently acquired overlordship of the southern subcontinent; and in our times in National Socialist Germany. In the first instance, it resulted in the extraordinary preservation of Aryan blood and culture in an immense tropical land—nearly as large as Europe—densely inhabited by four hundred million people of different non-Aryan stocks, from the most primitive Negroid² or Mongoloid tribes³ to the highly evolved Dravidians. In the second instance, out of

¹ The Sanskrit words for “caste” are *varna* (colour) and *jati* (race).

² Properly speaking, there are no Negroid aborigines in India, but there are Australoids who look “Negroid” in a looser sense of the term.—Ed.

³ Such as the Veddas of Ceylon, the Santals of Chota Nagpur, the Nagas, Kashias, Kukis, Mishmis, Abors, and other hill tribes of Assam.

the desperate Germany of the 1920s, it raised a fully conscious aristocracy of blood, the world’s real élite, which even a second disaster of far greater magnitude than the first, was unable to subdue or to demoralise.

The former, however, is no mean achievement in world history. And one must, perhaps, have lived in a land of many races—and especially in times like ours, when equalitarian teachings have infected the whole of the earth—to realise to its full the greatness of National Socialism. To most Europeans, still devoid of racial consciousness, the eleventh chapter of *Mein Kampf* (if they have read it at all) means nothing but an expression of “Hitler’s prejudices.” To most of us, it means hardly more than beautiful, uplifting pages, of which the truth can be proved only in the antagonism of Aryan and Jew. To me, it means that, no doubt, and much more. It evokes memories of the few and far apart tropical outposts of the Aryan race; outlandish scenes: a simple and spotlessly clean whitewashed room in a thatched cottage in some village of Bengal (or of South India, where the contrast between Aryan and non-Aryan is still more glaring) and in that room, a white clad man, one of the few Brahmins of the village, hardly darker—and sometimes fairer—than an Italian or many Frenchmen, with generally brown, but sometimes grey or greyish-blue eyes, and the self-same features as any pure Aryan of Europe. And that man quotes to me verses from the Rig-Veda, from the songs that the Aryan bards once sang to the glory of the Gods of Light and Life, the “Shining Ones,” already before the race came to India; the songs in which allusions are made to those wonders of the still cherished distant Arctic Home, the Northern Lights.¹ And the modern language he speaks (if in Bengal) is a neo-Sanskrit language, closely related, through its roots, to German and English, Greek and Latin—an Aryan language. And the rites of his religion are those of the hallowed Northerners, and the legitimate pride that he feels as a Brahmin—a member of India’s highest caste—is *their* racial pride, surviving in the midst of a foreign environment, through the narrow but uninterrupted stream of pure blood, for six thousand years. And I recall, also, the foreign environment, all

round the peaceful cottage: the darker men and women of varied racial types, with features entirely different from those of the Brahmin, going along the dusty, burning hot road, with burdens upon their heads or working in the rice fields; or collecting the village refuse—the multifarious levels of hierarchised mankind, from the honoured castes immediately below the Brahmins,

¹ See the aforementioned *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*, by Lokamanya Tilak.

down to the meanest “untouchables”; levels that do not correspond to different shades of wealth, but *only* to a greater or lesser proportion of real or supposed Aryan blood (of which the lower castes are entirely devoid).

The culture reflected in the songs of the Rig-Veda, and in the warrior-like philosophy of the Bhagavad-Gita, which the Brahmin has kept alive, is the only ancient Aryan culture that has resisted victoriously, to this day, the impact of both Christianity and Islam, *i.e.*, the two great religions of human equality, sprung from Judaism. The Aryan who brought it to the tropics kept it, nay, stamped it upon the multitudes of India forever, first because he kept himself—kept his blood—pure against all odds, threatening with the severest penalty—not loss of life, but loss of caste, with all that this means in India—anyone who would become guilty of the sin of interbreeding. And to the extent to which he failed to avoid that deadly sin, the culture has become “fossilised,” to repeat an expression used by the Führer in the eleventh chapter of *Mein Kampf*; stultified; for all practical purposes dead.

During my numerous years in India, how many times have I not remembered whole passages of Hitler’s famous book, at the sight of the living realities resulting from the existence of an Aryan minority amongst a teeming non-Aryan population; at the sight of that traditional reverence of the non-Aryan for the Aryan in the old caste ridden land—reverence expressed in the small things of daily life and in the very spirit of current language: in the fact, for instance, that relatively fair skin is a very great qualification in a marriageable Indian girl of *any* caste; or that, in all the languages of India, the words *arya* and *anarya* have both a racial *and* a moral connotation, *arya* meaning “noble” and *anarya*, “ignoble,” “infamous.”

How many times have I not marvelled at the worship of the deified Aryan hero, Rama, by India’s multitudes of *all* races, to this day! And, standing against a stone pillar, in one of the gorgeous temples of the far South, in the midst of the smoke of incense and the outlandish music of drums and flutes, how many times have I not shut my eyes, and let my thoughts wander back to distant Europe where Adolf Hitler had risen to power and was building up a new civilisation upon the age-old idea of Aryan supremacy! I watched the graceful Indian women walk along the endless pillared corridors, bearing offerings in large brass plates, their black hair adorned with jasmine flowers. Would the golden-haired

daughters of the North learn again one day to worship Aryan Gods? All my life I had longed that they would. Anyhow, they were already

learning again to revere in themselves and in their handsome, pure-blooded countrymen, the impersonal divinity of the Race. And that was the main thing. The rest would come afterwards.

* * *

The second historic achievement of the undying *Weltanschauung* of racial purity, namely the creation of new Germany—or rather the formation of the kernel of new “Aryandom”—is perhaps even greater than the first. Greater, I say, for it is more difficult to revive the spirit of a people after a pernicious foreign system of religious beliefs, philosophy, and ethics, has marred it for over one and a half millenniums, than to keep it alive in the midst of foreign multitudes that have accepted, or at least that respect, nay, reverence, the values that *it* has created. Greater, also, for that miracle has been realised through the genius and superhuman willpower, and love, of *one* Man—Adolf Hitler.

It is true that, even in its well-known political form, National Socialism is older than most people think; that, as early as 1904—when Hitler was yet only fifteen—Hans Krebs had gathered the best Germanic elements of what the Western Democracies have later christened Czechoslovakia into a party forwarding the same immediate aims, and bearing the same name as the immortal NSDAP, into which it finally merged. But it is and will remain Hitler’s everlasting glory to have stressed before the modern Aryan world the philosophical and—I am tempted to say, however strange that might seem at first to many—the religious contents of National Socialism; to have conceived and proclaimed the *Weltanschauung* of pure blood not merely from the point of view of tragic emergency, but from that of eternity. And that is why we hail in him the inspired promoter of the Western resurrection, nay, the Saviour of the whole Aryan race. Other German patriots with a right vision of the same political realities, have founded parties. He has created the youth of new Germany; awakened the best elements in the country to a new consciousness; made Germany worthy, in fact, to take the lead of the Aryan world—worthier than ever, now, inasmuch as she has remained faithful to him and his principles all through these years of persecution. Above all, he has forced the most racially conscious among the foreign Aryans to welcome Germany’s leadership, nay, to desire it, and—if they are consistently sincere—to fight for it; as I have once already said before, he has made Germany a holy land in their eyes. Apart from a very few within the National Socialist minority, the

Germans themselves do not seem to realise this sufficiently.

I have mentioned the splendid youth of new Germany. All great movements put stress upon the training of youth. “Catch them young,” say the Jesuits. National

Socialism has not merely “caught them young,” but has striven to create them; to prepare them, not only from childhood, or from birth, but from the very moment of conception, to be the embodiment of the highest idea of all-round manly perfection—of physical health and beauty; of moral health and beauty; of character; of sound and clear intelligence, firmly linked up with the whole of life; *the* human élite, from every point of view. No other Movement has harped with such insistence upon the fact that all education is a sheer waste of time without the primary physical foundation of a noble body, and that nobility is God-ordained, not man-made, residing as it does in one’s descent not necessarily from a titled ancestor, but surely from healthy ascendants of unmixed Aryan stock. No political movement, and hardly any religion—save the ancient Aryan religion still alive in India—has ever taught its followers so emphatically that the act of life, far from being an amusement, is an all-important, an extremely serious thing; a holy rite, in which two individuals become the actual link between the whole past of the race and its future, priest and priestess of Everlasting Life; an act which the strong, the healthy, the worthy, the men and women without blemish should alone be allowed to perform, if it is not to become a mockery and a blasphemy.

To have dared to stress this truth, and, which is more, to have dared to have enforced laws taking it fully into account, in a world that had forgotten it for the last two thousand years; to have had the courage to proclaim that the union in beauty of two young and healthy people of pure blood, whether sanctioned by a ceremony or not, is something commendable, while the marriage of an Aryan to a man or woman of another race or the union of two people of any race (including pure Aryans) if one or both be unhealthy, is a crime, however much the Christian or any other equalitarian, individualistic, and otherworldly faith might condone it; to have emphasised this as a guiding principle in the government of a great state, encouraging the sterilisation of the unfit, the painless elimination of the dregs of humanity, and strongly forbidding all shameful unions whether on grounds of health or of race, that, I say, is something for which a sane world should be everlastingly grateful to National Socialism. The universal blame which, on the contrary, we got for upholding those measures and the conception of life at the back of them, only proves to what a degree of degradation the whole world—and indeed the Aryan race—has sunk, under the long-drawn

influence of such a man-centred creed as Christianity and of the ideologies of “liberty” and equality that in fact prolong its spirit, even if they pretend to stand against it, as some of them do. It only proves the enormity of the physical as well as moral decay of the Western world—for only sickly people can sincerely object to drastic measures for the restoration of the health of their own race.

This reminds me of the words addressed to me in 1946, by one of the finest Englishmen I know, a sincere National Socialist who had then just been released after six years’ internment under the 18B Act.¹ “What can one expect of those millions of imbeciles?” the gentleman said, speaking of the majority of his countrymen. “Who are they, that they could act or think differently? The products of a drunken Saturday night’s lust, most of them; and the remainder a

bastardised lot, intermixed with Jews. What can one expect? If one really wants an élite, one has to breed it systematically, as they did in Germany.”

Yes, when most men of our times speak of an “élite” they mean what they call a “moral” or “intellectual” élite. We mean an all-round one—and first and foremost a physical one. We *know* that there is no such thing as a “moral” or “intellectual” élite which is not at the same time physical.

There are, doubtless, exceptional individuals who are not physically sound and strong but who, in other ways, might be useful, very useful even, if they possess the right spirit, which is that of sacrifice for something greater than themselves. But these should remain exceptions, and never be allowed to mar the healthy average bulk of the community. In particular, they should never be allowed to breed, however clever or virtuous they might be, if they have not a perfectly healthy body or if they are not racially pure.

Had there been no war, or had this war not been lost, the National Socialist régime would be lasting still, unhindered since 1933 and extended by now to the whole of Europe. One can hardly imagine what a beautiful world would have evolved out of the West which we know after fifty, after a hundred years, of such a régime, provided our Führer’s successors abided strictly and firmly by the principles laid down by him. Out of the new policy of sex with a view to natural nobility of birth—blood purity, health and strength—would have

¹ Defence Regulation 18B was an “emergency decree” in England sanctioning from the beginning of the war onwards the arrest and internment of anyone suspected of sympathy for National Socialism or “Fascism.” [The internee is probably Elwyn Wright.—Ed.]

emerged generations embodying more and more Nietzsche’s ideal of the Superman; human beings, but with Olympian bodies, and a mentality as far above that of the average man of today as the latter is supposed to be above that of the chimpanzee; the human species in its original perfection or—I am tempted to say—a new species; a species of living gods on earth.

Was not that glorious result well worth securing, be it through a certain amount of ruthlessness at the early stages of the struggle? To us, it was; to us, it is. And we are ready to resume the same course, at the next opportunity, for the sake of the same ideal.

Whatever our Führer achieved in Germany, he brought about not in fifty years, but in six—from 1933 to 1939 (when the war interrupted all constructive planning). Time was too short for one to see the consequences of the policy of healthy, noble breeding pursued by him so consistently. One could only see the effect of the National Socialist teaching upon the people already born—and, most of them, well out of childhood—at the time Adolf Hitler came to power. But that

alone was something to marvel at. That alone was already the promising beginning of a new world—the formation of a *real* élite.

It will always remain my one great regret in life, that I did not come back to Europe in time to see the parades of the Hitler Youth through the streets of the German towns, and to be present at the great yearly Party Rallies—at that of Nuremberg, for instance, in September 1935—and to *live* in the uplifting atmosphere of the glorious days. I have only seen pictures of those days. But I know people who have lived through them. I have spoken to men who were between fifteen and twenty-five at the time, and who, themselves, have stood by the Party Standards on solemn occasions, and have greeted the Führer walking past between two delirious multitudes; men who still now, would give anything, do anything, to bring National Socialism back to power. And I have conversed with their faithful elders too, who were at the time between thirty and forty, or even more. The fact that they have all kept their convictions to this day proves that these were no mere product of youthful enthusiasm, or of “mass suggestion,” as our enemies pretend, but the outcome of something deeper. It proves that one can rely upon those followers of Adolf Hitler. Personally I have *never* and *nowhere* met such fine people, both physically and from the standpoint of character. They are the true élite of the world, and curious, incredible perhaps, as this might seem to many of my readers, an outwardly recognizable élite, in most cases.

I have often remembered, in their presence, those words—worthy of

an ancient Greek—addressed to me somewhere in Saarland, by an SS man, in 1948: “The first duty of a Nazi is to be beautiful.” Strange words, at first hearing, but how true, when one starts to think of all they imply! For no human being, man or woman, can really be “beautiful” without health and strength; and these stand in the background of most of the virtues expected in one who shares our Ideology. I never met *one* representative of Germany’s faithful National Socialist minority who did not come up to a fairly high standard of manly beauty. And I met many whose appearance reminded one of the Greek gods of old, or—to stick to our times—of the statues of Arno Breker, full of strength, poise, and unaffected grace. I realised how completely that great sculptor’s whole creation expresses the new world that was taking shape all round him, with its new aspirations, its new soul; how, for example, his “Herald” is really the Herald of our New Order, projection, in immortal bronze, of Germany’s living youth.

That youth has not died. It has only ripened, during these four atrocious years; more than ever, it has become hardened, self-possessed, invincible. And it has, perhaps, grown still more contemptuous of its inferiors—of that enormous majority of mankind (including millions of Aryans) who had not the inclination, or the brains to think for itself and to admit that we “were right” but preferred to swallow whatever propaganda against us the Jews or their agents dished out to it, in the press and on the wireless, and in cinema shows, and to bring upon itself the chaos that everyone knows. The National Socialist minority watches and

waits, in dignified silence, knowing that it will rise and rule once more, when the time comes.

Strictly speaking, it is not their physical appearance *only* that points out its representatives to the attention of the careful observer sitting, for instance, on the opposite bench in a café or in a waiting room. It is the radiance of their personality; the stamp of their worth, as superior men and women, upon their faces; the shine of intelligence and courage in their eyes. And that is true of their elder ones as well as those who were mere adolescents in 1933, and who went through the splendid physical training of new Germany. As I have said before, now that it no longer pays to call oneself a Nazi, those who have remained faithful to our ideals, firm and confident and ready, are those alone whose lifelong aspirations, whose whole personal philosophy could not possibly be anything else but ours: the morally no less than physically healthy, the strong and consistent, the fearless—the very best of the land. And, along with health and race, it is those qualities of character that give their faces such beauty and that make one feel, in their circle, that one

is in the presence of men far above the rest of men. In the days National Socialism was triumphant, quite a number of Germans, even in high positions, did not reach that level—otherwise, all would have gone well, and the war would never have been lost. Now, those alone who *are* at that level remain, ready to form, tomorrow, the real, the invincible Party, worthy to govern the whole earth under Hitler's leadership, forever.

* * *

I owe some of the most beautiful of all my memories to my short experience in the National Socialist struggle just slowly beginning again. And these are memories of the people with whom I came in touch; people of all social conditions—students, shopkeepers, workmen, men of liberal professions—and of all levels of education in the narrowly bookish sense of the word, but who form, in my eyes, a real aristocracy; the natural aristocracy of blood and of character, destined (I hope) to supersede the artificial aristocracy of money, position, or learning in our new world. How I love them!

We understood one another, whatever our level of education, first because the things we had to say were not, in general, to be found in books, and then, because there were a few basic books which we all had read. We did not necessarily agree on every minor point, nor was each one of us the replica of all the others—as so many of the Communists are, from what I know at least of the non-Russian ones—for he thought for himself; nor had we all come to National Socialism for the same main reasons; each one of us put stress on that which, in the *Weltanschauung* or its application, seemed to him the most attractive. But we agreed in all that is essential and, as I have said already, we all were—we all *are*—

Heathens at heart, the whole lot of us, the faithful few. (There were, once, quite a number of inconsistent people who believed they could be both true Christians and Nazis at the same time. Defeat—and the subsequent intensive propaganda on the part of the Churches—has mightily helped such ones to recognise the incompatibility of the two philosophies as they stand, and to make up their minds. Had our *Weltanschauung* remained triumphant without a break, it never would have occurred to them how inconsistent they were—or how “wrong” we are, from a Christian point of view!)

I remember—with that nostalgia one feels at the thought of one’s own lost possibilities—a remarkable young German of twenty-three or twenty-four, a student of physics whom I met in the train a month or so

before my arrest. I admired the logic, knowledge, and self-assurance with which he was discussing with another student some point about alternating currents, and I stepped into the conversation after asking to be excused for doing so. (I was myself, once, a science student as well as a student of the arts.) We soon discussed other things than electricity, and I met the young man again, and came to know him better. He is a serious youngster, of few words but much thought and intense feelings, and a fine National Socialist, with all the virtues that such praise implies. I met his mother, a most lovable German woman also sharing our ideals, and I envied her for having given such a son to the Movement. His name is Herr F.

We were once walking down a steep road, leading from his house to the Rhine, and a great part of the town stretched before us. “You should have seen this place in ‘our days,’” the young man said to me. (The greater part of the town is now in ruins.)

“Yes,” I replied, “everything was beautiful ‘then’; was it not?”

“It was. And then we had something to live for. We were happy.”

He told me how, being then only eighteen, he had won the first prize in a fencing competition extending to the whole *Kreis*,¹ in 1943. “But sports were not merely sports, for us. They were a part of a broader and higher training, of our training as Germans and as Aryans. Competing with one another in strength, skill, and endurance; working hard and well; going on picnics in the countryside, a hundred together, or more, and watching the Sun rise over the hills and woods of our Fatherland; marching through the streets and singing our beautiful manly songs, we were becoming a new people,” he said, “and we knew it; we felt it. We were so happy! Then the disaster came, and all seemed lost irretrievably . . . It was not our fault. Had it depended upon us, the young generation, the Führer would have been world-Führer long ago. But there were traitors among the elder generation.”

“I know only too well. But you don’t believe that everything is irretrievably lost, do you?”

“Goodness no! No force on earth can kill a healthy nation determined to live.”

And his dark eyes flashed as he spoke. I stretched out my hand to him and said: “I wish every German, nay, every Aryan, would speak as you do.”

“More than you seem to think, do,” he replied.

I asked him what most of his fellow students felt about the two

¹ District.

dangers, Democracy and Communism.

“Who believes seriously in either?” he answered. “The only supporters of the former are those who draw or hope to draw some profit from the occupation—the good-for-nothing people, and those whom we chastised in our time and who now want an excuse to get back at us. The only supporters of the latter are those who have never lived in the Russian Zone.”

Herr F *had* lived in the Russian Zone up till recently. We decided that he would help me to cross the border clandestinely with a friend of his, and to pay a visit to the Eastern part of Germany. On my return, he would introduce me to a group of students with our views, and we could perhaps—cautiously—“start something.”

I was arrested before those grand projects could materialise.

I remember an elderly saleswoman, Fräulein E—who looks much younger than her age—and whom I also met during a journey. A very expressive face, showing great determination and great kindness (which are seldom found together) and thoughtfulness, also. Pale blue eyes, that can be extremely cold and distant, or brighten up into a flash of sunshine—according to what Fräulein E hears or says, or thinks about. She walked a few steps with me, as we both came out of a railway station somewhere in the French Zone. When I told her I was in Germany to write a book, she stopped and gazed at me.

“And you intend to write the truth?” she asked.

“Certainly.”

“Well, in that case . . .” she said, and broke off abruptly.

“What, ‘in that case?’” asked I.

She looked at me intently. “I know I should not tell you this,” she continued; “After all, I have only just met you. I don’t know who you are. It might be very foolish on my part—and dangerous for me—to speak. But you look as though you can be trusted. I have been in trade all my life and know faces. Well, I tell you: in your book . . . don’t write about things of which you are not perfectly sure . . . don’t be unfair to National Socialism.”

I felt my face brighten. But I tried to control myself. “What prompts you to tell me that?” I asked. “Do you imagine I intend to be unfair to anything or anyone?”

“No,” she said. “But many people are unfair without meaning to be, swayed as they are by various prejudices. And so much mud has already been thrown at us—so much!—by all the writers of the world! I only wished to tell you, you being a foreigner, ‘don’t throw any more.’”

I admired the woman’s fearlessness—for she did not know me yet. She had only seen my British-Indian passport when I had shown it to an inspector in the train.

“Are you a National Socialist?” I asked her. And she is the only person in Germany to whom I ever put that question in such a point-blank form. Her courageous talk had authorised me to do so. Her answer was no less bold. “Yes, I am,” she said.

“And so am I,” I replied. “Don’t fear that *I* might be impressed by lies against the Führer or against us; I have heard heaps, up till now, and spit at those who tell them. My book shall be the impeachment of our enemies.” I was moved beyond words as I spoke.

“Can I really believe you?” said Fräulein E, amazed and stopping and looking at me once more. “You, a foreigner, *now*—when all the world is against us!”

“I have no time for that world of monkeys and its supposed ‘opinion,’” I replied. “I know my words are difficult to believe. But you might believe my writing.”

And pulling one of my leaflets out of a roll, I took her to a lonely corner in the ruins (we were in a town where there are plenty such corners) and showed it to her. “I wrote it,” I said.

She believed me at last, and was visibly moved as she took my hands and told me: “I am happy to have met you, happier than I can say. But, my poor dear child, how dare you go about with all that dangerous stuff?”

“No German has betrayed me yet.”

“No true German ever will,” she answered. “But still, be careful. ‘They’ might find you out all the same. ‘They’ are probably watching you all the time. Anyhow, it is no use thinking of it beforehand. Come now, and I shall take you to some good friends of mine. *They* will be glad to make your acquaintance.”

“Tell me something about the great days,” said I, as we walked along a half-destroyed avenue. “I wish I had come then.”

“You would have been happy in Germany, then. You cannot imagine how lovely it was. Now, look at what ‘they’ have done—our Christian-like enemies; those who came to ‘reform’ us, to ‘re-educate’ us as they say.” And she pointed to one of the streets in which (as in more than one other street of the same town) not a single house is left erect. “Look at that!” said she. “But revenge will come, one day. And then Germany will rise once more out of her ruins and the great days will come back!”

Once more, for the millionth time, I admired the invincible Nazi spirit.

The woman showed me the ruins of what had once been her shop, at the corner of a main avenue opposite a church. The sight of the church reminded her of a man and of an incident. But before telling me about it, she asked me whether I were a Christian.

“I? Goodness no! I know there is nothing so opposed to ours as the Christian philosophy, and I look upon the church as our greatest enemy.”

“How right you are! *I* have always said that too, although many disagreed with me. Then I shall tell you of my friend W, who was a clergyman, but a very peculiar one—a clergyman, and a fighter for the Movement at the same time, if you can picture such a combination of opposites; a man who would throw a priest’s robe over his brown uniform (jack boots and pistol and all) and run to church just in time to deliver a short address. The address was always thoroughly National Socialist in spirit, the word ‘amen’ at the end being practically the only thing in it that indicated that it was delivered from a pulpit. One day, what happened? Another preacher was speaking from the pulpit and my friend W—without his pious disguise, this time—was among the congregation. The preacher, who was a real Christian, not just someone trying to prepare the church-going crowds for the new times, started making certain hints against the régime. My friend W took a writing pad and a fountain pen which he always kept at hand, and noted carefully whatever the man said. Then, he waited for him at the church door, and stopped him on his way out.

“You made such and such a statement?” said he.

“*Jawohl*, I did.’

“You implied that the policy of our Government is “nefarious”? See, I took down such and such words that you uttered.’

“I admit I did. But . . .’

“There is no “but.” Did you, or not?’

“I did.’

“And the “undesirable people” to whom you alluded without daring to be too clear, were, I suppose, the Führer and his collaborators?’

“*Jawohl*, they were, if you must know!’

“Good! . . . So that’s what you are—you swine!’

“And my friend W gave the fellow a slap that could be heard from the other side of the street. And then another. And another—‘paff! puff!’—and several more until finally he sent him rolling in the dust with a kick in the pants: “That will teach you, saying things against the Führer, you good for nothing rascal!”

I burst out laughing, unable to stop for a minute or two. I had not laughed so wholeheartedly for a very long time. “Splendid!” I exclaimed; “Could not be more splendid! Gosh, I wish I had seen *that!* In what year was it?”

“In 1942, if I remember well.”

“I was in Calcutta. I know I missed a lot. But *that!* That alone would have been worth the voyage. I would have enjoyed myself! How did the people take it?”

“The people who were just coming out of church you mean? Why, they enjoyed themselves too. Half of them were laughing as boisterously as you are now after all these years. I stepped in from the street, and went and congratulated my old friend: ‘Well done, Herr W!’ said I. “That will teach him a lesson. One can’t let those treacherous fellows go about quacking whatever nonsense they please, especially while we are fighting a war,’ I said. They all agreed.”

“And where is Herr W now? Could I see him?” I asked. “I would love to meet him.”

“‘They’ took him off to a concentration camp in 1945. Since then nobody knows where he is.”

A shadow passed over my face. I thought of that frank advocate of violence in the service of our ideals, spending four years in one of those chambers of hell of which I have tried to give a glimpse in a previous chapter. Four years! And for what? For being what he is—what we all are—a man who had the courage to

repudiate once for all the false values that have been forced upon the nobler races of Europe as their “standards of morality” for nearly 1,500 years, and to speak and to act according to the standards of the strong; for being a Heathen in a Christian world. And once more I felt how powerful are the forces against us. And once more I was aware how bitterly I hate them.

I know the story of Herr W is not one that will endear us to our enemies. Most of these will find the incident of the clergyman “horrible”—and find me no less “horrible” for enjoying it. But who cares what they might think? As in the first, so in this second phase of the struggle also, we are not fighting to win their approval, but to reduce them, one day, to submission. I have told the story only in order to show what an abyss gapes between us and the Christian world; to illustrate the clean, brutal frankness of our attitude compared with that of the “decent” people. None of these would have chastised an opponent in broad daylight, before everybody, as Herr W did. No. *They* would have remained content with being “shocked,” and would have kept silent—even if in power. They would first have made the

opponent’s life a misery and then, at the first opportunity, handed him over to hostile authorities, for far worse a treatment than a few slaps and a kick in the pants. That is, in fact, the very way they have behaved towards Herr W himself. I recalled the words of Friedrich Nietzsche on a different subject: “Christianity has not killed Eros”—the god of physical love—“it has only given him poison”—defiled love.¹ One could also say about violence: Christianity has not killed physical violence; it has only defiled it—made it indirect, and cowardly, and shameful.

And what powerful, elemental instinct has it *not* defiled, I would like to know?

* * *

Fräulein E took me to a confectioner’s kept by the Ms—good friends of hers—and introduced me: “You come back at six o’clock, when the shop is closed, and we’ll have a talk. Too many eyes are looking, and too many ears listening, during working hours. Be here exactly in time, and we will be waiting for you,” they told me. I was in time, and remained there the whole evening.

I remember the conversation. And I remember the fine faces of that man and woman who were speaking to me, and the clearness, the assurance, the conviction—and the intelligence—with which they spoke, knowing thoroughly what they were talking about, and their awareness of the eternity of our Idea. “How can these people ‘change’ us, ‘re-educate’ us, as they pretend?” said Herr M, referring to the Democrats. “How can they, now that the Führer has given us something to live for, which is at the same time eternal and understandable; something, the truth of which we need no longer ‘believe’ but can *see*, in all its glowing clearness, with our own eyes? Every turn of events, since 1945, is

showing more and more how right we were—how right we *are*, absolutely, everlastingly—be it about the Jewish question, the racial principle, the right of the fittest to rule, or any other point. More Germans admit that we are right, now—in the secrecy of their hearts—than perhaps ever did before. But it is refreshing to know that at least *some* foreigners also continue to uphold the Idea, in spite of our defeat.”

“All Aryans should. But when all Germans did not, from the beginning, although they were told the truth, nay, although they had the

¹ In *Beyond Good and Evil*, §168.

privilege of having the Führer in their midst, what can one expect of other Aryans, fed on the lies of the Jewish press?”

“That is true enough.”

We talked for long hours. And for the thousandth time I compared in my mind this aristocracy of pure blood, which is at the same time an élite of character *and* intelligence—a real élite—with the usually-called “intelligentsia,” those idle traders in empty phrases, hair-splitters, reciters of other people’s prose, whom I know too well. “What a difference!” I thought.

Herr M introduced me to two people who rank among those who ever made the deepest impression upon me: a middle-aged man, formerly an *Ortsgruppenleiter*¹ and now a martyr of our cause, Herr H,² of whom I already spoke a little in another chapter,³ and a woman in her forties, Fräulein B, also one of the finest National Socialists I know. I was their guest for a couple of days.

I have hardly ever seen even a *genuine* Indian yogi’s face as supremely beautiful as that of Herr H—calm; radiating light and strength; loving, in an impersonal manner; all-knowing; a face that looks beyond the stupidity and ugliness of this present day world, not to a dream, not to “an” ideal, but to an unshakable certitude—to Reality; that expresses the clear, almost physical awareness of truth, without hatred, without regret, without fear.

His regular features are those of the purest Aryan. Herr H could hardly have been more handsome even as a young man. But it is not the features alone, it is the features *and* the invisible beaming of that face that cannot fail to impress anyone who is slightly sensitive to the mute language of the man that *is*, as distinct from the man that seems. When I stepped into the room, I immediately felt in the presence of someone by far my superior, as I probably would have before a genuine contemplative saint. I knew from Herr M that Herr H had spent three

years in one, or rather in two, of the worst anti-Nazi concentration camps that are to be found in occupied Germany. I knew that he had, there, become a physical wreck. And I was astounded not to read in his face the slightest bitterness, let alone hatred. And when I told him how I felt about the martyrdom of Germany in general, and the persecution of such people as himself in particular, and begged him to tell me

¹ Local group leader—Ed.

² Friedrich Horn—Ed.

³ In Chapter 4, pp. 81–85.

something of his experience of the chambers of hell, for my book, he replied that “thousands of others had suffered even much more” than he.

“It is a pity Herr So-and-so is not here,” he said. “He is one of those unfortunate SS men who fell into the hands of the Allies in 1945, and was interned for months in Dachau. *He* could tell you something, if you care to gather firsthand information about the atrocities of the Democrats. I shall introduce you to him, when you come back.” But I myself fell into the hands of our enemies before I had the time to “come back.”

Herr H, who is an architect by profession, showed me some beautiful sketches that he had drawn from life, in the camps where he was a prisoner. One was drawn on a rough piece of yellow paper, with bits of half-burnt coal from the kitchen fire. “We were not given any paper or pencils, in the beginning,” he explained to me. And yet the sketch, representing the stables where the internees were accommodated in Schwarzenborn, was executed in a masterly manner. I admired the detached mind—the mind of the real artist—that had guided the hand, in such surroundings, and on the famine diet of which I spoke in former pages. But what I admired the most in Herr H was his serenity; not the serenity of the indifferent or of otherworldly people, but that of a man whose clear vision can discern, under all the horror of darkest Europe, today and yesterday—under that very horror which has crushed his own body, ruined *him*, personally, forever—the irresistible action and reaction of superhuman unseen forces, bound to bring about, sooner or later, the New Order for which we stand; the serenity of a Heathen warrior, who is a sage at the same time.

I have always been convinced that National Socialism is far more able to fulfil the higher aspirations of the Western élite than the ill-adapted religion, imported from Palestine, which Europe has foolishly accepted centuries ago. If there ever was a living proof of that fact, it is Herr H himself.

On the wall, I saw the portrait of an exceedingly handsome youth. Herr H watched me admiring it. It looked like him. It could have been him when he was twenty-five. “You see there my only child,” he told me.

“How beautiful he is!” I could not help saying.

“His manly soul was as beautiful as his face,” replied the father. “The typical youth of our new Germany. He is dead, now. Died for Germany and for the Idea,” he added calmly, and proudly.

And Fräulein B, a faithful old friend of Herr H who was also

present, praised the young man in her turn. She had known him well.

So Herr H was all alone. Not only his health, but his only son, too, he had lost for the sake of the great impersonal idea of Greater Germany and of resurrected Aryandom. Alone, and living most precariously in one narrow room with a friend, in the midst of a city in ruins. And, by order of the kind-hearted champions of Democracy and “humanity,” not allowed to work as an architect, or to hold any other employment. (His friend was supporting him, with great difficulty.) And yet, he could remain serene and confident, knowing that we *are* right, and that he has done his utmost for the eternal cause of Truth and for that of better mankind—serene and confident, without the help of any supernatural hopes or consolations; without anything to sustain him, but his faith in the immutable Laws of Life, in the divine mission of his country, in Adolf Hitler, the Führer of the Aryan world for all times to come, whether his people, *now*, be defeated or not. Verses of the Bhagavad-Gita—that age-old masterpiece of the Aryan genius—came back to my memory: “Thy business is with the action alone, never with its fruits. So let not the fruits of action be thy motive,”¹ and, “without attachment, constantly perform that action which is duty, for by performing action without attachment, man verily reacheth the Supreme,”² and, “the wise should act without attachment, desiring nothing but the welfare of the world.”³ And side by side, I recalled the golden words written in the same spirit by our Führer—the words which I was destined, two months later, to quote before my judges, at Düsseldorf: “Our thoughts and actions must not be determined by the approval or condemnation of our epoch, but only by our firm adhesion to a Truth that we recognise.”⁴

I told Herr H and Fräulein B what I was thinking.

“Yes,” said Herr H, “the old and the new expressions of it are bound to be alike, for the truth upon which our *Weltanschauung* is built, is everlasting.” He went to a corner of the room, and started displacing a number of things in order to get out and show me the copy of *Mein Kampf* which he kept hidden there. While he was doing this, Fräulein B showed me a lovely portrait of the Führer carved out in a pendant of transparent, glass-like material. I took the little object piously in my

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, 2:47.

² *Ibid*, 3:19.

³ *Ibid*, 3:25.

⁴ “. . . unser Denken und Handeln soll keineswegs von Beifall oder Ablehnung unserer Zeit bestimmt werden, sondern von der Verpflichtung an eine Wahrheit, die wir erkannten” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 435; cf. Mannheim, p. 394).

hand, and gazed at it. I know the price of such remembrances of the glorious times, in Germany today. They are nowhere to be found, save in the possession of people who appreciate them. I was therefore all the more touched when Fräulein B told me, “It is yours; you can keep it.” I was overjoyed at the idea of keeping it. But I guessed she had only that one. “And still you give it to me,” I said, “although you met me but an hour ago!”

“You are worthy of it,” she replied; “that, I know.”

“May I never fail to remain so, forever and ever!” said I, as I pressed the portrait to my lips, as a sacred thing.

I thanked Fräulein B from the bottom of my heart for her present, and for the spontaneous confidence she had shown me.

“What makes you think so highly of me?” I could not help asking her, after a while. She replied: “The fact that you too are a born Heathen, like Herr H and like myself.” And she uttered the self-same words which I had so many times uttered in the course of these twenty years; the self-same words which I have repeated in this book because I am more and more convinced of their truth: “Only a thorough Aryan Heathen can make a real National Socialist.”

I wore the pendant ever since, and am wearing it now, in prison.¹

We spent the remainder of the day commenting upon some of the most beautiful passages of *Mein Kampf*—of which Herr H had produced his hidden copy—and I tried to show how amazingly true the main thesis of the book (the racial thesis) appears to me in the light of the little history of the wide world, ancient and modern, which I happen to know. But it is my interpretation of Christianity as “the subtlest Jewish snare ever held out to the Aryan” which bound me the most tightly to Fräulein B.

“Do you know,” said she, “that even as a child I refused to sing the church hymns that alluded to Jehovah or to Israel, on the ground that I was a German and wanted no foreign religion forced upon me? How I understand your nostalgia for the Olympian Gods as well as for your mother’s old Norse ones! How I do!”

“I am glad you do,” I replied. “Only other National Socialists like ourselves have ever understood how important a part that yearning has played in my whole evolution. But fancy that the exact opposite of our attitude is to be found among some European Aryans! Have you heard of a religious sect in England whose members style themselves as

¹ The pendant was later discovered and destroyed while Savitri was imprisoned at Werl (*Defiance*, p. 548).—Ed.

‘British Israelites’?”

“No.”

“Well, such a sect exists. The adherents, mind you, are *not* Jews—although some, of course, might be mixed. But I know of some who are thoroughbred Englishmen—Celts and Anglo-Saxons; Aryans. Only they try to prove—by the most spurious arguments—that they and the whole English nation are descended from some ‘lost tribe’ of Israel. Pure-blooded Aryans trying to make out that they are Jews; wanting to be Jews! Have you ever heard of such disgraceful nonsense as that?”

“Well,” put in Herr H, “they have been taught for over 1,500 years that the Jews are ‘God’s chosen people.’ Can you blame them? As you say yourself, the original crime lies in the adoption of Christianity.”

“The one before the last of the *Twenty-Five Points*,” said I, “although it states that the Party as such stands for ‘a positive Christianity,’ advocates ‘liberty for all religious denominations in the state, *so long as they are not a danger to it, and do not militate against the moral feelings of the Germanic race.*” Alfred Rosenberg has tried to explain what ‘positive’ Christianity means, and it appears to me that he has just reduced it to that basic commonsense morality which any Aryan can accept. But few people seem to be fully aware of all that is implied in the two reservations mentioned in that Point Twenty-Four: ‘any religion . . . *so far as* it is not a danger to the state and does not militate against the moral feelings of the Germanic race.’ Is *any* religion that allows marriage between its adherents *irrespective* of race, compatible with the existence of a State run according to National Socialist standards? And can one say that a religion that teaches that man is born in sin, and that exalts meekness and unending forgiveness as virtues, does not ‘militate against the moral feelings’ of any healthy race, let alone of the Germanic one? I wish to goodness I had been here in the great days; I would have stressed this point before those who were the most conscious of all the mischief Christianity has wrought in the world, and who happened to be at the same time in the Führer’s entourage. I would have tried, at least.”

“And they would have understood you, no doubt, and agreed with you wholeheartedly,” said Herr H. “But they could have done nothing about it *yet*: the time was not ripe. As for the Party as such standing for ‘a positive Christianity’ which, as you say, Rosenberg took so much trouble to explain, the best explanation for it is just that it *was not* possible to put it otherwise in February 1920. There was plenty of all-important work awaiting us, which could well be

done whatever people chose to think about religion. To attract public attention upon the

enormousness of our revolution in the religious and philosophical domain *also* would have been disastrous at that stage of the struggle. It would have stirred doubts and caused trouble. But after victory was secured and our régime solidly established, we would have gradually brought up the new generations to think for themselves and to realise how incompatible Christianity is, as it stands, with our ideals. However, we lost the war, and thus have to wait still a little longer for this awakening. But it will come, be sure of that. It will come, for our Führer has not come in vain.”

Reluctantly, after two days, I took leave of these new friends. I did not know that I was not to see them again for a long time. We greeted each other: “Heil Hitler!”

“By the way,” said Fräulein B, “do you know how one is to say *that* in public without being detected?”

“Yes, I do,” I replied. And I repeated the formula which *means* the same to all those of us who use it, but *sounds* just empty nonsense to the uninitiated that might be listening.

“So you know it too.”

“Who does not? Fräulein E told me, thinking she was telling me something new. But someone else had already told me last year. I am longing to see those days when we shall be free to greet one another as we please, in public as well as among ourselves.”

“Yes; so am I. And those days will come; our intensity of purpose will bring them back—our selfless action, guided by a one-pointed will. For the time, let us wait. Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!”

* * *

I could speak of other representatives of that Aryan élite in which I salute the forerunner of a higher—healthier, stronger, better, more beautiful—mankind, and the hope of the world. For I have met many more in the course of these few months. And I have come in contact with one or two here, in this prison, among the political prisoners—in spite of all efforts on the part of the authorities to keep me apart from them—and . . . strange as this might seem, among the members of the German staff also. (These are not “supposed” to have anything in common with our Ideology. But many more people share it than the authorities think,

among those who are the least expected to.) However, the few instances which I gave, especially the two last ones, are enough to illustrate what I mean by an all-round *élite*.

Almost the only Aryans today within the pale of the Indian caste system, the Brahmins, are styled by the members of the other castes as “*bhu-deva*,” or “gods on earth.” Some of them, but extremely few, are worthy of that title. It is here, in ruined Germany, among the genuine National Socialists of the dark days of trial, that I have met men and women who are, in the full sense of these words, glowing instances of the eternal greatness of *the* master race—living “gods on earth.”

I have often tried to imagine what our world would look like if National Socialism, rising again, were not only to hold its own in Europe but to dominate the whole planet, for centuries. Along with an absolute separation of races, there would be an accepted racial hierarchy, the purest Aryans being naturally at the top, in other words a “caste system” extending to the whole of mankind—“each man in his place” according to the divine decree of Nature, the will of the Sun, to quote one of the oldest hymns that can be ascribed to any individual author with certainty¹; something like that which we see in India to this day, but on a far wider scale and—if Germans or any other Northern Europeans are to manage the world—something infinitely better organised. And no more of those international religions of equality but a worldwide return to the different national heathendoms with, at the most, above them all—uniting not merely all human beings, but all life, each creature at its level—the worship of the Life force embodied in the Sun. How I would welcome such a world! And when I recall that splendid German National Socialist minority which I love and admire, I cannot help wishing, from the bottom of my heart, to see it one day rule the earth in its length and breadth. More than ever now, it is worthy to rule. More than ever now it is worthy to be called, by the rest of mankind, a minority of “*bhu-deva*”—“gods on earth.”

¹ The Longer Hymn to the Sun by Pharaoh Akhnaton of Egypt, circa 1,400 BC.

Chapter 10

DIVINE VENGEANCE

“Figure-toi Pyrrhus, les yeux
étincelants,
Entrant à la lueur de nos palais
brûlants,
Sur tous mes frères morts se faisant
un passage,
Et de sang tout convert, échauffant le
carnage.
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs; songs
aux cris des mourants,
Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer
expirants.”

—Jean Racine¹

“Was folgte, waren entsetzliche Tage
und noch bössere Nächte—ich wußte,
daß alles verloren war. Auf die Gnade
des Feindes zu hoffen konnten
höchstens Narren fertigbringen oder—
Lügner and Verbrecher. In diesen
Nächten wuchs mir der Haß, der Haß
gegen die Urheber dieser Tat.”

—Adolf Hitler²

It was in Bonn on the Rhine, hardly more than a week before my arrest.

I had walked into a café to have a cup of hot coffee, and especially to find a relatively peaceful corner in which I could sit and write, undisturbed as long as the owner of the place would allow me to stay. And there, I made the acquaintance of a comrade unlike most of those whom I had met up till then, in Germany or elsewhere; of an awe-inspiring elemental force in human garb—a typical beer hall “tough.”

He was sitting at a table drinking with another man. I could not help

¹ “Imagine Pyrrhus, with his flashing eyes
Bright in the blazing of our royal halls,
Hacking his way over my brother’s bodies,
Bloody himself, cheering bloodshed on;
Imagine all the clamour—victor’s cries
And cries of those that died, by flame, by sword.”

(Jean Racine, *Andromaque*, Act III, Scene 8, in *Four Greek Plays: Andromache, Iphigenia, Phaedra, Athaliah*, trans. R.C. Knight [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1982], p. 34.)

² “There followed terrible days and even worse nights—I knew that all was lost. Only consummate fools could manage to hope for the mercy of the enemy—or liars and criminals. In these nights hatred grew in me, hatred for the perpetrators of this deed.” (*Mein Kampf*, I, vii, p. 225; cf. Mannheim, p. 206) [Trans. by Ed.].

noticing him as I walked in. He looked like one of Hermann’s warriors disguised in shabby modern workman’s clothes. His head and shoulders were those of an aurochs of the Germanic forests of old. In his pale, greyish-blue eyes shining under bushy eyebrows; in his broad forehead; in his red square face, in his thick mouth, half-hidden under a fiery blond moustache, and in his powerful chin there was strength, and will, and thoughtfulness too, no doubt. But not the will and thoughtfulness of “a” man—of an *individual*; rather those of a whole multitude just awakening to consciousness; of a mighty, primitive, silent, invincible multitude of which he was the mouthpiece.

The other man, with more regular features but a far less expressive face; better dressed, and less boisterous—less “barbaric”—looked, by his side, like an individual; an average individual of the dying world of today. In this rough one, lived the soul of the ancient Hercynian Forest, and the soul of the happy German factories of the days of resurrection; “the old and the new,” I thought; “the Germany that never died.”

I much wished to talk to the man. But, of course, I did not. I only sat as near as I could to his table instead of taking a place in the corner. I ordered a coffee, took out my things, and started scribbling the beginning of a paragraph. It is the man who talked to me—as though his instinct had told him he should.

“Writing your school task, Madam?” he called out to me after a while, over the heads of half a dozen other customers. I looked up and smiled.

“I am too old to write school tasks; am I not?” said I, jokingly.

“Then, it must be love letters,” replied the man. I laughed, this time, wholeheartedly.

“Goodness no!” said I. “I never wrote love letters. It is only a book.”

“Oh, oh, a book! What sort of a book?”

And without giving me time to answer, he asked again: “Do you mind if we come and sit at your table?”

“Surely not. You are both welcome.”

So the two men got up, took their beer with them, and sat by me. As they were coming, I could see that the one who had spoken to me was as tall as I had presumed. But one of his legs was maimed. The aurochs was a wounded one. And there was, to me, something heartrending in the sight of that huge strong body that had been broken.

“What are you drinking with us? A glass of beer?” said the man, as he and his companion sat down.

“With thanks.”

“And now,” he continued, “tell us what your book is about.”

“Germany today,” I replied.

At once the expression changed on the rough, red, square face. In the man’s eyes, I read an earnestness that had not been there before.

“Were you here in the beautiful time—before the war?” he asked me.

“Alas no. I wish I had been,” said I. “But I was not.”

“If you have never seen *those* grand days, then you cannot realise all the difference with now. And you cannot write about present day Germany.”

The man was probably right, I thought. And once more, as I recalled in a flash those glories that I have not seen, my heart ached with a feeling of inexpiable guilt. Once more, the knife had been thrust into the old wound. Yes, why had I come so late?

I looked at the man sadly and said: “It is true that I was not here then. I have never seen either the magnificent yearly Party rallies, or the parades of the Hitler Youth through the streets; nor have I heard the Führer’s own voice address the German people (save on the wireless). All these years, I was ten thousand kilometres away—in India. But I have studied the Movement as much as one can from far. And I also had, directly, ample news from here that most people were not lucky enough to have. My husband was the owner and editor of the only National Socialist periodical in India, *The New Mercury*, a fortnightly publication to which every German in the country was to subscribe, by order of the German Consulate in Calcutta. The magazine was banned as early as 1937.” (I could say that much without betraying anybody’s secrets or my own; for these were all known facts.)

The man gazed at me with immensely increased interest. His eyes sparkled.

“Oh, oh,” said he, to his companion, “have you heard this? By Jove, it is worth hearing!”

And, turning to me before the other one had had time to put in a word, he said: “Of course, in that case, it is a little different. You are not one of those foreigners who come over here either to exploit us or to pity us—a plague on them! And even if you had not the privilege of being here in the grand days, you know the truth.”

“Don’t I!”

“And you tell the truth, in that book of yours?”

“I hope I do.”

“And what is your dominant impression of Germany as you see it today? Do you like us?”

“I admire you,” I replied, with the spontaneity of conviction: “I admire you—the real, faithful Germans, I mean—even more than I did

in glorious ’40; even more than I did in ’42, when I was waiting to welcome your armies in Delhi after what I had expected to be a triumphal march through Russia.”

The man’s face brightened into a most sympathetic smile.

“You are right,” he said, “quite right. We are good people: hard-working, honest, kind, and peace-loving. We never wanted this war. It is those swine from abroad who forced it upon us. You know that, don’t you? And we would have won, too. For although we love peace, we fight well, when we must. We would have won, had it not been for the traitors.”

“I know. Three times the Führer offered England an honourable peace, and his collaboration in the building of a happy Europe. And three times she refused—obeying the orders of her masters, the Jews. I know it is no fault of yours. And . . . can I speak still more frankly? Will your friend here have no objection?” I said, alluding to the other man sitting at our table.

“He? Surely not. He is an old comrade. With us you are perfectly safe.” I hoped I was. One never knows. But I spoke.

“I can never get accustomed to the sight of the ruins.” said I. “Wherever I go, they cry out to me the story of the martyrdom of the great nation that could have arrested the decline of the superior races; saved the whole world. And the more I

think of that, the more I hate those who, in or outside Germany, have worked to bring about the disaster.”

“You mean the Jews?”

“The Jews, undoubtedly. But still more, those Aryans who believed the Jewish lies, or who allied themselves to the forces of international Jewry for petty motives of their own; all those who, in or outside Germany, betrayed National Socialism or fought it openly.”

“And of all, whom do you hate the most?”

“The traitors of whom you yourself spoke a while ago: those who, in spite of being pure-blooded Germans, have secretly worked against the Führer during this war and who, now, sit in high positions, thanks to the conquerors’ protection.”

“Good! Well said! Yes, those are the rascals that must go first, when the day of reckoning comes.”

“I am waiting for that day.”

“And I! And not only I—millions!”

And the man’s eyes suddenly hardened, and I saw in them a flash of ferocity—which I welcomed. “At last,” thought I, “here is someone with whom I need not bother to moderate my style. Here is someone

who will follow me to the end; someone whom the sight of that deep-seated Mediterranean barbarity of mine—that lingering trace of the immemorial non-Aryans who flourished before the Greeks and Latins on the shores of the Inner Sea—would not frighten; a Northerner who, once stirred, could match any Southern European in cold-blooded violence.”

And I smiled.

* * *

The man swallowed his glass of beer, ordered another one, and then turned again to me.

“So you have seen what those rascals have done to our poor country, haven’t you?”

“I have seen Hamburg,” I replied; “I have seen Hanover, Frankfurt, Essen, Cologne, Koblenz, Saarbrücken; I have seen Stuttgart and Ulm. And I know the towns of the Russian Zone—Berlin, Dresden, and the others—are in the same state; that it is everywhere the same.”

“Have you seen Düren?”

“No.”

“It is my native town. Not far from here. Between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle. Can you imagine how many innocent people, men, women, and children, they killed there in one single night with their confounded phosphorus bombs? Twenty-two thousand! And not killed outright, mind you. No, but burnt alive—stuck, and literally frizzled to death, in the melting tar of the streets all ablaze, all but a few. I was there—on leave from the army—and had a narrow escape. I *saw* that hell with my own eyes, and will never forget it. It was on the 16th of November 1944. You should see the place now: a heap of ruins. Like the rest of Germany.”

“I will never forget,” he again said, after a pause: “and never forgive.”

And again, I caught in his eyes that flash of elemental ferocity.

I smiled faintly, recalling in my mind the ever-vivid memory of my first journey through Germany, of my first glimpse of those ruins of whole cities, and of my appeal to the implacable Force Who rules the Universe with mathematical harmony—to the Inaccessible One,¹ deaf to the voice of pious fear or tardy remorse: “Mother of Destruction,

¹ Durga, one of the names of the Nature Goddess, both creative and destructive, means in Sanskrit “inaccessible.”

avenge this country!”

“Yes,” said I, to the man, in a most sincere outburst of feelings very similar to his although they sprang from a different source, “I too shall never forgive those rascals their cruelty and their vile hypocrisy; their sitting as judges over so-called ‘war criminals,’ at Nuremberg, after having themselves done *this*—as though *this* were not a war crime far more horrible than all their alleged charges against National Socialism. I shall never forgive them their smugness, their pretences of righteousness, their lies about ‘justice’ and ‘liberty’ coupled with their fanatical mania of ‘re-educating’ all those who do not believe as they do. Who are *they* to re-educate people, anyhow? Who are they to talk of morals, and ‘humanity’ and what not?” “So you hate them just as I do, don’t you?”

“Yes, just as you do—if not still more.”

“But you say you were in India. You have not suffered what we have suffered here. You have not seen *that* hell.”

“No; but I thought of it all the time. It haunted me. I travelled from place to place not to think of it, and could not. And then came that nauseating trial—that crime, if there ever has been one. As soon as I came back to Europe, I heard them congratulating one another over it, as though it had been an act of justice—the swine! And that is not all. The savage destruction of that National Socialist Germany which I had looked up to for twenty years; the hanging of the finest men of Europe as “war criminals,” even *that* fades away before the one thought which I can never cast aside: the thought of what they *would have done* to my Führer himself—the one among my contemporaries whom I have ever worshipped—if they had been able to lay hands upon him. I shudder at the idea . . .”

“Yes; the devils!” replied the man. And his eyes blazed. “But,” he added in a whisper, to be heard of me alone. “Don’t fear: *he* is alive—and in excellent health.”

“I know,” said I.

“And *he* is coming back,” continued the man, in a still lower whisper. “When the Day of divine Vengeance dawns, you will see him.”

“Perhaps—if the Gods judge me worthy,” I replied. And my face beamed. “See him! See him at the head of the promised Last Battalion—the ‘Third Power’”—said I, recalling both spoken and printed words that had given me new life and new impetus, even after my coming to Germany. “But where is that mysterious ‘Third Power’? Do you know?”

The man’s eyes took on an expression of superhuman ferocious joy. His face became beautiful and terrible, like that of a war god of old. “*I* am the ‘Third Power,’” said he, with exultation, without even caring this time to lower his voice; “I am the Last Battalion; I am the divine Vengeance that will descend upon those rascals like the lightning, and finish them forever—both the Western lot and the Eastern lot, which is even worse; I, and millions like me. Don’t expect it from abroad. No, it is here—unseen, unsuspected, but waiting, ready to strike at the first signal. It is here, and it will come from here. It will rise out of Germany’s own soil, from a thousand places at a time, like the lava of a thousand volcanoes, that nobody can hold back, and it will roll all over Europe in waves of flame and fire before they have time to turn around. The hatred of the Nation who had done no harm to them, and whom they have tortured and humiliated, gagged, and robbed and cut to pieces—and reviled—in the sole hope that they would enjoy the earth alone; that hatred is the ‘Third Power,’ I tell you. There is no other.”—“And we need no other,” he added, emptying his glass, “That will finish them.”

“Unless the atom bomb finishes the whole earth before,” put in the other man sitting at our table. It was the first time I had heard him say something.

“The atom bomb will do a good deal of our dirty work for us,” replied the first speaker. “Don’t worry, my friend; the swine will use it on each other without

bothering to waste it on us—it is too expensive. We will only step into their game when they imagine they are about to end it. And watch then, what happens, atom bomb or no atom bomb! Watch, for it will be worth seeing. Not like 1940, oh no! Much better!”

And his heavy shoulders shook with a loud, defiant laughter. And his eyes gleamed with that ferocious joy that *I* am said to radiate, at times, when speaking or thinking of our enemies’ future abasement. I was looking at him with the admiring interest of a beautiful woman looking at herself in a mirror. Yes, that rough, uncouth, outspoken man would understand my indignation at the thought of all the sufferings imposed upon those who think and feel as I do. He would never tell me—or tell others—that I am “awful.” What a relief to meet such a one after three years of contact with squeamish humanitarians of all degrees of falsity!

The man ordered three more glasses of beer, insisting that I should have one too, and then pursued:

“Much better, yes! I was then in France, with the army. I marched down the streets of Paris and under their famous ‘Arc de Triomphe.’

Those were splendid days. I marched right through the country, down to the Spanish frontier. I enjoyed myself. We all did. We ate. We drank. We had a fine time. Grand days, I tell you! But we behaved as gentlemen. We did harm to nobody. More still: our iron discipline protected the vanquished against possible excesses on our part. In Lyons, I saw one of our soldiers shot for having helped himself to a wristwatch adorned with diamonds, in one of their shops. We kept order among ourselves. And we brought order to the countries we ruled. We were generous and merciful to the conquered—until, of course, they started killing us by the dozen in the streets, after sunset, for nothing at all. Then, we just had to take steps. Who would not have? We lost the war. Many of us failed to get out of France as quickly as we would have liked to, and fell prisoners to the French. I was one among them—and wounded. You should have seen how they treated us! Worse than pigs!”

“I have heard accounts from other prisoners, especially from some of those who had served in the Waffen SS, and who happened to be captured at that time,” said I.

“Yes, those—our finest boys—they handled worse than any account can possibly describe. How many of them never came back from their hellish concentration camps or their slave labour settlements in the middle of Africa? How many of them, after being ‘liberated,’ were forced to sign contracts for years of service in their ‘foreign legion,’ and sent off to Indo-China and other places to die of tropical diseases? God only knows. But set *them* aside. We fared badly enough, we common soldiers of the *Wehrmacht*. I would tell you all that I went through

personally, if this place were not closing at three o'clock and if it were not now nearly a quarter to three.

“Well, they kept me till the end of 1948. It is only three months since I came back home. And the oppression I have seen here—whatever be the ‘zone’—I don’t believe the world has ever seen before; not in Europe, at any rate. Nice ones to talk of ‘liberty’ and ‘justice,’ these damned Democrats! They have tied us down, hand and foot, so that we cannot move; and gagged us, so that we cannot protest, while they plunder our country right and left, carry away our factories piece by piece, cut down all our woods, take our coal, our iron, our steel, whatever we have, and make people believe, on the top of it all, that we are the cause of the war—the confounded liars!

“But I tell you, the day of reckoning is coming; that grand day that you and I, and our friend sitting here, and thousands of others are awaiting; the day when we shall see those Johnnies run for their lives,

in every ‘zone’ whichever it be, and curse their destiny for ever having brought them to Germany; the day when you will see the ‘Third Power’ at work; when *I* shall be in Paris once more. But I shall not be the same man. And Paris will be in ruins. So will many other places that we spared this time. We will spare nothing and nobody, next time. We will show these rascals what the kind, peaceable, harmless Germans *can* become, when exasperated by years of inhuman treatment. Yes, they used to call us ‘*sales Boches*,’ and we just laughed, as one laughs at children’s naughty pranks. This time, we will not laugh. Oh, no! I, at least, will not laugh!”

And suddenly raising his voice, and rolling before me eyes that *were* those of a wounded wild beast maddened with pain, or those of a Stone Age war god athirst for blood—inspired eyes, in which the lust of murder (as old and as strong as the lust of copulation) shone in all its barbaric splendour—he said: “I shall spare none of these bastards, this time, when I go back as a conqueror. But I shall cut the throat of each and every one I catch, do you hear?— *like that*” (and, in a horrible gesture, he passed the back of his hand across his own throat three or four times) “and I shall watch their eyes beg me for mercy, and shall remain as deaf as stone and as hard as stone; I shall watch life slowly leaving them while I look straight into their faces, until the end. And that will still be kindness, compared with what I have seen them do to us, in 1944 and 1945.”

I gazed at that outburst of elemental fury in a man of my own race and of my own ideals, with that mixed feeling of religious awe and elation that had once possessed me while I stood on the slippery deck of a ship, in the midst of a storm on the North Sea, or by one of the lava streams at night on the slopes of erupting Mount Hekla.

I half closed my eyes, and smiled to bitter memories which, one day—I now knew—would seem to me like the recollection of a nightmare in the glory of

daylight: the tragedy of Nuremberg; the tragedy of all Germany in ruins; and all the horror of the relentless persecution of National Socialism, of which I had seen a little, and heard a lot more. And I remembered that I had called for divine Vengeance, during my very first journey through the martyred Land. “Goddess colour of the stormy Ocean and colour of the starry night, Dark Blue One, Mother of Destruction,” I thought, as I looked at the frightful face in front of me, “hast Thou answered my call? Art Thou Thyself gazing at me through these ferocious eyes, promising me Thy slow, exact, passionless vengeance, for all those I love?”

I recalled in my mind Hekla’s thick lava, moving at the rate of three

meters a day, and burning everything on its way. Equally slow was the gradual swelling of that mighty ocean of hatred against the persecutors of all I stood for; equally slow, and equally irresistible, and equally indiscriminate in its divine, impersonal destructiveness. But that ocean was conscious, to some extent. Through each one of its molecules, it could speak to me—as it did now—and I could speak to it. It understood me. For, although I stood above it, when I liked, I still was, myself, a part of it, and knew its language, and could make its rolling waves rise and rush forth at my voice.

I held out my hand to the terrible, simple-hearted “tough,” and smiled once more—not merely, this time, to the abstract idea of divine vengeance, but *to him*. “Right!” said I, “quite right! Oh, you don’t know how much I am in sympathy with you! But don’t forget to ‘liquidate’ these damned anti-Nazis out here, before you proceed to chastise the outer world. They are the first cause of the loss of the war, and the originators of all Germany’s sufferings.”

“Certainly! You don’t imagine that we are going to leave any of these traitors behind, do you? No fear! They will get what they deserve all right.”

But the man’s eyes softened as he took my hand in his big, rough, strong hands. He looked at me with a face in which the murderous expression had completely vanished, giving way to a frank, kind, almost affectionate smile. And, turning to his comrade, he said—while still holding my hand in his—“I like this woman. She speaks the truth.”

“And writes it!” I replied, laughing.

“Yes, I had forgotten about your book.”

“I am not speaking only of my book,” said I. “I am speaking of *these*. Now I know that you will not betray me, I suppose I can show you one—and give you one (or more) if you are interested . . .”

And I produced from my bag a paper about twelve inches long by eight inches wide, one of the five thousand leaflets—my latest supply—of which I had already

distributed the greatest number. “But,” said I, “be careful that nobody sees you reading it.”

“That’s all right! Don’t fear.”

He unfolded it, saw the large swastika filling about a quarter of the page. “Oh oh! Here is something!” he said. He cleverly turned over the portion of the paper bearing the sacred, and now most dangerous Sign and read the printed writing:

German people,
What have the Democracies brought you?
During the war, phosphorus and fire.
After the war, hunger; humiliation; oppression;
 dismantling of the factories;
 destruction of the forests;
 and now—the Ruhr Statute!
But, “Slavery is not to last much longer.”
Our Führer is alive, and will soon come back with untold power.
Resist our persecutors!
Hope and wait.

Heil Hitler!
 S.D.

“By Jove, it is true—could not be more true!” said the man. “And you wrote that?”

“Yes.”

“And what does ‘S.D.’ mean?”

“My initials, standing for Savitri Devi. My full name is Savitri Devi Mukherji.”

The man laughed, “Written and signed, eh! That’s splendid.” “You can have a look at this,” he added, turning to his friend and handing the paper over to him. And to me, he said in a whisper: “It is a dangerous game you are playing, my dear lady. Beautiful, but dangerous. Only pray you don’t get ‘pinched’ one of these days. And now . . . another glass of beer, won’t you?”

“But . . .”

“Yes, yes, you must have one; to the success of your mission; to the return of the great days; to *his* return . . .”

“Right.”

“Waiter, three more beers!”

“But we are closing,” said the waiter.

“Never mind! Come along! It will not take five minutes.”

The waiter hurried back. The man paid. We lifted our glasses, speaking in a low voice:

“To the destruction of the enemy!”

“To the resurrection of Germany!”

“To Adolf Hitler, *Weltführer!*”

I felt tears rising to my eyes as I uttered these words, recalling in my mind the happy time when I was expecting to see the German army break through at Stalingrad, and march through High Asia into India, along the old Conquerors’ Way, uniting the whole of the Aryan world.

“What are you thinking about?” the man asked me.

“About the glorious days.”

“They will come back,” said he, putting one hand on my shoulder; “Or rather, I should say, greater days will come; the New Order but . . . no traitors this time, and no Jews.”

The waiter came up to us, “We are closing,” he said; “I am sorry.”

“Would you like to have more of my papers?” I asked the two men.

“I would like a couple of them,” replied the one who had hardly spoken up till now. I gave him a few.

“How many have you got?” asked the other man.

“I do not know. I had, originally, five thousand. But I have distributed quite a number already. I might have a few hundreds left.”

“Five thousand are very few for all Germany,” said he. “Use them sparingly. This one you gave me is enough. A thousand people will read it. Dozens will copy it and distribute it in their turn.”

We got up. We shook hands.

“By the way,” the man said at last to me, “I did not think of asking you your nationality. In spite of your foreign accent, I completely forgot you are not a German. What are you?”

“An Aryan,” I replied with a smile. “Is that not sufficient?”

“Yes, it is.” The man also smiled.

“Heil Hitler!” said I, in a whisper, as we parted, without daring to lift my arm in salute, as we were in a public place.

“Heil Hitler!” replied the two men.

* * *

Since then, I have often recalled the more than human force concentrated in that man; the bitterness, the resentment, the hatred of a whole people that has suffered beyond measure, and that he embodies. Yes, *that* is the force we will let loose upon this half-ruined continent, next time.

Vox populi, vox Dei. That rough, sincere German, fundamentally good but roused to murderous violence by excess of foul treatment, *is* the German people. Through his voice, the blood of the unknown thousands of Germans martyred for the love of the Nazi Idea since 1945, cries for vengeance. It *is* a divine voice. In it, rings the spell that will bring down the whole structure both of Democracy and of Communism. Nothing can silence it, nor weaken its magic power.

Chapter 11

THE CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE

“Denn was hier verkündet werden mußte, war eine neue Weltanschauung, und nicht eine neue Wahlparole.”

—Adolf Hitler¹

“Der Nationalsozialismus ist eine Weltanschauung, die in schärfster Opposition zu der heutigen Welt des Kapitalismus und seiner marxistischen und bürgerlichen Trabanten steht.”

—Gottfried Feder²

Carved out in Pentelicus marble above the Ionic colonnade of the “Gennadios Library,” in modern Athens, one can read the words: “Hellenes are all those who share our culture.” I do not remember and have not, here in prison, the opportunity to find out which not exceedingly ancient Greek internationalist first wrote that foolish sentence. But I am pretty sure it is the utterance of one of those many—far *too* many—idle thinkers, improperly styled “philosophers,” of the Alexandrian or perhaps even of the Roman period, *i.e.*, of the time Pagan Greece was already decadent. No Greek of the classical days would have been so silly as to believe that any human being, provided he could speak Greek and quote Greek poets, and exhibit Greek manners and acquired tastes, could be called a Hellene. Even the rough, illiterate, but intelligent and manly Greeks of the darkest days of all in the evolution of the Greek people—the days of the Turkish domination—knew better than that, for they were anything but decadent. Unfortunately, it is not classical Greece, but that internationalised, levantinised, brilliant but enervated Greece of Hellenistic and still later times that influenced Rome, and, through Rome, Europe. And, unfortunately also, in addition to this unhealthy influence, came a still more pernicious

¹ “For what had to be proclaimed here was a new worldview, not a new election slogan” (Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, I, ix, p. 243; cf. Mannheim, p. 223).

² “National Socialism is a worldview that stands in sharpest opposition to the present-day world of capitalism and its Marxist and bourgeois satellites” (Gottfried Feder, *Das Programm der NSDAP und seine weltanschaulichen Grundgedanken* (Munich: Franz Eher, 1932), p. 64) [Trans. by Ed.].

one, namely that of Christianity. Still more pernicious, I say, for in the new religion, the false doctrine of the equal possibilities of all men was not only broadened, but strengthened; sanctioned on the ground of alleged superhuman authority.

It is no wonder that, when Europe ceased to be pious without ceasing to be foolish, she started seeking for the equivalent of that equalitarian inspiration which Christianity had so long given her, once more in decaying Hellenistic thought. America followed Europe, with a vengeance. Of all possible quotations from ancient Greek thinkers, the one that the super-Democrats of the New World found the most fit to figure above the pillars of the Library of the Archaeological School run by them in Athens, is precisely the one which I recalled at the beginning of this chapter. An anticipation, I suppose, in their minds; and an encouragement, also. From the depth of a past that is not very remote, but that *looks* so, in the eyes of a hotchpotch community hardly two hundred years old, the voice of the Greek-speaking internationalist (who might have been anything but a pure Greek himself, if he lived at the time I presume) tells them: “Yes, provided he has become familiar with the works of Homer, Aeschylus, and Plato, even a ‘Yank’ can become ‘a Hellene’—somewhat as a Pole, or an Armenian, even a Jew, settled in the USA, who speaks English, reads American papers and American novels, and enjoys American films, becomes ‘an American.’ Why not? It is culture that makes nationality. In other words, it is what one knows and what one is accustomed to think that makes what one is.”

Christianity—as all other-worldly religions based upon revelation—had gone a step further. It had set up the idea that it is what one believes that determines, finally, what one is. And still today, strictly speaking, in the Christian conception, community of culture itself is overshadowed by the idea of common allegiance to moral and metaphysical dogmas. *Any* man, provided he believes in salvation through Jesus Christ with all its implications, is—in theory at least—according to it, to be treated as the equal of any other man who believes the same, to the extent that he can marry and give his children in marriage in that other man’s family, whatever be his race and the state of his health. Culture comes second. But I say: “In theory at least”; for, to most people, it is still a real or supposed “community of culture” that is the more important factor of Democratic equality. Community of religious beliefs comes in, with pious individuals, as a part of the cultural link.

But, if Christianity never succeeded in uniting all men and mixing all races on the basis of common beliefs about the other world—if, for instance, to this day, it has not been able to break down the colour bar

in the countries where it exists—its slow and steady influence has succeeded in making many of those who believe in “equality through culture” extend to all mankind, even to obviously inferior races, the possibility of sharing with the Aryan, sooner or later, “a common culture.” This distorted attitude is at the back of the deplorable mania of “educating the natives,” of the most non-Aryan colonial countries, along European lines. And I repeat: no man of Aryan blood could probably ever have brought himself to believe—as our Democrats and Communists do—that *any* people (of whatever race) can, “through education,” imbibe the modern culture of Western Europe, if centuries of Christianity had not subconsciously prepared him to do so, by teaching his fathers that all *souls* are equal in the eyes of the Christian God, and that souls count, not bodies.

The fact that, by civil as well as, in the case of coreligionists, by religious law, everywhere in the world save in caste-ridden India, in primitive societies admitting strict sexual “taboos,” and in countries in which an effective colour bar exists, anybody can marry anybody, only proves how powerfully the great international religions of equality—Christianity and Islam, both sprung from Judaism—have prepared the ground for the modern Democratic outlook, the logical outcome of which is, ultimately, Communism. The most democratic and cosmopolitan ancient Greek, for whom Hellenism meant just Hellenic culture, detached from Hellenic nationality and race, would never have gone to that length. He would never have admitted that a Chinese, for instance (highly civilised as he may be, in his own style) or an African, could “participate in Greek culture” however well he might be able to quote Homer by heart. And he would have been shocked at some of the marriages that take place in modern Europe. Humanity has greatly degenerated since the influence of Jewry—through Christianity, in the whole world, and through Islam, in the Near and Middle East and in Africa—has added itself, on an unprecedented scale, to the already existing forces of disintegration. But the root of the decay lies in the attitude expressed in the old sentence which I quoted above, *i.e.*, in the attitude that consists of underestimating or altogether neglecting the basic physical factor in culture as well as in nationality. What one knows, and even what one seems generally to think and to do, does *not* determine in any way what one is. On the contrary, it is one’s physical background that determines one’s intellectual and moral tendencies and the real meaning of what one thinks and does and chooses to remember or forget. And more than one’s economical or geographical *milieu*, one’s physical background is one’s total ancestry—one’s race; one’s blood.

The Founder of National Socialism came, first and foremost, to remind the world of this forgotten, but all-important truth; to destroy the dangerous illusion that has misled Western consciousness ever since the decay of classical Heathendom; to denounce the foolishness of any attempt to “Germanise” even Aryans that are not of pure Germanic stock (let alone non-Aryans) and to proclaim, in defiance of twenty-four centuries of error, that “language and customs cannot replace blood.”¹

* * *

The foundation of new Germany as Adolf Hitler has laid it, can be admired in the concise wording of the fourth of the famous *Twenty-Five Points* that contain in a nutshell the whole programme of the National Socialist Party: “He alone can be a citizen of the State, who is one of the people. He alone can be one of the people, who is of German blood, whatever be his religion. No Jew, therefore, can be one of the people.”²

Even among the early National Socialists themselves, very few realised how enormous a revolution had just been started when, on the 24th of February 1920, in an impressive mass meeting at the Hofbräuhaus, in Munich, the Führer, for the first time, uttered these words in public. Four years later, he was to write in *Mein Kampf* that the mission of the National Socialist movement was “neither to found a monarchy nor to establish a republic, but to create a German State.”³ And indeed, not only was this the first time in the history of the German people that the conception of a real German State ever was put forward, but it was, as far as I know, the first time in the evolution of the world that the conception of a national State of any description was proclaimed, in full knowledge of its practical and philosophical implications and in full awareness of its importance. It was certainly the first time that the creation of such a State was willed for the welfare of a practically homogeneous *Aryan* population.⁴ The age-old Indian caste

¹ *Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 428 ff; cf. Mannheim, p. 389.

² “Staatsbürger kann nur sein, wer Volksgenosse ist. Volksgenosse kann nur sein, wer deutschen Blutes ist, ohne Rücksichtnahme auf Konfession. Kein Jude kann daher Volksgenosse sein” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 4).

³ “Ihre Mission liegt nicht in der Begründung einer Monarchie oder der Festigung einer Republik, sondern in der Schaffung eines germanischen Staates” (*Mein Kampf*, I, xii, p. 380; cf. Mannheim, p. 346).

⁴ Comprising, if not only people of unmixed Germanic or Nordic stock, at least Aryans only.

system, based upon the self-same racial principles as the new German régime, was devised for the harmonious development of many races living in one immense country under the intended political as well as spiritual domination of an exceedingly small Aryan minority. The only other modern civilised people, fairly homogeneous, whose native religion and tradition—combining ancestor worship, hero worship, and Sun worship—are conducive to the formation of a proper national State, the Japanese, are not Aryans at all.

In Western Antiquity, the concept of race was stressed far more than it has been ever since; for the germs of decadence had not yet so firmly set in. Race consciousness, as distinct from culture consciousness, was something that really did exist. No man, for instance, could take part in the Olympic Games unless he could prove that he was of Hellenic blood. A mere cultural “Hellene” would not have been admitted—any more than, in India, to this day, a man of a low caste (or altogether outside the pale of the caste system) would be admitted into the innermost part of a Hindu temple or into a feasting hall “for Brahmins only,”

whatever be his “culture.” Yet, not even then was the idea of racial integrity set up as the foundation of national life; as the dominant factor, both in culture and politics. In the far North, the Aryan in all his purity was practically alone; the possibility of intermixture was too remote, too unthinkable for him to feel the danger of it. In the Mediterranean regions, he was already, to a great extent, blended with the Minoan and Etruscan elements, the civilised pre-Hellenic and pre-Latin natives of Southern Europe. Pure blood meant no longer, objectively, what it still meant in the “Hyperborean” world, whence the Hellenes and their manly gods—Ares, the Warrior, and fair-haired Apollo, and other personifications of strength and beauty, life and light—had once come. In India, alone in the midst of numerous and prolific populations entirely different from himself both physically and culturally, the Aryan soon discovered that his only hope of survival lay in his systematic upholding of race consciousness and purity of blood as a principle and as a duty. He found that out, and acted accordingly only because he was “cornered”; because he felt that it was, for him, a matter of life or death.

Generous and tolerant by nature, open-minded, sympathetic towards foreign things—anything but “arrogant,” in spite of what his enemies might say—the Aryan never seems to have fully awakened to racial consciousness *unless* he realised that he was “cornered.”

For the first time in the West—for the first time in the world in a pre-eminently Aryan land—Adolf Hitler has roused in him that sense

of danger, and thereby brought him back to his forgotten healthy ancestral outlook on life; made him realise, in spite of twenty-four centuries of false teachings, that blood, and not artificially acquired “culture,” not artificially accepted morality, is the real link among men; nay, that any culture, any morality that is out of keeping with one’s racial genius, has no roots and no meaning; does not exist. Standing boldly alone against the downward rush of time—against that immemorial, slow process of decay inherent in human history; nay, defying it where it is the fiercest, *i.e.*, near the *end* of a great historical Cycle—he re-installed the natural, the eternal order of values that had God alone knows how long been reversed in men’s minds and customs, and he proclaimed that the new German State was to be edified, not upon community of “culture,” or of religion, or of beliefs or of interests of any sort, irrespective of race, but, on the contrary, *upon community of race irrespective of religion*—irrespective of everything. *That* was indeed a revolution; the beginning of a truly New Order. Even more; that was, as I have said before,¹ a call to resurrection; *the* only possible call to resurrection: “*Deutschland erwache!*”—“Germany, awake! Freed at last from the grip of the death-forces that are planning your destruction (for they well know that, as long as *you* are alive, they cannot rule the world unthreatened) arise! Arise, and take the lead of the reborn Aryan race!”

* * *

And, to all those who understand its implications, it was a call to resurrection not addressed to Germany alone but to all pure-blooded Nordic people beyond the technical boundaries of the Reich; nay, it was a call to all people of Indo-European stock—Indo-*Germanisch*, as they say in German—to shake off the yoke of unhealthy philosophies imposed upon them through political, religious, or cultural channels, never mind how and never mind when, by the sly, subtle, patiently destructive, the jealous genius of Judaism. Our “*Deutschland erwache!*” meant also: “*Arier, erwachet!*” More still; it was, even beyond the pale of aristocratic Aryandom, a call to all those also lovable races that are worthy to live honourably under the Sun, and to those whom Nature has appointed to rule, in their own distant spheres; an appeal to all to give up the foolish teaching of equality through “common culture” with which the Jew has infected the West, and the West, in its turn, the

¹ Page 14.

whole world; and to follow the new—and old; perennial—teaching of harmony in inequality and diversity; of purity of blood and originality of culture at every level of the natural hierarchy of races; of obedience to the will of the Sun that has “put every man in his place, and made people different in shape, in colour, and in speech”¹ for the fulfilment of the particular task divinely appointed to each one. It was a call for the remoulding of every State into a national one, on a racial basis, according to the genius and requirements of the people whose welfare it is to be the custodian.

As I said, few people were then—as few are now—aware of the universality and eternity of National Socialism. Some were, however. The Führer himself was, as go to prove several passages in *Mein Kampf* which allude to the laws of Nature as the ultimate foundation of our *Weltanschauung*.² So were—and so are still—a few of his both German and foreign followers. So were, and so are, some of the most intelligent non-Aryans whom I have met. In 1941, a Japanese residing in Calcutta told me, “We look upon your National Socialism as . . . the Shintoism of the West.” Whoever has studied that immemorial religion of Japan, Shinto, or “the Way of the Gods,”³ especially in the new political form given to it in the eighteenth century by thinkers and patriots such as Motoori and Hirata, cannot help being impressed by the meaning of that apparently strange statement. What the man wished to say was that, for the first time to his knowledge, a great nation of the Christian West had shaken off the anti-national spirit of Christianity—nay, the anti-national spirit of all philosophy prevalent in Europe since the decadence of Pagan Antiquity, with the sole exception of that of Nietzsche—and boldly gone back, for its inspiration, to a doctrine of blood and soil much similar, in its essence, to that which the proud Land of the Rising Sun has never forsaken in spite of all internationalist influences.

¹ King Akhnaton's Longer Hymn to the Sun (circa 1400 BC).

² ". . . die Menschen . . . ihr höheres Dasein nicht den Ideen einiger verrückter Ideologen, sondern der Erkenntnis und rücksichtslosen Anwendung eherner Naturgesetze verdanken"—"men . . . owe their higher existence, not to the ideas of a few crazy ideologues, but to the knowledge and ruthless application of Nature's stern and rigid laws" (*Mein Kampf*, I, xi, p. 316; cf. Mannheim, p. 288), and ". . . unsere neue Auffassung, die ganz dem Ursinn der Dinge entspricht"—". . . our new conception which corresponds wholly to the primal meaning of things" (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 440; cf. Mannheim, 399) [Trans. by Ed.].

³ An article of mine on Shintoism—unfortunately much abridged, and thereby robbed of a great part of its consistency by the editor—has appeared in the magazine *New Asia* in 1940.

Yes, our brave Allies of the Far East, would to God we had won this war together! You would have controlled the whole of the Mongolian world, you, the "Herrenvolk" of Asia, the nation of Tojo and Yamagata, and above all, of Toyama. In all the West including Russia—including the vanquished USA—the Führer's word would have been the law and his spirit the source of inspiration. And some Brahmin, entirely devoted to our cause and supremely intelligent—uniting the suppleness and unscrupulousness of the East to his ancestral Aryan virtues—and in close touch both with Berlin and Tokyo, would have taken charge of India and South Asia.¹ This was the world we wanted—the grand world of which we dreamed during this struggle. It meant, no doubt, the undisputed supremacy of Germany. And that is precisely why most non-German Aryans did not want it, although it meant, also, unlimited possibilities of free and healthy development for Aryan mankind wherever it is to be found at its best; nay, free and healthy development for all worthy races, each one in its place. It meant life and resurrection: the Führer's gifts. And I say, repeating here one of my statements before my judges at Düsseldorf on April 5th, 1949—I, one of Hitler's non-German followers—the Man and the Nation that brought the world such gifts had every right to rule. The Aryans who grudged them that right have betrayed the cause of their own race.

* * *

But nowhere, or nearly nowhere, is any noble race represented in its absolute purity by more than a small minority of individuals. Even in Sweden where the Germanic type—the tall, well-built, blond, blue-eyed or grey-eyed man—is by far the commonest, one cannot say that it is the only type to be found. There *are* Swedes in whose physical appearance one detects racial characteristics, Aryan, no doubt, but other than Germanic. And what is true of Sweden—racially one of the purest countries in the world—is still more so of the rest of Europe.

"Unfortunately," writes the Führer himself, "the kernel of our German nation is no longer racially homogeneous."² Anyone who has travelled at least in western and southern Germany is compelled to admit he is

¹ This is not an allusion to Subhas Chandra Bose, who was not a Brahmin, but to Savitri's husband A.K. Mukherji.—Ed.

² “Unser deutsches Volkstum beruht leider nicht mehr auf einem einheitlichen rassistischen Kern” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, pp. 436–437; cf. Mannheim, pp. 395–96).

right. And the more one goes southwards, the more that beautiful Nordic type—which is, uncontestedly, *the* Aryan type in its utmost purity—becomes rare. The truth is that, wherever the Aryans have settled in Europe (save in Germany and Scandinavia, that were covered with ice until very recently)¹ they found previous inhabitants, sometimes primitive, as in England, sometimes highly civilised, as in Crete and the Aegean Isles, with whom they intermingled at a very early date. But the Celts, and later Saxons, interbred far less with the original non-Aryan population of Great Britain (which they pushed into the hilly parts of the country) than the Hellenes and Latins did, with the Minoans and Etruscans of South Europe. Whence the cleavage that one notices, to this day, between North and South Europe. As for Germany, its population has surely ceased to be as homogeneous as it was in the days when Hermann defeated Varus’ legions. Still, it comprises a fairly high proportion of pure Germanic types—many of exceeding beauty—and its elements that cannot be styled as strictly Germanic, or Nordic (mixed Celtic and Nordic, mostly) are anyhow Aryan. Intermixture with the old non-Aryan Mediterranean stock (pre-Hellenic and pre-Latin) has only occurred on a very restricted scale, and very late in history, through occasional marriages between Germans and southern Europeans. So has interbreeding with the Semitic race, fortunately. Even before the rise of National Socialism, there seem to have been fewer half-Jews and quarter-Jews in Germany than in the rest of Europe, with the exception of the Scandinavian countries, of Italy and, I must say, of Greece and the Balkan States (and Eastern Europe in general) where the Jew has always been looked upon as a foreigner—and an unpleasant one at that—tolerated, but never welcome.

In spite of her lack of homogeneity, Germany was racially pure enough to appreciate the grandeur of Hitler’s message. And perhaps *because* of that lack of homogeneity—and certainly because of the presence of Jews in her midst, whose despicable rôle during and after the First World War was well-known—she was more ready to respond to it than any of those Nordic countries which had not had, for a very long time, the good fortune of feeling themselves in real danger. It was therefore natural that National Socialism should have originated in Germany, and found among Germans—save for a few brilliant

¹ According to the *Cambridge Ancient History*, vol. 1 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1924) the whole North of Germany was covered with ice up till about 15000 BC, South Scandinavia up till 10000 BC, and North Scandinavia up till 5000 BC.

exceptions¹—its most devoted, most consistent, and most intelligent exponents. There was more to it. The only great European nation who, two thousand years ago, not only resisted the levelling influence of imperial Rome—the metropolis of a no longer Aryan world—but defeated her armies in open conflict; the one who resisted Christianity, surely the most stubbornly if not also the longest,² was

predestined to give birth to the greatest European of all ages and to be the first resurrected Aryan nation—the first to bear upon its flag the sacred Sign of the Sun, and in its heart, once more, the everlasting ideals of Nordic Heathendom.

But that is not all. It was—and it is—the aim of National Socialism to regenerate the race by a systematic sex policy and a type of education that would make such a policy more and more easy to apply in practice. “The German Reich,” says Adolf Hitler, “must not only select out of the German nation only the very best of the original racial elements and preserve *them*, but it must slowly and surely raise them to a position of dominance.”³ This is possible in Germany because there *is*, there, a minority which represents the original Aryan in all his purity. It is possible in other lands also, to the extent that these retain racially pure elements, for “every crossing of races leads sooner or later to the decay of the hybrid product, so long as the higher portion of the cross survives, united in racial purity. It is only when the last vestige of the higher racial unit becomes bastardised that the hybrid product ceases to be in danger of extinction. But a foundation must be laid of a natural, if slow, process of regeneration, which shall gradually drive out the racial poison; that is, given that a foundation stock of racial purity still exists and the process of bastardisation is arrested.”⁴ If

¹ Such men as Vidkun Quisling, Knut Hamsun, Sven Hedin, and a few others.

² In the midst of the fourteenth century, Prussia was still to a very great extent Heathen.

³ “*Das Deutsche Reich soll als Staat alle Deutschen umschließen mit der Aufgabe, aus diesen Volke die wertvollsten Bestände an rassischen Urelementen nicht nur zu sammeln und zu erhalten, sondern langsam und sicher zur beherrschenden Stellung emporzuführen*” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 439; cf. Mannheim, p. 398).

⁴ “*Jegliche Rassenkreuzung führt zwangsläufig früher oder später zum Untergang des Mischproduktes, solange der höherstehende Teil dieser Kreuzung selbst noch in einer reinen irgendwie rassenmäßigen Einheit vorhanden ist. Die Gefahr für das Mischprodukt ist erst beseitigt im Augenblick der Bastardierung des letzten höherstehenden Rassereinen.*”

“Darin liegt ein, wenn auch langsamer natürlicher Regenerationsprozeß begründet, der rassische Vergiftungen allmählich wieder ausscheidet, solange noch ein Grundstock rassisch reiner Elemente vorhanden ist und eine weitere Bastardierung nicht mehr stattfindet” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 443; cf. Mannheim, p. 401).

the representatives of such a stock are, at first, alone encouraged, and then, alone allowed, to breed, while the others—the already bastardised—are more and more discouraged and finally forbidden to do so, a time is bound to come in which the Aryan, in all his original strength, intelligence, and beauty, far from having to struggle for his very survival in an increasingly degenerate world, will automatically take his place as *the* ruling element in a natural hierarchy of restored races. And *that* is the first and foremost aim of the National Socialist Movement: to reinstall the Aryan—the natural aristocrat from every point of view—to the position of power and honour which Nature, in her impersonal wisdom, has intended him to occupy, not merely in Europe but in the world at

large. The Führer has expressed this in no uncertain terms: “This world is undoubtedly going through great changes. The only question is whether the outcome will be the good of Aryan humanity, or profits for the eternal Jews,”¹ and: “For the world’s future, the important thing is . . . whether Aryan man holds his own or dies out.”²

But first, the Aryan must once more become worthy of his exalted rôle, both physically and from the point of view of character. To that end were conceived the selective sex policy of the Third Reich, and the National Socialist education.

The erroneous belief that a link of common culture is sufficient to create nationality, goes hand in hand with all the fallacies concerning “individual freedom,” in particular with the idea that “one’s body is one’s own,” to be used as one pleases, for personal edification in asceticism or for personal lust. It is the glory of National Socialism to have exposed and fought this idea, along with the other; to have proclaimed that the individual belongs to his race, whatever “culture” he may choose to acquire, and that the individual’s body belongs to the race, at the expense of which no man or woman is free to sin.³

The negative side of our population policy—the sterilisation of the

¹ “Sicher aber geht diese Welt einer großen Umwälzung entgegen. Und es kann nur die eine Frage sein, ob sie zum Heil der arischen Menschheit oder zum Nutzen des ewigen Juden ausschlägt” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 475; cf. Mannheim, p. 427).

² “Für die Zukunft der Erde liegt aber die Bedeutung nicht darin, ob die Protestanten die Katholiken oder die Katholiken die Protestanten besiegen, sondern darin, ob der arische Mensch ihr erhalten bleibt oder ausstirbt” (*Mein Kampf*, II, x, p. 630; cf. Mannheim, p. 562).

³ “Es gibt keine Freiheit, auf Kosten der Nachwelt und damit der Rasse zu sündigen”—“There is no freedom to sin at the expense of future generations and thus of the race” (*Mein Kampf*, I, x, p. 278; cf. Mannheim, p. 254) [Trans. by Ed.].

unfit; the painless elimination of idiots, lunatics, incurables, and, in general, of all people whose life is a burden to themselves and to others—has raised enough indignation in this hypocritical world, which Christianity and like teachings have striven to make, for the last two thousand years, a safe place for the weaklings and the sick, and all manner of dregs of humanity. But our positive attitude to sex, and the subsequent constructive side of our population policy has met, perhaps, with more opposition still. Everywhere in the West, outside National Socialist circles (the East is accustomed to arranged marriages and does not feel half so shocked at our views) I have heard the same remark: “You cannot force a man and a woman to love each other just because it forwards your programme of racial regeneration, can you?” But there is no question of “forcing” them. The National Socialist régime never “forced” anybody in these matters. However, it is only natural that two young and healthy people of the same race should desire and love each other, provided they have the opportunity to meet. All that a wise national State can do, is to give such people ample opportunity of coming in

touch with one another, while strongly forbidding all undesirable unions. And that is all that *was* done, in that beautiful new Germany which the advocates of “individual freedom” have reduced to ruins, and persecuted, and enslaved, to the extent they could.

The Nazi policy of racial regeneration was buttressed, from the beginning, by a parallel system of education comprising “first, the cultivation of healthy bodies”¹ and then the development of mental capability. At the same time as it pursues the policy of healthy birth which I have tried to describe, “the State must see to raising the standard of health of the nation by protecting mothers and infants, prohibiting child-labour, increasing bodily efficiency by compulsory gymnastics and sports, laid down by law, and by extensive support of clubs engaged in the bodily development of the young”² says Point Twenty-One of the Party Programme. And anyone who ever was even slightly acquainted with National Socialist Germany knows how faithfully that ideal was put into practice, and with what splendid

¹ “. . . so muß auch im einzelnen die Erziehung zuallererst die körperliche Gesundheit ins Auge fassen und fördern . . .” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, pp. 451; cf. Mannheim, p. 408).

² “Der Staat hat für die Hebung der Volksgesundheit zu sorgen durch den Schutz der Mutter und des Kindes, durch Verbot der Jugendarbeit, durch Herbeiführung der körperlichen Ertüchtigung mittels gesetzlicher Festlegung einer Turn und Sportpflicht, durch größte Unterstützung aller sich mit körperlicher Jugend-Ausbildung beschäftigenden Vereine” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 21).

results. I have already spoken of the physical perfection of the German youth trained under the Third Reich.

But that is not all. Next to the formation of strong and beautiful bodies comes the formation of character, the cultivation of the natural Aryan virtues: courage, self-reliance, will-power and determination, readiness to assume responsibility, readiness to self-sacrifice; fortitude, self-control, truthfulness; and absolute devotion to one’s ideals and to one’s leaders. Kindness, too, is to be encouraged; not weakness, not sentimentality, not that hypocritical squeamishness which disgusts us so much in our enemies the Democrats, but real kindness; the culmination of manly qualities, as Nietzsche himself says; the natural generosity of the strong. Even our opponents have to concede that this is true. Aldous Huxley, in his *The Perennial Philosophy*—that most disappointing book, of which many passages never would have been written, had the war taken a different turn—admits that the teaching of love and kindness towards living creatures was stressed in Nazi education. The love of woods, of flowers, of Nature in all her beauty—of the concrete body of the Fatherland—was also stressed; for our *Weltanschauung* is, as I have said before, the modern and Nordic form of the everlasting Religion of Life.

Contrarily to the educational ideals prevailing to this day in the capitalistic world—and already in medieval Christian education—strictly intellectual training is to come, according to our programme, only *after* the formation of character and the cultivation of bodily perfection. It is to come in its proper place, in the natural order, for man is first an animal of a particular species and race; then, a man with the moral possibilities of his race, and then only, a “cultured” man, adding to his other sound qualities the final touch of acquired knowledge, not as an end in itself but as a help and a stimulus to creative thought. We are, here, brought back to this basic idea which I have tried to express previously and which is a part and parcel of our philosophy (as of every sane outlook on life): the important thing is not what one knows, or even does, but what one *is*. This is true from the national as well as from the individual standpoint. “The national State,” writes our Führer, “must act on the presumption that a man of moderate education, but sound in body, firm in character, and filled with joyous self-confidence and power of will, is of more value to the community than a highly educated weakling.”¹

¹ “Der völkische Staat muß dabei von der Voraussetzung ausgehen, daß ein zwar wissenschaftlich wenig gebildeter, aber körperlich gesunder Mensch mit gutem, festem Charakter, erfüllt von Entschlußfreudigkeit und Willenskraft, für die Volksgemeinschaft wertvoller ist als ein geistreicher Schwächling” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 452; cf. Mannheim, p. 408).

Another extremely important feature of our Nazi education (and of our whole system) is its absolute opposition to the pernicious “feminism” of our epoch—that product of decadence, of which the effect is nothing less than a still further lowering of the level of the race.

We hate the very idea of “equality” of man and woman, forced upon the Western world more shamelessly than ever since the time of the First World War. For one, it is nonsense. No male and female of the same living species endowed by Nature with complementary abilities for the fulfilment of complementary destinies, can be “equal.” They are different, and cannot be anything else but different, however much one might try to give them the same training and make them do the same work. It is also a nefarious idea; for the only way one can, I do not say make man and woman “equal”—that is impossible—but force them, willy-nilly, into the same artificial mould; accustom them to the same type of life, is by robbing woman of her femininity and man of his virile qualities, *i.e.*, by spoiling both, and spoiling the race.¹ I do not deny that there are and always have been isolated instances of women more fitted for manly tasks than for motherhood, or equally capable of both. But such exceptions need no “feminism” in order to win for themselves the special place that Nature, in her love of diversity, has appointed to them. Around about 3200 before Christ, Azag-Bau, a wine merchant in her youth, managed to raise herself to such prominence as to become the founder of the Fourth Dynasty of Kish.² In those days, women did not vote—nor did men, by the way—any more in Sumeria than elsewhere. Nor did they, in general, compete with men in all or nearly all walks of life, as in modern England and the USA. Curiously enough, the

most fanatical female feminists are, as a rule, those in whom virile qualities are the most lacking. Masterful women, as Nietzsche remarks, are not feminists. Most remote Azag-Bau, or Queen Tiy of Egypt, or Agrippina, or, nearer our times, the little known but most fascinating virile feminine figure of Mongolian history, Ai Yuruk, who spent her life on the saddle and, along with her father Kaidu,³ “held the grazing lands of

¹ In modern English literature, no author has exposed the feminist fallacy more brilliantly than D.H. Lawrence, in nearly all his works.

² *Cambridge Ancient History*, vol. 1.

³ Son of Kuyuk, son of Ogodai, son of Genghis Khan.

mid-Asia for nearly forty years,”¹ all would have burst out laughing at the idea of “women’s emancipation” and all the twaddle that goes with it—in fact, at all the typically democratic institutions that our degenerate world so admires.

But exceptions need no special education; or if they do, they educate themselves. Our National Socialist education for the present and future welfare of a healthy community, was—and will still be, when the time comes to enforce it once more—based upon the acceptance of the fact that men and women have entirely different parts to play in national life, and that they need, therefore, an entirely different training; that “the one aim of female education must be with a view to the future mother.”² We did not “force” every woman to become a mother. But we gave every healthy woman of pure blood the necessary training and every opportunity to become a useful one, if she cared to. Girls were taught to consider motherhood as a national duty as well as an honour—not as a burden. They were trained to admire manly virtues in men, and to look upon the perfect warrior as the ideal mate, as is natural. Not every girl, also, could marry every man, even within the Party. The greater the man’s qualifications, the greater were the woman’s to be. For instance, a girl who wished to become the wife of an SS man—a great honour—had not only to prove that she was of unmixed Aryan descent (as every marriageable German was expected to) but also to produce a diploma attesting that she was well-versed in cooking, sewing, housekeeping, the science of child welfare, etc., in one word, that she had been tested and found fit to be an accomplished housewife.

This does not mean that, in a National Socialist state, women are not to be taught anything else *but* domestic sciences and child welfare. In new Germany, they were given general knowledge also. And Point Twenty of the Party Programme, which stresses, among other things, that “the understanding of the spirit of the state (civic knowledge) must be aimed at, through school training, beginning with the first awakening of intelligence,”³ is to be taken into account in the

¹ Harold Lamb, *The March of the Barbarians* (London: Robert Hale Ltd., 1941), p. 244.

² “Das Ziel der weiblichen Erziehung hat unverrückbar die kommende Mutter zu sein” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 460; cf. Mannheim, p. 414).

³ The whole text of Point Twenty is as follows: “Um jedem fähigen und fleißigen Deutschen das Erreichen höherer Bildung und damit das Einrücken in führende Stellung zu ermöglichen, hat der Staat für einen gründlichen Ausbau unseres gesamten Volksbildungswesens Sorge zu tragen. Die Lehrpläne aller Bildungsanstalten sind den Erfordernissen des praktischen Lebens anzupassen. Das Erfassen des Staatsgedankens muß bereits mit dem Beginn des Verständnisses durch die Schule (Staatsbürgerkunde) erzielt werden. Wir fordern die Ausbildung besonders veranlagter Kinder armer Eltern ohne Rücksicht auf deren Stand oder Beruf auf Staatskosten”—“In order to make possible higher education and thus advancement to leadership positions for each capable and industrious German, the state must undertake a fundamental reconstruction of our entire system of public education. The curricula of all educational institutions must accord with the requirements of practical life. The understanding of the spirit of the state (civics) must be aimed at by the schools from the first awakening of intelligence. We demand the training at state expense of specially gifted children of poor parents regardless of their class or occupation” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, p. 21) [Trans. by Ed.]

education of girls as well as of boys. Also, seldom was there, on the part of any State, a more sincere and serious attempt to provide every child with the maximum possibilities of development and advancement. “We demand the education of gifted children of poor parents, whatever their class and occupation, at the expense of the State,” said the Führer, again in the same Point of his programme. And he kept his word to the letter and gave the German people, in that line as in others, even more than he had promised, as his enemies themselves are forced to admit.

* * *

If one were to define its aim and its spirit, and its essential contribution to the regeneration of mankind, in one sentence, one should say that National Socialism has set up the conception of the natural and therefore eternal aristocracy of blood and of personal value, against that of the artificial aristocracy of class and capital; that it stands for the divinely decreed human hierarchy, against all the false barriers established by man. For that is the meaning of the doctrine of race and personality, those “two pillars supporting the whole edifice”¹ of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*.

There is, properly speaking, no nationhood apart from racial homogeneity. A country of many races is not and can never be a nation in the sense we understand that word. To call it one might be expedient, if one wishes to give the whole population the temporary

¹ “. . . die völkische Weltanschauung . . . nicht nur den Wert der Rasse, sondern damit auch die Bedeutung der Person erkennt und mithin zu den Grundpfeilern ihres ganzen Gebäudes bestimmt”—“The folkish worldview . . . not only recognises the value of race, but also the significance of personality, which it makes one of the pillars of its entire edifice” (*Mein Kampf*, II, iv, pp. 499–500; cf. Mannheim, p. 448) [Trans. by Ed.].

illusion of unity in view of some definite practical purpose¹ (in view, for instance, of coalescing different races against forces which one has, one's self, good reasons to fight). But that will not alter the fact that this feeling of unity will remain an illusion so long as the population consists of separate races.

In a racially homogeneous nation—a *real* nation—any idea of class, whether based upon acquired nobility, or upon wealth, or learning, is artificial and anti-national. It only hinders the spontaneous feeling of racial solidarity, on which healthy nationhood rests, for “one can only be proud of one's nation, if there is no class of which one must feel ashamed.”² Hence National Socialism, the most aristocratic of all political philosophies, presents itself, in practice, in any homogeneously Aryan country at least, as the philosophy of a pre-eminently *popular* movement, standing for the rights of the workman and of the peasant as much, if not, in reality, much more, than Communism.

It would indeed do good to most Communists of Aryan blood, before they foolishly insult him and fight us, to acquaint themselves with all that our Führer has done in Germany for the rehabilitation of manual work, and the welfare and happiness of the labourers. It would do them good to know that the German factory worker, miner, mechanic, engine-driver, was—in general—*and is still* a better National Socialist than the doctor, lawyer, or University professor. As a foreign working woman who had the good luck to live in Germany before the war once told me, it was the people—not the “bourgeois,” not the self-styled “intelligentsia”—“who lifted their right arms the most spontaneously, the most sincerely. As for the capitalists—they always looked upon Hitler with suspicion, if not with definite enmity.”

The truth is that, in order to understand the depth and philosophical soundness of National Socialism, to appreciate its eternal value, one needs a broader and more living culture, as well as a more synthetic type of intelligence, and more sensitiveness to beauty than the average doctor, lawyer, or professor—let alone the average capitalist—

¹ While, for example, a Hindu's nationality is in reality his caste, I myself often spoke of “the Hindu *nation*” in propaganda pamphlets destined to unite all Hindus against the anti-racial, egalitarian—pre-eminently democratic—influence of Islam and Christianity (that has done a good deal in India, willingly or not, to prepare the way for Communism). It seemed to me, then, the only practical way to fight those forces. [See Savitri Devi, *A Warning to the Hindus* (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1939) and *The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity* (Calcutta: Hindu Mission, 1940).—Ed.]

² “*Ein Grund zum Stolz auf sein Volk ist erst dann vorhanden, wenn man sich keines Standes mehr zu schämen braucht*” (*Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 474; cf. Mannheim, p. 427).

generally possesses. While, on the other hand, one does not need to understand the depth of National Socialism in order to love Adolf Hitler. One needs only to feel the power of his love. And that is exactly what the humble folk of Germany did. To them he was—and is—their benefactor, their friend, their saviour; the one

man, within centuries, who had really loved them more than himself, more than anybody or anything, and who had done for them what only love (when allied to genius) can do. Most “intellectuals” were not alive enough, not instinctively, spontaneously responsive to vital forces, human and superhuman, to a sufficient degree, to feel the same. (Those few who were, and are so, in spite of being “intellectuals,” are the Führer’s best followers.) As for the capitalists, they knew, with the sure instinct of worldly-wise, businesslike men, that the triumph of National Socialism meant the end of their power, of their class, of their world order, forever—far more certainly and more completely than even the triumph of Communism ever would.

The strength of National Socialism lies in its appeal to the very best of Aryan men and women in *and* outside Germany, and in its hold on the German masses. It owes the former to Hitler’s personality and to its own objective value—both theoretical and practical—as a doctrine. It owes the latter to Hitler’s personality, and to the prosperity and happiness that the German people enjoyed under his régime, and that they have not forgotten; to the fact that, thanks to his unbending determination, the magnificent programme which he had set before the world on the 24th of February 1920, *was* carried out to the full—contrarily to those, far less radical and far less exalted, of so many politicians.

* * *

Apart from the policy of racial regeneration through marriage regulations, health regulations, and that new educational system of which I have spoken, what did the programme comprise? In one word, the liberation of the people from the thralldom of capitalism, through a series of laws concerning income, property, production. No régime—not even that of Soviet Russia—has done more than ours to exalt useful and honest work as the sacred duty of every man and woman. None has done more to make work an obligation for all. And, especially, none has done as much to render that obligation, at the same time, a pleasure.

“It must be the first duty of every citizen of the State to work with his mind or with his body. The activity of the individual should not clash with the interest of the community, but must proceed within the

frame of the community and for the general good,”¹ states Point Ten of the Party Programme. And Point Eleven is but the logical corollary of it: We therefore demand “the abolition of all incomes obtained without work and without toil.”²

Not just *any* work, but, as I have said before, useful, constructive work that has some value; that is neither a mere drudgery—reluctantly accepted because it is the only means to keep the individual’s body and soul together, while it is, every minute, resented as a loss of time and energy—nor some activity, however “interesting” it be, of which the only positive result is an increase of the individual’s bank balance; still less some form of exploitation of other people’s weaknesses or of other people’s vices, for the financial benefit of a few “clever”

ones; but solid production of useful or beautiful material goods or of wholesome ideas, or some activity forwarding the necessary organisation of production, or that of national uplift or national defence; work of which the result is, ultimately, the nourishment and strengthening of men's bodies, or the formation of men's character, and of culture, such was "the first duty of every citizen of the State" in National Socialist Germany—and such will again be, I hope, the first duty of every man and woman in a future National Socialist Europe. Every law or regulation in connection with labour of any sort, was inspired by this idea. And every law was efficiently enforced.

The abolition of the "slavery of interest"³ put forward as an article of the Party Programme, in Point Eleven and following; the "ruthless confiscation of war gains," stressed in Point Twelve, on the ground that "personal enrichment during a war must be regarded as a crime against the nation";⁴ the nationalisation of big business;⁵ the sharing out of the

¹ "Erste Pflicht jedes Staatsbürgers muß sein, geistig oder körperlich zu schaffen. Die Tätigkeit des einzelnen darf nicht gegen die Interessen der Allgemeinheit verstoßen, sondern muß im Rahmen des Gesamten und zum Nutzen aller erfolgen" (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 10).

² "Abschaffung des arbeits und mühelosen Einkommens" (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 11).

³ "Brechung der Zinsknechtschaft" (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 11).

⁴ "Im Hinblick auf die ungeheuren Opfer an Gut und Blut, die jeder Krieg vom Volke fordert, muß die persönliche Bereicherung durch den Krieg als Verbrechen am Volke bezeichnet werden. Wir fordern daher restlose Einziehung aller Kriegsgewinne."—"In view of the tremendous sacrifice of blood and treasure demanded of a nation by every war, personal enrichment through war must be regarded as a crime against the nation. We demand, therefore, the total confiscation of all war profits" (Point 12) [Trans. by Ed.].

⁵ "Wir fordern die Verstaatlichung aller (bisher) bereits vergesellschafteten (Trusts) Betriebe"—"We demand the nationalisation of all businesses that have (hitherto) been amalgamated (trusts)" (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 13) [Trans. by Ed.].

profits of wholesale trade;¹ the "extensive development of provision for old age"² by the State, and the Land Reform, of which I shall say a few words, as well as the drastic prosecution and "punishment with death of usurers, profiteers, etc.,"³ were not merely desiderata, intended to impress the public in political meetings, during the struggle of National Socialism for power. They became realities, as soon as Hitler became the uncontested head of the Third Reich; with the immediate result that, in a cleansed atmosphere, a new life started for the German people. Not only were the six and a half million Germans, up till then unemployed, given a livelihood, but an immense—unprecedented—enthusiasm for public welfare, a spirit of healthy competition in disinterested service for the good of others, filled everyone's heart and, in particular, the hearts of the young men and girls. And within an amazingly short time, the war-torn, downtrodden Germany of the 1920s was once more a leading power—nay *the* leading power in Europe.

Work in the fields, in the mines, in the factories recently wrested from oppressive foreign control; work along those magnificent *Autobahnen*, the building of which will remain, forever, one of the grand material achievements of the Third Reich; work in the home, where the women felt themselves useful to the whole nation as they never had before; work in the schools, in which for the first time, a programme of education in the right national spirit was at last set forth; work in every useful line, was *compulsory*. Compulsory on paper, *and* in practice also. Anyone who just did not want to do his bit was forced to do it—and a little more, in addition—in a concentration camp—unless he chose to leave the country. But there was hardly anyone who did not want to do his bit; who did not joyfully come forward to do it. Never was “compulsory” work so little of a burden, so much of a pleasure. For now the Germans felt, as they never had before, that *they*—and not a gang of idle rich men; and especially not a parasitic gang of rich aliens (not even Aryans, let alone Germans)—were the

¹ “Wir fordern Gewinnbeteiligung an Großbetrieben”—“We demand profit sharing in all big businesses” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 14) [Trans. by Ed.].

² “Wir fordern einen großzügigen Ausbau der Alters-Versorgung” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 15).

³ “Wir fordern den rücksichtslosen Kampf gegen diejenigen, die durch ihre Tätigkeit das Gemeininteresse schädigen. Gemeine Volksverbrecher, Wucherer, Schieber u.s.w., sind mit dem Tode zu bestrafen, ohne Rücksichtnahme auf Konfession und Rasse”—“We demand ruthless war upon all those whose activities are contrary to the common interest. Common criminals, usurers, profiteers, etc., must be punished by death without regard to creed or race” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 18) [Trans. by Ed.].

lords of their own land and of their own destiny.

Just as, in most countries, every male citizen has to spend a year or two (or more) in the army, so, in the Third Reich, every able-bodied young man or woman between sixteen and eighteen was expected to join some section of the “*Arbeitsdienst*” (labour service) for six months, and thereby to offer some positive contribution to the nation’s welfare, in addition to that which his or her usual activities might have constituted. Students, for instance, would go, under a leader, to work in the fields, along with the farm lads—to plant potatoes, to help bring in the harvest—or, in the case of girls, to help housewives with large families in their cooking, washing, and other domestic work. This was compulsory, no doubt. But it was anything but a drudgery—so much so that, apart from the general “*Arbeitsdienst*” that was for *all* young people, the students had a voluntary one of their own, whose members would, for a time, work as factory labourers, tramway drivers, etc., for the sheer sake of experience and service. I have spoken to many men and women who were enrolled in that regular army of peace. Not one of those I met has anything but pleasant memories of those months of non-professional service. And many have told me that they were “unforgettable months,” “the best time they ever had.” The work was done joyfully, nay, enthusiastically—as play would have been. Indeed, the general atmosphere of the country was one of joyous earnestness, of wholehearted,

youthful activity. The self-confidence, the uncompromising spirit and the hopes of youth, had taken the place of the hesitations, the doubts, the pessimism and “defeatism” of bygone years. And work—no longer a curse even when compulsory—had become play; pleasure.

* * *

It would be superfluous to expatiate in detail upon the numerous laws promulgated under the Third Reich for the protection and welfare of the labourers and small traders. In a book like this, which is by no means a technical study but just a profession of faith, there is no point in doing so. Moreover, it would be impossible for me, here in jail—systematically deprived of books and kept out of contact with the other political prisoners—to obtain the precise references which I would need for such a task.¹

¹ For references, I have to rely upon my sole memory. It is good, no doubt, but has its limitations.

But the Land Reform is something too important not to be mentioned with some comments. And our Communist opponents have stressed too much in their propaganda, all that has been done in Russia and in Russian sponsored areas for “the welfare of the peasant,” for me not to say something of our efforts in the same line.

Point Seventeen of the Party Programme had laid down, already as early as 1920, the spirit and the main features of the Land Reform: “We demand a Land Reform suited to our national requirements; the passing of a law for confiscation, without compensation, of land for communal purposes; abolition of interest on land loans, and prevention of all speculation on land,”¹ an explanation of which was given by the Führer on the 13th of April 1928.² A more detailed account of the policy of National Socialism as regards land and agriculture is to be found in the Party Manifesto of the 6th of March 1930, in which the reasons why farming “did not pay” in Germany before the creation of the Third Reich, are analysed, and the new land regulations set out. These regulations, like the rest of the laws that were promulgated by or under the inspiration of Adolf Hitler, were intended to free the people—here, the peasants—from the grip of the capitalist exploiter under any form, be it the selfish middleman between the farmer and the consumer—the middleman whose extravagant profits did not allow the peasant any decent living—or the moneylender, or the commercial concerns that sold to the peasant what he required in order to carry on his work efficiently, and that were, in Germany before 1933 as in many other countries, mostly owned by Jews. They gave every facility, every possible encouragement and help, every freedom to the peasant provided that he was a German and that he worked “in the national interest.” For the land being “a home, as well as a means of livelihood,” only members of the German nation, *i.e.*, people of German blood, were allowed to possess land in Germany, which is only natural.

“The National Socialist Party stands for private ownership,” the Führer has said on several occasions, in particular, in his declaration of the 13th of April 1928, explaining the attitude of the Party with regard to the agriculturists. And no Nazi has ever contested—as the Communists have—the right of the individual to possess property (land or anything else) and to transmit it to his children. But, “to the right to hold property, however, is attached the obligation to use it in the

¹ *Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 17.

² *Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 17, note.

national interest.”¹ And, in the case of land, special courts were set up to enforce this obligation. And a farmer who, through bad farming, according to the judgement of those courts, was not acting “in the common interest,” could be expropriated *with a suitable compensation*.

Land, under the Third Reich, could in no way become the object of speculation.² The law concerning expropriation *without* compensation, “for communal purposes,” as stated in Point Seventeen of the Party Programme, was, in fact, directed, in the Führer’s own words, “against the Jewish companies given to speculation on land.”³ Whoever owned land had to cultivate it himself, or to give it up (in exchange of a compensation, whenever the land was acquired legally) for the settlement of other farmers willing to cultivate it. The State had a right of pre-emption on every sale of land, in order to see to it that no land should thus become, for somebody, the source of an unearned income. It was also strictly forbidden to pledge land to private moneylenders.⁴ And necessary loans for cultivation were granted on easy terms by associations recognised by the State, or by the State itself. And the dues to the State were to be paid according to the extent and quality of the land. There were no hard and fast rules regarding the amount of cultivation expected from each farmer.⁵ It depended largely upon local factors concerning the land itself. Laws of inheritance prevented the subdivision of land, or the accumulation of debt upon it.⁶ Finally, the middleman’s business was transferred to agricultural associations,⁷ under State control. And everything was done to raise the farming class, not only economically but also educationally.

These few details are enough to show that the National Socialist land policy was not only in no way less conducive to the peasants’ prosperity than that of the Communists (as our opponents of the Red Front like to pretend) but, indeed, far more so. It thoroughly protected the peasant’s interests without curtailing anything of his right to own private property and to inherit it, as well as to buy and sell. It left him an immense amount of initiative in the management of his own affairs, while safeguarding the interest of the community through strict State

¹ Party Manifesto of 6 March 1930.

² Point 17 of the Party Programme. Cf. Party Manifesto of 6 March 1930.

³ The Führer's Declaration, Munich, 13 April 1928 (quoted in *Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 17, note).

⁴ Party Manifesto of 6 March 1930.

⁵ Party Manifesto of 6 March 1930.

⁶ Party Manifesto of 6 March 1930.

⁷ Party Manifesto of 6 March 1930.

control wherever that was necessary. Nay, that very State control was, at the same time, the surest protection of the peasant against possible exploitation by clever money-makers. For what I said about the other laws and regulations foreseen in the Party Programme already before Hitler's rise to power, is also true of those concerning land and agriculture: they were *not* just laws "on paper," but were enforced. Indeed, no régime—not even the Communist—was as drastically opposed as ours to the grip of the money-makers on the land, and as ruthless in its endeavour to break it. Many of the "poor Jews" interned during the time it lasted, especially in Eastern Germany, were prosecuted not "just for being Jews," as simple people are inclined to believe, but for dabbling in shadowy speculations on land, or lending money to farmers at exorbitant rates of interest, and so forth; for being, in one word, the exploiters of the people. Once freed from them and from their imitators, the German peasant no less than the labourer of the towns was able to work with the feeling that it was "worthwhile"; that he and his family, and the people at large, of whom he was a part, would draw the maximum benefit from his toiling year after year. Young people of all social conditions—sons and daughters of manual labourers, of professors, of generals, of humble shopkeepers, of men in high office—would come regularly and help him in the fields as members of the *Arbeitsdienst*, and make him realise more and more that he and they, he and the townsfolk, were one blood and one people—one nation. The joyful, hopeful, self-confident atmosphere of the towns spread to the countryside as well, in spite of the concealed, though thoroughly organised opposition that a great number of ecclesiastics set up, in many places, against National Socialism, taking advantage of the peasant's ignorance or of his acquired prejudices.¹

* * *

Another most positive contribution of the National Socialist régime to the renaissance of Germany—and of Europe—lies in its effort to cleanse the press, as well as all forms of art and literature, and to build a new healthy and beautiful culture upon the ruins of the decadent, pseudo-culture of the capitalistic world; its effort to raise the moral as

¹ I have heard, in villages of the Mosel region (around Treves) people criticising National Socialism as "anti-Catholic" and Alfred Rosenberg as "anti-Christ" under the influence of the clergy, as one can imagine.

well as intellectual and aesthetic standard of the adults, no less than of the young men and women. No aspect of National Socialist rule (save, perhaps, our struggle against Jewry) has been more bitterly and more foolishly criticised, not only by our deadly opponents but by “public opinion” in the world at large. And yet that stubborn fight for truth, and for the triumph of whatever is the healthiest and the best in the Aryan race, is something of which every Nazi can be proud—even if, for the time being, we failed.

Without a thorough purging of the press, no renaissance would have been possible after 1933—no renaissance ever will be possible. For, so long as the journalist writes just to get paid—regardless by whom, and on behalf of whom, and for what ulterior purpose—and not because he feels the urge to enlighten or uplift his readers, then, I say, the “clever” ones, of whatever race or creed, who are in control of the money will remain, also, in control of people’s minds and, to the extent the “masses” have a say in national and international affairs, in control of the destiny of nations. For the reading masses are foolish—pre-eminently gullible—and the knowledge of the conventional symbolism of script has never made them less so. On the contrary, it has given them the dangerous illusion of free thought while enslaving them to the written word more than they ever had been to any tangible power. No one has pointed out more brilliantly—and sarcastically—than our Führer the evil influence of that self-styled “intellectual” or “enlightened” press, controlled by Jewish money. “The *Frankfurter Zeitung*,” states he (and this is only one instance among many), “always writes in favour of fighting with ‘intellectual’ weapons, and this appeals, curiously enough, to the least intellectual people.”¹ “It is just for our semi-intellectual classes that the Jew writes in his so-called ‘intelligentsia’ press.”²

There were only two ways of dealing with the plague: either eliminate the press altogether, or else, use the incurable propensity of the newspaper readers to believe all that is printed for the triumph of the National Socialist Idea, by allowing the papers to print *nothing* but

¹ “Für diese Leute war und ist freilich die ‘Frankfurter Zeitung’ der Inbegriff aller Anständigkeit. Verwendet sie doch niemals rohe Ausdrücke, lehnt jede körperliche Brutalität ab und appelliert immer an den Kampf mit den ‘geistigen’ Waffen, der eigentümlicherweise gerade den geistlosesten Menschen am meisten am Herzen liegt” (*Mein Kampf*, I, x, p. 267; cf. Mannheim, p. 244).

² “Gerade für unsere geistige Halbwelt aber schreibt der Jude seine sogenannte Intelligenzpresse” (*Mein Kampf*, I, x, p. 267-68; cf. Mannheim, p. 245).

what was conducive to the strengthening of the new spirit, or at least, what was in no manner opposed to it. Of the two courses, the second was undoubtedly the easiest at the same time as the most profitable. One cannot teach people to think for themselves in a day. But if, while they are learning to do so, they must have something to believe, let that be the truth rather than lies. So the second course was taken. The press was not eliminated, but controlled, as foreseen by Point

Twenty-Three of the Party Programme demanding, “legal warfare against conscious political lying and its dissemination in the press.”¹ All editors of newspapers in German and their assistants had to be “members of the nation,” *i.e.*, to be of German blood. Papers in other languages, or even foreign papers in German, could be published with the permission of the Government. But no non-German was allowed to influence the German press, either financially or otherwise, the penalty being (if any such transaction was found out) “the suppression of the newspaper and the immediate deportation of the non-German concerned with it.”²

It is easy to criticise such a policy, advocating the “right of the individual to express himself freely,” and what not. But one should first realise that, had a similar national press policy been applied in England (from the English point of view, that goes without saying) England never would have declared war on Germany in 1939; there would have been no bombardments, no ruins, no millions of dead—nothing of that immense misery that everyone deplores—but a happy Europe in which the two great Aryan nations, Germany and England, would have collaborated in a friendly spirit for the welfare of both of them and of the whole Aryan world. Such a result—at least I believe—would have been well worth obtaining at the cost of a little less liberty to lie. And then, also, I cannot help knowing that those Democrats who blame *us* for not having allowed the German papers to publish propaganda against our views, when we had power, are the self-same people who have been persecuting us for the last four years, on the sole ground that our outlook on life is diametrically opposed to theirs; the self-same people who sentenced me to three years’ imprisonment for writing and spreading “Nazi propaganda.” Their “liberty of

¹ “Wir fordern den gesetzlichen Kampf gegen die bewußte politische Lüge und ihre Verbreitung durch die Presse” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 23).

² “. . . jede finanzielle Beteiligung an deutschen Zeitungen oder deren Beeinflussung durch Nicht-Deutsche gesetzlich verboten wird und fordern als Strafe für Übertretungen die Schließung eines solchen Zeitungsbetriebes sowie sofortige Ausweisung der daran beteiligten Nicht-Deutschen aus dem Reich” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 23).

conscience” and their “right of the individual to express himself” are the most ludicrous humbug—so coarse and clumsy that anyone gifted with a shadow of common sense can see through it. The least said about those lies the better.

* * *

Along with the cleansing of the press took place the thorough purging of art and literature, in order to forward the growth of a healthy national culture, such as was really impossible in the enervating atmosphere that modern capitalism has created. This was also laid out, in principle, in Point Twenty-Three of the Party Programme: “We demand legal prosecution of all tendencies in art and literature

of a kind likely to disintegrate our life as a nation, and the suppression of institutions which militate against the requirements above mentioned.”¹

The world, accustomed by its whole education to call any cleverly written rubbish a manifestation of the “intellect”—encouraged to do so by the Jewish press, as one can well imagine—and trained to admire “intellect” above everything, burst out in loud indignation when, on the evening of the 10th of May 1933, in the presence of the Reich Propaganda Minister Dr. Goebbels—one of the finest, sincerest, *and* most intelligent National Socialists who ever lived—the students of Berlin made a public bonfire of a lot of books, mostly but not all written by Jews, which came under the ban as decadent or pernicious literature. “What!” cried out the foreign press, “Going back to the intolerant fanaticism of the Middle Ages? Returning to barbarity! Burning books! How outrageous!” The newspaper-reading apes of the whole so-called civilised earth echoed the indignation. The more smeared they happened to be with cheap “learning” and the more puffed up with unjustified “intellectual” pretences, the more horrified they were at the news of the paper and printing ink holocaust, the more they ranted against Dr. Goebbels, against the Führer, against the German students and the Nazi Party, and (whenever they had the opportunity) against the isolated non-German Aryans, like myself, who understood the meaning of the holocaust and greeted it with cheers.

¹ “Zeitungen, die gegen das Gemeinwohl verstoßen, sind zu verbieten. Wir fordern den gesetzlichen Kampf gegen eine Kunst- und Literatur-Richtung, die einen zersetzenden Einfluß auf unser Volksleben ausübt und die Schließung von Veranstaltungen, die gegen vorstehende Forderungen verstoßen” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 23).

The same frantic outcry was heard when the Third Reich banned as decadent, and dangerous to the moral health of the German nation, all the queer, sickly, distorted productions on canvas or out of stone which, before Hitler’s rise to power, used to pass as “art.” And still greater horror was expressed when doctors and professors of Jewish origin, and German “intellectuals” whose outlook was too obviously opposed to the National Socialist way of life, were dismissed from service. It reached its highest pitch, as one would expect, when a sufficient number of rich Jews, whom the Nazi Government had magnanimously allowed to leave Germany with all their money and valuables, settled in England, in America, in India, all over the world, and nourished the anti-Nazi propaganda more lavishly than ever.

Yet, it was an artificial indignation—as artificial indeed as any parrot’s lesson. For half the people who took part in the world-wide chorus against the “Nazi persecution” of “art and culture” had not the faintest idea of the meaning of these two words. They just called “art” whatever was advertised to them as such in the Sunday editions of the daily papers dealing with Miss So-and-so’s latest

“psychological” novel and Mr. So-and-so’s exhibition of oil paintings. The other half would simply have detested the sight—or the sound—of most of the stuff banned in Germany, had they seen it, or read it, and would have cried out wholeheartedly: “A jolly good thing it *was* banned!” had they been sure nobody would have overheard them. They joined in the parrots’ chorus only because they were afraid of being taken for “rustics”—“barbarians”—if they did not.

The truth is that whatever was banned was really not worth keeping. The truth is also that, in the domain of art and culture as in all others, we National Socialists did not only ban, and forbid; and destroy. We also created. In fact, we only destroyed in order to be able to create, with the collaboration of a reborn people, untrammelled by unhealthy examples and depressing memories. And nothing would have served our propaganda so much, perhaps, as a series of double art exhibitions all over the world: in one hall, all the bizarre specimens of ultra-modern art which we banned—unnatural curves, contorted shapes, nightmarish expressions; queer human faces, supposed to be all the more rich in deep hidden “meaning” that they appear the more insane or idiotic to the unprejudiced eye—and in the other . . . the finest works of Arno Breker. And an explanatory notice addressed to the sincere observer: “We have come to destroy that, in order to create *this*.” That would have been Nazi propaganda indeed! And of the best kind. I wish such a double exhibition had been organised in every town of the

world where there was a German Consulate.

What can be said, in this connection, of painting and sculpture, is no less true of music and literature. But many will say, “What about science? No civilised government can ban ‘scientific’ publications—and persecute a scientist like Sigmund Freud, on racial grounds. And banish Einstein, one of the greatest brains of all times.”

Yes, I know; Freud and Einstein, the two instances that are automatically brought forth to damn us, every time the question of our attitude to “culture” arises. It is curious how few people are in a position to speak of these two scientists, even when they use their names as weapons against us. Millions have *read* some of the works of Freud (or some extracts from them) it is true, but only for the sake of vicarious sexual excitement—not out of thirst for scientific information; not as one should read them, if at all. As for Einstein, however fashionable it might have been to talk about his “theory of relativity” in the 1920s (when “simplified” explanations of it were to be found even in ladies’ magazines), nobody but a handful of highly specialised mathematicians and physicists can boast of understanding his scientific innovations. All that lay people know is that he is “a great brain”—which is undoubtedly true. And we are barbarians for not appreciating such greatness, when it happens to manifest itself in a Jew.

There is a fundamental error, a thorough misconception, at the root of this attitude to us. It is not true that we do not recognise or appreciate such intellectual greatness as that of Einstein, in a Jew. We recognise it wherever it

might be. But that is no reason why we should allow a Jew to hold a professorship in a German University—(or in a University in any Aryan National State, at that) any more than we would a Chinese or an Arab with similar qualifications. If nationality be, first and foremost, a matter of race (as it undoubtedly is) and if, as is natural, only nationals of a country, *i.e.*, people of that country's blood, should be allowed to occupy responsible posts there, then surely no Jew should be permitted to retain such a post, whether it be in the educational line or in the government, or elsewhere, in an Aryan country. The world should understand that there was, in our attitude, no personal hostility towards Einstein as a scientist. There was just the fact that we could not betray both the letter and the spirit of the Party Programme for the sake of anybody. And the "intellectuals" should blame us all the less as, science being above frontiers, it matters little, from *their* point of view, whether the "theory of relativity" be expounded from Berlin, New York, or Jerusalem.

The case of Sigmund Freud is a little different on account of the popularity of his works, and of the deplorable influence they have upon the lay people, especially the young. It is true that the lay people have no business reading them, and it is no fault of Freud's if they do. Still, the fact remains that, unless strictly confined to the perusal of specialists, those works are dangerous—"likely to disintegrate" a nation's life. They had—and have—not only in Germany but all over the world, wherever they are available in translations, a pernicious influence upon the young men and women who seek in them an opportunity of pondering over sex-pathology and of discovering, in their own lives, sex problems, real or imaginary, of which they would otherwise never have thought. The man, therefore, to the fact of being a Jew, added that of having—maybe unwillingly; but that makes no difference—a disintegrating influence. One really cannot blame the students of resurrected Germany for making a bonfire of his books along with many others, less technical in their suggestiveness. One cannot blame the Nazi government, either, for expelling Freud from Germany, a little roughly.

The attitude of National Socialism to far-fetched monstrosities or pretentious platitudes in art; to far-fetched "problems," analysed in loose and lazy style, to mysteries about nothing, *bizarrierie*, childish exhibitionism in literature; to artificial sex-quack¹—"sex on the brain," as Norman Douglas would have said—to the cheap eroticism of people who have nothing better to think of, is a joyous, boisterous, defiant "Goodbye to all that!" and a triumphant feeling of riddance. We Nazis have no interest in and no sympathy for the ugly, sickly, foul-smelling capitalistic world, which we are out to kill, and which will die anyhow, even if we have not the pleasure of striking the last blow at it. Facing the future—work and song; faith, struggle, and creation—we breathe in the beauty of our tangible ideals like a gush of fresh, invigorating air from the woods after some oppressive nightmare. Yes, goodbye to all that! Or rather, "Away with all that!" What have we in common with this world of parrots shrieking meaningless words at the top of their voices, and of monkeys scratching their genitals? The culture, of which we laid the foundations during the first brief years of our power, will be something entirely different from what the modern intellectuals call "culture."

¹ Savitri probably means “*Quackelei*,” i.e., silly talk, nonsense, prattle.—Ed.

* * *

But an entirely new culture can hardly be conceived among people who retain the same religion as before. The Programme proclaimed at the Hofbräuhaus states, it is true, that “the Party as such stands for a *positive* Christianity.”¹ But, as I have said before—and as all the most intelligent National Socialists I met have admitted to me—it was well-nigh impossible, in 1920, to say anything else, if one hoped at all to gather a following. And it also remains true that the very fact of replacing, as we did, the link of common faith by the link of common blood—the creedal conception of community by the racial one—is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, no less than to its practice, always and everywhere, up to this day. It remains true, in other words, that if whatever religion that is “a danger to the national State”² is to be banned, then, Christianity must go—for nothing is more incompatible with the fundamental principles upon which rests the whole structure of any National State.

However, apart from the fact that this could not be *said* in a political programme in 1920—or even in 1933—it could still less be *done* in a day. Christianity could not be too openly and too bitterly opposed, before the Nazi philosophy of life had become widely accepted as a matter of course; before it had firmly taken root in the subconscious reactions of the German people, if not also of many foreign Aryans, so as to buttress the growth of the new—or rather of the eternal—religious conception which naturally goes hand in hand with it. Until then, it would have been premature to suppress the Christian faith radically, however obsolete it might appear to many of us. “A politician,” our Führer has said, “must estimate the value of a religion not so much in connection with the faults inherent in it, as in relation to the advantages of a substitute which may be manifestly better. *But until some such substitute appears, only fools and criminals will destroy what is there, on the spot.*”³

¹ “Die Partei als solche vertritt den Standpunkt eines positiven Christentums . . .” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 24).

² “Wir fordern die Freiheit aller religiösen Bekenntnisse im Staat, soweit sie nicht dessen Bestand gefährden oder gegen das Sittlichkeits und Moralgefühl der germanischen Rasse verstoßen”—“We demand the freedom of all religious denominations in the state, so long as they do not endanger its existence or militate against the ethical and moral feelings of the Germanic race” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 24).

³ “Für den Politiker aber darf die Abschätzung des Wertes einer Religion weniger durch die ihr etwa anhaftenden Mängel bestimmt werden als vielmehr durch die Güte eines ersichtlich besseren Ersatzes. Solange aber ein solcher anscheinend fehlt, kann das Vorhandene nur von Narren oder Verbrechern demoliert werden” (*Mein Kampf*, I, x, pp. 293–94; cf. Mannheim, p. 267).

One had to prepare the ground slowly, by creating anew a thoroughly Aryan soul in the young people, through their whole education; and, at the same time—for the elder folk—by giving a precise meaning (as National Socialistic as possible) to the expression “*positive* Christianity.” That is what Alfred Rosenberg has endeavoured to do in his famous book, *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*.¹ His “positive Christianity” is something indeed very different from the Christianity of any Church, nay, from the Christianity of the Bible, based as it is solely upon Rosenberg’s interpretation of what is obviously the least Jewish in the New Testament and upon Rosenberg’s own National Socialist philosophy. The Christians themselves soon discovered that it was no Christianity at all. And of all the prominent men of the Party, Alfred Rosenberg is surely the one whom they dislike the most to this day—although they are probably wrong in doing so, for there were and still are National Socialist thinkers far more radical than he. And he was, moreover, far too much a theoretician to be a real danger to the power of the Churches.

But it is certain that, under all this talk about “positive Christianity,” there was, from the beginning, in every thoughtful National Socialist, the feeling that Germany in particular and the Aryan world at large need a new religious consciousness, entirely different from and, in many ways, in vigorous contrast to the Christian one; nay, that such a consciousness is already lurking in the general discontent, disquiet, and scepticism of the modern Aryan,² and that the Nazi Movement must sooner or later help it to awake and to express itself. Although he too speaks of “positive Christianity” and insists on the fact that “nothing is further removed from the intentions of the NSDAP than to attack the Christian religion and its worthy servants”;³ and although he is very careful to separate the Movement from every endeavour to revive the old Germanic cult of Wotan,⁴ Gottfried Feder cannot help

¹ Alfred Rosenberg, *Der Mythos des 20. Jahrhunderts* (Munich: Hoheneichen, 1930).

² This fact has been most forcefully pointed out by Gustav Frenssen in his magnificent book *Der Glaube der Nordmark* [*The Faith of the Northland*] (Stuttgart-Berlin: Georg Trunkenmüller, 1930).

³ “Es kann nicht genug betont werden, dass der NSDAP nichts ferner liegt als die christliche Religion und ihre würdigen Diener anzugreifen” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, p. 17).

⁴ “Die Partei als solche verbittet es sich jedenfalls, mit Wotanskultbestrebungen identifiziert zu werden . . .”—“The party as such refuses to be identified in any way with the endeavours of the Wotan cult . . .” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, p. 62) [Trans. by Ed.].

mentioning that slowly rising new consciousness, and “the questions, the hopes, and the wishes whether the German people will, one day, find a new form by which to express their knowledge of God and religious life,” if only to say that such questions, hopes, etc. are “far beyond the frame even of such a revolutionary programme as the one National Socialism proclaims.”¹

And it is no less certain that, although no attempt was ever made officially to overthrow the power of the Churches and to forbid the teaching of the Christian

doctrine, books inspired through and through, not by the desire to revive any particular Cult of old—that of Wotan or any other God—but by the love and spirit of eternal Nordic Heathendom, some of which are exceedingly beautiful, were published under the Third Reich, and read, and sympathetically commented upon in Nazi circles; and that this was the first time that the real Heathen soul of the North—the undying Aryan soul—fully realised, after nearly fifteen hundred years, that it is alive; more so, that it is immortal, invincible. I have already quoted Heinrich Himmler’s short but splendid book, *The Voice of the Ancestors*, that masterful condensation of our philosophy in thirty-seven pages, which only an out-and-out Pagan could write. It contains, among other things, a bitter criticism of the Christian attitude to life—meekness, self-abnegation, delectation in the feeling of guilt and misery; “aspiration towards the dust”—and, in opposition to it, a profession of faith of the proud and of the strong and free: “We do not exhibit our faults to anyone, we Heathens—least of all to God. We keep quiet about them; and try to make good for our mistakes.”²

Of the many other books of similar inspiration, I shall recall only

¹ “Alle Fragen, Hoffnungen und Wünsche, ob das deutsche Volk dereinst einmal eine neue Form finden wird für seine Gotterkenntnis und sein Gotterleben gehören nicht hierher, das sind Dinge von säkularer Bedeutung, die auch über den Rahmen eines so grundstürzenden Programmes, wie es der Nationalsozialismus verkündet, weit hinausgehen”—“All questions, hopes, and desires as to whether the German people will find once again a new form for their knowledge and experience of God do not belong here, among things of secular meaning, and are far beyond the frame even of such a revolutionary programme as the one National Socialism proclaims” (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, p. 62) [Trans. by Ed.]. Savitri translates “Gotterleben” as “religious life” where “experience of God” would be more appropriate—Ed.

² “Wir kommen nicht zu Gott, zu klagen, wir Heiden—weil wir unsere Fehler nicht den Leuten zeigen—am wenigsten aber Gott. Wir suchen unsere Fehler abzulegen und zu wachsen” (*Die Stimme der Ahnen*, p. 31 [cf. *The Voice of the Ancestors*, pp. 34–35—Ed.]).

two far less well-known than Alfred Rosenberg’s famous *Mythus* but, I must say, far more radical, and deserving undoubtedly more, both the pious hatred that so many Christians of all persuasions waste upon that work and the wholehearted admiration and gratitude of all real modern Heathens: one is Ernst Bergmann’s *Twenty-Five Theses of the German Religion*,¹ and the other, Johann von Leers’ *History on a Racial Basis*.² There, the incompatibility of the National Socialist view of life and the Christian is shown as clearly, once for all, as any uncompromising devotee of either of the two philosophies could desire:

A people that has returned to its blood and soil, and that has realised the danger of international Jewry, can no longer tolerate a religion which makes the Scriptures of the Jews the basis of its Gospel. Germany cannot be rebuilt on this lie. We must base ourselves on the Holy Scriptures which are clearly written in German hearts. Our cry is: “Away with Rome and Jerusalem! *Back to our native*

German faith in present-day form! What is sacred in our home, what is eternal in our people, what is divine, is what we want to build.”³

And Thesis Two of the *Twenty-Five Theses*—the number seems to have been chosen to match the *Twenty-Five Points* of the National Socialist Party Programme, so as to show that the “new” (or rather eternal) “German religion” is ultimately inseparable from the creation in Germany of a true National State—the second “thesis,” I say, states that the German religion is “the form of faith appropriate to *our* age which we Germans *would have today, if it had been granted to us to have our native German faith developed, undisturbed, to the present time.*”⁴ As for Christianity, it is frankly called “an unhealthy and unnatural religion, which arose two thousand years ago among sick, exhausted, and despairing men, who had lost their belief in life,”⁵ in a word, exactly the contrary of what the German people (or, by the way, *any* Aryan people) need today.

I do not remember any writer having more strongly and decisively pointed out the contrast between the everlasting Aryan spirit and that

¹ Ernst Bergmann, *Die 25 Thesen der Deutschen Religion. Ein Katechismus* (Breslau: Hirt, 1932).

² Johann von Leers, *Geschichte auf rassischer Grundlage* (Leipzig: Reclam, 1934).

³ *Die 25 Thesen der Deutschen Religion.*

⁴ *Die 25 Thesen der Deutschen Religion*, p. 9.

⁵ *Die 25 Thesen der Deutschen Religion*, p. 9.

of Christianity and, especially, having more clearly stressed the nature of the Aryan religion of the future. There is no question of reviving the Wotan cult, or any other national form of worship from Antiquity, as it was *then*. The wheel of evolution never turns backwards. The religion of resurrected Germany can only be that which *would have been* flourishing today, as the natural product of evolution of the old Nordic worship, had not “that Frankish murderer Karl,” as Professor Bergmann calls Charlemagne, destroyed the free expression of German faith and forced Christianity upon the Germanic race by fire and sword, in the eighth and ninth centuries; or rather, had not Rome herself fallen prey to what her early emperors called “the new superstition,” introduced by the Jews. And what can be said of the new German religion is no less true of the desirable new religion of every regenerate Aryan people, organised under a real national State.

The only international religion—if such a thing is to exist at all—should be the extremely broad and simple Religion of Life, which contains and dominates all national cults and clashes with none (provided they be true cults of the people, and not priestly distortions of such); the spontaneous worship of warmth and light—of the Life energy—which is not the natural religion of man alone, but that of all living creatures, to the extent of their consciousness. In fact, all the national

religions should help to bring men to *that* supreme worship of the Godhead *in* Life; for nowhere can Divinity be collectively experienced better than in the consciousness of race and soil. And no religion definitely stamped with local characteristics, geographical or racial, should ever become international. When such a one does—as Christianity did; as Islam did—the result is the cultural enslavement of many races to the spirit of that one whence the religion sprang, or through which it first grew to prominence. An Indian Muslim, to the extent he is thoroughly Muslim, is outside the pale of Indian civilisation.¹ And, to the extent he accepts Christianity, a European accepts the bondage of Jewish thought. And a Northern European, to the extent he accepts Christianity, and especially Catholicism, accepts, in addition to that, the bondage of Rome. Germany, the first Aryan

¹ This is an idea which I have expressed many times, during my long struggle in India against those religions of equality that do not take racial factors into account. The immemorial non-Aryan cults and customs of India, however, were never put in any sort of *bondage* to the finer Aryan culture of the Sanskrit-speaking invaders, for the latter *did* admit the principle of the *inequality* of races and the importance of the racial factor in religion. The non-Aryan cults and customs were allowed to survive. They exist in India to this day.

nation that has rebelled on a grand scale against the Jewish yoke—cultural, no less than economical—is also the first Nordic nation to have shaken off, partly at least, in the sixteenth century, the less foreign (while Aryan¹) but still foreign bondage of Rome. Nothing shows better the spirit of the religious revolution—of the religious liberation—slowly preparing itself under the influence of National Socialism, than the outcry of Ernst Bergmann which I have quoted above: “Away with Rome and Jerusalem! Back to our native German faith in its present-day form!”

* * *

The same inspiration—the same quest of the eternal Aryan faith under its present-day Germanic form—fills Johann von Leers’ *History on a Racial Basis* which I mentioned. There too one finds, applied to the domain of religion and culture, that passionate assertion of the rights of the Aryan North which constitutes, perhaps, the most characteristic feature of National Socialism on the political plane. For a political awakening of the type that Adolf Hitler provoked, stirring a whole nation to its depth, cannot go without a parallel awakening in *all* fields of life, especially in that of culture and religion—of thought, generally speaking. There too, one finds—based this time upon the extensive researches of Herman Wirth in ancient lore—a protest against the idea, current in all the Judeo-Christian world, that the old Aryan North was something “primitive” and “barbarous”; and a vision of the future in which Germany in particular and the Aryan race at large will rise again to unprecedented greatness, having rediscovered their glorious, eternal collective Self. The passage of Johann von

Leers' book which comes a few pages after his tribute to Hitler as "the greatest regenerator of the people for thousands of years"² is worth quoting *in extenso*:

After a period of decadence and race-obliteration we are now coming to a period of purification and development which will decide a new epoch in the history of the world. If we look back on the thousands of years behind us, we find that we have arrived again

¹ To the extent the metropolis of the Roman Empire, with the multifarious race-mixtures that took place there and the resulting conflicting influences, can still be termed "Aryan."

² *Geschichte auf rassischer Grundlage*, p. 67.

near the great and eternal order experienced by our forefathers. World history does not go forward in a straight line, but moves in curves. From the summit of the original Nordic culture in the Stone Age, we have passed through the deep valleys of centuries of decadence, only to rise once more to a new height. This height will not be lesser than the one once abandoned, but greater, and that, not only in the external goods of life. . . . We did not pass through the great spiritual death of the capitalistic period in order to be extinguished. We suffered it in order to rise again under the Sign that never yet failed us, the Cross of the great Stone Age, the ancient and most sacred Swastika.¹

The form and particulars of a modern Aryan religion destined to rule consciences in the place of obsolete Christianity are not yet laid out—and how could they be? But the necessity of such a religion could not be more strongly felt and expressed; and its spirit and main features are already defined. It is the healthy religion of joy and power—and beauty—which I have tried to suggest in the beginning of this book. In other words, it is the eternal aspect of National Socialism itself or (which means the same) National Socialism extended to the highest sphere of life.

I have previously recalled the Führer's words of wisdom concerning the growth of a new religion, better adapted than Christianity to the requirements of the people, namely, that "until such a new faith does appear, only fools and criminals will hurry to destroy what is there, on the spot."²

In 1924—when he wrote *Mein Kampf*—he obviously felt that the time was not yet ripe for such a revolution.

From what one reads in the famous *Goebbels Diaries*, published by our enemies in 1948 (and therefore, no one knows to what extent genuine) he would appear to have been in perfect agreement with the Reich Propaganda Minister's radical opposition to the Churches at the same time as with his cautious handling of the religious question *during the war*. As long as the war was on, it was, no doubt, not the time to promote such changes as would, perhaps, make many people realise too abruptly that they were fighting for the establishment of something

which, maybe, they did not want. But, when victory would be won, then, many things that looked impossible would be made

¹ *Geschichte auf rassischer Grundlage*, pp. 76–77.

² *Mein Kampf*, I, x, pp. 293–94; cf. Mannheim, p. 267.

possible. According to the *Diaries*, the Führer was even planning, “after the war,” to encourage his people, gradually, to alter their diet, with a view to doing away with the standing horror of the slaughter-houses¹—one of the most laudable projects ever seriously considered in the history of the West,² which, if realised, would have at once put Germany far ahead of all other nations, raising her conception of morality much above the standard reached by Christian civilisation. He was certainly also planning the gradual formation of a religious outlook worthy of the New Order that he was bringing into being. Already, the most devotedly radical among the active Party members, the *corps d’élite*; the SS men—were expected to find in the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* alone all the elements of their inner life, without having anything to do with the Christian Churches and their philosophy. And if one recalls, not the Führer’s public statements, but some of the most striking private statements attributed to him, one feels convinced that he was aware of the inadequacy of Christianity as the religion of a healthy, self-confident, proud, and masterful people no less than any of the boldest of the National Socialist thinkers, nay, no less than Heinrich Himmler himself and those whom he had in mind when he repeatedly wrote, in his brilliant booklet, “*Wir Heiden*”—“We Heathens.”

I know that the sayings attributed to a man, either by an admiring devotee in a spirit of praise or by an enemy, in a spirit of hatred, are, more often than not, of doubtful authenticity. Yet, when, while quoted in order to praise the one alleged to have uttered them, they in reality condemn him, or when, while quoted as “awful” utterances, with the intention of harming him, they in reality constitute praise; and when, moreover, they happen to be too beautiful, or too true, or too intelligent for the reporter to have invented them wholesale, then one can, I believe, accept them as authentic or most probably so.

Of the many books written purposely to throw discredit upon our Führer, I have only read one through and through; but that one—the work of the traitor Rauschning, translated into English under the title

¹ “An extended chapter of our talk is devoted by the Führer to the vegetarian question. He believes more than ever that meat eating is wrong. Of course he knows that during the war, we cannot completely upset our food system. After the war, however, he intends to tackle this problem also” (*The Goebbels Diaries*, 26 April 1942). [Cf. *The Goebbels Diaries, 1942–1943*, ed. and trans. Louis P. Lochner (New York: Doubleday, 1948), p. 188.—Ed.]

² Only once was the slaughter of animals forbidden on a wide scale, by order of the Indian Emperor Ashoka (3rd century BC).

Hitler Speaks—I read not merely with interest, but with elation, for it is (much against the intention of its author) one of the finest tributes paid to the Saviour of the Aryan race. Had I come from some out-of-the-way jungle and had I never even heard of the Führer before, that book alone would have made me his follower—his disciple—without the slightest reservation. Should I characterise the author of such excellent propaganda as a scoundrel? Or is he not just a perfect fool: a fellow who joined the National Socialist Movement when he had no business to do so, and who recoiled in fright as soon as he began to realise how fundamentally opposed his aspirations were to ours? His aspirations were, apparently, those of a mediocre “bourgeois.” After he turned against us, he did not actually lie; he did not need to. He picked out, in the Führer’s statements, those that shocked *him* the most—and that were likely to shock also people who resemble him. And he wrote *Hitler Speaks*, for the consumption of all the mediocre “bourgeois” of the world. As there are millions of them, and as the world they represent was soon to wage war on the Führer, the book was a commercial success at the same time as an “ideological” one¹—the sort of success the author had wanted: it stirred the indignation of all manner of “decent” *Untermenschen* against National Socialism. But one day (if it survives) a regenerate Aryandom will look upon it as the unwilling tribute of an enemy to the greatest European of all ages.

And Hitler’s words about Christianity, reported by Rauschning in the fourth chapter of his book, would be admired—not criticised—in an Aryan world endowed with a consistently National Socialist consciousness, for they are in keeping with our spirit—and ring too true not to be authentic. “Leave the hair-splitting to others,” said the Führer to Hermann Rauschning before the latter turned renegade:

Whether it is the Old Testament or the New, or simply the sayings of Jesus according to Houston Stewart Chamberlain, it is all the same Jewish swindle. It will not make us free. A German Church, a German Christianity, is a distortion. One is either a German or a Christian. You cannot be both. You can throw the epileptic Paul out of Christianity—others have done so before us. You can make Christ into a noble human being, and deny his divinity and his rôle as a saviour. People have been doing it for centuries. I believe there are such Christians today in England and America—Unitarians, they

¹ There were five printings of the book in English up till 1940. And probably others *after* that date.

call themselves, or something like that. It is no use. You cannot get rid of the mentality behind it. *We* do not want people to keep one eye on life in the hereafter. We need free men, who feel and know that God is in themselves.¹

Indeed, however clever he might have been, Rauschning was not the man to concoct *this* discourse out of pure imagination. As many other statements attributed to the Führer in his book, this one bears too strongly the stamp of sincerity, of faith—of truth—to be just an invention. Moreover, it fits in perfectly with many of the Führer’s known utterances, with his writings, with the spirit of his whole doctrine which is, as I said before, far more than a mere socio-political ideology. For, whatever might be said, or written, for the sake of temporary expediency, the truth remains that National Socialism and Christianity, if both carried to their logical conclusions—that is to say, experienced in full earnest; *lived*—cannot possibly go together. The Führer certainly thought it premature to take up, publicly, towards the Christian doctrine as well as the Churches, the attitude that the natural intolerance of our *Weltanschauung* would have demanded; but he knew that we can only win, in the long run, if, wherever essentials are concerned, we maintain that intolerance of any movement sincerely “convinced that it alone is right.”² And he knew that, sooner or later, our conflict with the existing order is bound to break out on the religious and philosophical plane as well as on the others. This *is* unavoidable. And it has only been postponed by the material defeat of Germany—perhaps (who knows?) in accordance with the mysterious will of the Gods, so as to enable the time to ripen and the Aryan people at large, and especially the Germans, to realise, at last, how little Christianity can fulfil their deeper aspirations, and how foolish they would be to allow it to stand between them and the undying Aryan faith implied in National Socialism.

That Aryan faith—that worship of health, of strength, of sunshine, and of manly virtues; that cult of race and soil—is the Nordic

¹ Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler Speaks: A Series of Political Conversations with Adolf Hitler on his Real Aims* (London: Thornton Butterworth, 1939), p. 57.

² “Die Zukunft einer Bewegung wird bedingt durch den Fanatismus, ja die Unduldsamkeit, mit der ihre Anhänger sie als die allein richtige vertreten und anderen Gebilden ähnlicher Art gegenüber durchsetzen”—“The future of a movement depends upon the fanaticism, indeed the intolerance, with which its adherents uphold it as alone correct and forward it past other similar formations” (*Mein Kampf*, I, xii, p. 384; cf. Mannheim, pp. 349–50) [Trans. by Ed.].

expression of the universal Religion of Life. It is—I hope—the future religion of Europe and of a part at least of Asia (and, naturally, of all other lands where the Aryan dominates). One day, those millions will remember the Man who, first—in the 1920s—gave Germany the divine impetus destined to bring about that unparalleled resurrection; the Man whom *now* the ungrateful world hates and slanders: our Hitler.

Imprisoned here for the love of him, my greatest joy lies in the glorious hope that those reborn Aryans—those perfect men and women of the future Golden Age—will, one day, render him divine honours.

Chapter 12

THE HOLY FOREST

“Es mag sein, daß heute das Geld der ausschließliche Regent des Lebens geworden ist, doch wird dereinst der Mensch sich wieder vor höheren Göttern beugen.”

—Adolf Hitler¹

“The walls, in this house, are as thin as paper; every word can be heard, especially at this time of the night, when everything is quiet. And the fellow who lives on the first floor is a treacherous swine. Used to pretend to be a National Socialist, once—when it paid. But went and joined the SPD² as soon as the Occupation started. And now, goes about denouncing us. So be careful what you say.” This is what Herr A had told me, the night before, as I sat by him in a comfortable easy chair after a tiring journey from one end of Germany to the other. “But,” he added, “tomorrow I shall take you to the forest. There, we can talk freely.”

And we were now walking uphill towards the forest. In fact, we were already practically in it. We were only walking farther and farther away from the road—away from possible onlookers, away from possible listeners, possible traitors, possible spies. And I thought to myself, recalling what someone had said in the first German town I had visited: “Indeed this is ‘the land of fear.’ Unfortunate Germany! For how long?”

We walked on and on without talking. I had never met Herr A before. I had come to him recommended by other Nazis from abroad, with whom he was in touch without having, either, actually met them. And all he knew of me was that I had spent long years in India; that I was “*in Ordnung*,”³ *i.e.*, myself also a Nazi; and that I was prepared to take part, directly or indirectly, in any underground activities aimed at strengthening the National Socialist spirit and undermining the

¹ “It may be that today gold has become the exclusive ruler of life, yet the time will come when man will again bow down before higher gods” (Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, II, ii, p. 486; cf. Mannheim, p. 436) [Trans. by Ed.].

² The Social Democratic Party, revived and sponsored by the Allied occupation.

³ In order—Ed.

influence of the Occupying Powers in present day Germany. So he had many things to tell me, and I many things to tell him. But we waited.

It was a bright September morning. Through the branches of the trees, still thickly covered with green leaves, the Sun projected patterns of light upon the ground and upon us—patterns that moved, as the breeze stirred the leaves—and birds were singing. The more we walked towards the interior of the forest, the more I felt elated. After the hundreds of miles of ruins that I had been seeing, day after day, ever since I had entered Germany, to find myself in that inviolate sanctuary of peace was refreshing. And the knowledge that Herr A and I were there alone, and that we had come to seek aloofness from the venal treachery of man; silence; secrecy; and heart-to-heart communion with each other in our grand, impersonal ideals, made it all the more so. I was aware that the hidden Godhead of the Forest—the unseen, still, invincible Soul of the Land—was our ally. And indeed it was.

A couple of deer ran past gracefully at some hundred yards' distance from us, and disappeared in the thickness of the trees. I admired the beauty of their flight. I wanted to ask Herr A if, like the English friends who had sent me to him, and like myself, he disapproved of the chase as of all cruel sports, both on moral and on aesthetic grounds. I remembered a Jew who had declared, in a tea-party in Iceland, where I happened to be present, that such sports “should be encouraged” as they provided “a convenient outlet for man’s natural destructive instinct” which was, according to him, “more suitably exercised against animals than against people.” To which I had replied in indignation that, if one’s natural destructiveness must have an outlet, it was far more suitable to direct it against dangerous human beings rather than innocent animals. And when the man had asked me whom I called “dangerous human beings” I had answered defiantly “People like yourself,” setting against me the whole company—Icelanders (anything but Jews) but people with a Christian outlook. I wanted to relate that episode to Herr A. But I did not. I could not bring myself to break the silence. And I felt that Herr A was thinking of things in comparison with which all personal episodes were unimportant. We continued to walk, without speaking, for about half an hour. Dead leaves and dead twigs creaked under our feet.

At last, Herr A spoke. “Nobody can hear us here,” said he. “Now we can talk. Would you like to sit down, or would you mind us going still a little farther into the forest?”

“Let us go a little farther,” said I; “I like walking.”

He asked me a few questions about my background, my childhood, my life as a student, both in Greece and in France; he asked me when and how I had come to National Socialism, and how long I had lived in India, and what I had done there during the war, and how I had come to know the people who had recommended me to him. I replied faithfully. He told me something of his own life and struggle;

of his beautiful birthplace, in Sudetenland; of his pious upbringing; of his conversion from Christianity to National Socialism.

“You are right,” he told me, “when you say that the two philosophies can never go together. You had the privilege never to have been a Christian. I ceased to be one in 1933.”

“I was one, outwardly, till 1929.”

“What do you mean by ‘outwardly’?”

“I mean that I used to go to church on Sundays. But I had never believed in the teaching of any Church. I used to go to the Greek Church, not because it was Christian, but because it was Greek; because I had there an opportunity of meeting the other Greeks of the French town where I was brought up, and of hearing Byzantine singing, which I love; and because I knew that the Church, as an organisation, had done a lot to keep Greek nationality alive during the four centuries Greece remained under the Turks. Also because, however sorry I was, at heart, that the Greeks had ever taken to Christianity at all, in the past, I considered that the foreign creed had irretrievably become a part of the national culture of a modern Greek. I don’t think so now. I have not thought so for many years—not since 1929, as I said.

“What did you do in 1929?”

“I spent forty days in Palestine. I wanted to know, not from books but from experience, the birthplace of the religion that had overrun Greece and nearly the whole of the Aryan world. I saw it thoroughly, from one end to the other. I saw the Jews there—the people whom my pious aunt¹ (my English mother’s sister) used to call ‘God’s chosen ones.’ Not that I had never seen any before. I had seen many. But it is one thing to meet an occasional Jew in France or in England, or even in Athens, and another thing to see hundreds, thousands of them in a land in which they were already settling twelve centuries before Christ or so; in a land that one can no longer separate from their history. I had never felt myself in such a foreign atmosphere as in those picturesque and dirty streets of the old Jewish quarter of Jerusalem; also as in the

¹ Nora Nash—Ed.

very churches of the place, and its sites of Christian pilgrimage. How could people of pure Aryan blood, nay, descendants of the Vikings, like my pious aunt and my own mother, thought I, bring themselves to accept a God said to have chosen such a nation as that one as ‘his own’? How could the Greeks have gotten accustomed to calling him ‘their’ God, even outwardly—for I knew that, inwardly, they had always been far less Christian-like than the English—and that, through a

teacher such as Paul of Tarsus, of all men, a hater of life and of beauty? It may well be that his Church had helped to preserve Greek nationality under Turkish domination. But before that, it had ruined the Greek race and what was left of the Greek spirit—as it had ruined the Aryan spirit in all other Aryan countries, more or less. I could no longer lie. I could no longer force myself to believe that this religion was an indispensable part of any national inheritance. There was too much Jewry irredeemably mixed up with it for me to tolerate it any longer. I had always been a Nature worshipper, a Sun worshipper, at heart. I would now be one openly. And I retained this attitude ever since.”

“Why did you go to India?”

“To see a land in which the old Aryan religion had resisted victoriously, to this day, the efforts both of Islam and of Christianity to wipe it out; in other words, a land of Aryan culture, free from the influence of the Jew—so I thought, at least. I had read a few books about the caste system. I could not help feeling a connection between that heroic effort to keep Aryan blood pure (and the blood of every race) in that land of many races, and the amazing survival of the Aryan Gods of old. I wished to see that system at work with my own eyes; to study it. I could not help noticing that the principles that had guided the immemorial Aryan lawgivers in their insistence on purity of blood, in that distant tropical country, were exactly the same as those which the Führer proclaimed in our times—for the first time in the West since decay had set in. I had just read *Mein Kampf* and was already, in the full awareness of my Aryan pride, a devoted admirer of Adolf Hitler.”

“Did you not wish to see, also, Hitler’s own land?”

“Oh, do not again tear open the lasting wound in my heart! Too many people have done so already, first of all the generous, detached, all-understanding Indian who gave me his name and protection that the British might allow me to leave India in the beginning of the war. I was to go to France. From France, I would have come here. I had introductions; everything I needed. I would have broadcast on behalf of the Propaganda Department, and put all my heart and soul in my

messages. But Italy joined the war a fortnight too soon. And so the last Italian ship, which I was to take, never sailed. Of course I should have come *before* the war. I intended to. I never meant to remain in India more than two or three years—not fifteen.¹ But it is not always possible to do as one has planned. And not easy to come from ten thousand kilometres away. When the war once broke out, it was impossible, in spite of all my efforts.

“I have told you what I did during the war. Whatever it might have amounted to, it was nothing compared with what I could have done here.”

“It was the best you could do, in the circumstances. And it was useful. And now you have come to us, and you are welcome. You can also be useful, if you know how to be careful and patient.”

“Still, in former days, I would have seen the Führer.”

“You will see him, one day.”

“So you too believe he is alive?”

“I do not ‘believe’ it; I know it.”

“Do you know where he is?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“I cannot tell you now. But a time will come when you will know.”

“And see him?”

“Surely.”

“And feel his divine eyes rest upon me, be it only for a minute or two! And hear his voice—his own voice—address me!”

“And tell you that he is pleased that you were among us in 1948, in the darkest days. Yes, why not?”

My eyes brightened at the thought of this happiness. And I blushed. Herr A smiled to me as he would have to a little girl, although I am as old as he, in fact a year or two older. “Don’t I know,” said he, “what you want? I can read your thoughts.”

“Then, you know at least that I am sincere.”

“That, I do! I knew it as soon as you opened your mouth. But sincerity is not sufficient, in times like these. You also have to learn how to wait, how to keep calm, and how to hide your feelings, also, if you do not want to get into trouble one fine day and—which would be worse—to get others into trouble along with yourself. Be careful, very careful. You seem entirely to lack the sense of danger.”

¹ Savitri’s first sojourn in India lasted only a little more than ten years, from May 1935 to November 1945.—Ed.

“I was aware of danger when I crossed the border with my trunk full of those leaflets which I showed you; acutely aware of it indeed.”

“Yes. But you forgot all about it as soon as you felt that you had safely come through. You should not forget. Danger is lurking everywhere, in this unfortunate country. People can denounce you for nothing, in the sheer hope of securing safety for themselves. You do not know who is a friend and who is a traitor.”

“But surely no Nazi would harm me.”

“Certainly not. But you do not know who is really a Nazi and who is only speaking as one, in order to trap you. Be careful. Bribery and fear are the weapons of our enemies; powerful weapons. Our proud Germany has become, under the Occupation, the land of fear.”

For the hundredth time I recalled in my mind my arrival at Saarbrücken, my first evening in the midst of a German family, and those self-same words, which I heard there for the first time: “*Das Land der Angst*”—“the land of fear.”

“But,” said I, “the faithful minority, the genuine German National Socialists, they stand erect in the midst of that general terror . . .”

Herr A gave me a beautiful, proud smile.

“Yes,” said he, “*we*, the wide-awake, the steadfast; the true followers of him you love and revere. . . . You have defined us in your leaflets. We are ‘the gold in the furnace.’ The weapons of the agents of the death forces have no power against us.”

* * *

I looked up to him admiringly. The words he quoted might have been mine, no doubt. But the pride was his. And so were the hardships endured these three and a half years: the loss of his home and of all he possessed; and his sufferings as a soldier on the front and as a prisoner of war abroad. And it was his indomitable will that had overcome those sufferings, and kept him erect and expectant, strengthened instead of disheartened in the depth of disaster and destitution; ready to seize the mastery of the future at the first opportunity. In his tall and handsome figure walking by my side against the sunlit background of the forest; in his virile countenance brightened by large, deep blue eyes, I beheld a living representative of that golden minority that I love; that I had come to Germany in order to seek and serve; of that minority which is, in my eyes, *the* real German nation, for whom Hitler dreamed such glory, such power, and such happiness. Herr A was Hitler’s people welcoming me. I had not felt so happy for a long time.

“Would you like us now to sit down,” said he.

“Yes.”

We reclined upon a mat of dead leaves, at the foot of a tree. A ray of sunshine struck Herr A's ash blond, glossy, wavy hair, and made it shine like gold. His face was stern. His eyes, looking in the distance, were as hard and cold as steel. I too, looked straight in front of me at the play of light and shade in those hundreds and hundreds of trees; at their varied shades of green; at a patch of blue sky, visible through the intricate branches. We were silent for a moment, as though under a spell. I felt the soul of that forest *in* me. I was a part and parcel of that endless life. And I knew Herr A felt the same. (I have never met a National Socialist who does not feel the same as I do about Nature.) He turned to me and his hard eyes softened. And his mouth, which had expressed up till then nothing but concentrated willpower and pride, smiled faintly. "Are you comfortable?" he asked me.

"I am happy."

"Do you know where we are? In *which* forest?"

And without giving me the leisure to answer or even to think, he pursued: "We are in the outskirts of the Hartz, the great sacred forest of all times. It stretches on, from here, for kilometres and kilometres, right into the Russian Zone. Is it not beautiful?"

"It is."

"They' have cut down whole portions of it, the devils. One day, I shall show you: whole hilltops robbed of their verdant, age-old mantle; acres and acres of land, in which you will see nothing but stumps of felled trees. At one time, in their first fury of plunder and desecration, in 1946, 'they' were cutting down ten thousand trees a day. And goodness only knows what the Russians have been doing on the other side of the forbidden border—although they have enough wood in their own country without spoiling ours. That is what 'Occupation' means."

"I know," I replied: "I have seen some of the damage 'they' have wrought in the Black Forest. And believe me, I hate 'them' as fiercely as you, although I am not a German. I shall never forget the massacred woods, nor the cities in ruins, nor that splendid faith of ours, for which I lived twenty years, shattered in the hearts of millions. Shattered, and replaced by what? Blank despair—like that which I myself experienced until this year in the spring; for one cannot have loved our ideals and then love different ones. I shall never forget that moral ruin added to the material."

Herr A's cold blue eyes looked straight into me inquiringly. "Have *you* ever really lost faith?" he asked me.

"No," said I. "And yet, in one way, yes. Of course, I never lost my devotion to the Führer, nor my faith in his mission. I always believed, or rather always knew, that one day his principles would triumph, for they are rooted in truth. What is rooted

in truth never perishes. But I had given up all hope to see them triumph in my lifetime.”

“Did you ever give up your willingness to act?”

“Never.”

“Why, since you had no hope?”

“First, because I hated those millions of fools who had obediently swallowed the Jew’s horror tales (which never impressed *me*, anyhow, and would not have, even if they had all been true) and fought against the Führer. I hated those who have been persecuting his faithful ones ever since the capitulation. I would have given anything, done anything to witness their destruction and to rejoice over it. Then, I realised that the faithful ones were more numerous than I had imagined. Hope came back to me, as I have already related to you. Then, I saw the ruins of Germany and could no longer remain away from here in freedom and security. No. Even if I had still believed that the New Order could not be restored in my lifetime; even if there were no hope, still, I would have come—come, at least to suffer with Hitler’s people, if I could do nothing more useful; come to share their hardships and their dangers; to be persecuted with them. I would have crossed the frontier on foot, clandestinely, from the nearest village in France, if I had not, this time, been granted an entrance permit.”

Herr A took one of my hands in his, and pressed it, and smiled. “There is no moral ruin for the strong,” he said, triumphantly; “and material ruin does not count, in the long run. I have not only never lost faith in our ideals but, even in 1945 when, a prisoner of war in the USA I was told of the capitulation, I knew that one day we would rise again; and that I would live to witness our second rising, more irresistible, more glorious than the first, and more lasting. I knew *then* that the Führer was alive. Something told me.”

The forest continued to breathe and to sing all round us, in grace, in majesty, in the superb indifference of things everlasting. “The felled trees will grow again,” I said. “It might take a long time—a hundred years, two hundred—for the holy Hartz to look like itself once more. But what are two hundred years in the life of the Land?”

“We too will rise again,” replied Herr A. “Like the divine Forest, we too are eternal. We too have our roots in the soil. The world does

not yet know what real National Socialism is. It will, soon.”

“How soon?”

“In less than two years’ time—surely in less than three—you will see the beginning of our second struggle for power.”

“How I wish I could believe you! So soon! Yet, would it not have been better if there had been no capitulation, no disaster? Why, after all, why could we not win this war? Whose fault is it, according to you, that we lost it; that Germany is occupied, plundered, terrorised; that our Hitler’s name is slandered all over the stupid world; that the best men of the Party were killed as ‘war criminals’; that you and I have to come here, miles away from the town, to speak freely?”

“Ours,” replied Herr A.

“You mean to say that the Nazis in power were not ruthless enough? I have always said that myself. There would have been no trials for so-called ‘war-crimes,’ had there been no Jews left to bear false witness against our people.”

“Not ruthless enough, not merely towards the Jews,” observed Herr A, “but towards a number of good-for-nothing fellows who had crept into the Party, and towards the traitors in high position. Not critical, not discriminate enough; not suspicious enough. The facts you told me last night about Rommel’s briefcase are significant. And the other information you obtained abroad about that pack of traitors in the German railway services, sending regular dispatches to the London War Office concerning our troop movements and so forth, while pretending all the time to be sincere National Socialists, is no less eloquent. We must not blame the Occupation authorities if those rascals now have good posts as a reward for their doings and if they go about denouncing us to increase their income still a bit more. We must blame ourselves for not finding them out in time and ‘liquidating’ them before they did irreparable mischief.”

“We had,” said I, “a too high opinion of human nature. We were too generous.”

“Too slack, too stupid, and too self-centred,” replied Herr A.

“But the Party members . . .”

“I have told you: there were all sorts of fellows in the Party besides genuine National Socialists,” said Herr A. “Three-quarters of them had not the right spirit. Had it been otherwise, we never would have lost the war.”

And he started discussing some of the prominent members of the Nazi Government. He was bitter in his criticisms.

“Look at that creature, Schacht,” said he. “Can you call *that* a

Nazi? The slimiest type of traitor. And to think we tolerated such a man twenty years without being able to see through him!”

“Capable, but characterless,” said I. “He should have been a Democrat from the start. But he is an exception, you must admit.”

“I should think so! Still; look at Ley, a man who never should have been in high position. Look at Baldur von Schirach; the reputation he had . . .”

“I have heard all that,” said I. “Oh, don’t tell me any more! I don’t wish to know. They were both among the Führer’s early followers. And one died a martyr at Nuremberg. And the other is, to this day, in captivity, in our enemies’ hands. Leave them in peace. Whatever might have been their weaknesses, they suffered enough to expiate them a thousand times.”

“A Nazi should have no weaknesses,” said Herr A. And his bright eyes were as hard as stone. And I felt that he despised me a little for the sympathy I had shown the two men.

We remained some time without speaking. The many noises of the forest were the same as before: songs of birds and rustling of leaves; the fall of a pebble at the swift passage of a lizard. I saw another couple of deer run past in the distance. But I was neither looking nor hearing with the same restfulness as before—that restfulness without which one cannot remain in touch with the soul of living Nature. I looked up to Herr A once more, and I did not know what to think. “Have you not a good word to say of any of them?” I asked at last; “Not even of Hermann Göring? Not even of Dr. Goebbels, the embodiment of devotion to our Führer?”

And I thought of Göring’s fine, frank face. And sentences from his speeches at Nuremberg—at the Party rally in September 1935, and, ten years later, before our victorious enemies—came back to my memory; unforgettable sentences, everlastingly true. And I thought of Goebbels’ eloquence also, and of his death with all his family, worthy of the heroic Age; and of Göring’s death in honour and dignity—and in defiance of the iniquitous judgement of our persecutors.

“Göring was both able and sincere, and I respect him,” said Herr A. “Still”—he added—“. . . too much luxury, too much money . . .” as though this were nearly a disqualification in his eyes. “As for Goebbels, he was undoubtedly one of the best ones,” he said, “although none were perfect—none but the Führer himself.”

He paused for a while and then addressed me again. “You mentioned the martyrs of Nuremberg,” said he. “Shall I tell you of two among them, the most misjudged, the most hated by the world at large,

but worthy men, whom you should admire?”

“Tell me.”

“Himmler, and Streicher.”

Herr A's choice did not astonish me. In fact, I expected to hear these two names from him.

"I have never shared the prejudices of the God-forsaken world—or even of many Germans—about these men," said I. "I remember the passage of *Mein Kampf* relating how Julius Streicher, in a gesture of unselfish, true patriotism, dissolved his own previous party and asked his followers to join the Führer, in the beginning of the struggle.¹ I always liked that generous attitude of his. And I like his uncompromising spirit, also; his one-pointed effort to free this country from the unseen yoke of the Jew; and his last gesture, and two last words—'Heil Hitler!'—at the tragic hour of death, after going through still more suffering, perhaps, and greater humiliations than the others, at Nuremberg. Poor Streicher! And I know Himmler's task was a heavy and a thankless one. Yet he did it well."

"Right," replied Herr A. "And have you ever read his little book, *Die Stimme der Ahnen*? It is not well known; not even published under his own name. But if you can ever get a copy, read it. You will then understand what a man he was."

And he added in a lower voice: "A real Heathen; a man *you* would have been happy to meet. A man who would have understood you, too, for he had the right view of things and hated half measures. So did Streicher, in fact. And so did Goebbels. He too was a man from the people."

* * *

Herr A uttered those last words with particular emphasis. One could feel that, in his estimation, it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a person born and bred in a "bourgeois" atmosphere to make a good National Socialist. For Herr A could not forget the enormous influence of upbringing upon *most* human beings. He did not speak of the exceptions. "Yes," he repeated after a pause, "only among the people—the workmen, the peasants; those who know and accept real life—are the qualities of the race to be found, unmarred. The workman is healthier than the 'bourgeois.' His blood is purer—in general—and therefore stronger; more valuable. All

¹ *Mein Kampf*, II, viii, p. 575; Mannheim, p. 514.

or nearly all 'intellectuals' are perverts in some way or another. All are more or less hopelessly sick. Cut them down, as a class. Suppress classes. They are incompatible with a society dominated by the national (*völkisch*) ideal which is, before anything else, racial. And the leaders of the people should be men of

character and of experience; men who have lived and suffered, and learnt; whose personality has been forged by the Gods upon the anvil of hardship, like that of the Führer—not men of books; theoreticians; men who do not know mankind, and who can neither love it nor hate it.”

“I have always said that myself,” I replied—strange as it might seem to many, who believe that one’s education determines one’s being, in all cases. “No one is more contemptuous of unthinking ‘intellectuals’ than I. I want people who think for themselves, or at least who trust and follow those who *do* think—and who really love them. And of all such ones I met, nine out of ten come, as you say, from the working classes.”

I was perfectly sincere. And Herr A felt it. He gazed at me with warm, understanding approbation, and was silent.

The birds continued to chirp, and the leaves to rustle, and the Sun to throw moving patterns of light upon the mossy ground and upon our faces. I felt safe, and at rest. All was so beautiful and so peaceful around us. Herr A pressed my hand and smiled at me gently. “Are you happy, here?” he asked me.

“Yes,” said I. “I love forests. And to know that this one is a part of the famous Hartz makes it all the more lovable to me. I feel on a holy spot.”

“So you really love our Germany, don’t you? Not merely with your brain, but with all your heart.” And his large, limpid eyes, that could, at times, be so hard, looked at me with tenderness. “You are right,” he added; “see how lovely she is!”

“She is, indeed,” I repeated. “Yet, it is not her beauty alone that moves me. The whole world is beautiful. But she is my Führer’s land. Her people are *his* people, whom he loves more than himself, more than anything on earth. And that is why I love them. That is why I came, when all was lost.”

Herr A again pressed my hand in his and looked at me so gently that my heart ached.

“You are a woman,” said he, smiling; “a young, loving woman. I know it. How old are you?”

“Nearly forty-three.”

“Nearly twenty-three,” replied Herr A.

“About the age I was,” said I, “when I first realised all that National Socialism meant to me.”

“That is to say, all that Adolf Hitler meant and still means to you,” said Herr A mercilessly.

“Is it not the same thing?” asked I, suddenly flushing crimson.

“Yes, it is.”

“It is,” he repeated after a pause, “and always shall be. For not only is our *Weltanschauung*, as you say so well, the modern form of the everlasting Religion of Life and Light—of health, and strength, and beauty—but *he* is the one modern Man of action in Whom God—“the Heat-and-Light within the Sun,” to use the expression you quoted last night—manifested Himself. I believe that. And so do a few others who understand, who feel the truth.”

“I believe it too. *I know it*, because I love Him. And I have never loved anyone in that way, but Gods. Oh,” said I, in a new outburst of enthusiasm, stretching out my arms as though I would reach the ends of the earth, “I wish I could say it freely, write it, proclaim it, stick it on all the walls: ‘Hitler is divine; our glorious, our beloved Führer is the cosmic Soul, the Spirit of the Sun, born for the first time in the West since immemorial Antiquity to stay the decay of creation.’ I wish the world could rise and praise him—and love him—at my voice!”

“The broad world—nay, his own Fatherland that he so loves—will listen to no one. It will learn the truth as it has always learnt: through bitter experience, through remorse, through despair; through the way of blood and tears. Germany is learning already. As for you, continue to love him and serve his ideals, in small as well as in great things. Continue to love his people. Are you not happy to feel that some of them, however few, think and feel as you do, and are waiting and working with you for his triumph?”

“Surely I am. And it is a joy for me to feel myself, just now, in this holy forest—away, far away from the impure world created by his enemies; alone with one of his sincere followers.”

Herr A gazed at me more tenderly than ever, and spoke in a low, caressing voice: “I too am happy with you in this solitude, united to you in the love of all I adore and stand for and live for. There is no link like that one. Had you been a little different, I would have perhaps tried to bring you nearer to myself. But I shall never do so; for you have been put aside to live for gods alone.”

“My husband always said the same.”

“A wise, very wise, and noble man,” said Herr A.

We were silent for a few minutes and then, overwhelmed by the feelings that had been roused in me, I suddenly said in a low voice,

with such appealing gentleness that I was myself surprised at the sound of it: “You must have seen ‘him.’ Have you ever had the privilege of speaking to ‘him’? Oh, do talk to me about ‘him!’” Herr A understood—knew—that I meant: about Adolf Hitler.

“I have seen him and greeted him several times, but only spoke to him once,” he said. And his face was beaming with a strange light, as though inspired.

“Do tell me!” said I.

“Well, it was in Berlin, long ago—before his coming to power. He had just been addressing a meeting and spoke individually to many people. I was then a student, and I had been attending the meeting with other students. We went up to him, some eight or ten of us. And he shook hands with each one of us, and spoke to us in turn. He told us that he relied upon us; that we were to be the builders of new Germany. But it is not so much his words that impressed me, as it is himself, especially his eyes. ‘His divine eyes,’ you said. You are right: large, deep blue, magnetic eyes, he has; eyes that look straight into one’s soul or straight into infinity; full of heavenly light. No one could see those eyes and remain unmoved. No one could hear his warm, convincing, compelling voice; no one could behold his countenance—stamped with unbounded willpower; brightened with the holy radiance of inspiration; softened with kindness—without loving him. No one—at least no German—could come in close contact with him even once, even for five minutes, and not become his follower.”

He paused a minute, as though lost in a dream, or watching some inner vision. The words he had uttered would have thrilled me anywhere. But there, in the midst of the sacred forest, the Hartz, they took on a beauty, a solemnity that lifted me above myself and above the world, to the realm of the eternal.

But Herr A was again speaking—speaking freely in this sanctuary of peace where no profane ears could hear us, no enemy watch us; where we lay, for a while, outside the pale of persecution: “Yes,” he was saying, “you are right, entirely right: Adolf Hitler *is* National Socialism; He *is* Germany; He *is* the Aryan race; the ‘god among men’ as you write in your paper; the living Soul of the race—our Hitler!”

He was no longer the same man. He was transfigured, as though the very spirit of the forest and of the blue sky had entered him, overshadowing his individual spirit. And I too, probably, looked more than myself. He took my hand in his, and I looked up to him with tears in my eyes.

* * *

We remained a long time without speaking, absorbed in our feelings, in tune with each other through the great One who filled our consciousness; in tune with the majestic trees, with the soul of the Hartz, the soul of all woods, abode of silent,

inexhaustible strength and life—with the invincible soul of the Land he so loved. Ascending the pure blue sky, the Sun shed his rays more and more directly upon the treetops above our heads.

At last, Herr A spoke: “You told me last night,” said he, “that you are a worshipper of ‘the Heat-and-light within the Sun,’ of the Energy that is Life; in other words, that you are a Heathen like myself and like the few others of us who really know the meaning of what we profess to stand for. Have you never longed to see the spirit of our philosophy exalted in a public cult?”

I thought I had heard the self of my youth, of my childhood, of always—my eternal self—speaking to me in the Führer’s sweet language.

“I have longed for that all my life,” said I, “and travelled all my life in search of its nearest equivalent, without really finding it.” (I nearly said: “I have longed for that all my lives, and sought it in all the countries of this and other planets, without yet finding it.”)

Herr A looked at me intently and spoke: “The public cult of Life and sunshine, as you have dreamed it,” said he, “will flourish here in Germany, the cradle and the stronghold of National Socialism—during your lifetime and mine. One day, somewhere on the edge of this very forest, men will behold the temple of the new Soul. I have planned it; and I shall build it after we are free once more; after ‘he’ comes back; in other words, after the new soul awakens in earnest and takes consciousness of itself.”

He was silent for a while, and spoke again. (“Was it he, Herr A, or was it more than he? Was it the consciousness of the future, was it reborn Germany speaking to me through him?” thought I.)

“The new Aryan soul that will pray and sing and dream in the temple of Life, is now slowly taking shape,” he said; “the collective soul that will uphold the Religion of Life and Light, the one religion that can minister to the aspirations of man in a permanent National Socialist State. I shall describe to you the temple as I have conceived it. I have hardly ever spoken of this to anybody. But you will understand me, I am sure.”

“I hope so.”

And he unfolded before me his beautiful dream. He described to me a splendid structure of granite, against a hill, in the midst of the woods. He evoked, before my eyes, the altar of the Sun—a huge cubic monolith bearing the holy Swastika, the Sign of the Sun, in the centre of a broad open platform, reached by a monumental staircase from within the temple, and upon which fire, lit directly from the sun rays through a convergent glass or crystal, would burn day and night—and the stately services to which the warrior-like sound of trumpets would call the population, not at ten or eleven o’clock, but at sunrise and sunset, on

ordinary Sundays, and on the great festive days of the Sun—the equinoxes and the solstices—natural, regular landmarks in cosmic life, and on the great national anniversaries, landmarks in the history of the race, days on which the people have taken consciousness of their greatness in some great action.

And I listened to the wonderful conception, more and more moved as Herr A spoke. I was a Sun worshipper all my life, and I was all my life a National Socialist—knowingly, for the last twenty years. And I had been aware all the time, at the bottom of my heart, that the everlasting Religion of the Sun and the modern *Weltanschauung* of power and beauty, of purity of blood, bodily perfection and mental virility—the eternal and the modern philosophy of the Swastika—were the same. And all my life I had dreamed of a modern cult expressing this fact. And lo, at last, a man was telling me that my dream would become a living reality, at least that it would inasmuch as that depended upon him; and that man was none other but one of the faithful National Socialists in downtrodden, persecuted Germany. I felt as though, through Herr A, her worthy son, it were Germany herself speaking to me in her martyrdom: “Trust Me, the Führer’s Nation; The Power of the Sun, Whom you worship, will again raise Me from the abyss. And I shall make your dream a reality from Ocean to Ocean. I shall establish the cult of strength and joy—of youth—all over the subdued world!” And the words of one of our beautiful Nazi songs came back to my mind: “. . . for Germany belongs to us today, and tomorrow the whole world.”¹

I gazed at Herr A. “I have never heard of any conception as beautiful as this,” said I sincerely. “When did you first think of this ‘German temple’ of yours?”

“In 1936.”

“And what did you do about it then?”

¹ “denn heute gehört uns Deutschland, und morgen die ganze Welt.”

“Nothing.”

“But why? Why did you not try to bring the scheme into being, under the great One who would have understood it and appreciated it better than anybody else?”

“But he would have been the only one to understand it and appreciate it,” said Herr A.

And I recalled what my wise husband had told me sometime in early 1941—and then, not for the first time: “There is one man, and one alone, in the wide world, who would fully understand and appreciate your conception of religion and life, and that is . . . the Head of the Third Reich. You should have gone straight to him instead of coming and wasting your time in the East.”

And the old sadness, and the old feeling of inexpiable guilt again made my heart ache. The knife was again thrust into the unhealed wound.

But Herr A spoke once more. “The time was not ripe, then,” said he. “It is not ripe now. But it will soon be. It will be, when the German people have walked to the end along the way of blood and tears, and learnt to value that which so many of them considered lightly.”

“And what did they consider lightly?” I asked.

“Hitler’s words, Hitler’s love, Hitler’s spirit,” replied Herr A. “They are only now beginning to realise what a man lived in their midst; lived for them alone.”

“But would not the public cult of Life, as you understand it so well, would not your ‘German temple’ as you planned it in your mind, have helped them to realise all that?”

“No. The new soul must slowly emerge out of unconsciousness before it can express itself in a public cult. It must emerge out of new dwellings, new schools, new factories, new centres of physical training, new life. The ever-burning high altar of the Sun, bearing the sacred Sign both of Life and of National Socialism, can only be the culmination of the future city in which the new life will be an everyday reality, accepted as a matter of course. We were gradually building that splendid new life, when the vile Jew stirred up the whole world against us, and forced war upon us.”

And he described some of the features of the world that would have been if National Socialist Germany had not been defeated in 1945—of the world that will come into being tomorrow, one day, never mind when, if, with the help of the invisible forces that govern all things, we succeed in imposing our will upon men.

I was beaming with elation. “You have described,” said I to Herr A,

“that which, all my life, I have dreamed and longed for, thought impossible, and regretted never to see: modern civilisation at its best, modern industry in all its efficiency, in all its power, in all its grandeur; modern life with all its comforts *and*, along with that, the eternal Heathendom of the Aryans; the religion of living—physical and supra-physical—perfection, of ‘God residing in pure blood’ to repeat the words of Himmler; the religion of the Swastika which is the religion of the Sun; efficiency and inspiration; iron discipline coupled with enthusiasm; work, a parade; life, a manly hymn; military schools and up-to-date dwellings in the midst of trees; blast furnaces and Sun temples. That is the super-civilisation according to my heart. That is, that always was my conception of true National Socialism applied in practice. And to think that I had to come to defeated, downtrodden, martyred Germany, to find at last someone to express the same dream even better than I ever have!”

“Only through the experience of disaster and oppression, through years of martyrdom, could Germany grow to realise to the full the greatness of her Saviour and of all He stands for, and prepare herself to follow Him in absolute faith. She cheered Him, formerly, in the sunshine of victory, and her devotion was skin deep. Where are they now, those millions, whose lifted arms and joyous faces can be seen in the pictures of 1933 and 1935? Where are they? But now, the increasing thousands who long to shout ‘Heil Hitler’ from the bottom of the abyss, although they are not allowed to do so, mean it, with all their hearts. They will adore the holy Swastika, symbol of Life, in the Sun temples of the future. They will build the new world—the Golden Age world—which Hitler wanted.”

“But could not that have happened without all this misery?”

“No. Only bitter experience teaches nations, as it teaches individuals.”

“What would have happened, according to you, if by chance we had won this war?”

“Herr Schacht would still be Finance Minister of the Reich. And more millions of good-for-nothing people all over the world—some of them not even pure Aryans, strictly speaking—would be calling themselves National Socialists, without having anything in common with our beautiful way of life; without understanding the basis of it. The system would perhaps be in the process of decay through corruption *from within*. And once it collapsed (for it surely would have, in time) it could never have flourished again. A system that becomes rotten from within never does. Christianity, for instance, never will.”

“And now?”

“Now the world at large thinks us dead. Let people believe it! It is better to be alive, and believed dead, than dead or dying, and believed alive. It is even sometimes expedient to be thought dead. The more our enemies believe us so—the more the Occupying Powers are convinced that they have succeeded in ‘de-Nazifying’ Germany—the better for us. The more they believe us incapable of rising again, the freer we are to take consciousness of our strength, and to organise ourselves, and to get ready. The more silence, the more oblivion there is around us, the easier it is for us to move about in peace, and to do what is needed of us in these times of trial, of suffering, and of preparation.

“We are few. But we have never been so alive as we are now—never so convinced of the absolute justice of our cause, of the absolute soundness of our principles; never so aware of the greatness of all we stand for.

“Wait. And learn how to work in silence, in effacement, forgotten by others, forgetting yourself. Learn how to live, faithful to our ideals, without speaking of them. Learn how to live for our Führer alone, without stirring when you hear men either praise or condemn him. Remain proud and worthy of being a National

Socialist, without letting the hostile or indifferent world know that you are one. Then, and then alone, you can be useful in our ranks.”

“But when shall I see, at last, the triumph that our comrades deserve, if I don’t? And that new world which you say is nigh? When shall I witness the public cult of life among the regenerate Aryans?”

“In less than ten years’ time. And you will see the beginning of the new rising in less than two, or at most three, if I am right. Great changes are to take place sooner than people think.”

* * *

Thus we conversed, lying in the moss at the foot of the trees, in the sunny solitude of the holy forest, in communion with those living trees, with the birds, the deer, the Sun and sky above; with the maternal earth on whose bosom our bodies lay—Germany’s earth.

I often wish I had hearkened more strictly to Herr A’s words of prudence and wisdom. I would not now be here, in jail, but would still be useful—and in many more ways than one. Still, as Herr A said, “people learn through experience alone.”

But I remember that warm September day spent in the Hartz, as a moment of beauty that nothing can alter—one of those unforgettable

contacts of mine with the invincible soul of Germany.

We had been sitting there for who knows how many hours, when at last Herr A said: “It is perhaps time for us to go. My wife will be waiting for us.”

“Let us use and enjoy the freedom of the woods yet five minutes longer,” said I; “let us stand and sing any one you like of our old songs, as we would have, in former days, after a meeting of the NSDAP. No political gathering could have made me feel in tune with Germany’s living élite more vividly than I have here, today, through your contact.”

“You are right,” said Herr A. “I too, feel the solemnity of this moment; your devotion represents, in my eyes, the homage of the whole Aryan race to our Germany.”

So we stood, with our right arms outstretched towards the Sun, in that green solitude, the symbolical two of us—he, the Führer’s compatriot, and I, the Aryan woman from far away, the first fruits of the Race’s reverence and love. And we sang the Horst Wessel Song. The manly tune and words that once accompanied the march of the German army across Europe, filled the grand sunlit stillness of the holy Forest, abode of peace.

And we were calm, although intensely happy, in the awareness of the eternity of all we stand for.

Chapter 13

ECHOES FROM THE RUSSIAN ZONE

“So ist die marxistische Lehre der kurzgefaßte geistige Extrakt der heute allgemein gültigen Weltanschauung. Schon aus diesem Grunde ist auch jeder Kampf unserer sogenannten bürgerlichen Welt gegen sie unmöglich, ja lächerlich, da auch diese bürgerliche Welt im wesentlichen von all diesen Giftstoffen durchsetzt ist und einer Weltanschauung huldigt, die sich von der marxistischen im allgemeinen nur mehr durch Grade und Personen unterscheidet.”

—Adolf Hitler¹

“. . . die Frage der Zukunft der deutschen Nation [ist] die Frage der Vernichtung des Marxismus . . .”

—Adolf Hitler²

I have never visited the Russian Zone of Germany—unfortunately. I wish I had. I would have, in fact—or would have at least tried to, on the sly—had I not been arrested in the British Zone before I could put my project to execution. And it is perhaps just as well—from the standpoint of my possible usefulness in the future—that I was arrested on this side of the “iron curtain” rather than on the other.

But I have met quite a number of people who have been in the Russian Zone, and some who actually live there. And I can never forget the impression they left upon me. The first one I encountered was a young woman, tall and beautiful, dressed in a very simple dark blue coat, and bearing an expression of infinite anxiety upon her face. She sat by my side in a train leaving from Hanover, and we started talking to each other. Her father, she told me, was a German, her

¹ “Thus the Marxist doctrine is the condensed spiritual extract of today’s generally prevalent worldview. For this reason alone, any struggle of our so-called bourgeois world against it is impossible, indeed laughable, since this bourgeois world is in essence permeated by the same poisonous stuff and adheres to a worldview that in general differs from Marxism only in degree and personalities” (*Mein Kampf*, II, i, p. 420; cf. Mannheim, p. 382) [Trans. by Ed].

² “The question of the future of the German nation is the question of the annihilation of Marxism” (*Mein Kampf*, I, iv, p. 171; cf. Mannheim, p. 155) [Trans. by Ed].

mother a woman from the Baltic States, a Lithuanian, I believe. Her father had known Sven Hedin. We talked about Sweden—where she had lived for a time—and about that great friend of Germany and of the Führer. Then, all of a sudden, after a long pause, she asked me: “Do you believe in the power of thought?”

“I do,” I replied.

“Then, think of me intensely this evening at about eight o’clock,” she said. “I shall then be on the border.”

“You are going to the Russian Zone?”

“Yes. And I am afraid.”

“Why don’t you stay here, if you believe it is not safe for you to go?”

“I once lived there,” she replied. “I could not stand the atmosphere, and came away. But I could not take my two children with me. They are there still. And I have had no news of them for a long time. I feel restless. I want to see them again at any cost.”

There was controlled, but intense emotion in her voice, and tears in her large blue eyes appeared as she spoke.

“I shall think of you, and pray for you with all my might this evening at eight o’clock,” said I. We were on the morning of the 26th of October 1948. Then I asked her about the Russian Zone. “Tell me,” I said, “how are things there; worse than here?”

“Much worse.”

In the course of our conversation, I had already made sure that she was a Nazi at heart. I asked her, nearly in a whisper: “How about the ‘old’ spirit, there?” She smiled faintly.

“Outwardly, it looks as though it is dead,” she said. “But it lives in the secrecy of our hearts, even though we do not speak, even to one another, for fear of hidden listeners. Men who are—or pretend to be—drunk, sometimes sing the old songs. In such cases, the Russians say nothing.”

“And how about Communism? Got many German adherents?”

“None whom I know,” she replied. “Those it once had have changed their minds, after seeing what it meant in practice.”

“So, if, one day, things took an unexpected turn, you would all be ready to welcome the rebirth of the New Order?”

“Most certainly,” she said. And her face took on an expression of ineffable longing. “But when? When?”

“Perhaps sooner than we think.”

“Oh, if only you could be right!” she whispered.

Very quietly, I gave her one of my leaflets. She slipped it into a magazine and read it, pretending to be reading the magazine.

“Where did you manage to get that printed?” she asked me, in a voice hardly perceptible, when she had finished.

“Abroad,” said I.

She squeezed my hand. “I wish I could take your whole stock with me,” she said. “But I dare not. I shall keep that one paper, however. We shall copy it over and over again, be sure. Thousands will read it.”

“So,” said I, “you *are* alive, in the Russian Zone!”

“How can it be otherwise? Did you imagine for a moment that we could forget? Never!”

One of the sentences in my leaflet had caught her attention. She pointed it out to me. “You say so yourself, don’t you?” she whispered: “We are the gold in the furnace . . .”

“You are indeed,” replied I.

She looked at me intently and said: “We are—including yourself. Your turn too will come, to bear witness to the truth we stand for, in suffering, as all other genuine National Socialists.”

I felt honoured far beyond my merits by that mark of confidence from one who had already lived three and a half years in the midst of persecution. I did not know that the woman’s words were prophetic. The following station was my destination. I got down, saluting my friend of an hour, for the last time, perhaps. And I thought of her on that evening, and many times since.

Later on, on my way to Mainz, I met a student who had also lived in the Russian Zone, and after talking to him some time, I asked him the same question: “Is it really worse than in West Germany, as so many people say?”

“Dear me,” exclaimed the youth; “I should think so!”

“In the Western Zones it is bad enough,” I said.

“Yes. But at least we can grumble.”

“Only to a very small extent,” I replied. “Go and say, for instance, in any public place, that the National Socialist régime was wonderful and that you would like nothing better than to see it come back; and watch what happens—that is to say, if there is any policeman or police informer lurking about. Or just try to salute a friend at the corner of the street in the former manner . . .”

“Yes,” said he, interrupting me, “of course, if you go that far. But one can express much of one’s feelings without going that far. And one does. We have, for example, been talking now, for over half an hour, and we understand each other, don’t we? You know me enough to trust me at least to some extent; your last words prove it. And I

think I know what you are.”

“But, I said nothing at all.”

“You don’t need to ‘say’ it. Nobody ever ‘says’ it. But again, you are allowed to let everybody know it, if you choose to do so. While ‘there,’ it is different.”

“But,” I replied, “what precisely irritates me the most, not merely here, in the French Zone, but in the whole of Western Germany (I never was in the Eastern area), is that ban on my free speech; that reticence, that constant repression forced upon me.”

“You say that because you come from the free world outside unfortunate Germany, and because you have never yet crossed the border between the Western Zones and the Eastern Zone. There, behind the ‘iron curtain,’ you could not say a quarter of what you have said now during our short conversation, without being asked to get down at the next station and to follow the policeman waiting there to take you up.”

“But if nobody overheard me?”

“In the Russian Zone, somebody always does overhear. There are informers everywhere, and you can never tell who is who. Parents cannot trust their own children, nor a brother his brother, nor a man his wife. Here, National Socialism is persecuted. There, it is crushed.”

“Inwardly also?”

“Outwardly. Inwardly, no power on earth is in a position to crush it.”

“And how do the people react to this?”

“They are quiet—outwardly; much quieter than here, in the Western Zones. They suffer more.”

I asked him the same question as I had, some months before, to the woman in the train from Hanover: “How about the Communists, there?” The answer was the same: “There *are* no Communists, in the Russian Zone—save a handful of fellows who suck up to the Russians for what they expect to get out of them, materially. There would be none anywhere, in Germany, if only they all could have a taste of what Communism means, for six months or so, as we have had, for four years. Communism,” he added after a pause, repeating that which I have said myself so many times, “sounds like salvation, and is, indeed, perhaps, the nearest approach to salvation, for people who are both primitive and exploited, like the peasants of Russia—or China—were for centuries. If such people are, in addition to that, of an inferior stock, it will appeal to them all the more. But no highly-civilised, organised, and *conscious* people of a superior race, especially no

people who, like we, have once experienced National Socialism, can possibly take to such a system. Even the Russians who have had a glimpse of our régime during the short time their country was occupied by us, cannot help feeling all the difference between the Communist point of view and ours.”

“And do you believe they would have been easily kept within the pale of a National Socialist world, if Germany had won this war?”

“With time, and adequate propaganda, and education, why not?” said he.

“And what about those social reforms which, they say, the Russians have introduced into the Russian Zone: the division of the land among the peasants and so forth, of which such a fuss is made abroad by Communist sympathisers?”

“Oh, that!” said the student, with a wry smile, “another piece of deceit! The peasants of Eastern Germany fare worse, now, than they ever did before. Whether the land is supposed to be theirs or not, it makes no difference. They are slaves upon it. They are compelled to give up to the Government a certain amount of goods fixed beforehand, and the same whether the crops have been plentiful or scanty, with the result that, after a bad season, they have to buy food from peasants of more fortunate areas so that they can give the Government dues and still eat. Sometimes, they even have to buy from others the very goods—potatoes, for instance—that they are expected to give as a tax. You should visit the Zone yourself, and make a thorough inquiry.”

“I would like to. But how can I go? I have no permit.”

“If you are willing, I shall try to arrange for you to go on the sly, with relatives of mine returning there. Only when you have seen the place will you be able to

understand how justified you are in your wholehearted praise of the German National Socialists of *all* the Zones. Only then will you know how right you are when you say: 'Four Zones, but . . . still one people, and in that people's heart one Führer—the Führer.'

I saw the young man again. I was received in his home. I had made up my mind to try my chance and do as he had suggested. But my arrest upset my plans.

* * *

There is a place not far from Hanover, called Celle. In the station, as in most German stations of any importance, there is a "Catholic

Mission" that provides food and shelter for the night to people who cannot afford to go to a hotel. That is one of the spots where one can watch the daily arrival of refugees from the Russian Zone. I spent a couple of nights there myself, as well as at the Catholic Mission of the Hanover station, and thus got in touch with many of them.

I shall always remember a lad of fourteen, whom I met at Celle—an intelligent, but still childish face, with large pale blue eyes that looked up to me, full of tears, with heart-rending entreaty, as I put my hand upon his shoulder, in a gesture of sympathy.

But I could do nothing for him. "He crossed the border two days ago," the lady in charge of the Mission told me, "and now we are sending him back. What else can we do? He has no relatives, no friends who could take charge of him in the British or any other of the Western Zones; no work; no money." (How gladly I would have taken charge of him, had I not been, myself, but a homeless wanderer, living and carrying on my activities, on the few scraps of jewellery I had left, with no prospects of finding any work however much I tried!)

"What prompted him to come over?" I asked, when the unfortunate boy had eaten his last morsel and was taken to the train.

"Fear," said the lady in charge. "They were looking for him to send him to work in the mines, somewhere far away—'in the Urals,' he says. And he does not want to go. He wants to remain in Germany and continue to go to school."

"Who are his parents?"

"People who both played an active part in spreading National Socialism in their town, in former days, apparently. His father was taken away to Siberia and never heard of again. His mother works and maintains him the best way she can. He has two young brothers."

“The same attempt to uproot National Socialism everywhere,” thought I; “the same savage persecution of the élite of the world, from one end of Germany to the other! And it does, definitely, look worse in the Russian Zone than in the Western area, I must admit.” Turning to the lady in charge I said: “And there was nothing, really, that you could have done for the kid? Absolutely nothing?”

“Alas no.”

“You could not have sent him to a refugee camp?”

The lady in charge looked at me as one looks at a person who does not know what he or she is talking about.

“Have you visited any of those refugee camps?” she asked me.

“No,” said I. “I wished to. But I was told I needed a special permission. I was thinking of applying for one on the ground that I am

writing a book about Germany.”

“. . . as a consequence of which you would never be granted a permit,” she replied, “. . . that is to say, not unless the Occupation authorities felt sure that you would shut your eyes to all that they wish to keep concealed concerning the conditions of life in their relief camps. But you are not a woman to shut your eyes to things, or to hide the truth when you know it. I can understand that, from your conversation during these two or three days. I can even understand more about you, I believe. A very, *very* definite reason for ‘them’ to give you no admittance to their ‘charitable’ institutions in this unfortunate land.”

“What reason?”

She hesitated. I knew her first impulse would have been to say: “You are a National Socialist.” But she did not say that, although she was practically sure it was true. She said: “You are a *real* friend of Germany”—which meant the same. “Our friend, and a writer; then surely no permit for you, my dear lady!” she added jokingly. “But if you could see some of those camps you would not think of sending a young boy there.”

“Still, perhaps better than slave labour in the mines,” I ventured to say.

“I am not so sure about that,” she replied enigmatically. “Moreover, there *is* no place in the refugee camps. Do you know how many people cross the border every week on an average?”

“Five thousand, I was told in Hanover, by an Englishman in a responsible position in the Labour Department, at ‘Sterling House.’”

“That is the official figure,” she said. “In fact, there are many more than that. And their position—and ours—is becoming more and more acute.”

Two women stepped in at that moment—two more from the Russian Zone—and asked for something to eat. While they sat and ate, I talked to them.

They were not refugees. They were people who lived with their families in the Russian Zone, and who came regularly to see relatives and to buy food across the frontier. I asked them, as I did every other person from the forbidden area, how they fared there.

“Life is hard,” they told me, “not so much for such people whose sympathies were, from the beginning, actively and obviously with the Red Front, as for us, who were connected with the NSDAP.”

“Connected only,” the other woman put in at once. “For had we distinguished ourselves by any special activity, or held any special

position in the Party, we would not even enjoy that small amount of tranquillity. My husband was an SS man. He fell a prisoner to the Americans during the last year of the war and only came home in '47. Well, he is not allowed to take up his former job in civil life as an electrician. He must work on the roads—break stones and dig—for the sole reason that he was a militant Nazi.”

“The Democrats do such things here, too,” I said. “Not that I want to defend the Reds. I never was a Communist, goodness me! But I can tell you many instances of similar oppression on this side of the Elbe.”

“I believe you. Yet I doubt whether they could match those of the Russian Zone,” she replied unconvinced. “You have no idea what we suffer over there—all Germans, but especially we National Socialists.”

During the time I remained in Celle we got to know one another better. One day, as we were alone, I took out of my pocket a padded jewel box, opened it, and placed it before my new friends. A pair of golden swastikas—the earrings I used to wear in Calcutta and in London—gleamed before their eyes on a background of dark blue velvet. The two women repressed a cry of joyous surprise. “How beautiful!” they exclaimed, almost together. “But where on earth did you get those?”

“In India. One can buy any number of them in the jewellery shops, there. The swastika is a widespread religious symbol held in veneration by all Hindus—who dimly remember the Nordic origin of the civilisation they glory in to this day. It is the sacred Sign of the Sun.”

“We too call it ‘*Sonnenrad*’—the ‘Wheel of the Sun.’ But you don’t wear those here, in Germany?”

“I do . . . under a shawl thrown over my head, which I take off indoors, when I know that I can trust the people I am visiting.”

“Do you know what would happen if you were caught with those in the Russian Zone?”

“What?”

“You would be sent off to Siberia at once.”

I paused; and then, producing two of my leaflets, I said: “And what would they do to me if they caught me distributing *these*?”

There was another cry of surprise and then, deep silence, while each of the two women read the words of defiance.

“Never cross the border,” said finally one of my new friends; “‘they’ would kill you. How many of these did you distribute in the Western Zones?”

“Ten thousand, up till now.”

“Without getting into trouble! Marvellous! And how long have you been doing that?”

“Over eight months.”

“You could not have done it eight days in the Russian Zone. ‘They’ have spies everywhere. ‘They’ are devils. Worse than the Western Democrats, I tell you. But you can give us some of your papers. We know whom to give them to.”

“But how will you cross the border with them?”

“No fear as far as we are concerned,” said the other woman. “We come and go every fortnight. The guards on the frontier know us.”

“And I can trust you to distribute those leaflets at your own risk?”

“Every German in the Russian Zone misses National Socialist rule, not just we, who supported it from the beginning. You can rely upon us.”

I gave them each a couple of hundreds of my leaflets, as I had given several other sympathetic people returning to the forbidden area.

When they had left, I showed my Indian earrings to the lady in charge of the Mission, a little cautiously. “I hope you don’t object to my having them,” I said: “You see . . . they are Indian . . .”

Her face brightened as she saw the immemorial Sign. She smiled. But, along with joy, there was an ineffable nostalgia in her smile. She gazed at the symbol of National Socialism. “I, object?” she said at last. “You don’t know me. I too love that Sign . . .”

“Do you, really?” I replied, overjoyed. “I had thought . . .”

I had thought—and still think—that no consistent person can be a Catholic and “love that Sign.” And the woman would not have been in charge of this station mission had she not been, at least outwardly, a Catholic. So I wondered . . . She was probably no sincere Catholic after all. Or she lacked consistency—as so many people do. But she did not leave me time to wonder.

“Shhush!” said she, in a whisper, putting her fingers to her mouth. “I am not supposed to talk frankly to you. And this is not the place. But when you come back to Celle, come to my house. If I cannot myself put you up, I know friends who will gladly do so. And then we shall talk. I am beginning to know you—and to like you.”

But I was arrested before I could go back. I never saw the lady again. She must have read about my case in the daily papers—or heard of it on the wireless: “Sentenced to three years’ imprisonment for Nazi propaganda . . .” And she probably thought: “Not surprising.”

* * *

But all these people, whether hundred percent National Socialists or not, had always been sympathetically inclined towards our régime; they were, at least, never hostile to it. Yet, there seem to be, in the Russian Zone no less than in Western Germany, quite a number of men and women who previously hated National Socialism but who, now, bitterly regret they did not support it with all their might. I repeat: I have not lived in the Zone. But I can assert that there are many such Germans among those who come across the border, whether with the intention of remaining in the Western areas, or on short periodical visits.

I shall recall one instance only: that of a young woman whom I met at the “Catholic Mission” in the Hanover station. This woman could hardly have been more than thirty—thirty-five at the most. She had a frank, pleasant face. She told me she was living in the Russian Zone. I introduced myself as a writer, and told her of my intended journey over the border in order to complete my book on Germany.

She gazed at me with genuine interest and said: “Don’t go! It is only courting trouble. You don’t know what a life we live, over there.”

“That is just what I would like to see for myself,” I replied.

“The knowledge is not worth the risk,” she answered. “You might never come back. You are English, aren’t you?”

“Half-English.”

“Whatever you be . . . You are not a Communist?” she asked.

“Anything but one!”

“Well, in that case, don’t go! They will seize on the slightest pretext to charge you with espionage on behalf of the Democracies and to send you off to some place whence you will never return.”

“But I am no Democrat either!” said I. And then, realizing that I had perhaps spoken too much, I added: “I take no interest whatsoever in politics. As a writer, I am only concerned with men and women and their lives.” The lie was a clumsy one. But she did not seem to notice it.

“If you care for people’s welfare, you should take interest in politics,” she replied. “But think twice before you support or fight any movement—weigh the pros and cons carefully.” And she added in a low voice: “Never do what I did. I betrayed my country without knowing what I was doing.”

I suddenly had a glimpse of the whole tragedy of that woman’s life. She was one of those thousands whom I had hated so intensely; one of those of whom I had so often said: “They should all have been ‘liquidated’ in time.” But I controlled my feelings, looked at her with curiosity, and answered enigmatically:

“Many have betrayed their country without knowing what they were doing during this war, and not only among the Germans. And they have betrayed the Aryan race, which in my eyes is worse.”

The woman looked strangely into my face and asked me, hesitatingly: “Are you also one of them?”

“Oh, not I!” I burst out in protest—I could nearly say “in indignation.” “I knew where my duty lay. And there lay my heart also. I was on the right side from the beginning—years before the war.”

“I see you *are* interested in politics after all,” said the woman, with a pinch of irony. But her face soon became serious, nay, sad, once more.

“You were on the right side without being a German,” she resumed, “while I . . . Oh, had I only known!”

“Is it indiscreet to ask what you did?” said I.

“I fought against Hitler,” she replied; “I was in an underground organisation whose aim was to undermine his power and to bring about his downfall. We were deceived into believing that he was the cause of the war and the original source of all our misfortunes—he, our saviour! Oh, had I but known!”

Every word of hers was like a knife-thrust into my heart. With implacable clearness, I pictured that woman busying herself with shadowy propaganda against the inspired Leader whom I so loved; I imagined her secretly informing the Russians of whatever she knew of his efforts to defend Germany (as so many other traitors had informed the Western Democracies)—doing her best to bring about the ruin of the National Socialist Order, the downfall of all I admired, revered, praised, defended, all those years. Did she perchance fancy that her tardy remorse would efface that criminal past of hers in my eyes? I hated her with bitter hatred. And my first impulse was to say: “Well, remain, now, under the darling Communists whom you yourself called and longed for, and enjoy them to your heart’s content! You don’t know how glad I am to behold that distress upon your face. You are not the first one I see—nor the last, I hope. I am only sorry I cannot meet the whole lot of you, one by one, and enjoy the sight of each one’s present-day misery. The Third Reich, which you betrayed, spared you. May those for the sake of whom you betrayed it not spare you, but slowly grind you out of existence, you and all the other wretched anti-Nazis! You don’t deserve to see the daylight!”

But I did not utter these words. I only felt them spring from my heart in indignation and hatred, as I gazed at that woman.

She was pretty, and well-built. She looked healthy. Under a broad,

intelligent forehead, her two large grey eyes were fixed upon me, while the curls of her glossy reddish-brown hair moved in the wind. There was such a depth of despair in those eyes that I shuddered. But still, I hated her.

Then, in a flash of imagination, I recalled the stern and beautiful face of the Man she had betrayed—and probably reviled in speech, countless times—the Führer’s face, as sad as hers, but of a different sadness; a face conscious of the tragedy of the whole world led to its ruin by its own folly, and its enemies’ lies; conscious of the eternal tragedy of better mankind exploited by the clever rogues of an inferior nature, but aware, also, of the endless potentialities of the misled Aryan; the face of the Saviour who hoped because he loved, and who stands above defeat because he knows the everlastingness of the truth for which he fought. And I felt as though He stood between us—He, our loving Hitler—and was saying to me: “Don’t crush her still more under the weight of your indignation. Don’t hate her! For my sake, don’t! Whatever she might have done against me, she is one of my people. Help her to come back to me.”

Tears filled my eyes; and I was a while without speech. Then, I said slowly: “What is done is done. But the endless future is there, before you. Germany is not dead;

will never die. Tell me: what would you do *now*—tomorrow, next year—if the Führer came back?”

“I would stand by him fanatically, in the new struggle, glad if an honourable death cleansed me of my shameful past activities,” she replied, her eyes also moist with tears. And she added with entreaty: “I know you can hardly believe me. You don’t trust me. You look upon me as a traitor, which I am, or rather which I *was*. But if you could realise what agony I have lived, all these four years, you would believe me. And you would not hate me.”

A tear slowly rolled down one of my cheeks.

“Who am I,” said I, “to hate you? I have no right to do so. As an Aryan and as a lover of truth, I came from the other end of the world to bear witness to my Führer’s greatness in this martyred Land. And you are one of his people. And you love him—now. Don’t you?”

A flash of unearthly joy brightened her pale face—the joy of unexpected redemption.

“I do!” she replied passionately.

I took her to a place where nobody could watch us and asked her: “Would you like to *do* something for him?”

“What can I do, now? It is too late.”

“It is never too late, as long as the spirit is alive. Listen: can you

distribute a few of these among the men and women across the border who, like yourself, once fought against National Socialism, but now repent for what they have done?”

And I took out of my bag a bundle of leaflets wrapped up in a fashion magazine.

She read one and asked me: “Who wrote this?”

“I.”

“And you are sure he is alive?”

“Practically sure. I know it from several sources.”

“Oh,” said she, with infinite yearning, “if only you were right! I shall take as many of those leaflets as you can give me, and distribute them among my friends.”

“Are you not afraid to cross the border with them?”

“No. I am never searched now. The guards know me. Moreover, they know I have worked against all this in bygone years. But they do not know how I regret it.”

I gave her the whole bundle. “Good luck to you,” said I.

“I shall never forget our meeting in this station,” she replied. “I hope to see you again, one day, if I am not caught and sent to Siberia to work till I am dead. I don’t think I shall be. But one never knows. Well, if I am, I shall expiate my past.”

“Don’t look to the past,” said I; “look to the future—for we have a future. I assure you we have. *Auf wiedersehen!*”

She looked at me as though she wanted to say something more. She turned her head right and left to see whether anybody was paying attention to us from a distance. Then, she lifted her right hand in the ritual gesture, as I would have, myself, in a lonely place, in the presence of someone of our views.

“Heil Hitler!” she said.

It was perhaps the first time in her life that she greeted anyone sincerely with those words and that gesture. I replied with the same gesture, repeating the forbidden, sacred words: “Heil Hitler!” And I recalled in my heart the Führer’s sentence: “One day, the world will know that I was right.”

And I was filled with an immense joy, as though I had played a part—a tiny part—in the making of a new Germany, more strongly, more genuinely united than ever under the sign of the Swastika.

* * *

I have said so before: they can dismember Germany, terrorise her

people, starve them, humiliate them, vilify them in the eyes of a world of charlatans and imbeciles; they can forbid the *Horst-Wessel-Lied*, and all the other songs of the glorious days; forbid the Nazi salute, and all external manifestations of love for Adolf Hitler. They can never kill the Nazi spirit, or the German soul—the first national soul awake in an Aryan nation, foreshadowing the birth of the future soul of Aryandom. Let them maintain four ‘Zones’ in the place of the one Reich—as long as the invisible Powers allow them to do so. Four Zones there might be but, still one people, one heart, one German consciousness and—whether alive or dead, in the flesh—one Führer, of whom nobody speaks (in public at least) but of whom everybody thinks and whom, more and more, everybody reveres.

To the unsympathetic foreigner come to occupy their country and to try to “convert” them, the Germans might show but an extreme outward politeness, and an absolute indifference to the fate of National Socialism and of its Founder. But

the intelligent occupants themselves are not deceived. A French official in Baden-Baden, Monsieur P, once told me that a paper in Cologne had published an article discussing the question whether the Führer is alive or not. "There was a 'queue' waiting to buy the paper on that day," said he. "There would be! There is nobody but Hitler in their minds."

And, as soon as the Germans are really in distress, their thoughts automatically rush back to him, "not only the Leader of his people, but their Saviour," as Hermann Göring once said.¹ In the dark days of hunger and destitution, in Treves and several other towns, I was told, one found the two forbidden words written upon the walls: "Heil Hitler!" as though to say: "Yes, in 'his' time we were happy, while now . . ." And during the tragic blockade of Berlin, the crowd from the starving Western sectors, roused by prolonged hardships, did not oppose Communist power with newly learnt Democratic slogans. No. Those dead words, corresponding to nothing whatsoever in the German heart, if ever learnt at all for the sake of immediate expediency, were forgotten in the twinkling of an eye. And on the 13th of September 1948 the crowd marched to the Brandenburg Gate singing the Horst Wessel Song, and tore down the flag of the Hammer and Sickle shouting "Heil Hitler!"—despite the terrible penalties that awaited all those on whom the Russians managed to lay hands.

"Heil Hitler!" is the cry of Germany's heart to this day, in whatever "Zone" it be.

¹ Speech at the "Parteitag" of Nuremberg, 15 September 1935.

* * *

The feeling of bitterness and resentment that one encounters in those who live in the Russian Zone is partly due, no doubt, to the hard conditions of life that prevail there. But it is also, and more still, due to the knowledge of the thoroughness and stability of Communism, compared with Democracy; to the consciousness of its hold on a large section of mankind, and its irresistible expansion. The Germans of the Western Zones—I mean, not the docile slaves of the Jews, but the genuinely intelligent and wholeheartedly German people, *i.e.*, the National Socialists—might be persecuted: not allowed to air their views freely; not allowed to greet one another publicly in the former manner, or to have pictures of the Führer on the walls, in their own houses; not allowed to hold certain posts, or even to work at all, if they are known to have been prominent or at least enthusiastic members of the NSDAP in recent years. Yet, they are too intelligent not to realise the weaknesses of Democracy; not to see how shallow, how inconsistent, nay, how childish is the "philosophy" upon which it lies, compared with ours; not to think: "Such a system cannot last. It carries in itself the germs of its own destruction. Its very inconsistency—or rather its hypocrisy—is its death-warrant." The Democrats, even when they persecute us, are too stupid for us not to despise them, as I have already said many times. The *naïveté* with

which they proceed to “reform” us would be sufficient to make anybody laugh. We know what they want us to say. We say it. And we are amused to see how readily they believe that we really mean it. We deny (outwardly) whatever we can of the acts of ruthlessness—the so-called “war-crimes”—attributed to us, letting the simpletons remain convinced that, *if only* we believed that such “crimes” really took place, we would be the first ones to renounce National Socialism. And when we see how firmly convinced they are of our fundamental “humanity”—when we see how readily they take all but the most obviously, the most blatantly thorough amongst us for lovers of half-measures like themselves—we think: “What fools!” As though we ever cared—as though we care, now—what acts of violence took place for the sake of our triumph; as though we mind a little ruthlessness, when it is expedient! In you, our persecutors of today, what revolts us is the hypocrisy, not the violence; the way you find excuses for your crimes, not your crimes themselves; the spirit in which you do things, not the things you do—not even your atrocities upon us; we would understand those, if only you called them acts of vengeance and not acts of justice. You don’t know us! You

never will. Continue to lull yourselves into believing that you have “converted” us—“awakened” in us the natural “humanity” that our “monstrous” Nazi education had silenced for a while—you bumptious imbeciles, you self-styled “crusaders to Europe,” and keep on being fooled, as long as we judge it expedient to nod our heads at your sermons! Tomorrow—next year, the year after—when our opportunity comes again, we will show you fast enough how silly of you it was to judge us by your own standards. We will teach you what Nazis are, if you do not know by now! In the meantime, keep your illusions.

In the Russian Zone, things are different. There—from what I imagine from my few contacts with Germans who live there; for I repeat: I have not lived there myself—persecution seems to be not only more ruthless (it is ruthless enough in Western Germany) but more intelligent, and more difficult to avoid. The Communists know that we are as one-pointed, as purposeful, as uncompromising as themselves, and that therefore they cannot trust us, whatever we might tell them. They might try to “convert” a few of the younger ones among us. But they do not try for long. They do not believe in wasting their time. They either subdue us materially, and terrorise us into silence, or “liquidate” us. They understand us better than the Democrats ever will, and consequently, dislike us without reservations. As I said before, they, and not the Democrats—not the men spontaneously drawn to half-measures—are our real enemies.

The National Socialists of the Russian Zone realise that only too well. And at times, under the heel of those real enemies, so well organised and so strong, they experience a feeling of dejection verging on despair. We have lost this war. We all know that. But in the West of Germany, many of us still believe that the Democracies *and* the Bolsheviks won it together. In the Russian Zone, we are all convinced, for the last four years, that the Bolsheviks alone are the victors.

Moreover we feel—and that, not only in the Russian Zone, but also in the areas under Franco-Anglo-American control, and outside Germany—that we are, with Communism, in the presence of something altogether out of proportion with Western Democracy; of something grim and formidable, not the last sign of life in a dying world, but the swelling tide of a new, great wave in the history of man. And we feel—we know, from our intuition of history (and those of us who possess a sound historical background know it all the more definitely from logic as well as intuition)—that this new great movement in the evolution of man is unavoidable. We could not stop it. The Democracies will still less be able to do so. *Nothing can stop it.*

It has to come, whether one likes it or not, just as, sooner or later, night has to take the place of daylight. We know this is the last leap of mankind along its age-old, fated path towards disintegration—unavoidable doom. We know that doom must come, before resurrection. We—the children of resurrection—can do nothing, before the world has trodden the path of death to its very end. We can only be ready and wait—“hope and wait,”¹ as the Gods, through my humble agency, told the German people. There is nothing else to be done. Our time of grand outward activity lies in the past and in the future. At present, we can only watch—keep our spirit alive—and pray; keep ourselves in contact with one another and with the eternal Source of our inspiration: the truth we stand for, and the godlike Exponent of that truth, our Führer, living forever, whether he be materially alive, or dead and immortal; somewhere on earth, or in Valhalla.

And, while we know we can just now *do* nothing, we can see everywhere around us, near and far, increasing instances of that power of Communism which seems, at present, boundless. In the Western Zones we feel that, sooner or later, the Occupation will have to go. We can imagine the last lorry full of soldiers rolling across the frontier, and the general sigh of relief at the news. It might not be tomorrow morning, but every German, let alone every National Socialist, feels that it must be, that it *will be* one day. In the Russian Zone, at times at least, one feels that such a day might, perhaps, never come. Moreover, in the Western Zones, the end of military control would mean the end of control altogether, over Germany. Nothing can keep the country down, once the troops of occupation are gone. In the Russian Zone, even if the troops of occupation did go, a burdensome control would still remain, an effective control, like that over so many other countries in which “popular republics”—*i.e.*, Russian-sponsored republics—have been established. For how long? As the Communists have taken over Russia and are ruling it still, after so much distrust and scepticism on the part of the world, in the early years of their régime, so they will take over Germany, the whole of Europe, the world—who knows?—and rule it, no one can tell for how long; one wonders, sometimes, in despair, if not forever. They seem to be thoroughly well organised, already, in the Russian Zone. That is to be expected. Communism—the latest great lie of the everlasting Jew; the last mass-onrush of mankind towards final decay and death, under the impulse of the age-old enemy of the natural order—is nothing but Democracy carried to its bitterest

¹ “*Hofft und wartet!*”—the last words on the posters I stuck up in Germany.

conclusion; Democracy endowed with our merciless logic and our unbending thoroughness. It is, on the broadest possible scale, the display of our qualities and of our efficiency put to the service of the philosophy of death *par excellence*.

Those same qualities were once used to forward the cause of Christianity in the days the Catholic Church was all-powerful. Democracy—the sickly régime of half-measures—is, to a great extent, devoid of them. For it is but the bridge between Christianity and Communism, or, if one prefers, the expression of Christian civilisation grown old and pining for rest—for “security”; that is the Democrats’ pet word—in reality, pining for disintegration and death. But Communism, the latest and, maybe, the last expression of the irresistible tendency of mankind towards disintegration, has taken on those qualities once more. And, thanks to them, it is everywhere undermining the artificial democratic structure, causing great alarm among the comfortably settled Jews of capitalistic countries. For although it is itself, undoubtedly, a Jewish product—Marx’s “historical materialism” applied to government—more and more numerous are the Jews who are experiencing genuine fear at the sight of its expansion. These Jews wanted Communism to destroy Christian civilisation, in order to bind the Aryan race more tightly than ever to their yoke. They did not imagine that the upheaval might drag *them*, also, to their doom, in the process. Now, they fear it might be so. “Communism is evolving,” they say; “it is no longer ‘genuine’ Communism.”

And maybe it is not, in many instances. In 1930, a certain Keralian Communist was, to my knowledge, cut off from the Communist Party—excommunicated—for three years, for having called a man a “dirty Jew” in a Russian tramway car. Today—I hear—many Jews who had helped the Russians to fight Germany during this war were “liquidated” under one pretext or another as soon as the war was finished. Does this, perchance, mean that, in the eyes of many Russians at least, this war was not the struggle of Communism against National Socialism (as the Jews had wished) but just that of Russia against Germany—an ordinary war between two Aryan nations for vital space, as so many conflicts in the past, and no “crusade” whatsoever?

And—I hear also—there are, in Germany today, Communist groups from which Jews are excluded.¹ How is one to characterise such Communism that admits—and insists upon—racial distinctions?

¹ An apparently well-informed Communist woman interned in Werl has told me so. I have not had the opportunity to check the truth of her statement.

Perchance, as a disguised form of National Socialism? And that is what the Jews fear. And that is what we hope.

But in the meantime, there reigns an implacable tyranny in the Russian Zone—a tyranny aiming at the uprooting of National Socialism in the name of purely Marxist principles, no less ruthlessly than we would ourselves try to crush any *Weltanschauung* standing in our way, if we were in power; a tyranny, of which we can well envy the thoroughness while hating the purpose.

* * *

And beyond the boundaries of the Russian Zone and of Germany, and of Europe, the power of Communism is becoming every day more formidable, more irresistible. Who will oppose it? The Western Democracies, or their worthless tools, the less objectionable Oriental rogues who exploit the gullibility of the Democracies for the sake of sheer personal profits?—less objectionable, I call them, for they are at least frank enough to put forward no “ideology” at all; no justification of their unholy alliance with the world’s greatest deceivers.

The Communists have conquered China. When, before that, they had tightened their hold on Poland and Czechoslovakia, the Western Democracies had become alarmed. Those “poor Czechs” and those “poor Poles” had already suffered so much from us “Nazi beasts!” It was really not fair that our deadliest enemies the Reds should continue our work—and (they say) improve upon it—after we were crushed! It made the Western Democracies feel as though they had fought their stupid war and defeated us for nothing. Or rather, it made things look as though they had fought it as complacent henchmen of the clever Communists, and as though the Communists had won it, and not they—which is, of course, the truth. As a consequence, they had been thoroughly alarmed. But Poland and Czechoslovakia are insignificant countries compared with China and its five hundred million people. True, the Chinese are not Europeans. But that should never come into account with broadminded gentlemen devoid of “racial prejudices”—believers in quantity, not in quality—as our persecutors the Democrats pretend to be. And China is far away. But that too is a blunt excuse for indifference. No country is far away, in our epoch. And the fact is that General Mao Tse-Tung’s victory is a very great event; the beginning of a worldwide change, the rising of a mostly if not entirely Communist Asia—and that, whether the short-sighted Democracies care to be alarmed or not.

For Communism in China means, very soon, Communism in Indo-China and in India, and perhaps in Japan. The Japanese, the victims of America’s first atom bomb and, since then, the object of endless humiliations under American occupation, have a great grudge against the Western Democracies. And who would not have, in their place? In Malaya, in Indonesia, the irresistible ideology of the Hammer and Sickle is spreading like wildfire. It is the end of the “white man’s burden,” forever. It would be lovely to revisit the East and hear what the white man thinks while packing his things to go away—that self-same white man who, during this war, used to talk with such naïve, undeviating hatred, about

“Fascist beasts,” and “Nazi monsters.” Perhaps he is now beginning to wonder whether it would not have been better, after all, to support Hitler unwaveringly. How glad I would be to remind him of his recent propaganda of slander against us who did support him; to point out to him, mercilessly, all that he is now “in for,” and tell him with a sneer: “It serves you right!” I have no love for him. Let him and his friends in Europe and America—those who poured fire and phosphorus over Nazi Germany—bleed and groan for centuries under the whip of their ex-“gallant Allies!” “But what about us, Hitler’s faithful ones?” I hear, within my heart, the voices of my comrades say: “Do you want *us* also to perish, for the pleasure of gloating over our persecutors’ plight? The Communists too are our persecutors.” And I think of those genuine National Socialists whom I met in the stations near the border of the Russian Zone.

If I were the Führer’s last follower, then, yes, I would desire nothing else but vengeance. I would live only to see, one day, and to enjoy, the annihilation of that Europe who hated and betrayed her Saviour; who tortured and killed those who loved him; who would have tortured and killed him, had she been able to lay hands on him in 1945. If I were the last Nazi, I would myself help the Communists to inflict upon the ungrateful continent all the suffering the Democrats inflicted upon us, and still more, if possible. I have more imagination than most people—even than most Orientals—and this could prove handy. But I am *not* the last—far from it. “There are millions like yourself, in martyred Germany,” Sven Hedin told me, on the 6th of June 1948. He was too courteous to say: “There are millions much better than you.” But I know there are. I have met them, in that Land of suffering and of glory—of death and resurrection—during my year’s stay. Rather than see one of those endure permanent servitude, I would, if I could, spare the whole continent—spare the people I hate or despise, in order to save those whom I love and admire; renounce

vengeance if, at the cost of that sacrifice, Hitler’s New Order can be given a chance to rise again out of the ruins of the world.

There is no doubt that Communism will soon be the uniting force of the whole of Asia and of all the non-Aryan races in general. More so: millions among the Aryans have already adhered to it; millions more will. And the Democracies, in their coming struggle with their former allies, will have to reckon with a formidable Fifth Column force within their own people. Add to this the fact that, not being “totalitarian,” they possess none of those characteristics that make for strength in the Communists as well as in us.

As a result, unless *we* step in against them and beat them, or at least come to some agreement with them, the Communists will win the battle and remain the masters of the world for good. There is no doubt about that.

But *why should we* step in against them, if the outcome is to be a Democratic victory? Do we wish to help those hypocrites who only allow us to live on the condition they believe they will one day “convert” us, and who, up to this

moment, persecute us—who, I am told, *now*, after four years, are sitting as judges in Hamburg in a new “war crimes trial” over thirty-five *more* German women, formerly in service at Ravensbrück; who look as if they intend to pursue their “de-Nazification” campaign forever? Most certainly not.

How distressing life would be for us in a Communist world, we all know from the instance of the Russian Zone of Germany. And yet, a *permanently* Democratic world—in which, like now, all (including the Communists) would enjoy freedom of expression, save we—would be no better, if not still worse. The real reason why the Germans feel, perhaps, less inclined, at times, to despair in the Western Zones than in the Eastern, is *not* that Democracy is better than Communism, or even that it allows them more freedom; it is just that we feel that Democracy is weaker and less stable than Communism. Hell is less horrible—seems less horrible—when one knows, or thinks, it is soon to come to an end. It is the hope of Democracy’s unavoidable downfall and of our resurrection that sustains our spirit under the triple oppression of the French, British, and Americans. In the Russian Zone, we feel the formidable power not only of Communist Russia, but of Communist Asia, hanging over us; the threat of the masses of inferior humanity brought together and increasingly organised, mechanised, made supremely efficient for the work of disintegration appointed to them by the Gods in the last days of the last historical Cycle; the threat of the powers of Darkness coalesced, not against Democracy which will be

easily crushed anyhow, but against *our* survival, and *our* possible rule in the future. But that is surely no reason why we should help our Western enemies, the Euro-American Plutocracies, to crush the power of Russia so that *they* might continue exploiting the world for themselves and for their real masters the Jews. Why on earth should we? We despise them. We loathe them. Their rule—the rule of the Control Commission in West Germany—if less harsh, is even more humiliating than that of the Russians. We shall not help them against the Russians, nor the Russians against them, unless . . . it is expedient from *our* point of view. Which attitude will be expedient, when the time comes? That, none—or very few—of us can tell, just now. All we can do, at present, is to remain firm in our National Socialist faith, and to wait. To wait for the hour of the Gods.

Our faith is unshakable. We know we are right. We know our dreams are in accordance with the unchangeable dictates of Nature and that we are, in all our activities, “co-workers with the Creator,” to quote a scriptural expression. We know nothing can stand in our way, in the long run. Still, we feel, sometimes, that the way is long, and our lives short. Will those of us who are now in their forties live long enough to see “the Day of freedom and of plenty”—the rise of a National Socialist world out of the ruin and desolation brought by the coming struggle between our enemies? Nobody knows.

In the meantime, the shadow of the Communist danger no longer looms on the horizon. It is approaching. The absorption of China by the Communist forces, six months ago, is the beginning of the end of Democratic capitalism. A blessed good

riddance! But for whose benefit, ultimately: that of Communism, the race-levelling order, the rule of quantity to a no lesser degree than Democratic capitalism itself, the system of the “common man” of all races? Or ours? That of the eternal Jew—whom the bastardised “common man” will gladly serve, under an illusion of freedom—or that of higher humanity? “For the future of the world, the important question is . . . whether Aryan humanity will hold its own or die out.”¹ Never have those words of our Führer rang so true as today.

¹ “Für die Zukunft der Erde liegt aber die Bedeutung . . . darin, ob der arische Mensch ihr erhalten bleibt oder ausstirbt” (Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, II, x, p. 630; cf. Mannheim, p. 562).

Chapter 14

AGAINST TIME

“The four castes were established by Me, by the different distribution of natural characteristics and capacities.”

—Bhagavad-Gita¹

“When society reaches a stage where property confers rank, where wealth becomes the only source of virtue, passion the sole bond between man and wife, falsehood the source of success in life, sex the only means of enjoyment, and when outer trappings are confused with inner religion . . . then we are in the Kali Yuga—the Dark Age.”

—*Vishnu Purana*²

“Es mag hier natürlich der eine oder andere lachen, allein dieser Planet zog schon Jahrmillionen durch den Äther ohne Menschen, und er kann einst wieder so dahinziehen, wenn die Menschen vergessen, daß sie ihr höheres Dasein nicht den Ideen einiger verrückter Ideologen, sondern der Erkenntnis und rücksichtslosen Anwendung eherner Naturgesetze verdanken.”

—Adolf Hitler³

Given the poor quality—not to say the hopeless quality—of mankind taken *en masse* anywhere in the world in our epoch, there can be no doubt that if the main aim of propaganda is to win over the greatest possible *number* of people, irrespective of race, health, character, and intellectual capacity—irrespective of physical and mental worth—Communism has immense advantages over National Socialism, and far greater chances of immediate success.

First, it appeals to the most elementary, not to say elemental,

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, 4:13

² Condensation of a long descriptive passage in Book IV, ch. 24, translation by H.H. Wilson (London, 1840).

³ “At this point, someone or other may well laugh, but this planet once moved for millions of years through the ether without human beings, and it may one day do so again, if men forget that they owe their higher existence, not to the ideas of a few crazy ideologues, but to the knowledge and ruthless application of Nature’s stern and rigid laws” (*Mein Kampf*, I, xi, p. 316; cf. Mannheim, 288 [Trans. by Ed.]).

aspiration of man: to the desire to “live well,” i.e., to live in comfort and plenty. “Workers of the world, unite!” say the Communists. Unite to what end? To wrest power from the hands of those who now exploit you, and to better your lot; to eat every day to satisfaction; to live in healthier conditions; to have an increasing share in that wealth which you have been producing, up till now, only for others to enjoy. And when you once have all that, what then? Then, you will “live”—eat, drink, and breed for your individual satisfaction and enjoyment. Individual enjoyment, provided it is not an obstacle to the next door neighbour’s equally legitimate pleasure, is the supreme aim, the great end of life, in this philosophy centred around man as an economic unit. The one thing that counts, in the eyes of the Communists, is neither country nor race but “mankind”—the sum total of all human individuals who, just because they are “human,” i.e., because they have two legs only and no tails, have “equal rights” and equal duties; the right to “enjoy”; the duty to work in order to earn that enjoyment. And the economic problem, on the solution to which depends, finally, the possibility of enjoyment for all individuals in the world, is the main, nay, the only problem, as well-being (material, or anyhow, always conditioned by material circumstances alone) is an end in itself.

It is so because man, in the light of the Communist *Weltanschauung*, is just a privileged animal—believers in a certain theory of biological progress say: the remote descendant of a monkey. (I would say—if I could, as the Communists do, consider the whole of mankind as one mass of interchangeable units—the degenerate descendant of the Gods, in the more or less rapid process of becoming a monkey.)

It seems strange, at first sight, that the upholders of such a philosophy put at least as much stress as the Christians upon the unbridgeable abyss between man—the one creature towards which we are supposed to have “duties”—and animal. The Communists, of course, do not attribute the difference to man’s immortal “soul” but rather to his capability for speech and to his “reason.” The fuss they can make over that precious “reason,” which so many Communist recruits from the inferior races (and often also, alas, from the superior ones) seem to lack so hopelessly, is indeed incredible.

But the more one thinks of it, the less this appears strange. Christianity, humanitarian Free Thought—that half-way reaction against Christianity, in other

words, that decadent form of Christianity—which supply the philosophical basis of both modern Democracy *and* Communism, are essentially man-centred creeds. Islam is also. Obviously *all* creeds directly or indirectly derived from Judaism

or from Judaic inspiration—and perhaps, also, most creeds of non-Aryan origin, even when they have no connection whatsoever with Judaism—are man-centred. It would be more difficult to tell for certain whether *all* life-centred creeds, ancient and modern, are of Aryan origin or, at least, ultimately traceable to Aryan inspiration. If one could prove that they are, one would thereby put forward the most eloquent of all arguments in favour of the inherent superiority of the Aryan race, that fundamental National Socialist dogma, debated and criticised with such bitterness everywhere outside our circles. Anyhow, many of the historic life-centred religions and philosophies, if not all, are most definitely of Aryan origin.¹

The Jewish origin of Communism—Marxism—is no secret to anyone. One must therefore expect such a philosophy to be man-centred. The fact that it is, perhaps, more cynically so than any other—especially than the otherworldly creeds that stress so strongly the dignity of man’s “soul”—makes it all the more repellent in the eyes of the real artist, but all the more attractive to the human beasts, *i.e.*, the majority of men.

The human beast—the human being of our times, in the process of becoming a beast—is only too glad to be told that his tendency to beastliness is natural and commendable, and that his superiority over other animals lies only in the fact that, through “reason,” he can enjoy the goods of the world better than they, and, in particular, exploit them (the beasts) better than any of them can the species on which it preys. The average man of the superior races feels it is generous of him to be a Communist. *He* might spontaneously believe in a duty of kindness towards all life, but his centuries of Christian upbringing are there to influence his subconscious mind and suggest to him that he surely “must” devote himself “first” to “all men.” The fellow from the inferior races is delighted to be offered an equalitarian, man-centred philosophy that gives him the illusion that nothing is above him, while the whole of subhuman living Nature lies under him, in his power, existing only for his needs and for his pleasure. By the way, man-centred philosophies always had more success in this world than life-centred ones. Inferior races who are taught to believe in life-centred religions never live up to them, as a rule. The treatment of animals—even of the cow—among

¹ Sir Wallis Budge suggests very strongly that the Religion of the Disk is. It is difficult to *prove* how far it owes its existence to Mitannian (*i.e.*, Aryan) influences, but it is certain that King Akhnaton its Founder was to a greater extent than any other Pharaoh of Aryan blood. See Budge’s *Tutankhamon: Amonism, Atonism and Egyptian Monotheism* (London: Martin Hopkinson, 1923), pp. 114–15.

the low castes of India, is a typical illustration of this fact. And the superior races themselves, I am sorry to say, have often given up life-centred religions for man-centred ones, as the wholesale conversion of Northern Europe to Christianity proves only too well.

The appeal of Communism, today, is, in many ways, similar to that of Christianity fifteen hundred years ago. Its reign will not last so long—fortunately—for we are now nearer to the end of the present historical Cycle, and both events and thought currents succeed one another more rapidly. Moreover, the form under which the eternal Religion of hierarchised life will finally reassert itself and win, namely National Socialism, is already in existence. Nevertheless, in the short period of trial and preparation in which we are living just now, Communism is bound to obtain a considerable amount of cheap success.

* * *

Another great point in favour of such immediate success is that Communist propaganda addresses itself not to an *élite*, but to *all* men of every race, of every civilisation, of every tradition, and especially to those who have reasons to feel themselves exploited and downtrodden, *i.e.*, to the immense majority of mankind. Following the example of Christianity and Islam—the two great international religions of equality sprung from Judaism—and of the Democratic creed popularised by the French Revolution for “the liberation of all peoples,” Communism states that there are, between human beings, no natural, irreducible differences, due to blood, but only artificial differences due to environment and education—due, ultimately, to economic factors. In other words, our bitterest opponents believe that a young Negro, a young Chinese, a young Eskimo, and a young Jew, brought up together from early childhood in England or Germany, and educated in the same English or German schools and Universities, will have, in the same circumstances, practically the same reactions as any Englishman or German who received the same education. The apparently unlimited adaptability of quite a number of non-Aryan races to what is commonly termed “modern” life—*i.e.*, to organised life, as evolved by the scientific genius of the European Aryan—is greatly responsible for the credit given to that absurd belief among thousands of people who should know better. How superficial, how purely *external* that adaptability is, nobody seems to care, either because people have lost the capacity of distinguishing between the essential and the secondary,

or, rather because the external—the secondary—alone matters in their eyes; because they consider *that* to be the essential, reversing spontaneously, in their consciousness, the natural scale of values—another sign of universal decay in our times.

The most “adaptable” man—outwardly—whether in the West or in the East, is, naturally, the Jew. Whether in India or in Iceland, everywhere he goes, he wins

the same praise for that extraordinary suppleness, from the population in the midst of whom he settles and thrives: “He is *like one of us*”—which means that, in Iceland, he eats Icelandic food and shows a taste for winter sports—and for Icelandic girls—while in India he manages to become the “pal” of the worst type of Indian—of the casteless product of uncritical “western” education—and pretends to relish everything Indian, from Sanskrit philosophy (the spirit of which he is the last person to be able to share, however much of a scholar he be) down to curry sauce and Indian sweets and gregarious life. In addition to that, he is a remarkable linguist. The result is, everywhere, the illusion that the Jew *can* become a native of the place where he chooses to live, and an outcry of horror at the assertion of the contrary by a handful of racially conscious, intelligent, and proud Aryans. The internationalist myth, and the legend of the “poor Jew,” go hand in hand with the belief in “man” as a mentally homogeneous species in which any unit contains the same possibilities as the other, whether Jew or Gentile, Negro, Chinese, Maltese, or Scotch, or pure German or Swede. Communism is based and thrives upon that lie. Nothing analogous could have thriven a few millenniums ago. Each race had, then, its pride; was conscious of its unique position in the broad scheme of creation, of its irreplaceable character. But now that two thousand years of Christianity—another Jewish product—have subtly but surely deprived most people of their sense of racial dignity in the name of an otherworldly ideal; and now that years of Democratic education have filled the simpletons with an unhealthy admiration for “intellect” and a no less unhealthy aspiration towards “individualism,” the world is ready for the next step: the universal levelling of mankind through mixture of blood on the largest possible scale, in the name of a philosophy that no longer crushes the body (as early Christianity did) but despises it; that looks upon it purely as an economic unit—a producer and consumer of food—and an instrument of personal enjoyment; that reduces it to something of lesser account than the animal body, in a way, for the Communists who proclaim that *all* men have equal possibilities and equal rights, and deny the natural hierarchy of races among human beings, will admit, on the other hand, without

difficulty, that a thoroughbred Persian kitten, for instance, or a pedigree puppy, has a greater potentiality for beauty—greater inherent value—than an ordinary one and represents a natural feline or canine aristocracy.

But the natural human aristocracy is a small minority. And those of its members who are conscious of their value as representatives of a superior race are fewer still. The great majority of men and women—especially those of the inferior races—like a philosophy that denies racial aristocracy and reduces the exceptional individual (who can never be denied) to a product of purely economic factors coupled with the play of circumstances. They like it, because it flatters them. Because each human worm who accepts it is entitled to think himself the potential equal of anybody, and to say to himself: “If only circumstances had been a little different, who can tell what a great person I would have become?” The insignificant “I” of millions of nonentities at once looks less insignificant in the eyes of each one of them. A lovely theory! Not merely the economic salvation of

all men, but the moral salvation of the worthless in their own estimation; an illusion of greatness appealing both to the stomachs and to the vanity of the subhuman masses—the proper *Weltanschauung* for inferior races. No wonder the inferior races rush to it like flies to honey—and, along with them, quite a number of kind-hearted “humanitarians,” and of uncritical victims of clever propaganda belonging to the superior races, unfortunately.

These would not be in such a hurry to respond to it, if they could fathom the grim reality that lies at the back of that resounding appeal “to all men”; at the back of that talk about freedom, about unhampered personal development, material welfare, “education,” and enjoyment. That grim reality, the workers of the Russian Zone of Germany—many of whom, in their Communist zeal, at first welcomed the Russians as “liberators”—will all tell you what it is: the worst type of servitude; compulsory work, without the redeeming satisfaction of feeling oneself useful to anything or anybody one loves; work for some distant, abstract, ever-grabbing foreign power; compulsory leisure, filled with standardised amusements; compulsory standardised “culture”; the lowering of the level of life, not only for the capitalist and the “bourgeois” or so-called such, but for those labourers themselves who happened to have tasted some kind of material civilisation; the creation of an artificial and detested equality between them and people who have always lacked the very elements of modern comfort. On the other hand, the death of all originality, of all creative thought.

The labourers and working women of the Russian Zone will tell you that the Russian invaders were dumbfounded at the sight of the “luxury” which the humblest mechanic enjoyed in National Socialist Germany. They had always been told that, outside the USSR, all was misery, hunger, oppression of the proletariat and so forth. When, even in her material collapse, Nazi Germany gave them a glaring proof that it was *not* so, they could not believe their own eyes. With childish naivety, they took all Germans for “capitalists.” The German labourers took them for savages, and their system for something hateful, the likes of which they could not have imagined in the most awful nightmare.

But, of course, the German labourers—and the English, and the Scandinavian, and the Dutch, and the French—are, numerically, a negligible minority in the wide world. The Communists, following the example of the Democratic parliamentarians, rely upon numbers to bring about their triumph. Minorities, however inherently valuable, do not count in their eyes when they are minorities of opposition. Numbers—our enemies hope—will soon crush them out of importance if not out of existence. The German labourers might grumble, or rather (for grumbling is forbidden in the Russian zone) feel indignant in their hearts, and curse Communism. But the Chinese coolie, the wretched Indian sweeper, the man who digs coal out of the mines of Giriya, the woman who collects cow dung in the streets of Calcutta and sells it a few *annas* a basket, for fuel; the labourer who toils in the tea plantations of Assam, in the rubber plantations of Malaya and Indochina, in the sugar plantations of Java; the docker and the rickshaw driver of Singapore, Saigon, and the ports of the Yellow Sea, all

welcome—or will soon welcome—the message of Communism *and* its application as something wonderful. And who can blame them? Who, but a supremely intelligent and astonishingly well-informed person would *not* do so in their place?

And one must not forget that, wretched as they might seem, and worthless as they might be, taken individually, *they* are the majority; *they* are the “workers of the world” to whom the famous call for union is addressed; *they* are the “humanity” for whom Communism is preparing a better life. Our *Weltanschauung* of the natural élite, our message of pride and power, our dream of a godlike humanity, is not, and can never be, addressed to them. The *Communist Manifesto* is. The first, the *sine qua non* condition to be a National Socialist, is to be an Aryan, and a healthy, intelligent, fully conscious one, in addition; a worthy specimen of higher humanity. The only condition one needs, in order to be a Communist, is to be a “human being”—a mammal

walking on two legs, without a tail, capable of speech, and assumed to be “reasonable,” whether or not so in reality, it matters very little.

Now, two-legged mammals without anything to recommend them, outnumber pure-blooded Aryans, bodily and mentally worthy of the name of “human élite,” by a hundred to one. And even among the pure Aryans, those who are susceptible of being misled by “humanitarian” propaganda—because of centuries of Christianity, followed by a long Democratic education have killed in them all sense of racial pride—outnumber by far those who have retained the capacity to think for themselves, and to think as Aryans. Is it any wonder, if we were unable to get a permanent hold upon so-called “world-opinion,” quite apart from the disastrous effect of the calumnies which Jewish propaganda poured out against us under every possible form? And is it any wonder that the Russians won the war through Communism, and are now rising in power at the expense of their idiotic dupes, the degenerate Aryans of the West, already docile servants of the Jews for many decades?

Not only is this no wonder, but it is, as I have tried to point out in another book,¹ within the natural order of things.

One cannot understand the significance of the momentous events of our times, in particular of the temporary defeat and persecution of National Socialism, if one does not constantly bear in mind the fact that we have been, for the last six thousand years or so, living in the last of the four great periods into which the wise men of olden days agreed to divide every complete historical “Cycle,” *i.e.*, every complete creation, or rather manifestation in time, from its beginning in perfection to its final dissolution. One cannot realise the meaning of contemporary happenings unless one realises also that we have now come to the last part of that last, shortest, and fiercest period in the natural development of our Cycle—to the end of what the Sanskrit Scriptures call the “Kali Yuga,” *i.e.*, the Dark Age, and that there *is* no hope until this humanity, as we know it only too

well, meets its doom in some final crash. Until then, man as a whole is bound to become more and more monkeyish, and to follow the latest suggestion of the death forces with increasing zeal. Communism is the most thorough, the most complete, the typical expression of man's lure of disintegration; the most logical, the most extreme philosophy of death. Democracy, and older Christianity—of which, as I said, Democracy is only the decadent form—are also products of the death forces, but less cynical, and less masterful ones. The “Kali Yuga” was not yet so “advanced” when they were invented.

¹ *The Lightning and the Sun*, ch. 1, “The Cyclic View of History.”

There was place, in them, for some redeeming inconsistency. In the Medieval Christian Church, there was still place for racial pride (although this *was*, really, against the grain of the faith); and in modern Democratic civilisation one enjoyed, until 1939, the possibility of expressing, at least, one's adhesion to the philosophy of natural values—the Philosophy of the Swastika—without running the risk of being imprisoned for it. That possibility still exists, to a very small extent, outside unfortunate occupied Germany. Though it is practically impossible to publish books, or to make public speeches in praise of the Nazi ideology, one can stand for it privately, to the knowledge of all one's neighbours, even of those who are against it—the last shadow of freedom.

Under a Communist Government, even that shadow would vanish. It has vanished wherever the logical *Weltanschauung* of disintegration inspires the all-powerful ruling machinery. And this is natural; this is within the merciless logic of historical evolution. It cannot be otherwise. And it is also natural—and unavoidable—that a degenerate humanity such as the one we know should prefer the yoke of Communism to our call to real freedom. Being what it is, it is incapable of appreciating that which we understand by “freedom”—just as apes would be unable to appreciate the membership of a learned society, if such an honour were offered to them.

The Communists will win; must win—for the time being—whether by force of arms or through the effect of their propaganda, it makes little difference. This is also natural—unavoidable.

But this should not distress us. They—the exponents of the philosophy in accordance with the tendency of Time—will win, and pass: be annihilated by Time. We, the followers of Him Whom I called, in other writings of mine, “the Man against Time”¹—the exponents of a Golden Age philosophy—will rise upon their ruins and rule, once more, a world, not of apes, but of regenerate, godlike men, Aryans in the full sense of the word.

* * *

For, if Communism has many advantages over National Socialism from the point of view of immediate success—if it centres its propaganda around man's elemental needs and lusts; if it admits all

¹ *The Lightning and the Sun*, ch. 3, "Men in Time, Above Time, and Against Time."

men to its fellowship; if it uses deceit as its strongest weapon, giving people the illusion of freedom, while enslaving them more completely than any ancient absolutism has ever done—still it is doomed, in the long run. What is not founded in eternity is always doomed. And of all modern "isms," alone our Hitler's beautiful teaching—the Philosophy of the Swastika—is founded in eternity. It alone can stand the test of persecution and, which is more, the test of time.

It is, I repeat, a Golden Age philosophy in the midst of our age of gloom; the philosophy of those who stand heroically against the downward current of history—against Time—knowing that history, that moves in circles, will one day forward their lofty dreams; the philosophy of those few who, instead of allowing themselves to be drawn along by the general downward rush, forgetful of the hope of eternal Return, prefer to fight an impossible battle and to fall, if necessary, but to feel, when the new dawn comes, that they have called it, in a way, through the magic virtue of action for the beauty of action; who, if the dawn is not to shine in their lifetime, will still act against the growing tide of mediocrity and vulgarity, for the sole joy of fulfilling the inner law of an heroic nature.

The characteristics that appear, today, the most disadvantageous to our creed, from the standpoint of worldly success, are the very ones that justify its claim to be the latest expression of everlasting truth, and that will assure its triumph and domination, in the long run. First among these, is its Aryan exclusivity; its appeal to the best, to the élite of mankind alone—to which all its adherents belong by birthright—and, to the most generous, the most heroic, the most disinterested feelings in each one of its adherents, according to that principle of natural hierarchy, and therefore of discrimination, of natural privilege, upon which it is founded: the principle of Race and Personality.

It would be, no doubt, absurd to say that National Socialism does not appeal *also* to man's legitimate aspiration to healthier as well as more pleasant material conditions of life. It does. It always did, from the beginning. The immediate solution which Hitler gave to the appalling unemployment problem that was threatening the whole economy of Germany in the 1920s and early '30s, did, perhaps, more for the success of the Movement than anything else. And the material prosperity of Germany under Nazi rule, and the excellent social laws that were then promulgated and enforced (the laws for the welfare and education of children, for instance) are remembered to this day, in the martyred Land, like features of a lost paradise. "In Hitler's days, we lived well." "In Hitler's days, we could have as many children as we

liked: the State helped us to bring them up, or rather brought them up for us, and so beautifully!" "In Hitler's days, food was cheap, and laws were wise, and well applied; there was plenty, then, and there was order. Those were splendid days." "We never were so happy as under Adolf Hitler," such talk one hears today everywhere, in every "Zone," as soon as one enjoys the people's confidence. And I am sorry to say that, from what I gather from their talk, there are quite a number of Germans for whom nostalgia for the National Socialist régime seems to be nothing else but the nostalgia for a period of material happiness—of cheap and good food, fine clothes, lovely lodgings, wealth and merriment. But such people are not—and never were—National Socialists. They are—and were already in the days they used to hail the Führer in the streets—but members of that immense animal-like majority of human beings who can, and do, "live on bread alone," and who have no real allegiance to anybody or anything but their stomachs. They are not to be neglected, or despised. Many of them have been useful, and many more will again be so, when better times come back. The fact alone that they can breed healthy children of pure blood, capable of fighting for higher ideals, one day; the fact that they can themselves fight for that better mankind of which they represent the physical side, is a great point in their favour. But don't call them National Socialists. They are not. The National Socialist ideology appeals, in man, to far more than such people contain in their mental and emotional makeup. It appeals to the finest elements of character: *to absolute selflessness*: to the thirst of sacrifice for something infinitely greater than one's little individuality; to courage, fortitude; to uncompromising love of truth for truth's own sake; to the love of better mankind—of the higher brotherhood of Aryan blood—for the sake of its inherent value, of its all-round beauty and endless possibilities. It appeals to intelligence—real intelligence; not the mere smearing of bookish information—to one's capacity to think for one's self and to draw one's conclusions from the facts of life; to one's capacity to read the meaning of the world in the unfolding of universal history, and to detect, in the tragedy of all past ages, the basic everlasting truths which Adolf Hitler proclaimed in our times. It appeals to one's sense of beauty; to one's aspiration towards that perfect comeliness and that integral truth which are one and the same, on all planes, and in all walks of life.

In other words, while any German could be a member of the NSDAP, and while any Aryan could, and can still, take pride in the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* as the natural creed of his race, only

superior individuals of Aryan blood—men and women without blemish—can be real, full-fledged Nazis. Stupidity, shallowness, meanness, pusillanimity—weaknesses of any kind—are incompatible with our glorious faith.

I was once told that there are not more than two or three million absolutely reliable National Socialists in the whole of Germany. It may be that there are not more than ten thousand in the rest of Europe, and not more than two hundred among the non-German Aryans of the rest of the globe. But that fact—if it be a fact—will never induce us to lower the moral and physical standard up to which a person is to live, if he or she is to have the right to be called a National Socialist.

For in this age of the exaltation of quantity, we are the only ones who consistently put forward the Golden Age ideal of quality before all. And to forsake that ideal, or even to compromise with the contrary current outlook on life, would be to deny ourselves, to deny our Movement, and the very mission of our godlike Führer.

Individual value—personality—is rare enough. But many people who do not possess it are pleased to believe that they do. And therefore a philosophy that would put stress on personality alone would not be thoroughly unpopular—on the contrary. But our creed puts emphasis upon blood *also*. It is, as I have said in the beginning of this book, the eternal creed of Life and Light, viewed in our modern world of technical achievements, from the standpoint of the Aryan race of which the Nordic or Germanic people are, today, the purest representatives. It is an essentially Nordic philosophy; there is no getting away from that fact. And it is *that*, more than anything else, which has made it so unpopular, not merely among a great number of non-Aryan Orientals, but also among many Europeans who, though untainted by any admixture of Jewish blood whatsoever, are obviously anything but pure “Nordics.” People, as a rule, resent being told—or given to understand—that they are by nature inferior to any privileged aliens. To a philosophy such as ours, they are bound to prefer Communism and its indiscriminate appeal to all men of all races. Every vain individual from any one of the numerous varieties of inferior mankind, feels that he (or she) can “get somewhere” with such a convenient *Weltanschauung*, while in a world dominated by us, he would always remain outside the privileged minority. “In his place,” we say. But one of the characteristics of the Dark Age—of our age of decay—is precisely that both worthless individuals and inferior races are less and less willing to remain “in their places”—and more and more indignant at the idea of being put back there by force. Consequently, the children

of all the *Untermenschen* of the world, from the aborigines of Central Africa to those of the hills of Assam, to whom the Christian missionaries have taught the doctrine of the “equal dignity” of all human souls, the Latin alphabet, and discontent, are the first to jump at the new opportunity offered to them by the Communists. Communism appears to them—or will soon appear to them—as applied Christianity. And who can blame them? They are right. Christianity carried to its logical limits, under modern material conditions, can lead nowhere except to Communism. The Jewish doctrine of Marx is, at our stage of historical evolution, the prolongation of the doctrine of Jesus “son of David,” King of the Jews. True, the Kingdom of Jesus was “not on earth,” while the Communist paradise is (in theory at least). But that too is natural. For, as I said, history follows a downward evolution.

The truth is that vanity is the pet defect of nearly all men and women, while the capacity to face facts with detachment and to stand for truth even against one’s interest, is the privilege of an infinitesimal minority. In reality, National Socialism does address its message to all men—it would to all thinking creatures outside mankind, if there were any on our planet—for it is *true*. And truth is

independent of the qualifications of whoever might grasp it. It is men's personal or collective vanity that stands in the way of their proper appreciation of it. Their vanity, and their jealousy, too; that hatred of their betters that has also its origin in wounded vanity.

* * *

I have said: only an all-round superior individual of Aryan blood can be a real Nazi; and alone people of Aryan blood can look up to National Socialism as something theirs by birthright. But all thinking men and women can acknowledge the soundness of our principles; the eternity of that natural order in harmony with which our Führer has planned the socio-political structure of new Germany. Even a non-Aryan *can* admit it; and some do, if very few. But he would have to be not merely a fine individual of his race but an exceptional one, or, at least, a person brought up within the pale of a *true* tradition, entirely different from that which has imposed itself upon Europe, through Christian civilisation; a tradition based, precisely, upon our age-old principles of divinely ordained racial hierarchy.

A sincere National Socialist who is neither a German nor even a Northern European—a pure Aryan, say, from the Mediterranean shores, who readily admits that an unmixed Nordic type of man or woman is a

finer specimen of the race than he himself and three quarters of his compatriots—is rare enough. For such an objective attitude implies more detachment than most people can afford. But a non-Aryan capable of admitting the biological truths laid down in *Mein Kampf*, knowing fully well that *he* (or she) can never expect even a second rate place amidst the natural élite of mankind, should be, in all probability, still more unusual. And yet such people can be found. I have recalled, in the beginning of this book, the story of that young Indian servant of the Maheshya caste of West Bengal who told me, in the second year of this war “*Memsahab*, I too admire your Führer, not merely because he is triumphant but because he is struggling to replace, in the West, the Bible by the Bhagavad-Gita”—which was, of course, amazingly true if taken to mean: the *spirit* of the Judeo-Christian tradition by that of ancient wisdom, rooted in the idea of racial hierarchy.

“But,” said I to the boy, “*you* are not an Aryan; only Brahmins and Kshatriyas count as such among Hindus. What is that to you?”

And the illiterate village lad of Bengal answered: “Maybe I am not an Aryan, but *I know my place*. All souls are reborn into bodies at the level they deserve. That does not alter the fact that the Scriptures are true and that men are divided into different castes—different races—the first duty of each one of which is to keep its blood pure. If I do my duty faithfully now, in this life, maybe I shall one day be reborn among the high castes, provided I become worthy to be an Aryan.”

More than seven years later, in a luxurious restaurant in Stockholm, I met a pure Nordic woman—the finest type of Aryan, physically—who asked me, when she noticed the Wheel of the Sun—the sacred Sign of National Socialism—gleaming on each side of my face, “Why do you wear that ‘symbol of evil’? Those earrings of yours are ‘horrid.’” Immediately, I recalled the swarthy face of the lad of the Tropics, and his words—profession of faith of many primitive millions living for thousands of years under a social system based upon the self-same principles as National Socialism: “I am not an Aryan, but I know my place—and I know the truth; and I admire your Führer.” Never, perhaps, did I so bitterly hate that religion of equality, sprung from Judaism and first preached by Jews, that has, for so many generations, silenced the old pride of Nordic humanity. Never perhaps did I feel so keenly what a shame it is for Aryans—and especially, for those of pure Germanic stock—to deny their own God-ordained superiority, and renounce their privileges, while in caste-ridden India, millions of non-Aryans lucky enough to have escaped the influence both of Christianity and of democratic education, still believe in the natural hierarchy of

racess and look upon the Aryan as the lord of creation.

* * *

A racially hierarchised world in which every man would “know his place”—and, like the Indian lad, look up to the Man who, standing alone against the current of dissolution, proclaimed anew, in our times, the everlasting principles of the natural order—is not impossible. In fact, it is bound to come after the final period of chaos that will, one day, close this cycle; the period of chaos that it is the very business of Communism to bring about.

In such a world, every nation, whether Aryan or not, would be organised under a national State. Every race would have its pride and its sense of duty, and would avoid intermixture as the greatest source of physical and moral evil. The noblest non-Aryan races would be the allies of the Aryan, in view of the creation and maintenance of a world order inspired by a deep sense of obedience to the eternal decrees of Nature. The alliance of Germany and Japan, during this war, was a symbol foreshadowing such a collaboration in friendship and dignity, but necessary aloofness in the domain of breeding; a mutual understanding, a knowledge of each other’s culture, to the extent that is possible, without the slightest desire of ridiculous imitation on either side. The “internationalist” tendencies of our decadent age would be—will be one day—in a world evolved anew according to our principles, replaced by something which seems now entirely utopian—impossible—the mentality of the “nationalist of every land.”

I remember how I surprised the psychiatrist sent to examine me before my trial when, in answer to the question as to “why” I had thought it worthwhile to risk my freedom, if not my life, for a country that was “not mine,” I replied describing myself first as “an Aryan, grateful to Germany for having staked her all for the awakening of Aryan consciousness and pride in every worthy person of my race,”

and then as “a nationalist of every land.” And yet, in this strange expression lies all the difference between the non-Russian Communist and the non-German National Socialist; the secret of the immediate success of Communism as opposed to the temporary failure—but to the triumph, in the long run—of National Socialism.

The German Nazi is a German patriot before all. The Russian Communist might be an “internationalist” but might also be—and, from reports from Soviet Russia, often is—a Russian patriot using the Communist ideology, so popular outside Russia, for the benefit of

Russian imperialism; thinking, in a mistaken manner, that such an ideology *can* be used in such a spirit.

But the *foreign* Communist is pre-eminently an “internationalist”; a believer in “mankind” before nationhood, in mankind as a privileged species, united (at the cost of never mind what disgraceful blendings) in view of the ever-increasing exploitation of living Nature for the greatest enjoyment of the greatest number of human beings—which means, ultimately, the cheapest and coarsest enjoyment. While the foreign Nazi is either just an Aryan in whom the consciousness of race dominates and absorbs the narrower consciousness of fatherland or else—in the case of a minority within a minority—that, of course, *and* at the same time, a “nationalist of every land”; a person who, in a clear vision of world history, admires the working of those everlasting principles which Hitler has proclaimed over and over again; who, through his understanding of many cultures of different times, feels, with direct intuitive certitude, that man can reach his higher goal—which is to reflect the eternal, individually *and* collectively—*only through oneness with his nation, i.e., with his race*; that *only* by developing in himself the soul of his race can he expect to know and understand and love the soul of other races and, ultimately, the soul of multifarious, hierarchised mankind and of the whole scheme of life, ordinate in its various manifestations, one in its infinite diversity. He (or she) is also a person who looks up to Germany as to the Führer’s Land; the one Aryan Nation who bore witness to these truths in the midst of the hostile, decadent world of our age, at the cost of her very existence on the material plane. A person who, for that reason, would welcome German leadership as the expression of the divine right of these Aryans who proved themselves the worthiest.

Needless to say, there are many more non-Russian Communists than non-German Nazis, and there always will be until, out of the ruins of the present world order, the new Day dawns—“the Day for freedom and for bread,” to quote the words of the Horst Wessel Song, giving them a symbolic meaning; the Day both of material prosperity *and* healthy beauty, manly thought, and manly joy—true freedom within order—the Day of the rule of best, for the coming of which National Socialist Germany fought and died (in appearance), and will rise in glory from the dead.

Then, many will feel for Hitler's beloved people the same admiration as I and a few other foreigners do now, in the darkest days of persecution.

* * *

But it is not only its aristocratic conception of life and racial exclusivity that make our Ideology unpopular. It is also our blunt frankness about our aims and objects—and methods; the fact that we never tried to conceal what we really wanted, nor what we are prepared to do (or have already done) in order to attain our ends in the shortest time possible.

National Socialism being, as I said before, a Golden Age philosophy, and this present-day humanity being at the last stage of its downward process towards degradation—in the gloomiest period of the Age of Gloom—it is clear that what *we* want is not what nearly all other people want.

What nearly all people want is a “secure” world—a world in which every one can pursue his petty pleasures in peace. What we want is, pre-eminently, a beautiful world. The two conceptions often clash. Let them clash. We do nothing to hide the fact that they are bound to clash as long as our contemporaries remain, physically and mentally, what we know them to be. We do nothing to win their sympathy and collaboration by telling them lies. In order to maintain such a co-operation, we would have to continue lying until, in the end, some of us might begin to lose sight of the glaring, uncompromising ideal of truth set before us. The collaboration of the submen is not worth our taking that risk. Moreover, we hate lies as a weapon—save when they are absolutely indispensable. We much prefer bare, brutal, force, the weapon of true warriors. When true warriors are temporarily exhausted, or wounded, or in chains, the only thing for them to do is not to try deceit, but to prepare themselves in silence to become strong once more—and to wait.

We never tried to hide or to excuse our ruthlessness, which is a consequence of our earnestness. On the contrary, we have always said we would stop at nothing in pursuit of the mission appointed to us by Nature, which is, to bear witness to our Golden Age truth against the spirit of these degenerate times. And we have proved it. We have done what we said. And we are ready to do it again.

People do not like that trait in us. They say we are “awful,” if not “odious.” The Communists are not “awful” because they never say what they wish to do, and never do what they say. Also because they never tell their opponents how much they hate them or despise them, before they have crushed them. They do not defy them *before* fighting them, as warriors have always done.

What they—or rather what the Jews who inspired their movement—want, and what most people want, is also not exactly the same thing. “Security,” yes; the Jews, and those Communists who serve Jewish interests without knowing it, and the average man in the street, all want that. But the man in the street wants it

that he might enjoy his insignificant little life without worries; the Communist wants it as the supreme goal of a humanity for which the economic side of life is everything, because he loves such a humanity as it is, or—if he be a Russian Communist—perhaps because he fears the German National Socialists’ “*Ostpolitik*,” Germany’s natural expansion at *his* expense in the struggle for vital space. The Jew wants “security” so that, amidst docile, unthinking, and ever-content masses, he and his race might forever remain “at the top.” It is not at all the same thing. But it can be, and is, called by the same name, and presented in such a manner as to look the same thing.

In fact, the whole power technique both of the Communists *and* of the Democrats consists in making people feel “free” while prompting them, quietly, to behave like obedient puppets; in making them believe that they think for themselves and act according to the dictates of their own feelings, while, all the time, they only think and feel what the guiding force of the system suggests to them through the press, the radio, the films, and other channels, and act as *it* wants them to. The guiding force of the system is the unseen Jew.

I would say more: this is, under one form or another, the natural power technique of all *Weltanschauungen* of disintegration. It was, and still is, the secret of the hold of the Christian Churches upon people. For Christianity is also such a *Weltanschauung*. Like Communism, like Democracy, it is based upon lies and, what is more, upon Jewish lies. A notoriously anti-Nazi English authoress¹ once told me—before she knew who I was—about what she calls “the main lies of the Jews”: first, that *they* are the Chosen People; second, that the Bible is entirely theirs; third, that a man of their race is “the only Son of God.” The woman was clever enough to detect these impostures. But other Jewish lies had so thoroughly influenced her mind without her even suspecting them, that she was incapable of freeing herself from all the Christian and Democratic twaddle about the “dignity of all men” and so forth, and about the “horror” of brutal force (but of course, only when *we* use it). And she was violently against us.

Communism is only, perhaps, still a little more deceitful than the

¹ Miss B. Franklin.

earlier philosophies of Jewish inspiration and that, even when it is no longer used by Jews but by Russian imperialists. Still then, its Jewish character sticks to it. It is the source of its strength, as opposed to our philosophy. Not only the man in the street, but the better type of foreign Communist will run forth to fight for hidden Russian imperialism as readily as others do for hidden Jewish capitalism—without knowing it. While the foreign Nazi who is prepared to fight and die for the Germans because they are Hitler’s compatriots and first collaborators, *knows* fully well what he (or she) is doing.

But, if it be an advantage *now*, from the standpoint of numbers, this deceit upon which Communist power is established will prove fatal to it in the long run and, perhaps, help to prepare the coming of our day. True, millions are ready to die for something which does not interest them at all, provided they do not know it, and remain convinced that they are dying for something else, which they do value. But, “one cannot deceive all people for all times”—not even great numbers of people for all times. A day is bound to come when they will find out that they are being tricked. Some seem to have found it out already, to a greater or lesser extent. There have been repeated “purges” in the Communist party, since Stalin has come to power and, curiously enough, an impressive proportion of the eliminated members were Jews—“Trotskyists,” putting stress upon “world revolution” rather than upon the immediate interests of the Soviet State. The Marxist principles are, doubtless, there still, rammed into everyone’s head. Principles are not so easily disposed of as people. Yet, there is a definite tendency, if not towards “Russian nationalism” in the sense that word might have had once, at least towards the systematic strengthening of that particular Euro-Asiatic Bloc (more Asiatic than European) that constitutes the Soviet Union—a tendency that might well, one day, end in a pan-Mongolian policy, to the disappointment of many simple Marxist “idealists” both of Aryan *and* of Jewish blood.

On the other hand, the nationalist attitude of certain German Communists is still more significant. It does not tally at all with their professed faith. As for the racial discriminations which, I am told, a few German “Communist” circles are beginning to admit today, well . . . what is Communism with racial discriminations amongst an overwhelmingly Aryan population, if not, as I remarked before, National Socialism in disguise? That hated National Socialism! Surely history—in all times but especially in ours—is “the greatest of ironists.”¹

¹ Ralph Fox, *Genghis Khan* (London: John Lane, 1936), p. 13.

In the long run—and perhaps much sooner than we ourselves dare to believe—our consistent frankness will pay. Our Führer has once said: “One day the world will know that I was right.” And his words will receive in time a glaring confirmation, however widely unpopular we and our *Weltanschauung* might still be today.

* * *

One has always to come back to the cyclic theory of history for a satisfactory understanding of the momentous happenings of our epoch. I repeat—believing one can never put too much emphasis upon the fact—our outlook on life, our socio-political views, our conception of government are not “out of time,” but pre-eminently “against time,” which is quite different. However strange this might

sound to those who judge it from a narrow, purely political angle, National Socialism is the everlasting Religion of Life—the unshakable truth about life which in a Golden Age would appear to everybody as evident as daylight—applied, on the material plane, at the very epoch which is *the* remotest from the Age of perfection: at the end of a great historical Cycle. It was bound to be misunderstood, hated, betrayed, reviled, rejected; in all appearance, to fail. And the age-old death tendency, the lust for disintegration inherent in all evolution in time, was bound to triumph today in Democracy; is bound to triumph, still more completely, tomorrow, in Communism, the logical and ruthless outcome of the Democratic principles in a technically advanced age; the system based upon the precedence of quantity over quality; upon economics at the expense of biology; upon the ideal of “man” as a producing machine for the greatest material benefit of the greatest number of worthless human units, as opposed to that of man as a warrior fighting to impose his faith in superhumanity upon the racial élite of mankind and the rule of that élite upon the world. The forces of disintegration were and are bound to win, I say. *But only for the time being*—only until this wretched humanity meets its unavoidable doom, and the new Day dawns.

For nothing can break the endless cycle of life and death, death and life: the law of everlasting Return, true on the socio-political plane as on all others. As surely as the Sun will rise tomorrow morning, National Socialism will come to power once more. As surely as spring will bring forth its green grass, its violets and its fruit blossoms and its tender blades of growing corn after the apparent death of Nature in winter, so will our ideal—of health, strength and beauty, of order and

manly virtues—Adolf Hitler’s ideal—again inspire the natural aristocracy of the world. As surely as birth follows death in the everlasting cosmic Dance of destruction and creation, martyred Germany will rise once more from her ashes, and again take the lead of the Aryan race. United, in spite of all efforts to dismember her; fully aware of her value and of her divine mission; in possession of the strength of eternal youth—of that “will to power” that has characterised her people from the far-gone ice age to the present day—again she shall stand, and again she shall march, exultant, defiant, irresistible. And again the Horst Wessel Song, now forbidden in its very birthplace, shall resound along the great international highways, and in the streets of conquered capitals.

We who believe in Adolf Hitler and in his mission need fear nothing from a Communist victory in the coming titanic conflict between our persecutors of East and West. The technically undeveloped races of Asia and Africa might well find Communism wonderful for a change. But in a world dominated by Communism, the growing discontent of the people of Northern Europe and, in general, of all the technically more advanced and also more thinking nations of Aryan blood, would be enough to provoke, in our favour, such a reaction as no amount of coercion could halt. A complete Democratic victory, won without our help (supposing that it were possible) would be far worse: it would amount to a much more subtle and more demoralising enslavement. But the strength of Communism is so great in the world that even a dubious victory of the

Democracies would be impossible without our collaboration. And our collaboration would mean the overthrow of the Democratic order immediately after the war—or perhaps before—and the reinstallation of *our* socio-political order, stronger than ever. In other words, in the near future, the Democracies will just have to choose between our iron rule and that of the Communists. And we will be the ultimate victors in any case; the victors in a ruined world, no doubt; the only men erect, and composed—nay, beaming with joy, after all our sufferings—amidst the remnants of a scattered and frightened pack of monkeys. But who cares? Triumph will be just as sweet, just as elating to us. For we count; not the monkeys. And Germany, once so prosperous, which they tore and smashed, could hardly be more ruined than she is already, whatever happens.

We will not try to “convert,” “reform,” “re-educate” the submen. Oh, no! Of that, their prototypes, our present-day persecutors, can remain quite sure. Remembering all we suffered since 1945 under the rule of our inferiors—the rule of deceit and slander, of threat and

bribery—remembering the torture of our comrades in their concentration camps; the agony and death of the martyrs of Nuremberg, and the victims of a hundred other iniquitous “war crimes” trials; the martyrdom of all Germany; the mental agony of our beloved Führer who witnessed those horrid days, facing alone the frenzied hatred of the ungrateful world he had wanted to save, we shall just broadcast to the survivors of that world our supreme ultimatum: “Hitler, or hell!” and make it hell for all those who will still think themselves clever enough to resist us, openly or secretly. But not as long a hell as that which we endured, and are still enduring. For they will not have, to sustain them, a faith in their cause comparable with our faith in National Socialism. Nor such a horrible one either. For we shall afford the luxury of mercy, when we rule the earth: we will despatch the troublesome fools as quickly as possible.

And then, when the last opposition is broken—if there *be* any opposition; for all I know, after the Third World War there might not be any—then, I say, *our era*; the actual Golden Age of a new Cycle; a hierarchised world (in which every regenerate race and every animal species shall be healthy and happy and beautiful) governed by a minority of living Aryan gods, according to the everlasting Nazi principles. And our beloved Führer—whether in the flesh, as I dare hope, or in spirit only—*Weltführer*, even more completely and more lastingly than if, pushing through Russia and High Asia and further still at the head of the German Army in 1942, he had entered Delhi and received the sworn allegiance of East and West in the glittering marble hall in which once stood the famous Peacock Throne.

* * *

Is this a superb but insane dream? Many would think so, as they look around and behold the present-day wretchedness of the dismembered Land—the “Land of fear,” in which Adolf Hitler’s beloved name is uttered only in whispers. I would think so myself, if I did not firmly believe in the cyclic Law of Time, and if I were not convinced that the end of this degenerate humanity and the following new beginning are drawing nigh. The study of world history has more and more confirmed me in that belief. And that belief has helped me to bear the sight of the ruins of Germany without losing heart. “Mortar and stone,” as I said once, “it can all be rebuilt. As long as the Nazi spirit remains alive, nothing is lost.”

I have tried to keep that spirit alive against the dictates of our

persecutors, in the name of the dictate of my heart, of the inner law of an unbending nature, and of the birthright of the superior races to thrive and to rule. In appearance, I failed—as *we* failed. All I have done is to win for me a sentence of three years’ imprisonment. But an all-powerful inner certitude tells me I have not failed (any more than *we* have); tells me that in three hundred years to come—perhaps much sooner—the whole of the Aryan world will look up to Adolf Hitler as I have done all my life, and render homage to this nation of his to whom I have come, in these atrocious times, to show a sign of love. I am, today, the first fruits of the love and reverence of future Aryandom for its Saviour; the first fruits of the world’s grateful tribute to National Socialist Germany.

Once, on one of the vine-clad hills that border the river Saar, I stood alone, my right arm outstretched, upon the ruins of a “bunker” blown up three years before by the invading Americans—the “crusaders to Europe,” champions of the Christian and Democratic values against National Socialist Heathendom, Aryan Heathendom. I stood, facing the east—facing Germany—and sang the immortal Song: “Standards high! Close the ranks! Storm Troopers, march with a calm and firm step! Comrades whom the Red Front and the Reaction have shot, march in spirit within our ranks!”

The Sun shed His rays upon me. And the joy of defiance shone in my face. Also, the joy of future triumph. The “crusaders” of the dark forces had blown up that “bunker” and hundreds of others; poured fire and brimstone over all Germany. But could they keep the martial words of the forbidden Song from resounding under the blue sky, over the sunlit landscape? Could they keep *me*—a non-German Aryan—from remaining faithful to Hitler’s Germany in her defeat and ruin and martyrdom? Could they suppress, one day, in the future, the allegiance of a better world to the Führer and to his ideals and to the people he loved so much—that allegiance which I foreshadowed and symbolised in my humble way?

The music of the Song poured out of me as a magic spell—as the death warrant of Germany’s persecutors in the name of the higher justice of future Aryan humanity.

The Aryan world's future justice is that justice to which I appeal today, against the decrees of those who hate us. The Aryan world's future allegiance to the Führer, is my life-long love, on a scale of millions of people, and for centuries—the greatest "German miracle."

I might have failed, materially, and for the time being. But I am the first sign of that miracle, sent to Germany by the Gods, as a token of

love; the promise of the endless admiration of the best, in near and distant times to come. In the midst of her temporary defeat and humiliation, I am Nazi Germany's living, lasting victory.

In spite of all contrary appearances, we did not fail; we cannot fail. Truth never fails.

Heil Hitler!

(Finished in cell no. 49 of the Werl prison, on the 16th of July, 1949)

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ABOUT THE AUTHORESS

SAVITRI DEVI (1905-1982) is one of the most original and influential National Socialist thinkers of the post-World War II era. Born Maximine Julia Portaz in Lyons, France on 30 September 1905, she was of English, Greek, and Italian ancestry and described her nationality as “Indo-European.” She earned Master’s Degrees in philosophy and chemistry and a Ph.D. in philosophy from the University of Lyons.

A self-described “nationalist of every nation” and an Indo-European pagan revivalist, Savitri Devi embraced National Socialism in 1929 while in Palestine. In 1935, she travelled to India to experience in Hinduism the last living Indo-European pagan religion. Settling eventually in Calcutta, she worked for the Hindu nationalist movement, married a Bengali Brahmin, the pro-Axis publisher Asit Krishna Mukherji, and spied for the Japanese during World War II.

After World War II, Savitri Devi embarked upon an itinerant, ascetic life. Her two chief activities were tireless witness on behalf of National Socialism and caring for homeless and abused animals.

Savitri Devi influenced such leading figures of post-war National Socialism as George Lincoln Rockwell, Colin Jordan, William Pierce, and Miguel Serrano. In 1962, she took part in the Cotswolds camp, where the World Union of National Socialists (WUNS) was formed.

Her sixteen books include *A Warning to the Hindus* (1939), *L’Etang aux lotus (The Lotus Pond)* (1940), *A Son of God: The Life and Philosophy of Akhnaton, King of Egypt* (1946), later republished as *Son of the Sun* (1956), *Akhnaton: A Play* (1948), *Defiance* (1951), *The Lightning and the Sun* (1958), *Pilgrimage* (1958), *Impeachment of Man* (1959), *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess* (1965), *Souvenirs et réflexions d’une Aryenne (Memories and Reflections of an Aryan Woman)* (1976), and *And Time Rolls On: The Savitri Devi Interviews* (2005).

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Hitlerism and Hindudom

by *Savitri Devi*

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Edited by *R.G. Fowler*



Illustration: The Greek goddess Artemis as "Mistress of Beasts," on a Boeotian vase, c. 700 BC.

Someone once asked Ramana Maharshi – one of the greatest spiritual personalities of modern India (he died only a few years ago¹) – what he thought of Adolf Hitler. The answer was short and simple: "He is a 'gnani'," i.e., a sage; one who "knows," who is, through personal experience, fully conscious of the eternal truths that express the Essence of the Universe; conscious of the hierarchic character of its visible (and invisible) manifestations in time and outside time; conscious of the nature and place of gods, men and other creatures, animate and inanimate, in the light of the One inexpressible Reality behind, within and above them all: the Brahman-Atman of the Hindu scriptures, thousands of years old. This implies, of course, consciousness of the great Laws of manifestations that preside over the birth, life, death, rebirth and liberation from the wheel of birth and rebirth, of all creatures, and therefore of the fundamental inequality of creatures, including people – and races – the inequality of souls as well as of bodies, and – on the social plane – the strivings for an order that would be the exact reflection of this inequality within the universal, divine

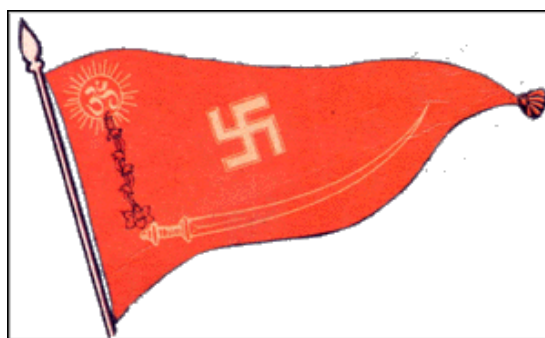
hierarchy – of this unity within hierarchical diversity. In the mind of such a perfect Brahmin (in the etymological sense of the word: a man who has realized Brahman-Atman within himself and, in consequence, “knows” the truth) the word “gnani” cannot mean anything less than that.

It is a far greater praise than any recognition of our Leader’s importance in mere history. It means that his unique place in history is the mere outcome of Something deeper and more difficult to sense (for the common mind): his place among those at the very top of the hierarchy of creatures. As I said before, Ramana Maharshi represents the double aristocracy of Hindudom: both by his caste (he was a Brahmin) and by the fact that he was one of the few who were strictly worthy of belonging to that exalted caste. His judgment is of more import than that of millions of average, albeit “intellectual” people.

I shall now relate an episode of my own life involving a youngster of a very low Hindu caste: the Maheshyas of West Bengal, a caste of tillers of the soil; one of the innumerable subdivisions of the Sudras.

The youngster, named Khudiram, after one of the fighters for Indian independence, was a typical specimen of the masses of Bengal: dark skinned, flat-faced – a blending of Dravidian (the race of most South Indians) and Mongoloid. He must have been about fifteen and was perfectly illiterate. He was my servant.

One day – in glorious 1940 – as he came back from the market where I had sent him to buy fish for the cats, he told me, beaming with joy: “Memsahib” (it is the way one addresses all European women, here in India) “I really wish your Leader will win the war! I want him to, and I pray to all the gods that he does!”



Pan-Hindu Flag

I was dumbfounded. I had never spoken about Adolf Hitler to Khudiram – a non-Aryan if any! I presumed the lad knew there was a war going on in faraway Europe – everybody knew it – and I was not over-astonished at his taking sides with us: all Indians in those days did the same, including the Communists (on account of the non-aggression pact of August 23, 1939). “The enemies of our enemies are our friends” – and Bengal was a bastion in the struggle against British rule. But I never expected such emphasis in the pro-German feelings of a Bengali village lad.

I asked him: “Why are you so strongly on the Leader’s side? Is it

just because he is winning?” (The French campaign was then nearly over.)

Khudiram said: “No, I would be on his side even if he were defeated, but I pray all the gods he may win.”

“And why? What do you know about the war?”

And the illiterate lad replied, to my further surprise: “I may be an ignorant boy. But I met one in the market much older than I; he must be about twenty – a ‘learned’ boy, who can even speak a little English, and he told me that your Leader was fighting this war in Europe so that he might do away with the Bible and in its place set up, for all the West – the Bhagavad-Gita!”

I wondered what Adolf Hitler’s reaction would have been, had he known the interpretation given to his war aims in the Calcutta fish market. (I did not yet know of the high consideration he had for the most ancient Aryan philosophical poem. I was to hear of it in England, from a man who knew him well – after the war.) But I thought of a passage in the first chant of the Bhagavad-Gita, in its nineteenth century French translation by Eugene Burnouf: “Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes (i.e., of races, for the castes originally corresponded to racial differences); out of the confusion of castes proceeds the loss of memory (i.e., one forgets who were one’s ancestors), out of the loss of memory proceeds the loss of understanding, and out of this all evil!”

I thought to myself in a flash: “True, this is the oldest known expression of the spirit of *Mein Kampf*.” And I told the boy: “Your elder friend is right. Our Leader is fighting for the Aryan West to go back to the eternal Aryan values that are exalted in the Bhagavad-Gita. Now I give you a day’s holiday, and a rupee to treat your friends. Go and tell them all – tell everyone you meet – what your market big boy said. He is right!”

Khudiram was delighted and joyously made for the door. But I stopped him for a while to put another question to him.

“You pray for our Leader’s victory – our victory,” said I. “Now, do you know that if we win the war and my Leader’s influence reaches the ends of the earth, you, within our New Order, shall remain forever what you are: a Maheshya – a Sudra. You are no Aryan. The New Order shall grant you no privileges: these will be, just as throughout the centuries, for the fair-complexioned Brahmans or Kshatriyas, who, in India, will remain at the top of Hindu society. Do you still love our Leader, knowing this?”

The lad of the tropics, the mouthpiece of the illiterate Hindu masses, exclaimed unhesitatingly: “Of course I do, and all the more, now I know it!” For this means that your Leader’s spirit is one with the Shatras [i.e., of the Hindu sacred writ] – that he knows the truth, and wants the world to abide in truth, as did the great ones who handed over the Shatras to their disciples. This is of no more importance whether I, a mere individual, get promotion or not in this world. The one and only thing that matters is the truth of the gods which is (now I know it!) your Leader’s truth also.



“If I was born a mere Maheshya, it is sure that I have sinned in many of my past lives. But this time I obey the Shatras – i.e., do not defile myself by eating forbidden things, do not mess about with girls of other castes, and so forth – then next time, when I am born again, I shall be born in a better family. And after several thousands of years – time does not count – who knows? I might be born as the son of a Brahmin, or perhaps in your Europe, as one of the young men who fight for your Leader’s ideals. Who knows?” [Image: Iron Age swastika (sun wheel) from Gotland, Sweden.]

Could one imagine, in Christian Europe, a lad of non-Aryan or doubtful descent saying: “This is my punishment for my past misdeeds, of before this present life. Now if I behave as I should, who knows? I might slowly, slowly, make my way upwards and after a thousand years or more be born a German.” No, one cannot, precisely because such thoughts are totally foreign to the Christian spirit and the belief that all souls are equally precious in the eyes of a personal man-loving god. This could have been possible if we had, in Europe, remained faithful to our old heathen values. And there old values are the very same “Hyperborean” ones as are to this day upheld in Hindu India, where the idea of segregated castes – the oldest form of “apartheid” on earth – and the belief that the Aryan is the one who should rule the world, are widespread and undiscussed ideas.

Well did Rudolf von Sebottendorf, founder of the famous Thule Gesellschaft that prepared the way for the triumph of National Socialism, well did he, I say, owe a lot to his visits to India, and his contacts with Hindus conscious of their Hyperborean traditions?

It is said in Hindu writ that “the year is the day of the gods.” The solar year, six months daylight and six months night, and the Arctic years, two or three full months light in the summer and two or three months night in the winter, are “days” of the Nordic ancestors of our fair-complexioned Indian Brahmins. The gods – the “shining ones” whose “days” were years of half sunshine and half darkness – were just perfect types of Aryan humanity: the hyperboreans of far-away Thule, the ones whom the twentieth century great Indian scholar, Tilak, mentions in his book *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*.

And it is noteworthy that tradition among Aryans other than those of India, places the seat of godhead in the same polar region: the Greek sun god Apollo is called “the Hyperborean.” Only the Hindus – including the non-Aryan masses of India insofar as they have not been corrupted by ideas drummed into their heads by degenerate Aryans (no longer Aryans of spirit) of today – have kept the traditions. Thanks to its forced Christianization from the fourth to the fifteenth century A.D., Europe has forgotten it. The glory of Adolf Hitler – and a few of his forerunners such as Friedrich Lange (founder of the Deutsches Bund, 1894) or Hans Krebs – is to have felt it intuitively, with the aid of the gods, and made it the philosophical basis of their social and political natures.

The holy Swastika that Adolf Hitler chose as the Symbol of his Movement is the visible link between him and orthodox Hinduism. One sees it everywhere in India: on temple gates, on pennants fluttering from the top of temples, on the walls in front of which marriage rites are celebrated (as all Hindu rites, before a burning fire), and on public signs and on ordinary advertisements, and on jewels, "for luck."

There was a time when the Symbol was to be found everywhere also in Aryan countries – or countries under Aryan influence: on Greek pottery, and more so on Trojan pottery (nowhere are Swastikas more numerous than on the shards in the second layer of Troy, dating back to some 4,000 B.C.!) and in Mexico and Yucatan, civilized by a White and bearded god (according to tradition) – and a god from the East, apparently an Aryan.

Nowadays the holy sign is popular – widespread and revered – only among us National Socialists and among Hindus (the only two sects of people among which the superiority of the Aryan race is also recognized and accepted as a matter of course. As I said, in India, the non-Aryan orthodox Hindus also accept it, of whatever caste they may be).

May the official propaganda of Westernized Indians concerning democracy and equality not deceive us and prevent us from seeing how close to us is – and always was – real Hindu India!

¹ Ramana Maharshi died in 1950.—Ed.



Impeachment of Man

by
Savitri Devi



Calcutta
1959

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To ZOBEIDA KHATUN

*a poor beggar woman who yet saved many distressed animals and fed them,
day after day, for years.*

* * *

An extended chapter of our talk was devoted by the Führer to the vegetarian question. He believes more than ever that meat eating is wrong. Of course he knows that during the war we cannot completely upset our food system. After the war, however, he intends to tackle this problem also. Maybe he is right. Certainly the arguments that he adduces in favour of his standpoint are very compelling.

— Dr. J. Goebbels
Goebbels' Diaries
(entry, of April 26, 1942),
published in 1948.

Thou shalt love God in all living things, animals and plants.

— Alfred Rosenberg
(Instructions discussed at the
Nuremberg Trial 1945-46,
and quoted by Maurice Bardèche
in his book *Nuremberg II ou
les Faux Monnayeurs*, p. 88).



Animal Aristocracy

Preface

This book — only now printed for the first time — was written in 1945-46, *i.e.*, fourteen years ago. It expresses the views which I have had all my life concerning animals in particular and living nature in general, and my no less life-long protest against their ruthless exploitation by man: an attitude rooted, in both cases, in a pre-eminently *aesthetic* and *life-centered* outlook on the world, in complete opposition to that utilitarian and man-centered one, which is accepted nearly everywhere. It was inspired by the events and general atmosphere of the atrocious months during which it was written, namely, of the months immediately following the Second World War; of the time during which, even if one deliberately refused — as *I did* — to open any newspaper or magazine, or to listen to any propaganda on the wireless, one could not but hear, wherever one turned, more or less cleverly presented tales of “crimes against humanity” alleged to have been committed, sometimes, admittedly, by or at the orders of the Japanese so-called “war-criminals,” but mostly, — practically always — by the German so-called such ones.

Every effort was exerted, every ability, every capacity of imagination mobilized, to make those tales as blood-curdling as possible — the more gruesome, the better! — in order to shock the “decent people” of all “civilized” countries, and to “put them off” National Socialism and the like (if *like* there could be!) for ever, and even to impress such men and women as might have (and perhaps often did) call themselves National Socialists up till 1945 without being aware of the full implications of that title, and to “reeducate” them, — for the good of their souls, and of their fellowmen.

Those tales, intended to shatter the world, failed, however, to impress *me* — at least in the sense that the “reeducators” desired. They failed to change my attitude towards National Socialism, first,

because I never was a “decent person” and then, also, because I was no sheep, and knew exactly — had always known — what I stand for and what I want. They even failed to appear “bloodcurdling” to me. Indeed, I already knew too much of the atrocities of Antiquity — from those of the Chinese to those of the Assyrians and Carthaginians, to say nothing of those of the Jews, so masterfully evoked in the Holy Bible¹ — not to find the alleged German “crimes against humanity” clumsy, hopelessly amateurish, in comparison, even if the various reports about them *had* all been true to fact. And in addition to that, I had heard or seen too much of all forms of exploitation of animals by man — from the daily brutalities one witnesses in the streets of Southern Europe, not to speak of the Orient, to the appalling deeds perpetrated in the secrecy of vivisection chambers, but fully described in certain scientific publications — not to feel more than indifferent to the fate of human beings, save in the rare cases these happen to be my own brothers in faith.

But the tales — and the whole atmosphere of the “reeducation” days — definitely *would have* “put me off” every religion, every philosophy centered around an inflated sense of “human dignity” and of the “value of many as such,” had I not already years and years before weighed these two concepts and found them decidedly wanting.

The one thing the propaganda did, — instead of stirring in me the slightest indignation against the supposed-to-be “war criminals” — was to rouse my hatred against the hypocrisy and cowardice underlying every man-centered attitude; to harden me in my bitter contempt for “man” in general; and . . . to prompt me to write this book: the answer to it, the spirit of which could be summed up in a few lines: “A ‘civilization’ that makes such a ridiculous fuss about alleged ‘war crimes’ — acts of violence against the actual or potential enemies of one’s cause — and tolerates slaughterhouses and vivisection laboratories, and circuses and the fur industry (infliction of pain upon creatures that can never be *for* or *against* any cause), does not deserve to live. Out with it! Blessed the day it will destroy itself, so that a healthy, hard, frank and brave, nature-loving and truth-loving élite of supermen *with a life-centered faith*, — a natural human aristocracy, as beautiful, on its own higher level, as the four-legged kings of the jungle — might again rise, and rule upon its ruins, for ever!”

¹ In the book of I Samuel, 15, 33, to mention only one instance.

When, at the end of 1945, I reached that nightmarish postwar Europe in which the last part of this book was to be written, I noticed in the “tubes” of London, side by side with picturesque advertisements and silly propaganda, a series of unexpected posters with red and yellow letters on a black background: “Justice towards animals must *precede* peace among men.”

This showed me that there still were — in spite of all — people worth sparing in that misled England of Nordic blood which Adolf Hitler had, in 1940, (with an insight that the world will take a long time to understand and to appreciate) refused to crush.

I asked which organization had had the courage of setting up such revolutionary posters and soon found out that it was not an organization at all but a single, isolated individual: Mrs. Saint-Ruth, of East Horsely, near London; a noble woman, whom I had, since then, the honor of meeting several times, and in whom I discovered with immense joy, even more in common with myself than her solicitude for animals (and in particular for felines). After all these years, I wish to express to this lady — the first person who read this book, and liked it — my unaltered friendship. I also most heartily thank Miss Veronica Vassar for having retyped a hardly legible copy of the book — the only one I had left, after the original manuscript and all the better typed copies I had taken of it myself had been lost (stolen, along with my suitcase, at the Saint-Lazare railway station, in Paris, on the 16th of August, 1946) — and thus for having saved my work.

— Savitri Devi Mukherji
Calcutta, June 22, 1959

CHAPTER I

Man-centered Creeds

Of all moral ideas, that of our positive duties towards creatures of other species (animals, and even plants) is perhaps the slowest to impress itself upon the human mind. It seems as though it were alien to the spirit no less than to the letter of all successful international religions, save Buddhism. And one who is fully conscious of its importance — one who recognizes in it the expression of a fundamental moral truth — may as well wonder in amazement how creeds that omit to mention it altogether (let alone to stress it) have yet been able to secure themselves such numerous followings, and, what is more, how their narrow conception of love is still claiming to be “the highest,” and how that claim rouses no protest on behalf of the better men. This is, no doubt, enough to lead him to gloomy conclusions concerning the inherent coarseness, selfishness and ugliness of human nature in general.

The known religions of the Ancient World were centered around the family or tribe, or the city, or at most the nation. The philosophies that slowly grew out of them, be it in the classical West or in China, were strictly centered around human society, human intellect, or the individual human soul. Only in India were things definitely different, for there, the immemorial belief in the successive incarnations of the one same soul, and in the fruit of works, reaped inexorably from life to life, presupposed an unbroken continuity throughout the whole scheme of existence, an organic unity among all species, from the simplest to the most elaborate. In Greece, the Pythagoreans (and, much later on, the Neo-Pythagoreans) accepted that view of the unity of all life, with all its practical consequences, along with the dogma of birth and

rebirth, an essential feature of their school. Apart from them — and centuries before them — a truly beautiful but unfortunately long-forgotten religion, a particularly philosophical solar cult originating in Egypt in the early fourteenth century B.C., of which we shall speak in a further chapter, seems to be the sole exception to the general trend of thought, the one life-centered religion¹ of non-Indian origin west of India. The pity is that its very excellence proved fatal to its expansion, nay even to its survival as an organized religion.

We can thus state, with fairly great safety, that there are today two main ways of looking upon our relations with nonhuman living beings: the Hindu way (of which the Buddhist and the Jain outlooks are merely particular expressions) and the other, the man-centered way, of which the Christian, the Islamic, the nineteenth-century “humanitarian,” the twentieth-century “socialistic,” and the Chinese way of all times (if we take Chinese thought apart from Taoism in its purest aspect) are various forms.

Theoretically, the man-centered creeds and philosophies sway the whole world minus the greater part of India, Burma, Ceylon, and the countries of the Far East to the extent that these have actually come under the influence of Buddhism. That does not mean that there are no individuals in England and America, in Germany and Russia, who look upon all life as sacred, and to whom the infliction of pain upon animals is even more odious than that upon human beings. That does not mean, either, that all people who, in India and elsewhere, are catalogued in the census reports Hindus, Buddhists or Jains are, in fact, paragons of active kindness towards all living creatures. Far from it! We only drew this rough geographical sketch stressing the unequal distribution of man-centered and life-centered creeds over the map of the world in order to show how little progress has been made as yet in the way of universal love — which is the way of true morality — from the time of the alleged apelike man of the Neanderthal period down to the present day.

Naturally enough, our sketch can be exploited against our current of thought. Many will no doubt say: “If the majority of mankind still believes in the right of man to exploit other creatures

¹ I have not mentioned the old (pre-Christian) religion of Germanic Europe, which was also life-centered — life-centered *and* “sacrificial,” as Vedic religion is in India. It is not well-known enough to be discussed here.

for his profit; if the idea of universal brotherhood (of man and all living creatures) is so slow to assert itself; if, moreover, as we see, it is daily losing ground among most “advanced” young men and women in the countries where it was once upheld, then we should admit that the man-centered creeds express the right attitude towards the moral problem of life.” But we answer that “majorities” decide nothing as to what is true or false, right or wrong. Those who think they do might as well say that Socrates was wrong, in his day, and the Athenians right, on the ground that he was one and they twenty thousand. They may as well also say that cannibalism and slavery were legitimate whenever and wherever they happened to be widespread and looked upon as “normal.” But we notice that, from those very civilizations in which cannibalism was generally admitted, sprang, now and then, a few individuals — an infinitesimal, powerless minority — whom the custom disgusted. And from amidst a world in which slavery was considered as a necessary evil by respectable people, sprang a few individuals who condemned it, either openly or secretly, in the name of human dignity. And we see that it is the opinion of those better individuals that finally triumphed. One of the best among the ancient Mexicans, King Nezahualcoyotl,¹ tried in vain, in the fifteenth century A.D. to put a stop to human sacrifices within his realm.² But today, the murder of a man, be it even as an offering to a deity, is considered a criminal offence and would be punished by law nearly all over the world. The minority, in Mexico, became a majority — and would have become so, apparently, anyhow, even if no Christian adventurers had ever landed there. Minorities often do, with time, become majorities.

To those to whom the age-old exploitation of animals seems normal just because it is practically universal and as old as man, we shall say that there are today people who strongly disapprove of it — never mind if they be but a handful scattered among millions of human beings still at a more barbaric stage of evolution. There are today a few men and women, far in advance of our times, who keenly feel the revolting injustice of all exploitation of living

¹ King of Tescuco, born in 1403, died in 1470; well-known as warrior, administrator, engineer and poet.

² Ixtlilxochitl. *Histoire des Chichimèques* (French translation) Vol. I., chap. 49. Quoted by Brasseur de Bourbourg: *Histoire de Nations Civilisées du Mexique et de l'Amérique Centrale*. Vol. III., p. 297.

creatures, whether two-legged or four-legged, the horror of all gratuitous infliction of suffering, the value of all innocent life. There are men and women — and the author of this book is one of them — who, at the sight of one of their contemporaries eating a beefsteak in a restaurant or a chicken sandwich in a railway carriage, feel no less a disgust than some rare Mexicans of old possibly did when they saw the cooked limbs of a prisoner of war served up on gold and silver plates at State banquets. There are men and women today, few indeed as they may be, who are as much saddened when they see a tired horse drawing a cart as certain other “queer” people might have been once, when they met a slave cutting wood or grinding corn for his owner under the supervision of a merciless taskmaster.

Those few are now “dreamers,” “eccentric folk,” “cranks” — like all pioneers. But who can tell whether their opinion will never become that of average man, and their principles the law of the world? If there is any hope that it might one day be so, then we believe it is still worth while struggling to keep civilization alive. If not — if the low level of love which the majority of the globe has reached really be the limit of its capacity; if the outlook expressed in the man-centered creeds and philosophies really be its final outlook — then we believe that the human race is not worth bothering one’s head about at all.

* * *

According to the religious creeds which we have characterized as “man-centered,” man, alone created “in the likeness of God,” is God’s most beloved child, perhaps even his only child on this earth. The heavenly Father of the Christian Gospels no doubt loves the sparrows. But he loves man infinitely more. He loves the lilies too; he has clothed them more beautifully “than Solomon in all his glory”; yet, man is the main object of his solicitude, not they. Among all the living beings that are born in the visible world man alone is supposed to be endowed with an immortal soul. He alone was created for eternity. The transient world was made for him to enjoy and exploit during his short earthly life, and creatures of several species were appointed — both quadrupeds and birds — as meat for him to eat. And that is not all. A whole scheme of salvation was worked out for him by God himself, so that man might still reach everlasting bliss in spite of his sins. God raised prophets to urge rebellious humanity to repentance and to point out the way of righteousness. And according to the Christian

belief, he even sent his only Son to suffer and die, so that his blood might become the ransom of all sinners who put their faith in him. All the splendor of the material world; all the grace, strength and loveliness of millions of beasts, birds, fishes, trees and creepers; the majesty of the snow-clad mountains, the beauty of the unfurling waves — all that and much more — is not worth, in God's eyes, the immortal soul of a human imbecile — so they say, at least. That is why the hunting of tigers and deer, the butchering of innocent woolly lambs, so glad to live, the dissecting of pretty white guinea pigs or of intelligent dogs, are not "sins" according to the man-centered faiths — not even if they imply the most appalling suffering. But the painless chloroforming of worthless human idiots is a "crime." How could it be otherwise? They have two legs, no tail, and an immortal soul. However degenerate they be, *they are men*.

I cannot help here recalling the answer of a French medical student, a member of the "Christian Federation of Students," whom I has asked, twenty-five years ago, how he could reconcile his religious aspirations with his support of vivisection. "What conflict can there be between the two?" said he; "Christ did not die for guinea pigs and dogs." I do not know what Christ would actually have said to that. The fact remains that, from the point of view of *historical* Christianity, the boy was right. And his answer is enough to disgust one forever with all man-centered creeds.

* * *

Man-centered creeds do not even enjoy that minimum of inner consistency which forces one sometimes to recognize a certain strength in a bad system of thought. Those who believe in them and who happen not to be by nature too irredeemably irrational, try to justify their point of view by saying that man, as a whole, *is* superior to the dumb beasts. He can speak, and they cannot. That is certain. He can speak, and subsequently he can define and deduce, and pass from one deduction to another. He can transfer to other people the conclusions of his reasoning and the results of his experience. He becomes more aware of his own thoughts by expressing them. In a word, he can do all that is only possible by means of a conventional system of symbolical sounds, which we call language and which beasts and birds do not possess. His very being is raised above the immediate needs of everyday life, and his mind rendered capable of evolution, by the use of such a system.

Anyone will agree that this is true to a great extent, though all may not necessarily see what relation there is between this human

advantage of speech and the exploitation of dumb animals by man. It is more difficult to understand the privileged place which religions such as Judaism, Christianity and Islam give to man, when one remembers that the sacred books of those three famous creeds admit the existence of heavenly creatures far more beautiful and more intelligent than he, mainly of angels — creatures who need not wait for the day of resurrection to acquire a “glorious” body, but who are, here and now, in their raiment of light, free from disease, decay and death. They, and not the clumsy sons of Adam, should have been the ones for whom nature and man were made, for it would seem, from whatever one can gather about them in the holy Scripture, that angels are as much above men as the most brilliant men can claim to be above animals, and even more so. Still, apparently God loves man the best. All human sinners can expect to be saved by his grace; while those poor angels who once, at the dawn of time, rebelled against their Maker under the leadership of Lucifer, have no other alternative but to remain damned forever. No Redeemer was ever sent to pay the ransom of *their* sin. No hope of salvation was ever given to them. No repentance of theirs, it seems, would be of any avail. Why? Goodness knows. They are not *men*, not God’s spoilt darlings. That is the only explanation one can give, if any can be given of old Father Jehovah’s strange justice and queer tastes. They are not men. Intelligent and beautiful as they may be, and full of endless possibilities for good no less than for evil if only they were given a chance, they are apparently not worth, in God’s eyes, the repentant drunkard who weeps aloud at the end of a Salvation Army meeting. God’s ways cannot be discussed. But then, don’t tell us that his love for man is “justified” by man’s superiority, and that the right he gave the chosen species to exploit the rest of his weaker creatures is founded on a reasonable basis. It is not. For, if it were, there would have been, in Paradise, a place for the repentant fallen angels, and at least as much joy for one of them as for the souls of ten thousand drunkards from the East End of London.

The real reason for this continual stress upon the welfare of man alone, in this world and in the next, seems to lie in God’s incapacity to transcend a certain puerile partiality — we speak, of course, of the personal God of the man-centered faiths rooted in Judaism, and not of that impersonal Power behind all existence, in which *we* are inclined to believe. The God of the Christians, the God of Islam, and the God of most of those later Free Thinkers who are not out

and out atheists, never succeeded in shaking off completely the habits he once had when he was but the patron deity of a few tribes of desert wanderers, slaves in the land of the Pharaohs. He was able to raise himself from the rank of a national god to that of a God of all humanity. But that is all. His love seems to have been spent out in its extension from the “chosen People” of Israel to the Chosen Species of mankind. He had not in him the urge to broaden his fatherly feelings still beyond those narrow limits. It never occurred to him how narrow they were in fact and how irrational, how mean, how all-too-human that childish preference for man was, in a God that is supposed to have made the Milky Way.

The bloodthirsty national gods of West-Asian Antiquity — once his rivals; now all dead — were more consistent in their narrowness. They limited their sphere to a town, or at the most to a country, and in cases of emergency accepted — some say: asked for — human victims as well as burnt offerings of animal flesh. Grim gods they were, most of them. But there was something outspoken and reassuring in their very limitations. One knew, with them, where one stood. One was not carried away in their name by prophets and saints who took one right along the path leading to universal love, only to leave one in the middle of it. The prophets of Jehovah might call them “abominations,” but they were consistent. So was Jehovah, as long as he remained merely the tribal god of the Jews. But when later Jews proclaimed him to be the God of all mankind; when he crept into Christianity as the Heavenly Father of Christ and the First Person of the Holy Trinity; and into Islam as the One God revealed to man through his last and definitive mouthpiece, the Prophet Mohammed; and finally, when he colored the ideology of the humanitarian theists — and even atheists — as the unavoidable remnant of a tradition hard to die, then the conception of him became more and more irrational. There was less and less any reason for his solicitude to stop at mankind. Yet it did stop there. There was, more and more, every reason for him to evolve into a truly universal God of all life. Yet he did not evolve that way. He could not drop the long-cherished propensity of picking out a fraction of his creation and blessing it with a special blessing, to the exclusion of the rest. That fraction of the great Universe had once been the Jewish people. It was now the human race — a trifling improvement, if one ponders over it from an astronomical (that is to say, from what we can imagine to be the only truly divine) angle of vision.

The great creeds of the world west of India remained man-centered, it would seem, because they never could free themselves entirely from the marks of their particular tribal origin among the sons of Abraham. The Jews never were a race that one could accuse of giving animals too great a place in its everyday life and thoughts. Christ, who came “to fulfill” the Jewish law and prophecies (not to introduce into the world a different, more rational, and truly kindlier trend of thought) appears never to have bothered his head about the dumb creatures. We speak, of course, of Christ as the Christian Gospels present him to us. *That* Christ — we have no means whatsoever of finding out whether a “truer” one ever lived — never performed a miracle, never even intervened in a natural manner, in favor of any beast, as his contemporary, Apollonius of Tyana, not to speak of any more ancient and illustrious Master such as the blessed Buddha, is supposed to have done. He never spoke of God’s love for animals save to assert that He loved human beings *a fortiori*, much more. He never mentioned nor implied man’s duties towards them, though he did not omit to mention, and to stress, other duties. If the Gospels are to be taken as they are written, then his dealings with nonhuman sentient creatures consisted, on one occasion, of sending some evil spirits into a herd of swine, that they might no longer torment a man,¹ and, another time, of making his disciples, who were mostly fishermen by profession, as every one knows, catch an incredible quantity of fish in their nets.² In both cases his intention was obviously to benefit human beings at the expense of the creatures, swine or fish. As for plants, it is true that he admired the lilies of the fields; but it is no less true that he cursed a fig tree for not producing figs out of season and caused it to wither, so that his disciples might understand the power of faith and prayer.³ Fervent English or German Christians, who love animals and trees, may retort that nobody knows exactly all that Jesus actually said, and that the gospels contain the story of only a few of his numberless miracles. That may be. But as there are no records of his life save the Gospels, we have to be content with what is revealed therein. Moreover, Christianity as an historical growth is centered around the person of Christ *as the Gospels describe him*.

¹ *Luke*, 8.32, 33.

² *Luke*, 5. 4-11.

³ *Mark*, 11. 12-14 and 20-23.

⁴ Norman Douglas: *How About Europe?* Chatto & Windus, London, 1930, p. 242.

And, as Norman Douglas has timely remarked,⁴ it remains a fact that the little progress accomplished in recent years in the countries of North western Europe and in America, as regards kindness to dumb beasts, was realized *in spite of Christianity, and not because of it.*

To say, as some do, that every word of the Christian Gospels has an esoteric meaning, and that “swine” and “fishes” and the “barren fig tree” are intended there to designate anything but real live creatures, would hardly make things better. It would still be true that kindness to animals is not spoken of in the teaching of Jesus as it has come down to us, while other virtues, in particular kindness *to people*, are highly recommended. And the development of historical Christianity would remain, in all its details, what we know it to be.

* * *

That people whose outlook is conditioned by biblical tradition should put a great stress upon the special place of man in the scheme of life; that they should insist on *man's* sufferings, and on the necessity of man's happiness, without apparently giving as much as a thought to the other living creatures, one can understand. They follow the Book to which they may or may not add some secondary scriptures based upon it. They cannot be expected to go beyond what is prescribed in it or in those later scriptures.

But there are, in the West, ever since the Middle Ages, increasing numbers of people who dare to do without the Book altogether; who openly reject all divine revelation as unprovable, and who see in their conscience the only source of their moral judgments and their only guide in moral matters. It is remarkable that these people, free from the fetters of any established faith, still retain the outlook of their fathers as regards man's relation to animals and to living nature in general. Free Thought, while rightly brushing aside all man-centered metaphysics; while replacing the man-centered conceptions of the Universe by a magnificent vision of order and beauty on a cosmic scale — a scientific vision, more inspiring than anything that religious imagination had ever invented, and in which man is but a negligible detail — Free Thought, we say, omitted entirely to do away with the equally outdated man-centered scale of values, inherited from those religions that sprang from Judaism. Sons of Greek rationalism, as regards their intellectual outlook, the Westerners who boast of no longer being Christians — and the few advanced young men of

Turkey and Persia, and of the rest of the Near and Middle East, who boast of no longer being orthodox Musulmans — remain, as regards their scale of moral values, the sons of a deep-rooted religious tradition which goes back as far as some of the oldest fragments of the Jewish Scriptures: the tradition according to which man, created in God's own image, is the only living being born for eternity, and has a value altogether out of proportion with that of any other animal species.

There has been, it is true, in the West, in recent years — nay, there *is*, for nothing which is in harmony with the Laws of Life can ever be completely suppressed — a non-Christian (one should even say an anti-Christian) and definitely more than political school of thought which courageously denounced this age-old yet erroneous tradition, and set up a different scale of values and different standards of behaviour. It accepted the principle of the rights of animals, and set a beautiful dog above a degenerate man. It replaced the false ideal of “*human* brotherhood,” by the true one of a naturally hierarchised mankind harmoniously integrated into the naturally hierarchised Realm of life, and, as a logical corollary of this, it boldly preached the return to the mystic of genuine nationalism rooted in healthy race-consciousness, and the resurrection of the old national gods of fertility and of battle (or the exaltation of their philosophical equivalents) which many a Greek “thinker” and some of the Jewish prophets themselves had already discarded — politely speaking: “transcended” — in decadent Antiquity. And its racialist values, solidly founded upon the rock of divine reality, and intelligently defended as they were, in comparison with the traditional man-centered ones inherited, in Europe, from Christianity, are, and cannot but remain, whatever may be the material fate of their great Exponent and of the regime he created, *the* only unassailable values of the contemporary and future world. But it is, for the time being, a “crime” to mention them, let alone to uphold them — and their whole recent setting — in broad daylight.

The opposite ideologies, more in keeping with the general tendencies of modern Free Thought from the Renaissance onwards, have only broken off apparently with the man-centered faiths. In fact, our international Socialists and our Communists, while pushing God and the supernatural out of their field of vision, are more Christian-like than the Christian Churches ever were. He who said, “Love thy neighbor as thyself has to-day no sincerer and more thorough disciples than those zealots whose foremost

concern is to give every human being a comfortable life and all possibilities of development, through the intensive and systematic exploitation by all of the resources of the material world, animate an inanimate, for *man's* betterment. Communism, that new religion — for it is a sort of religion — exalting the common man; that philosophy of the rights of humanity as the privileged species, is the natural logical outcome of real Christianity. It is the Christian doctrine of the labor of love for one's neighbors, freed from the overburdening weight of Christian theology. It is real Christianity, minus priesthood — which Christ thoroughly disliked — and minus all the beliefs of the Church concerning the human soul and all the mythology of the Bible — which he surely valued far less than a single spontaneous movement of the heart towards suffering mankind. Christ, if he came back, would probably feel nowhere so much “at home” as in the countries which have made love for the average man as such the very soul of their political system.

And that is not all. Even Christian theology will perhaps not always remain as totally worthless to them as our Communist friends often think. It may be, one day, that they will bring themselves to use it. And, if ever they do, who will blame them but those nominal Christians who have forgotten the out and out “proletarian” character of their Master and of his first disciples? The myth of the God of mankind taking flesh in the son of the carpenter of Nazareth may well be interpreted as a symbol foreshadowing the deification of the working majority of men — of the “masses”; of man in general — in our times.

In other words, the rejection of the belief in the supernatural, and the advent of a scientific outlook upon the material world, has not in the least broadened the Westerners' moral outlook. And, unless they be consistent Racialists, worshippers of hierarchised Life, those who today openly proclaim that civilization can well stand without its traditional Christian (or Muslim) background, stick to a scale of values that proceeds, either from a yet narrower love than that preached in the name of Christ or of Islam, (from the love of one's mere individual self and family) or, at most, from the same love — *not from a broader one*; not from a true universal love.

The generous “morality” derived from modern Free Thought is no better than that based upon the time-honored man-centered creeds that have their origin in Jewish tradition. It is a morality centered — like the old Chinese morality, wherever true Buddhism and Taoism have not modified it — around “the dignity of all men” and human society as the supreme fact, the one reality that the

individual has to respect and to live for; a morality which ignores everything of man's affiliation with the rest of living nature, and looks upon sentient creatures as having no value except inasmuch as they are exploitable by man for the "higher" purpose of his health, comfort, clothing, amusement, etc. The moral creed of the Free Thinker today *is* a man-centered creed — no less than that of Descartes and Malebranche and, later on, of the idealists of the French Revolution, and finally of Auguste Comte.

We believe that there is a different way of looking at things — a different way, in comparison with which this man-centered outlook appears as childish, mean and barbaric as the philosophy of any man-eating tribe might seem, when compared with that of the Christian saints, or even of the sincerest ideologists of modern international Socialism or Communism.

CHAPTER II

Pessimistic Pantheism

Besides this man-centered outlook of more than half the world, which we have just endeavoured to define, there is the entirely different view of the Hindus and of the main religions that have sprung from Hinduism, namely Jainism and Buddhism. We should, for the sake of convenience, call this view the Indian view, as opposed to the formerly described Jewish view, for the only great international religion which has inherited it — Buddhism — is as essentially indebted to earlier Indian thought as Christianity and Islam are to Jewish tradition, and even more so.

The Indian view can be summarised in one sentence: it consists of seeing, in all forms of life, manifestations of the selfsame divine Power at play on various levels of consciousness. It is centered around the fundamental idea of the everlastingness of the individual soul — not merely of its immortality — and of its life in millions and millions of bodies, through millions and millions of successive births. It proclaims the continuity of life in time and space, which is the logical corollary of the dogma of birth and rebirth, and denies the breach between man and the rest of the animal world. Such a breach, according to it, is artificial. Man's tendency to believe in its existence is either the product of superficial observation, badly interpreted, or else the result of an arbitrary valuation, rooted in human pride, and hardly less ridiculous than that of those rabid nationalists who, without any justification, hold their own people to be "objectively" the most gifted on earth and the most precious to the world.

Nobody knows when and where the dogma of birth and rebirth originated. It may well be as old as mankind, and it was perhaps put forth simultaneously in different parts of the world during the long

unrecorded centuries of prehistory. But it is undoubtedly in India that it found its most elaborate expression, and rose from the status of a spontaneous animistic belief to that of a consistent explanation of the universe — a philosophy. And that philosophy, one can say, is not only the one of *the* mighty subcontinent which stretched from the Himalayas to Ceylon — the basis that all *Indian* schools of thought accept as a starting point — but it seems also, to be the one common element in all the various tendencies of Asiatic thought which India has influenced, directly or indirectly, through Buddhism. And the success of all attempts at extending the influence of Indian thought to the West depends — and cannot but depend — primarily upon the widespread preaching of that one fundamental belief in successive reincarnations.

That belief is, as we have said, incompatible with any theory that pretends man to be different *by nature* from the rest of living creation, and that concedes special “rights” to him on that assumption. The endeavour of some Theosophists¹ to maintain an irreducible breach between humanity and animalhood by introducing in their explanation of the hereafter the idea of animal “group-souls” appears to us as nothing more than a subtle reaction of the many centuries-old Christian that lies half-asleep but fully alive — and unexpectedly assertive at times — below the superficial layer of Indian thought in most of those strange neo-Hindus from the West. The Bhagawad-Gita makes no mention whatsoever of group-souls; nor does, as far as we know, any recognized Hindu “shastra” in which the question of birth and rebirth is discussed. On the contrary, it would seem that, in the eyes of the Indian sages, authors of the Scriptures, as well as in those of the ordinary Hindu, every soul is endowed from all times (and not merely from the day it enters a human body) with an individuality that persists through all its successive incarnations, whatever be the different species in which these might take place.

The same can be said of the theory that, once a soul has reached its first human incarnation, it cannot but always take birth henceforth in a human or superhuman form, never in a subhuman one, whatever be its deeds; the theory that the admission of a soul on the human plane is “like its passing an examination,” and that the sort of “diploma” thus acquired is irrevocably granted, whether the candidate remains worthy of it or not. There is nothing to confirm this view in the traditional beliefs of the Hindus. On the contrary,

¹ Such as Leadbeater.

there are, in Hindu (and Buddhist) legend, instances of men reborn as animals for some time at least. King Bharat (often called Jadabharat) is said to have been reborn as a deer; and good King Asoka, the most powerful patron of Buddhism — an undoubtedly historic figure, whose dates are known to every Indian schoolboy — was reborn, for a week or so, as a boa-constrictor, in punishment for a temporary lack of equanimity, according to an assumption, the Buddhist tradition has recorded.¹

In other words, a believer in the doctrine of reincarnation can never be quite sure that the mangy dog that he sees lying in the slush is not one of his deceased relatives or friends expiating some unsuspected yet grievous offence in that miserable garb — some offence perhaps unknown to the sinner himself; perhaps venial in the eyes of human justice, but serious enough, when judged from the standpoint of the divine, immanent laws of cause and effect, to give its author a canine body, to starve him, to afflict him with mange, and to send him to die in the gutter. And similarly it may be that a particular man's human enemy is none but the hungry dog that lay at his door some thirty years before, and which he did not care to feed. It may be that a woman's son, source of joy and pride to her, is none but the abandoned kitten that she once picked up in the street, and that purred in her hand as she brought it home. No one can tell and as soon as one admits the possibility for the same everlasting individual soul to pass from one body to another—from a lesser species to a more evolved one, or vice versa, according to its deeds — one can, logically, be expected to have, on the whole scheme of life, an entirely different outlook from that implied in the religions that teach that man alone has a soul, and, moreover, an immortal but not an uncreated, *everlasting* one. One can be expected to feel the majestic unity of life which underlies the endless diversity of the visible world, and to look upon animals (and plants) as potential men and supermen, and to treat them with all the loving kindness with which the Christians, Mohammedans, and humanitarian Free Thinkers are taught to treat the people of the inferior human races (and the inferior men of their own race), potential saints of heaven or, at least, potential useful citizens in a better earthly social order, according to the respective man-centered creeds.

And that is not all. The Hindu teaching, inherited by Jainism and Buddhism, and practically all the life-centered schools of thought

¹ See the Ceylonese *Mahavamsa*.

drawing their inspiration from India, does not merely imply the identity of each individual soul, throughout all its successive incarnations. It stresses to the utmost the fundamental identity of all the individual souls, be they incarnated in many or any stratum of the living world, at the same time or at different times. Not only is every soul now embodied in an earth-worm “on its way” to earn superior consciousness after millions and millions of births and to become, in course of time, an all-knowing, liberated sage, a “tirthankara” as the Jains say, but the soul of every individual earthworm, of every individual snail or toad, ass or pig, man or monkey — of every living creature — is by nature, *substantially*, identical to that of the god-like sage. It only differs from it in broadness and clearness of consciousness, that is to say, in *degree* of knowledge. It *can* reach the glorious goal that the sage has reached. And the sage himself, before being what he is, has lived through untold millenniums of ignorance and unrest, haltingly striving towards supreme peace as an average man, as an inferior man, as an ape, as a donkey, as an earth-worm; as a jelly-fish in the midst of the sea.

It would seem, at first sight, that nothing can prepare a man to love all living nature better than that grand vision of universal evolution, physical and spiritual, provided by Hindu Pantheism — that knowledge that every individual body, whether fitted with only two legs or with four, with six or with eight, or many more, or with none at all, *has an everlasting soul*, and that every soul, be it of a man, of an animal or of a plant, is an actual spark of the Divine, just as his own soul is, only at a somewhat lower or more advance stage of consciousness; farther from or nearer to the ultimate goal of liberating knowledge and of supreme peace than he is himself. And when one reads the words addressed to Arjuna by Lord Krishna, in the Bhagawad-Gita: “In the learned Brahman, in a cow, an elephant, a dog, and in the man who eats dog’s flesh, the wise one discerns the Identical . . .”¹ one is inclined, at first to wonder how it is that dogs — and Sudras — are not better treated to-day in the blessed Land in which the seers of old evolved the most beautiful of all living religions.

* * *

The answer appears to be that a profound pessimism, and undervaluation of finite life as such, pervades the whole of Hindu thought.

¹ Bhagawad-Gita, V, verse 18.

To those whose traditional philosophy is rooted in the doctrine of birth and rebirth, it happens that individual life presents itself not as a blessing but as a curse. The reward a creature gets for its credit of good deeds, i.e., rebirth on a higher plane, is but a temporary lesser evil. It still implies the separateness and, therefore, the limitations of all individuality. To merge into the infinity of non-personal Life; to return, retaining the painfully acquired knowledge of endless years of experience, to that non-differentiated Oneness from which all sparks of finite consciousness originally sprang, and to look back unto the transient world and its turmoil from a state of universal consciousness — fortress of unassailable peace from which evil and suffering appear as mere surface ripples upon the unchanging ocean of ultimate Reality — that is the aim of all life. To the Hindu, to the Jain, to the Buddhist, individual life itself is sorrow, with, at the most, a few flashes of passing joy. Bliss, the joy of total knowledge that nothing can perturb, belongs, not to it, but to that state of super-individual existence, in perfect harmony with the eternal Essence of things, which sages occasionally reach in the course of their earthly experience, but which is the normal state of those alone who, having departed, be it from the human, be it from a higher plane, are never to be born again. To be reborn among the gods is still a burden. To break the iron cycle of birth and rebirth, and never again to enter a womb, is the goal of every true Hindu¹ and of all those who have based their philosophy of life upon the Hindu point of view. The obsession of the transience of earthly joy, the burdensome realization that “all personality is a prison,”² and the consequent craving for “liberation” from the necessity of successive finite existences, are traits inseparable from Hindu thought.

Those traits are compatible with wordly action of the most various types — with the destruction of one’s enemies on a battlefield, as urged by Lord Krishna to Arjuna, in the Bhagawad-Gita; with the constructive reforms of such a saintly ruler as King Asoka, to promote creatures’ welfare. But in spite of whatever one may say, quoting sacred texts, they are not generally *congenial* to action. It may be that the selfless, emotionless, detached action urged in the Bhagawad-Gita is the ideal action — the only kind of

¹ One knows the much quoted words of Sankaracharya: “Jabat jananam, tabat maranam...”

² Aldous Huxley: *After Many a Summer*.

action which a sage can do, and which man in general *should* do. But in ordinary everyday life, it is not the type of action which men generally *do*. In fact, without the impulse of interest of passion — of personal love, fear or hate — they generally do nothing. And the deep-rooted belief that individual life has little value, that the sooner it is overcome the better, and that creatures' suffering in this world is nothing but the unavoidable result of their own bad deeds in past lives, that belief, we say, is the least capable of rousing in average people any personal feeling for the welfare of men or beasts. It is the least capable of prompting them to do something positive, whether it be to make human society more comfortable for the majority of its members, or to make the world at large a better place for all living beings, including animals and plants.

To the Christians, animals are supposed to have “no souls.” Hindu Pantheism, on the contrary, sees not only a soul, but *the* One, eternal Soul — the supreme Soul, Paramatma — in every living individual, human, animal or vegetable. The man-centered creeds have no place for beasts and plants, except as creatures over which man was given “domination,” and which he may enjoy or exploit as he pleases. To the Hindus, man is nothing but a part and parcel of living nature, and it would seem, at first sight, that no philosophy suggests the brotherhood of all creatures more than the one we have just described. But the fact that an eminently pessimistic outlook on life is attached to it makes matters different. If individual life is but a temporary trial; if the sooner one is out of its iron grip, the better it is for him or her, then what is the good of any struggle, save that one which will bring the soul to its final “liberation?” And there, man's soul is alone concerned, for animals have to be reborn as men before they can reach the stage at which liberation is possible.

It is a fact hardly ever pointed out that, while a Western vegetarian (provided he be not a dyspeptic) abstains from flesh solely out of a feeling of sympathy for animals, the Hindu vegetarian does so mainly on account of the conception he has of his *own* spiritual interest. He believes that, by avoiding meat, fish and eggs, and all food considered to be “exciting,” he secures himself an easier progress along the path that leads to “liberation,” i.e. to the final stage after which one is not compelled to be reborn. Of course he may also — and he often does — to some extent, consider the suffering of the meat-eater's prey: of the goats and sheep, sacrificed in the Shaktas' temples in the name of religion, or

killed in the public slaughterhouses, more frankly in the name of gluttony. But the idea of that suffering — primordial in the eyes of the true Jain or the Buddhist — does not seem to be, to the average Hindu, as important as that of his own bodily purity, regarded as an indispensable help to spiritual progress. A systematic vegetarian, in Europe or America, is generally a lover of animals. When he refuses to take liver extracts as a medicine, or to adopt a meat diet, even if threatened by his physician that he will die if he does not do so, he places the interest of the animal before his own just as a sincere Christian would doubtless place the interest of another human being, his brother in God, before his. A strict Hindu vegetarian may or may not also be a lover of animals. His diet is regulated mainly by the interest of the *eater*, not of the *eaten*. And when he refuses to take to a meat diet even if it is supposed to save his life, he just puts the interest of his soul before that of his body — or the purity of his body before its conservation. It is still *his own* interest that he primarily seeks.

We do not deny that, in a number of individual cases, consideration for animals also enters the mind of the Hindu vegetarian. And one could point out that the reverence shown all over Hindu India for the Cow, as a symbol of universal motherhood, covers a widespread feeling of respect for all life. But as we have said, along with that feeling lies the equally fundamental consciousness that individual life, human *or* animal, is of little value. And the consequence is a no less widespread callousness, an indifference to suffering, which amazes any foreign lover of animals who happens to have read something of the Hindu Scriptures before coming to India. It is as though life, when known to be everlasting, loses its value in the eyes of the average man, and as though suffering, when thought to be a punishment, ceases to move the casual witness of it to pity.

* * *

But one must admit that, whenever faithful to their traditional philosophical outlook, the Hindus are at least impartial in their good or bad treatment of living creatures. We have just noted the indifference to suffering that too often appears as a consequence of the general belief in the eternity of life, and in an immanent, mathematical justice, working through the law of birth and rebirth. But that indifference is applied to the sick beggar child lying in the filth no less than to the famishing street dog. It is applied to the overworked “coolie” no less than to the overloaded ass, or to the tired, thirsty buffalo drawing a heavy cart under the merciless

whip. A hungry human “untouchable” would be turned out of an orthodox Hindu kitchen no less ruthlessly than a hungry animal considered unclean. And among the true Hindus who believe in the efficacy of animal sacrifices, there are possibly still some who would not shrink, on principle, before the idea of human sacrifices, were such to be sanctioned by religious authority.

On the other hand, in the “Buddhist period,” and in the days when genuine Buddhist influence was still powerful in the country; when, thanks to the efforts of one or two absolute monarchs who were, at the same time exceptional men, kindness was made the keynote of Indian life for some time at least, it was not the one-sided solicitude of the Christians and Christian-like Free thinkers for man alone; it was not even a preoccupation with man’s welfare *first*, and then also with that of other creatures. It was real, universal kindness, extended to all that lives, irrespective of species. Good King Asoka built hospitals and rest houses for sick and homeless men *and* animals. And nine hundred years later, in Harshavardhana’s glorious India, cruelty to animals was punished by death, as well as any major crime against human beings.

It is only in recent years that pernicious influences from the West and from the North — outcome of the silent and subtle, but undeniably efficient efforts of both Christians and Communists: the missionaries of man-centered creeds, whether religious or purely social — have begun to distort the mind and vitiate the feelings of a number of Hindus, especially of the so-called “educated” ones. It is only now that partiality in favor of man is creeping into India, in defiance of India’s professed Pantheism, and that the noisiest representatives of the Hindu people (and therefore the most well-known abroad) often seem to forget the outlook on life implied in the age-old philosophy of which they are outwardly so proud, and speak and act as if they were Christians.

But the pessimistic Pantheism in which the Indian soul found expression for centuries cannot be judged from these folk. Even if one day the whole of India were to denounce it, it would still remain one of the historic philosophies of the world, and — what is more — the only life-centered philosophy that has, from time immemorial, set the moral standards of a whole sub-continent.

As we have said, it implies no fundamental difference in the treatment of men and of animals. To superior individuals, such as Asoka and Harshavardhana, or Lord Buddha himself, it inspires loving kindness towards both. But the average men — especially with men already inclined to apathy by temperament — it results,

more often than not, in indifference to the sufferings and death of both. It may, at the most, urge such people to avoid becoming the *direct* cause of any creature's suffering or death; to be "harmless" — in order not to lengthen the record of bad deeds for which they are bound to pay the penalty sooner or later, in this life or in another. It does not, however, in general, urge them to go out of their way in order to help creatures *actively*.

CHAPTER III

Joyous Wisdom

Pessimistic Pantheism, rooted in the doctrine of birth and rebirth — which seems to be the essence of Hindu thought — is definitely an otherworldly philosophy. So are the man-centered creeds that sprang, in the West, from Judaism (creeds based upon the belief in transcendent Godhead cannot but be so). Western Free Thought, in all its different forms, has, as we pointed out, retained Christian ethics while doing away with Christian metaphysics. It is not other-worldly at all, but it has never preached or even conceived a love more comprehensive than that of humanity. And every one of its aspects, from Descartes to Karl Marx, is as man-centered as any philosophy can be.

On the other hand, the immemorial social and ethical wisdom of the Chinese, centered around the sacred continuity and expansion of the human family —that one, real, everlasting religion of China, more solidly established in the subconscious mind of her millions than either the popular indigenous nature cults or any of the great imported faiths — is, as far as we know, eminently man-centered. Its outlook is human —social, not cosmic. It is *the* rational religion of humanity, if ever there was any. But *no more* than a religion of humanity.

And as for that aspect of Indian religion which seems to have escaped the general pessimistic trend of Hindu thought while accepting the idea of the oneness of life, or which flourished before that general trend of pessimism had appeared; as for that outlook expressed, for instance, in those old Vedic hymns in which the conquering Aryans asked their Gods for numerous male descendants, for herds of cows, and for the strength to destroy their enemies in battle, it can surely not be accused of having an

otherworldly tint. But it has equally very little to do with universal love, as good King Asoka understood it (if we take the beautiful archaic scriptures *as* they are written). It is the product of a healthy, warrior-like, animal-sacrificing race, much akin, in spirit, to the Achaeans of the Homeric epics — one of the most intelligent and aesthetically-minded among the sturdy races of Antiquity, no doubt, but surely not of a race endowed with the softer virtues of the Indians of the “Buddhist period.” And it seems fair to notice that something has survived of that outlook in India at nearly all epochs, more or less.

In other words, there have been, and there still are philosophies “faithful to this earth” and centered around something narrower than mankind (around a nation, for instance, or a class, or a family). There are and there have been philosophies equally devoid of any human welfare. There are and there have been religions and philosophies with a background of otherworldly faith or speculation, of which some are centered around man and others around life in general.

But we know of no historic civilization based upon a joyous earthly wisdom, implying active love towards all living creatures; upon a religion of this world and of this life in flesh and blood, which would be *neither man-centered nor pessimistic, nor lacking truly universal kindness in the Buddhistic sense of the word*. We only know of a very few individuals who have put forward such a philosophy, professed such a religion — consciously or unconsciously — from time to time; a few individuals of whom the most ancient and the most illustrious seems to have been Akhnaton, King of Egypt, and Founder of the Religion of the Disk in the early fourteenth century B.C. — perhaps the one man who ever dreamed of building a world civilization upon the basis of a joyous wisdom like that to which we have just alluded.

The basis of his “Teaching of Life” was extremely simple. It was, first of all, the enthusiastic admiration of an artist for the beauty of our Parent Star. It was also the assertion that from this visible shining Father of ours — the Sun — comes all life and power on earth and that, if we need to worship anything, the best is to worship Him, or rather, His “ka” or soul: the energetic Principle at the root of all existence. And it seems to have been scientifically unshakable, for it implied that idea of the equivalence of heat and light and of all different aspects of energy, no less

than — ultimately — of energy and of that which appears to our senses as matter; the equivalence of the “Heat-and-light-within-the-Disk” (Akhnaton’s One, everlasting, impersonal God) and of the fiery Sun-disk itself. The worship of the Sun-disk meant, in reality, the worship of immanent, cosmic Energy.

No code of ethics was explicitly attached to the Religion of the Disk, as far as we know. But Akhnaton’s creed, while fully accepting the fact of God-ordained diversity, and upholding the separation of races on religious grounds,¹ certainly did imply the broadest and most impartial love, not merely towards man, irrespective of race or nationality, but also towards all living creatures, irrespective of species. It looked upon them all as children and co-worshippers of the one universal “Father-and-Mother” — the Sun; and in the two surviving hymns from which can be gathered our only direct knowledge of its spirit, the marvel of birth and growth, the joy of being alive in the beautiful sunlit world, and the religious rapture of creatures all adoring the Sun, each one in its way, are emphasized, both in the case of men, of quadrupeds, of birds, of fishes, and even of plants, in the same breath.

And though, unfortunately, nothing had remained of that happy cult of light and tangible beauty, one can say with hardly any risk of making a mistake that, had it endured, it would have been perhaps the one joyous creed of worldwide scope, making it impossible not to claim for animals (and plants) a right to our full active love in everyday life. Whatever might have been Akhnaton’s personal views regarding death-views which he appears never to have preached — it is certain from his hymns that he valued the beauty of this ever-changing world, and more than all the beauty of any living organism, masterly sample of what divine heat-and-Light can produce under favorable conditions. Individual life, finite and brief as it surely is, was precious in his eyes *because it is beautiful*. And without any speculation about the intimate nature of life, or about its alleged “higher purpose”; without any theory about the soul of creatures and its ultimate destiny, a man filled with the young king’s love would be bound to be disturbed at the idea of any creature’s suffering — especially of its physical suffering. He would be bound to interfere in favor of the hungry street dog, of the homeless kitten, of the overloaded horse, ass, camel or buffalo he

¹ “Thou hast put every man in his place, Thou hast made them *different* in shape, in speech and in color; As a divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people (from one another).” (From Akhnaton’s *Longer Hymn to the Sun*.)

meets on his way, and to do for each of them all that a sincere Christian would do for a hungry man, a homeless child, and ill-treated and overworked human slave.

The man-centered creeds, based upon the assumption of man's special value without, apparently, any thought for other living creatures, tell us to love all men as ourselves. The existing creeds of universal love, centered around the idea of "liberation" of creatures from the prison of finite individuality, can be interpreted in both ways; they lead only a few men to actually universal charity (extended to all living beings) and remain, more often than not, for the others, an excuse for general indifference to suffering. The creed based solely upon the full consciousness of the beauty of daylight and of the sweetness of life as such, apart from any metaphysics; upon the filial worship of the subtle Essence of Life — Energy — through the resplendent Star, origin and regulator of our planetary system, that creed, we say, logically implies active sympathy — a warm sort of fellow feeling — for all that lives. If, indeed, one realizes to the full the brotherhood of all creatures in the father-and-motherhood of the life-giving Sun, and if one is happy to be alive and to see His beauty, then one cannot, it seems, but do one's utmost to help all bodies endowed with life to live and enjoy their span of years; one cannot but contribute one's best to give them, in every daily circumstance, whatever is necessary for them to be, and to remain, what the intimate finality of their nature intended them to be: beautiful living hymns of joy to the splendor of Him Whose radiance and movements ordain all life on earth.

It is this joyous wisdom that we profess to follow, to the extent it is compatible with the natural struggle for survival, the laws of which rule Life at all levels. It may not be possible-it may not even be essential-that all men should adhere to it out of love and reverence for the great historic figure who first preached it and lived up to it. But its spirit seems to be the only spirit worthy of a future society, better than ours; of a society in which increasing intellectual agnosticism — already apparent among the scientifically-minded people of today — would exclude hasty metaphysical assertions, but in which increasing consideration for the right of all sufferers (especially of all the exploited) would logically bring man to include all sentient creatures within the range of his active sympathy.

* * *

The cornerstone of all arguments put forward by believers in man-centered creeds (be those creeds religious, or merely

philosophical ones) seems to be that, of all living creatures, man alone is endowed with possibilities of rational thought. And when one tries to point out that those possibilities often materialize only to a very little extent — or not at all — or when one remarks that, to base our specific behaviors toward human beings in general upon their “rational” faculties implies that we should also treat different individual men and groups of men in a thoroughly different manner (for nature has *not* granted every person, or even every race, equal potentialities of rational thought), then the believers in man-centered creeds appeal to another argument. They grant us that all men do not think rationally; nay, that one can doubt, at times, whether some of them even think at all. But they tell us that all are useful, or, at least, that all could be useful, in a well-planned society.

We say that if the most mediocre of men is to be given priority over all beasts on account of his capacity for devising tools and for making syllogisms, then, surely in time of famine, the relief workers should feed a clever, promising child before a dullard — which they do not — and at all times, a man with a brilliant personality (and all the more a man of genius) should be, when wounded or sick, better looked after than an average man — which is not the case. They reply that any man, even far below the average, should be given preference over all the subhuman, living world because, whatever he be, he is, or can be more useful to other men than a beast — even if he has no more of an immortal soul than they have.

One may doubt, at least in the present state of society, whether all the uncreative idlers of the cafes and fashionable avenues rolled into one are as useful to mankind as a single milch cow, a single beast of burden, or a single watchdog. But our opponents retort that, in spite of all, they are “human beings.” Though in the present state of society they be useless idlers, they remain potential fathers and mothers of human babies. Their descendants, if not themselves, can still be offered, within the frame of a more rationally organized collectivity, the means of contributing to the common welfare of their fellowmen as teachers, peasants, nurses, blacksmiths or scientists. All human energy is utilizable, if not always utilized, for the common good of humanity. Not a particle of it should be allowed to go to waste. While what can one do with animal energy — apart from that which is used to feed man or to draw his carts for him? What are the “possibilities” of a puppy, of a kitten, of a tiger cub, of a young swan, of a young snake? None

which can interest the human world. And the “useful” animals themselves are being replaced, more and more, by mechanical devices.

One can indeed imagine a type of society in which animals would be of no practical use at all to man — not even as food; a society in which man’s intelligence alone would keep things going through the invention of appropriate machines and of synthetic foodstuffs, and in which every individual would have to work under compulsion. But even if such a society does one day come into existence, and if it includes the whole of the human race, still animal life would lose nothing of its value in our eyes, and the preoccupation of animals’ welfare would remain one of man’s greatest duties, at least in the case of all those beasts that depend more or less upon him for their subsistence.

* * *

With regard to animals-and plants-the believers in man-centered creeds seem to be governed by the mere consideration of gain and loss. They seem to be people for whom living things have a price in connection with some purpose for which they can be used, not a value in themselves. And the highest purpose they can dream of is the “service of humanity.” Why? Goodness knows. Probably because they themselves happen to be human beings. To admit the existence of something higher and more precious than “man” — and having more “rights” than he to health and enjoyment — would be to concede that man (i.e., themselves) can be justly used in the interest of that thing. And they do not want to reach such a conclusion-surely not. They are willing to exploit living nature; but they shrink from the possibility of being themselves exploited in their turn, even in the interest of such superior beings as, for instance, inhuman Gods, or for the greater welfare of the less exalted but more tangible master races that might appear on the international stage. The result is that the only God they can think of, if any, is a man-loving God who created no master race save mankind itself, to which he gave as a birthright domination over the whole scheme of life. To them, as we have already said, the species that can invent tools and draw one proposition out of another — the species to which they belong — is the only really lovable one; the only one, at any rate, for which one can sacrifice oneself. And the rest of the living are just “useful” or “harmful,” or harmless but of no use to man and therefore of no interest.

We cannot think of anything more disgusting, more vulgar, more mean, than this attitude.

We would not call it “a shopkeeper’s attitude,” for shopkeepers are respectable folk, often honest, and generally endowed with common sense. We would not call it a “selfish” attitude, for some selfish people at least are frankly and openly so, and have, at times the courage to go to the extreme limits of whatever their selfishness leads them to. Profit-seekers can understand other profit-seekers, though they do not necessarily love them, especially if they be their rivals. Selfish people understand other selfish people, though they might detest them. They find it *natural* for them to be as they are. But our votaries of man-centered faiths are the last people to understand the believers in the right of the superior or more efficient races to exploit the inferior or less efficient ones. Our philanthropists, burning with partial, fanatical love, who would willingly destroy the whole of the animal world in order to save one human idiot, are the last people to understand the ardent nationalist who would, with a smile, sacrifice mankind to his own country’s pride, or even the shameless opportunist who would no less easily betray both country and humanity for his personal benefit. Their attitude is one of untruthfulness and hypocrisy. Instead of honestly admitting that they are not bold enough to be mere self-seeking opportunists (for fear of what the devils might one day do to them in hell); nor fanatical enough to be aggressive nationalists, nor intelligent — and selfless — enough to be true racialists, and not to care what “modern” liberal-minded folk might think of them in society; instead of telling us in plain language that they are able to raise themselves from personal selfishness to a sense of human solidarity, but that they can go no further; instead of confessing that they have an altogether illogical yet undeniable fondness for human beings, but none at all or very little for other animal species, even for other mammals — as others have a vital fondness for their own countrymen but do not care a jot for the rest of mankind — instead of admitting *that*, we say, they try to justify their narrow love with spurious arguments. They try to make what is a matter of taste — and more often than not, of bad taste — pass off for a matter of reason. They fail. And of all their arguments, none betrays the fundamental meanness of their feelings more than that one which puts forward man’s possibilities to be “of greater use to his fellowmen” than any beast can be.

* * *

To try to justify the exploitation of animals on the ground that man is, or is supposed to be, the only creature on earth endowed with reason, is foolish. Every form of exploitation rests, as soon as it ceases to be backed by mere physical force, upon the cleverness of the exploiters. To say that to exploit *men* is to crush “possibilities” and is therefore “wrong,” leads nowhere. For what do the exploiters care if the possibilities of other men are thwarted? And why should they care? Because their victims would be more “useful to humanity” if allowed free development? But the exploiters do not necessarily bother their heads about the interest of humanity. They care for their own immediate advantage, and are as little impressed by the “human values” exalted in the man-centered creeds as the mere humanitarians are themselves by those which we hold sacred.

If, on the other hand, a man feels for humanity in general and for every one of his human neighbors in particular, why should he stop there? If he feels it is “wrong” not to treat other men as he would himself like to be treated, why does he not feel the same with regard to all sentient creatures? Reason and “utility” are surely not the only things that make mankind lovable, if it be at all so. Why should they become the justification of any sort of partiality towards human beings? What is there, after all, to make such a fuss about in man’s capacity for devising instruments, or imagining arguments, or bettering his surroundings and working for other men? Cannot a creature be infinitely lovable without possessing any such “possibilities” at all? We believe it can be. We know that it actually is. And anyone who has picked up a kitten or a puppy, or a young bird, and felt it live in his hand for a while, will understand what we mean, unless he himself be coarser than the coarsest of beasts. A soft, warm, fluffy ball of purring fur that stretches its velvet paws with pleasure, while its two deep greenish-blue eyes express confidence in the friend who is carrying it home; a creature that wags its tail for joy and licks one’s hand as soon as it feels one loves it; a tiny feathery body, with wings that flutter, and a frightened heart that one feels beating between one’s fingers; and all the other creatures of the earth, wild or tame, are lovable in themselves, without it being necessary for them to be either “reasonable” or “useful.” They are lovable just because they are alive. No theory concerning God, or the nature of the soul; no opinion about the unknown, no metaphysics of any sort — no

“scientific” theories either — are necessary to prove them to be so. Any living individual is, in itself, infinitely precious, as a masterpiece of Nature — as the supreme work of art. Any beautiful form, even inanimate, is precious in itself. So much more so if it be endowed with sensitiveness; if it enjoys the daylight and can respond to kindness. In our eyes, the mere possibility of being healthy, beautiful and happy is sufficient to establish the right of every living creature to be well fed and well treated until the moment it dies a natural death. The “reason” of an animal (or of a plant) lies in the deep immanent logic that rules its physical life — and its emotions, also, in the case of an evolved beast. Its “usefulness” lies in its potentialities of physical beauty. It is a type of reason and of usefulness that the better human beings — the disinterested ones, the true artists — alone can understand.

As for ordinary syllogistic and practical reason and immediate usefulness, the least said about them the better. They are supposed to be the discriminating factors between man and beast. Let them be first taken into consideration, if at all, as the basis of desirable distinctions between human beings. The followers of man-centered creeds never think of that. They speak of human “rationality” and of the usefulness of human beings; yet they never ask whether the person whom they are about to help has actually made use of his capacity to better his surroundings or to work for others. They just help him — even if he be the most consummate imbecile, suffering the result of his own foolishness; even if he be the most useless, self-centered old bachelor, having never cared for anybody. Hospitals and asylums are open to all. And in bad times food is distributed indiscriminately to all the distressed, without any enquiry into the life history of each one. It is not even the consciousness of that possibility of the sufferers to be “useful” which prompts the humanitarian to care for his fellow beings. It is just the fact that they are beings, outwardly at least, more like himself than others — specimens of the *human race*. The humanitarian is a fellow who has rejected the logic of racialism, but has kept all the sentimental partiality attached to every form of group loyalty. He has done away with the “white man’s burden,” and discarded the pride of the master races as too unchristian-like or too “unscientific” for him. But he still clings — or tries to cling — to that elemental blood solidarity which is the essence of all racialism. He clings to it, after having distorted it and broadened it to such an extent that it loses all that was vital and stimulating in it, in its earlier stages, without it generously merging into the higher

solidarity of all life. *Un raciste manque*, that is what the humanitarian is, and nothing more, so long as he fails to transcend his man-centered ideology.

We — who *are* racialists, and remain so in defiance of savage persecution¹ — proclaim, thanks precisely to our faith in divine order and hierarchy, the brotherhood of all living creatures on the sole ground that they are alive — products, at different degrees of evolution, of the play of that selfsame immanent Energy that created the greatest ones among us; children of the One, life-giving Sun, glad to see His light and to feel His warmth, like ourselves — and like him who once made the joy of life the center of a rational religion of worldwide scope, if not, unfortunately, of worldwide fame.

And we believe that, as long as man refuses to feel his duties towards the whole of living creation and even tries to justify his reluctance to fulfil them, he will remain nothing more than the most efficient animal on earth — an animal that might dominate others, and use them for its own ends more systematically and more ruthlessly than any species of the jungle can do, but whose emotional horizon is as narrow, and whose purpose is as selfish as that of any gregarious beast. Cleverer, we admit, than bees or ants, wild elephants or migratory birds; more cunning than the most socially-minded monkeys; but prompted to action, at the most, by the interest of its species — by love for its own kind and no more; an animal that can create gods, but in its own image — like the “Great Horse in heaven” which horses worship, if there be any truth in one of Anatole France’s most charming tales,² an animal that lies to itself and pretends that its God made it, and it alone, in his own likeness — a thing that the malicious apes would surely assert also on behalf of their species, with a little extra intelligence and a much greater supply of perversity than that which nature granted them. Yes, man is potentially reasonable. But, up till now, he has put his reason to the service of the selfsame purpose as any gregarious animal would have pursued in his place: the welfare of his own species, and nothing more.

And it is precisely in the capacity of a few men to go beyond that ideal, instead of justifying it and exalting it in its limitations; it is in

¹ This book was written in 1945-46.

² *Les Juges Intègres*, in *Crainquebille*, etc. Edition Calmann-Lévy, 1930, pp. 198-199.

the capacity of an élite to transcend that sort of fellow feeling restricted to two-legged mammals, and to struggle for the welfare of other species as well as, and sometimes more than, their own; it is in the readiness of the truly better human beings to love creatures of a different size and of a different shape *as* themselves, and sometimes more than themselves, that we see the real superiority of man. That superiority has never yet asserted itself on a broad scale. But some inconspicuous people, whom one meets here and there, tend to prove it. And it shines in all its glory, from time to time, in handfuls of inspired men, founders or active followers of life-centered religions or philosophies, conscious of and consistent with the principles of eternal truth and real love.

CHAPTER IV

Action Precedes Theory

We have spoken of several philosophies corresponding to different human outlooks on living creatures in general and on animals in particular. We must speedily add that a person's professed philosophy (or religion) is not always — is not even generally — that which guides him in his everyday dealings with living creatures of other species. It may of course influence him to some extent; and he may refer to it, in some cases to justify his conduct — like those good Christians who tell us that they can see “no harm” in eating meat, for “God created certain animals on purpose to be man's food.” But he will never follow the logic of his creed consistently and to the bitter end if it be definitely going against the grain of his deeper nature. And when he does abide by its principles, it is, in most cases, less because he sees in them the outcome of “God's will” or of “reason” or of “social interest” than because they are the natural and adequate expression of his own deeper attitude towards life.

A man who has always felt an unsurmountable, physical disgust for animal slaughter, and to whom the very sight of meat is nauseating, is hardly likely to force himself to become a flesh eater just because the books he was taught to consider as sacred or infallible (be they religious scriptures or “scientific” works) seem to encourage such a diet rather than forbid it, or because the founder of his faith, or the geniuses he reveres the most, obviously ate meat. He may not always have the courage to denounce the man-centered religion or philosophy in which he was educated, on the sole ground that its ethics are not high enough for him (in fact, shockingly below his own natural ethics.) But he will not bring himself to *live* as do the majority of those who outwardly profess the same creed as himself.

In the same way, a man brought up in one of the life-centered creeds of the East may well *act*, all through his life, as though he believed man to be the only creature on earth worth loving. He might admit that all living creatures have an immortal soul of the same nature as his own, because he has learnt to respect, nay to admire, sages who have expressed this view, books that have popularized it. But no teaching can bring him to *feel* for the emaciated dog or the overloaded buffalo he encounters in the street, if the sheer sight of their distress be not sufficient to move him spontaneously. No exalted example from history or mythology, no saint, no religious leader, no incarnation of the divine can force him to throw the remnant of his dinner to a hungry animal, or to interfere in favor of an ill-treated beast of burden, if his kind heart fails to command him to do so.

There are many outlooks on life, many philosophies, many religions according to which our relation to other living creatures appears in various lights. But from the point of view of practical behavior, there are, properly speaking, only two kinds of people: those who really love animals (and plants) and those who do not. And one might, in turn, divide the first of these two groups into people who love all living nature consistently, and people who love it but partially or occasionally, the latter being the immense majority of the so-called animal lovers and nature lovers.

* * *

There is more to be said. Not only does a man seldom wait for inspiration from the faith or philosophy he professes to determine his course of action towards animals in daily life, but, whatever be his professed faith or philosophy, he generally manages to justify his actions in its name, if he be himself sophisticated enough to feel that they need a justification. And the practical conclusions which different people actually reach, on the apparent basis of the same belief, are often each one equally defensible, though contrary.

We are, for instance, all acquainted with the belief, shared by many, that animals (and, *a fortiori*, plants) have “no soul,” or that if they have, their soul is of a nature entirely different from ours, in particular that it is not immortal. We all know that Christianity enjoins us to “love our neighbors,” including our enemies, “as ourselves,” but is completely silent about our duties towards subhuman creatures. Still it is a fact that there are animal lovers brought up in the Christian faith who feel that Christ’s commandment to love one’s enemies *implies* most naturally love

towards all creatures. They have told us so. And there is indeed nothing illogical or anti-Christian in their attitude. And we know well that, were we personally followers of any form of Christianity, we would undoubtedly link up our natural solicitude for all that lives with that particular religion by saying that, if one is to “love” a man who has murdered one’s parents, committed atrocities upon one’s countrymen, or robbed one of one’s livelihood, then it appears obvious that one should, *a fortiori*, love the lamb, the kid, the cow, and all innocent irresponsible creatures enough, at least, not to encourage the butcher’s hideous industry; and that one should love harmless frogs and guinea pigs enough to protest against the use of them in scientific experimentation. And it is also a fact that if we believe the human soul alone to be immortal, that belief, far from prompting us to pay more attention to distressed human beings than to animals, would have exactly the contrary effect. For an immortal creature can well afford to wait; one whose only life is contained in the span of a few brief years cannot. Consequently, if we were to become convinced that man alone has an immortal soul, we would feed the hungry dog before the hungry child, nay, we would let the latter die if there were not enough food for both—a specimen of a species so cocksure that death is but the gate to a broader and better life should not mind dying. And this course of action of ours would be perfectly logical; far more logical, in our eyes, than the usual course.

We have already seen how a life-centered doctrine like that of reincarnation can be — and is, in fact — used to justify entirely different practical attitudes towards living things. The great Indian Masters, pondering over the glorious unity underlying all life (which the hypothesis of birth and rebirth implies) concluded that we have to consider all creatures as our fellow beings and to be kind to them — at least to do them no harm; and that it is our duty to feel for them. But the millions of Hindus who easily throw away the surplus of their food without thinking of the starving animals lying at their door, and who would never interfere to prevent a child from kicking a sleeping dog, or from knocking down a bird’s nest; the thousands who beat their overloaded bullocks and buffalos, horses and donkeys; who mercilessly twist the animals’ tails to make them walk faster; who carry unwanted newly born kittens away from their houses (or tell a servant to carry them away) and leave them on the roadside to “fend for themselves,” that is to say, to starve; who have organized countless public meetings in protest against political injustices and a few, sometimes, against blood

sacrifices in Hindu temples, but not one in order to stop the tortures inflicted upon animals in the name of science, or the killing of cattle in the municipal slaughterhouses, generally in the most barbaric manner; who have not shown a sign of indignation, not, raised a voice of protest at such news, for instance, as that of a butcher from Calcutta being condemned to one month's rigorous imprisonment *only* for having flayed two goats alive in 1943; those millions, we say, and those thousands would, if asked why they show such callousness, merely reply that it was so planned that every living individual should suffer the fate determined by the sum of its deeds, and that the animals which undergo hardships or tortures doubtless deserved it by sinning in their previous lives, though no one knows how.

And if the joyous Wisdom which we have tried to describe in the preceding chapter has succeeded in retaining a nominal hold upon men; if the worship of eternal Energy, through the tangible beauty of light and life, as preached by Akhnaton, had remained the official religion of any organized society, the hereditary cult of even a few hundred thousands of people, it is highly probable that its logical implications concerning man's behavior towards other living beings would have been overlooked by the majority of its professed adherents. It is probable that nearly all of these would have, by this time, long ceased to be different from other men and that, while bowing down to the Sun morning and evening, and paying an outward homage to him who once sang the joy and beauty of all life, they would have tolerated the various cruelties of our age as easily as the believers in any man-centered creed. And when one comes to realize how even the most perfect creeds seem incapable of inspiring, for long, a kindlier and more rational conduct to any but a very few of their followers, one is inclined to be almost glad that the beautiful old solar philosophy never developed into a widespread popular doctrine; that it never yet became the basis of a Church, the nominal foundation of a civilization.

We must say, however, that with all the power of distortion that characterizes the human mind, it would have been very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to *justify* any indifference to suffering in general, and in particular any sort of callousness towards helpless animals or even plants, in the name of that happy creed stressing the joy of all creatures to see and feel the Sun, and centered mainly around this tangible world and this short life.

* * *

The fact is that, as we have remarked above, action precedes theory, and does not proceed from it. Whenever it can be, the prevailing theory is used in order to justify action. Originally, it became prevailing precisely because it was, or seemed to be, the one that justified the best sort of action which people spontaneously did. Whenever it cannot be actually used, action continues to take place without its support; and finally, it is theory that is changed to suit action, not action to suit theory.

The gap that exists between the ethical ideals of some creeds (especially of life-centered ones) and the daily conduct of their average followers is generally all the more shocking as the creeds are more lofty. And the high standards of behavior that those ideals imply can often be, it seems, counted among the factors responsible for a creed's complete worldly failure. Up till today, no creed obviously implying consistent active kindness towards all sentient beings has ever succeeded in imposing itself upon the practical life of any human society. And wherever such a creed is officially accepted, and even exalted (as in Hindu India and in the countries that profess Buddhism) the people's conduct towards living creatures in everyday life falls hopelessly short of the ideals set forth by the masters to whom they pay an outward homage.

Man's practical behavior towards creatures of other species depends, in reality, not upon what he believes, nor upon what he worships, nor what he knows, nor what he might think of animals and plants in general. It depends, first and foremost, upon what he spontaneously *feels* in the presence of the individual specimens of the different species he meets on his way; upon his instinctive reaction at the sight of a cat, a dog, a buffalo, a pig, a tree, a blade of grass.

It depends also to a great extent upon his power of imagination. A great many of the town-bred meat-eaters we know, in Europe at least, are animal-lovers at heart. Even if they be hungry, they are the last people to feel, at the sight of a sheep, a cow or a calf grazing in a meadow, the murderous propensity that would possess a famishing tiger in the same circumstance. On the contrary, they are capable of going up to the animal to stroke its head, or of plucking some grass and flowers and offering them to it, just for the pleasure of seeing it eat out of their own hands. They love to watch it gambol through the sunlit fields, its tail in the air, or to see it ruminating in an attitude of calm and comfortable

repose in the shade of some tree. If a man suddenly came along and started ill-treating it, they would surely rush to its defense, and that, probably in a vehement manner. Yet they go home and eat a slice of mutton, beef or veal without the slightest sense of guilt. Although they well know that some beast, just as alive, just as innocent and beautiful, just as willing to respond to man's kindness and to eat out of a human hand as the one in the meadow, died a premature and violent death so that a piece of flesh might appear on their table; although, nine times out of ten, they would rather starve than kill the lovely creature themselves; although they generally express a sincere horror after reading or hearing a vivid description of a slaughterhouse, yet they do not spontaneously connect all the ghastliness of animal killing with that particular chunk of meat they see before them in a dish with roast potatoes and onions all around it. They do not automatically picture to themselves, at the sight of it, the agony of a sheep, of a bullock, of a young calf, once enjoying the taste of fresh grass and the light of heaven, then suddenly drawing its last breath in a pool of blood . . . and for what? — for them to have some mutton, beef or veal on their menu. If they did actually imagine *that*, half of them would shrink in horror, and not only eat no more meat themselves, but also despise all those who refuse to give up that habit as one despises the accomplices in some hideous murder case. But they do not. The custom of feeding on flesh and the knowledge that “men have always done so from the beginning of the world” — the reaction of daily repeated misdeeds upon one's true sense of values — have blunted, if not completely obliterated, their power of visualizing at once that which they wish to forget. They are not obsessed by the unavoidable connection between an appetizing roast with potatoes around it and the sickening reality of the death struggle of a slaughtered beast, as we would be. A whole series of associations of ideas has been suppressed in them by an obnoxious “education,” and they have not enough imagination to revive it of their own accord.

The same could be said about all those inconsistent animal lovers who would not refuse the present of a fur coat, nay, who would not hesitate to buy one if they could afford it; who take medicine (preventive and curative) prepared at the cost of the suffering of many guinea pigs and white rats; and who hire a carriage when they are in a hurry (in places where taxis are not available) without making sure that the horse is not tired, sometimes even without paying attention whether the driver beats it or not.

A natural, spontaneous feeling of sympathy for any individual living creature, allied to a sufficiently vivid imagination, is a rare quality. And consequently real animal lovers — not merely those who keep pets, or those who burst into indignation at the thought of one form of cruelty and tolerate or even encourage another — are very few. Real plant lovers who feel for the trees themselves, and not merely for the shade, fruit or flowers they give, are equally rare. And that, both in the east and in the West — both among the people who profess to believe in the great brotherhood of all life, and those whose explicit faiths and philosophies give an undue place to man within the scheme of creation.

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One may also wonder whether any substantial progress has ever been made in that line, from the beginning of historical times. One may even wonder whether organized society has not deliberately worked to destroy such spontaneous brotherly feelings towards beasts as might have existed in some of the better human beings living outside its pale.

Enkidu, whom the Gods destined to be the companion and friend of Gilgamesh, king of Erech, who lived some seven or eight thousand years ago — or more — was, at first, the companion and friend of the wild beasts, with whom he dwelt alone. He used his human intelligence to help them, and taught them how to outdo the hunter's cunning and to avoid death. But, says the old Sumerian epic, once he experienced the charm of woman he began to side with the hunter against his former friends and playmates, until soon he consented to forsake his dwelling among the beasts and let himself be taken to the town, thus becoming a confirmed member of human society.

This strange and sad story of a half-mythical figure of early humanity is perhaps the story of many of the best among primitive men — enthusiastic lovers of all nature, spontaneously aware of the fact that the beasts of the forest are their brothers, until the influence of society, exercised through woman, curtails their glorious freedom, stems their indiscriminate generosity, and cuts down their broad outlook to an all-too-human one. If so, it is the most eloquent condemnation of organized human society as it stands from the far-off days of Enkidu to our own times. It points out — without, probably, the authors of the archaic tale having intended it to do so — one of the main charges that can be brought against organized collective life as it has been conceived up till

now. It shows at the very origin of society a tremendous gregarious selfishness, connected with sex, and soon expanded from the family to the tribe and to the species, *but never beyond*; and it makes us see, in the organization of the human race itself, an increasing effort to place for all times the domination of the world in the hands of man, for man's benefit alone. It illustrates the well-known conviction of the average man of primitive societies no less than of the average socially-minded man of today, both in the East and in the West: the conviction — stronger even than the traditional religious belief in the unity of all life, wherever that belief exists — that the exploitation of all living nature, and particularly of animals, in the interest of man, is normal and desirable, and that the enemy of the hunter (as well as of the butcher, of the scientist who experiments on living creatures, etc.) is an enemy of mankind, while he who, on the contrary, approves of killing animals for man's food, or of inflicting pain upon them for man's ultimate welfare — he who at least does not love them enough to be perturbed by the thought of such atrocities — is a "normal" man, a "sane" man, and a friend of man.

Whatever some of the great religions and philosophies of the y world might be, *this* seems indeed to be the outlook of most people in all countries — their real outlook, if not also the one they openly profess to have. Doctrines that preach love and active kindness to all that lives never repressed the actual feeling of more than a small minority of better people. Wherever apparently successful — i.e., wherever nominally widespread, like Buddhism — they owe their success to other factors, not to that side of their ethics concerning man's attitude towards living creatures other than human.

Nothing is more rare, everywhere — and nothing has always been more rare — than uniform, indiscriminate love towards animals and even plants; love that makes one feel for each one of them individually.

In a few countries of the north and northwest of Europe, as in a part at least of North America, people boast of being comparatively kinder to animals than anywhere else, in spite of the strongly man-centered creeds which they profess. But as we have already remarked, their love for creatures of other species is skin-deep. Skin-deep, and partial, too. Those people are in general either dog lovers or cat lovers or horse lovers, or, maybe lovers of all those species and of a few more. But they are not what we could call actual lovers of animals. Many who would fondle a cat or a dog would mercilessly drown a mouse in a trap, as though it were the

most natural thing in the world. Yet mice have life and sensitiveness; and beauty also. But those men — “kind to animals” as they might think themselves to be — seem to forget it. They seem never to have known it; never to have thought of it. Others, who vehemently stand up against scientific experimentation upon animals, do not object to fox hunting or to tiger hunting, or to the hunting or trapping of those equally beautiful animals whose skin goes to make fur coats and muffs. And many of those who protest against these and other forms of cruelty, and who would never dream of drowning a mouse — who would perhaps also refuse to join in a tiger hunt on the grounds that they feel for the splendid stripy felines — are still not consistent enough to give up eating meat and fish.

On the other hand, most of those Hindus for whom vegetarian diet means more than a mere social tradition — more than a part and parcel of the caste rules that regulate their whole life in detail — and who willingly despise the Mohammedans and Christians for not being vegetarians, are no animal lovers at all. They are at the most cow lovers, and that also often only theoretically. They are generally the last people to keep any animals as pets, and if by chance they do, to take real interest in them and to keep them for long. They will easily continue discussing high-flown philosophical ideas (that have mostly little to do with their lives) or broad national and international problems which they have no power to solve, while some stray cat, to which they never cared to give a home, keeps on mewling for food at an audible distance. They will not pay attention to the helpless, distressed voice; they will not interrupt the pleasure they draw from their worthless conversation, in order to seek out the creature and give it something to eat. They will boast of their superiority over the meat-eating peoples, but eat their food unperturbed by the sight of the hungry dog lying near by and looking up at them with longing eyes. And more often than not, when they have finished their meal, they will ask the servant to carry away the leavings and not even think of telling him to give them to, the poor animal. And the servant will throw the clean rice and vegetables into the dust bin. The dog can find them there if it likes, they tell you. It will find them there no doubt, mixed up with ashes and rotting food from the day before, and with all the rubbish from the street — perhaps with the corpse of some cat or dog already stinking. And it will eat them “if it likes,” that is to say, if it can; if they are still edible, even for a hungry dog; while with a little care on the part of the man so

proud of his high philosophy, it could have eaten them clean and enjoyed the whole of them. You tell the man so, and he answers the usual thing we have heard over and over again — the answer of the selfish, jealous human beast to the problem of hungry animals from Belgrade to Shanghai — “there are millions of starving children, and you speak of dogs and cats!” For this argument is not used only by the Hindu vegetarian. It would be put forward also by any fellow who believes in a man-centered creed — by any Christian or Mohammedan; *not* one who professes to uphold the unity and sacredness of all life, and whose vegetarianism is supposed to be, partly at least, a sign of that belief. It is, irrespective of all professed creeds, the argument of the selfish, callous majority of men.

And the most disappointing of all is that, when you point out to the pious vegetarian that the food he had left was not eaten even by any famishing child but simply wasted, the man just smiles — as though your interest in street dogs were indeed a funny thing in his opinion. His own lack of interest in them, as well as in all distressed animals, is not funny at all. It is, in its way, just as criminal as the indifference of the meat eaters to the fate of the cattle driven to the slaughterhouses, and the daily encouragement they give to the ghastly industry of death which could so easily be suppressed with a little good will on their part. Just as criminal, we say, if not more; for the vegetarian Hindu outwardly *professes* to love all creatures; the meat eater (the Western meat eater, at least) does not.

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Most men feel that living nature is just there for them to exploit. And those who make the most fuss over certain forms, or all forms, of exploitation of man by man are often the first to support the most thorough exploitation of animal-kind by man. We believe that, as long as this attitude prevails in the world, man will not cease to be, himself, just an animal among others; cleverer than the others as a rule, but in no way essentially different from them. He will never become the actually superior species which he *could be* if he only realized in which way lies his true line of progress.

And as long as man is nothing but an animal, somewhat more intelligent but no more generous than the others, what right has he, we ask, to claim for himself the preference of those few human individuals whose impartial love extends to all that lives? And why should those few grant him more love than to the other species,

and give him special treatment in all walks of life? “Human solidarity” appears, in their eyes, in no manner a more admirable thing than does any of the much-despised forms of narrower solidarity in the eyes of the humanitarian universalist, who boasts of having transcended all of them. It is, to us, but a partial expression of a far broader and more fundamental solidarity: the solidarity of creatures brought forth and nourished by the same Life-energy, reaching them all, ultimately, through the same Sun.

We admit, of course — one just *has* to admit it — that the Law of struggle for life (and of struggle for well-being) is inseparable from time-bound existence; and that Nature’s command is: “Kill, and eat!,” since even plants are endowed with life (and, to a certain degree, with sensitiveness) and since one has to eat *something*. But we notice that his iron law of struggle for life and for well-being is *universal* and that, especially in an increasingly overcrowded world such as ours, it determines, and cannot but determine, the attitude of human beings and of human collectivities towards one another just as mercilessly as it does the mutual attitude of different species. It justifies not only all defensive wars, but also all wars of so-called “aggression” inasmuch as they are, from the standpoint of the so-called “aggressor,” the only or the best solution of the dilemma: “Future — i.e. biological survival — or ruin!” We scorn all men who condemn “wars of aggression,” and who, at the same time, eat meat; nay, we scorn all pacifists who do not, in their everyday dealings, live up to the ideal of universal nonviolence preached by the Jains. We scorn all those, whoever they be, who have never raised their voice against scientific experimentation upon innocent animals (which can be neither *for* nor *against* any cause) and who dare condemn experimentation upon one’s dangerous — or potentially dangerous — human enemies. We scorn all those who never were moved to indignation at the idea of man’s lasting crime against the living Realm; — at the thought of the enormous daily round of *avoidable* pain inflicted by man upon beasts (and even plants) — and who, yet, dare speak of “war crimes” and of “war criminals.” We flatly refuse to condemn war, — be it a thousand times a war “of aggression” — as long as mankind at large persists in its callous attitude towards animal (and tree) life. And as long as torture is inflicted by men upon a single living creature, in the name of scientific research, of sport, of luxury or of gluttony, we systematically refuse our support to any campaign exploiting public sympathy for tortured human beings — unless the latter be, of course, such ones as we look upon

as our brothers in race and faith, or people near and dear to these. The world that exalts Pasteur and Pavlov, and countless other tormentors of innocent creatures, in the name of the so-called “interest of mankind,” while branding as “war criminals” men who have not shrunk from acts of violence upon *hostile* human elements, when such was their duty in the service of higher mankind and in the interest of all life, does not deserve to live.

CHAPTER V

Lights in the Night

The history of animal life has been (and is still, so far as we know) but one long record of merciless exploitation by man, or at most — in the case of the more fortunate wild beasts — the history of one long and increasingly hopeless struggle against the pretension of man to have the whole earth to himself.

The destruction of the proud and free animal species began with weapons of silex in the days most men — scientists tell us — looked more like apes than like that which we call today human beings. And it is continuing up to the present day, with old fashioned arrows in the dark forests of central Africa, with firearms in the swamps of south Bengal. There were lions in Greece as late as one thousand B.C. or so, and wolves in England up to the seventeenth century A.D. There are none now. And the lions of North Africa, so numerous when the Romans conquered that part of the world—in the second century B.C. — have been so ruthlessly hunted out that they are now a species on the verge of extinction. There were bisons throughout North America — millions of them — but a few decades ago; there are hardly any today. They have been killed of in such numbers that they have become a rare curiosity to be carefully kept in reserved areas. Man has taken their place and built his cities, and drawn the boundaries of his cultivated fields — spread the network of his ever-grabbling organized life — over the boundless green plains in which they once used to roam in the sunshine. The same can be said of the llamas of the Andes. Four years after they had set foot in Peru the Spaniards had already massacred more of them for their meat (and especially for their brain, regarded as a delicacy) than had the Peruvians in occasional sacrifices during the four centuries that the Inca Empire

had lasted. The same can be said of many other animal species at present extinct or nearing extinction

The species that are not hunted out for sheer “clearing of space” or merely for “sport,” are pursued for their flesh, or for their fur, for their brightly colored feathers or for their beautiful ivory tusks — for the gratification of man’s gluttony or of his vanity. The rest are domesticated and made to have young ones regularly, so that man may enjoy to his heart’s content a continuous supply of fresh milk and tender flesh; or made to work for man under the threat of the whip; or injected with all sorts of diseases, so that man may try his medicines on them before applying them to himself; or tortured to satisfy man’s scientific curiosity; or fondled for a while as pets and then — when man gets tired of them, or when he is going on a journey and cannot, or does not wish to, take them with him, or when conditions become such that there is not enough food for both them and his own children — remorselessly “put out of the way” — chloroformed, if there happens to a branch of the S.P.C.A. near by and if their owner be kind; just thrown into the street, if he be one who “does not care”; stolen and sold for meat when man is short of food — as so many cats and dogs were in different parts of Europe during the last winter of the Second World War; sometimes even, in such abnormal times, eaten by those very rascals who had brought them up, who had once fed them with their own hands, and who pretended to love them — by those rascals who had not the courage to lie down and let themselves die of hunger rather than become such cowards.

* * *

People have probably always been, as a general rule, and at any given epoch, less indifferent to the sufferings of animals in some countries than in others, though, as we have said before, their attitude towards living creatures was never or nearly never the ideal one. Among the nations of Antiquity the ancient Egyptians, for instance, and more so the Indians of the Buddhist period seem to have been the kindest. The number of beasts and birds that the former held sacred down to the beginning of the Christian era was perhaps as much an expression of spontaneous love for all living things (including such awe-inspiring ones as crocodiles) as a survival of obsolete totemic beliefs dating back to prehistoric times. And we like to imagine that the wild indignation of that Egyptian crowd, said to have torn a Roman soldier to pieces for

having killed a cat — indignation we understand so well — was roused by a nobler feeling than mere superstitious fear.

But, we repeat, there seems never to have existed a civilization which actually denounced the exploitation of animals, and fully recognized their rights (and even those of plants) for more than a few brief years. King Asoka's efforts to secure the welfare of every living being within his realm, and Harshavardhana's drastic regulations against cruelty to animals give us just rare glimpses of the application by law, on a national scale, of generous principles yet never conceived but by a very few. The same spirit of universal love which inspires them found expression also, centuries before, in King Akhnaton's beautiful hymns to the Sun. But we have no evidence of how far even Akhnaton's closest disciples lived up to it in their everyday lives. Moreover, whatever might have been the atmosphere that prevailed in his immediate surroundings, even in his capital as a whole, during his short reign, we know that very soon after his death nothing was left of his teaching or of its implications.

The fact is that even the most illustrious cultures of the world - including those supposed to be relatively "humane" — are in general sadly devoid of any sense of real consideration for nonhuman suffering, as well as of any serious preoccupation concerning the welfare of nonhuman beings regarded *for their own sake*, and not for what man can get out of them.

We have recalled the story of Enkidu's conversion to social life, which meant the break of all his ties with the beasts of the wilderness, who loved him, and which he had formerly loved. The story belongs to the dawn of history — to legendary times. But feelings towards animals do not seem to become more friendly as years pass. We gather some idea of what they were in the Near East in the twenty-second century B.C. from that famous compilation of laws, with doubtless corrections and additions, known as the Code of King Hammurabi of Babylon — a code of laws praised by most historians for its equity. There, as in all the later legislations of neighboring countries that have most probably borrowed from it their essentials, animals are considered as nothing more than the property of their human owners. If, for instance, a man borrowed an ox, and returned it lame or wounded, possibly as a consequence of ill-treatment, he was, according to this code, to make good for the loss he had thus caused *to its owner*; to give him a sum of money proportionate to the damage, or to give him another ox if that damage was irreparable. In other words, injury to an animal was punished, not because it meant in

infliction of suffering upon a sentient creature, but because it implied some material loss to the man who owned and exploited that creature.

The Egyptians themselves, kind as they may have been to our dumb brothers in comparison with other nations, seem never to have reached, as a whole, that widespread consideration for all living beings which such a king as Asoka tried to create among the Indians of a later Antiquity. The famous bas-relief that pictures “a stubborn donkey,” in a tomb of the twenty-seventh century B.C., testifies that beasts of burden — which were not sacred to them — were not necessarily treated by the common people, in y those remote days, as mercifully as they would have been in a society governed by the spirit of the far later life-centered teaching of King Akhnaton, or by that of the perhaps much similar original solar philosophy of a few initiates (of immemorial antiquity, and probably already half-forgotten in twenty-seventh century Egypt). The pitiful expression of the beast, with its ears flattened against its head under the thick, threatening stick, makes one regret that no equivalent of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had yet been invented in the world, as far as we know.

Apart from that, everyone knows that the Egyptians in general were meat eaters and fish eaters, and often mighty hunters. Records of successful chases, in which the court scribe has carefully exalted the skill and courage of the King, are common in what has come down to us of their annals. And the short reign of Akhnaton seems to be one of the very few that have not, up till now, yielded any such documents; and that remarkable Pharaoh is one of the rare ones, if not the only one of whom one can say, with Sir Wallis Budge, that “not only was he no warrior” but “he was not even a lover of the chase”¹ — a statement which is fully in keeping with the love of all living things that one admires in his hymns to the glory of the solar Disk.

If a people whose consideration for animals amazed the Greek travelers of classical days was not more thoroughly consistent with the ideal of true, universal love, then what about the others? One would hardly expect much mercy towards all creatures from men who treated their prisoners of war with as much appalling cruelty as the Assyrians often did. And in fact, from the numerous and splendid bas-reliefs that they left, it appears that hunting of big

¹ Sir Wallis Budge: *Tutankhamon, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism*, edit. 1923, p. 92.

game was, apart from war, the pastime that these ruthless fighters enjoyed the most. The Hebrews, as they are portrayed in the Old Testament of the Bible, seem always to have looked upon beasts as exploitable commodities — potential milk, wool, flesh and labor — if they happened to be of the sort their god had allowed them to eat or given them to use, and hardly more than dirt if they happened to be of the so-called “impure” ones, which they were forbidden to eat or even to touch. They seem to have had, at times, like many primitive people, a strange conception of animals’ responsibility. It is written in the Leviticus that “if a man lie with a beast” and “if a woman approach unto any beast and lie down thereto,” he or she *and the beast* “shall surely be put to death,” as if the unfortunate animal, forced into an unnatural union by a perverse human being, had any voice in the matter or any share in the guilt. This regulation seems all the more unjust that, according to the same lawgiver, a damsel forcibly raped was not to be killed along with the man who had outraged her, for there was in her “no sin worthy of death.”¹

Was the helpless beast considered more responsible than the helpless girl? Or was it to be destroyed as a mere instrument of sin, which would be hardly less irrational? The sad thing is that the spirit of such a legislation has persisted, as Norman Douglas has pointed out,² until very recently, among so-called progressive Western races who should have known better.

And at the other end of the Ancient World, no idea of ethical wrong was ever attached, so far as we know, to the slaughter of animals for food or sport, or to other forms of exploitation of them by man, in the books of Confucius and of other wise thinkers, held in reverence by the Chinese; nor were any duties towards them apparently stressed or implied in the teachings of those philosophers. Buddhism alone seems to have actually spread, to some extent, to the countries of the Far East, the idea of the ethical corollary of the belief in the oneness of life, as regards our relation to animals. And its influence in that line appears to have been very slight.

As for the classical Pagan nations that stand as the immediate cultural background of modern Europe — Greece and Rome — there is in their literature, or in the tangible data that reveal their civilization, nothing to indicate that they had any greater respect

¹ Deuteronomy, 22, Verses 25, 26.

² Norman Douglas, *How About Europe?*

for animal life than the nations which they looked upon as “barbaric,” or that they took any more care than those did to avoid the ill-treatment of beasts of burden, or to make life less miserable for the stray hungry dogs and cats in their streets.

One may, of course, recall the touching episode of the Odyssey in which Ulysses’ old dog recognizes him after twenty years of absence and dies happy to have seen him once more. But we have to admit that there are but a very few such accounts of friendship between man and animal in the whole of Greek literature, and that mercy in general — including mercy towards human beings — seems to have found little place both in the Greek and Greco-Roman world, so fascinating in other features. We have to admit that Christianity did owe its triumph as much at least to the kindlier outlook it originally brought with it as to the imperial patronage of Constantine.

* * *

But, as we have said already, that kindlier outlook remained a narrowly man-centered one. Partiality towards the human race as a whole replaced the partiality towards tribe or nation that had prevailed in most of the ancient religions of the world — and in all state religions we know of in Antiquity west of India, save in the short-lived Religion of the Disk. And although, thanks to the new doctrine of Christ’s own blood being the only atonement for man’s sins, the blood sacrifices of old became obsolete, still living creatures were not spared.

Some substantial progress in that respect might have been realized, if only the Christians had consistently observed that old injunction of Mosaic law according to which cattle should not be slaughtered unless it be brought “unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation” to be “offered as an offering unto the Lord, before the tabernacle of the Lord.”¹ And there was no reason why they should not have observed it, since Christ himself had declared that he had come to *fulfill* the Jewish law and the prophets, not to destroy them. Had they done so, they logically should have given

¹ “What man soever there be of the house of Israel that killeth an ox, or lamb, or goat, in the camp, or that killeth it out of the camp, and bringeth it not unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation to offer an offering unto the Lord before the tabernacle of the Lord, *blood shall be imputed unto that man*; he hath shed blood; and that man shall be cut off from among his people.” Leviticus, 17, verses 3 and 4.

up eating meat altogether from the day the one supreme human sacrifice — the one divine sacrifice, as it was in their eyes — had been offered as the ransom for the sins of the world once and for all, rendering all further burnt offerings useless. But — whether prompted by the desire to facilitate the conversion of Pagans, or for any other motive — they did not. And by not doing so, they made cattle-slaughter all the more ghastly by depriving it of the one excuse it has (if that can be called an excuse) in a world given over to “superstition,” namely of the religious symbolism formerly attached to it; of its meaning as a sacrifice to the Maker of both man and beast. The places of worship ceased being also places of slaughter. But the idea that slaughter for the sake of food alone — without the slightest idea of sacrifice — was perfectly commendable; that the murder of an animal was no murder at all, and the infliction of pain upon an animal no sin, soon grew into the consciousness of those who looked upon the oblation of the Cross as henceforth the only efficacious one.

That idea, in fact, seems to have spread to the whole world, wherever the old religions of sacrifice were not replaced by any creed which openly and definitely characterizes the murder of animals as a sin. And even there — even in those countries, for instance, where Buddhism is officially prevalent — one cannot unfortunately say that it has not been broadly accepted. The more orthodox may still reject it. But the freethinking, the youthful, the “progressive” seem to include that obnoxious inconsistency within their “reformed” outlook: and the last widespread religion of truly universal mercy seems to have become in their eyes little more than a political badge, an outward sign of newly born nationalism. Even among people expected to be strict Buddhists — the monks of Burma, for instance — a great deal of casuistry plays its part (or played its part until very recently) in matters of diet.

So that we could say that, all over the world, men in general ceased offering sacrifices as their fathers had, but accustomed themselves to the existence of slaughterhouses as to that of a so-called “necessity,” and smothered in their hearts, to a still even greater extent than their forefathers, the awareness of a man’s link with the rest of living and sentient creatures.

Of course there have always been individuals whose natural, spontaneous love for creatures transcended the general outlook of their contemporaries and coreligionists; people like St. Francis of Assisi, who used to speak of his “brother” the wolf and his “brother” the ass, in the midst of a society and of a Church that

denied an immortal soul to dumb beasts; people like that early follower of the Prophet Mohammed who, rather than disturb a cat that had gone to sleep upon it, cut off a piece of his mantle so that he might raise himself to his feet and answer the call to prayer, and thus won himself the surname by which he is now broadly known: Abu-Hurairah — “Father of Cats.”

Those men half-consciously aspired to some ideal of integral kindness which most of them never succeeded in expressing in all its uncompromising clarity, and which they very seldom lived up to, in *all* walks of life. Brought up in the medieval tradition of Christendom, which regarded a vegetarian diet as “fasting” and could not conceive of merriment apart from flesh eating, kind St. Francis himself — so they say — once vehemently rejected the idea, put forward by one of his monks, of keeping up Christmas Day without meat. And doubtless many other less holy and less well-known persons, among those who have acknowledged the brotherhood of all living creatures, were not more consistent in all they did or said or tolerated without protest.

But along with them there have always appeared, from time to time, an extremely small number of men who actually embodied, both in words and deeds, the ideal of real love towards all life which is the very essence of eternal ethical truth- of love as selfless and as impartial as the warmth and light that our Parent Star sheds indiscriminately over the earthworm and the superman, through the glory of His rays.

In the East, Prince Siddhartha, of the Sakya clan, universally known as the “Awakened One” or the “Enlightened One” — the Buddha — stands out as the most glorious of such men. Touching legends preserved in the “Jataka” — the history of the Buddha’s previous lives, often as fantastic as any fairy tale as to its actual contents, but true to his spirit from one end to the other, - go to show in him, from life to life, the predestined Helper of all creatures; the Loving One, whose irresistible compassion pervades the whole scheme of nature, and manifests itself, age after age, without ceasing. As an animal, he sacrificed himself to save other animals. As an evolved human being — an ascetic in the forest — he gladly gave his own body to feed a hungry tigress. And his heart was filled with tenderness for her and for all suffering creation, and his face beamed with divine joy — says the author of this beautiful story — as he who was one day to become the Blessed One felt the famishing beast tear his flesh and lap his blood, inviting her young ones to take their share of the easy prey.

And in spite of the deplorable decay of his religion in the hands of a self-seeking clergy and of an apathetic laity — decay which every valuable doctrine has experienced as the ransom of worldwide success, and which he himself had foretold—one can say that none of the great teachers of the world has contributed more than he did to the diffusion of the belief in the oneness of Life and in the brotherhood of all living creatures, as well as of the consciousness of the duties that this belief implies.

Asia has certainly gone a very long way down the road of moral abasement and religious death from the time the Community of monks, intended to be the nucleus of a better world — the “gangha,” in which the Master had put his hope — started to deserve the bitter criticism of its bitterest Hindu detractors. But, still today, the spark remains alive — the flame of true love, kindled more than twenty-five centuries ago by the Blessed One, lingers both in the tradition of the Hindus and in that of the nations that boast of having accepted Buddhism as one of their state religions. However enfeebled, however smoldering, it is there. It just lingers — more in the consciousness of the humble, illiterate masses of India in particular and of East Asia in general; of those millions of simple-hearted folk, apathetic it is true, but not yet irredeemably hardened or defiled — not yet rendered unteachable — rather than in that of the so-called “progressive” elements, most often the stubborn products of a false education, not enlightened enough to find the truth for themselves and too conceited to accept it from anywhere but from the textbooks which their foreign training has taught them to regard as infallible. It lingers. To undertake to revive it would mean a tremendous task, yet not an altogether impossible one. The tradition is there. The idea of the brotherhood of all living creatures is intimately linked, in it, with the unforgettable figure of Asia’s greatest son. And one is amazed at the power of love that must have radiated from the superman who managed to leave, for so long, even a faint mark of his passage upon the life, thought and feelings of a whole continent.

Mahavira, the founder of the Jain sect, and the twenty-fourth of the “tirthankaras,” or perfect human beings who, according to the belief of that sect, succeeded one another on earth before him, was apparently another of those rare men whose love for creatures has left its impression upon the tradition of a living community; so were, undoubtedly, long before his time, the authors of some of the Upanishads, in which the doctrine of the oneness of all life is

already to be found, and the essence of Buddhist morality, to some extent, already implied, although the *ontological* conception behind these be quite different. While, in later days, India's immortal Asoka, and other Buddhist rulers, patrons of their faith in and outside India (Prince Shotoku, for instance, in sixth and seventh century Japan) and men like Harshavardhana, deeply influenced by Buddhism without however having been exclusive followers of the Eightfold Path, and probably also thoroughly loving people of lesser rank, of whom history does not speak, honored Asia, upholding there, to an extent perhaps nowhere ever equaled on so broad a scale, the creed of mercy towards animals — and even plants as far as possible — as well as towards human beings.

And the little real sympathy for animals that might still be found today, in the countries of Buddhist civilization and in India herself — in spite of the downright wickedness of a number of people and of the cruel indifference of nearly all the rest — has been and is being encouraged by the lingering influence of those exceptional men whom we have just mentioned.

* * *

In what can broadly be called “the West,” that is to say, in Europe as well as in the countries of which the ancient history and culture lie at the background of hers — the nations of classical and biblical Antiquity — and in those that can be looked upon, on the contrary, as her offspring — modern America and Australia — no man has yet risen whose blessed influence upon his time and upon posterity can be compared, as regards kindness to animals, to that exercised by the Buddha or his powerful disciples in the East.

That does not mean that the Westerners as a whole feel less sympathetically towards our subhuman brothers than the average people of India or of the Buddhist countries do; or that they are more callous about animal life, more indifferent to the suffering of beasts. Nor does it mean that none of those saintly beings, embodiment of true universal love, was ever born west of the Persian Gulf. We have already tried to show that cruelty and kindness are of all lands and of all times, just taking different expression in different surroundings. And exceptional men who feel intensely the beauty and sacredness of all life as such; who, no doubt, love their pets if they have any, and may possibly prefer certain animal species to others, but who, at the same time, realize that all living creatures are their brothers, and who love them spontaneously and consistently; such men, we say, surely do and

always did appear beyond the sphere of influence both of Buddhism and of broader Hinduism. And some of them cannot but be looked upon as lights of truth of the very first magnitude, shining, just as those of the faraway Eastern horizon, in the long night of selfish ignorance, cowardice and callousness that still envelops the earth.

In this present-day, nightmarish world,¹ — the outcome of the victory of the Dark Powers — we cannot, unfortunately, say a single word to the glory of the greatest of all Western men of love and of vision; of the inspired Prophet (for *that* is what he was) who fought for the reinstatement of a world order in tune with the divine order of nature: a world order in which beautiful healthy beasts had rights, while decadent men had none. Whatever we could say would be bitterly held against us and our brothers in faith, and against the very cause of Life which we intend to serve. Those who know will understand us without our mentioning the godlike leader's name. Those who do not know yet, will know one day (if they have at all any wits) and admit that we were right, and place the one great vegetarian ruler the West has ever had ahead of those most uncompromising expounders of the life-centered outlook who are, at the same time, men of action.

One of the most remarkable of such torchbearers in *relatively* recent times, — of whom we *can* speak — seems to have been that all-round genius of the Renaissance, upholder of all that was eternal in the Christian and Pagan cultures alike, whom neither traditional Christianity nor resurrected Hellenism could satisfy, and whose work, thought and life reveal him to have been a man in tune with cosmic Reality: Leonardo da Vinci. His biographers tell us that he consistently loved all that lived, not only abstaining from eating flesh, but doing also his best to help any distressed creature he came across individually. When yet a child he is said to have fought to defend a mole, tortured by other children, and suffered an unjust punishment for having done so. And the comments with which he recalls that incident, many years later in his diary, show that he abode all his life by the natural, true ethics of his childhood. And his greatness in that respect appears all the more when one thinks of the appalling atrocities committed upon animals in the name of scientific research in da Vinci's days, and later on, by representatives of the "New Thought" who entirely lacked his universal love — when one thinks, for instance, of the process by

¹ This book was written in 1945-46.

which Azelli discovered the phenomenon of digestion in the bare intestines of a live, opened dog — or when one recalls the revolting attitude of other well-known men towards creatures, such as that of Descartes and Malebranche, philosophical forerunners and accomplices of all the crimes perpetrated on beasts for the sake of “knowledge” (or rather scientific information) in our times.

We can think of no prominent figure of the first fifteen centuries of Christian history who could stand in parallel with the great Italian s artist for a life of consistent and active kindness towards all sentient beings and an intelligent understanding of the value of any living thing.

We do not know — and no one can boast of knowing on a basis of serious evidence — whether the religious teacher whose personality dominates all those centuries and the whole civilization of Europe as we see it, the *historic* Jesus, was such a person or not. All one can say of him is to be found in the four gospels — a selection, among many others, of accounts of his life put down in writing, in their present form, more than a hundred and fifty years after he had died, to say the least. As we have remarked in a previous chapter, the prophet who occupies the center of those fascinating stories does not appear at all to be a consistent lover of all the living, impartially. Most of his average modern English followers could match him — and beat him — in that respect. We would like to believe that the actual prophet of Nazareth was more in tune with the spirit of integral love than one can gather at first sight from the accounts which his admirers have handed down to us; we would like to think that the worker of wonders who appears in the story of the draught of fishes, and in that of the Gadarene swine or of the barren fig tree, is but an unhappy distortion of him, or a personage altogether alien to him, whose name has been confused with his; or that he himself acts in those stories but “symbolically.” But we have unfortunately no solid grounds to do so.

One has, anyhow, to go back to the time of Jesus — first century A.D. — to find a towering figure of undeniable historicity whose philosophy implied the respect of all life and kindness to animals as well as to people, and whose life impressed his biographers sufficiently for them to tell us that it was in keeping with his high ideals. This man, little known to the modern public in general, is the neo-Pythagorean sage Apollonius of Tyana, whom some authors have, in a polemical spirit, characterized as “the Pagan Christ.” The fact that, great as he was, he was not an isolated

ideologist without a tradition and without a following, but the perfect embodiment of the philosophy of a sect; the master, in his days, of a school of thought and ethics that prided itself in tracing its existence to Pythagoras himself, seven hundred years before him — of a sect, also, that did not die with him — makes him, historically, all the more important.

We know that he was not merely acquainted with the main tenets of Eastern thought, as all neo-Pythagoreans were, but that he had travelled in India and learnt there, thoroughly, from experienced ascetics, further secrets of the difficult art known as *yoga* — the control of the mind through that of the body, especially of the breath. He was, like many of those who practice that art, vowed to celibacy. And though the love of all creatures, revealed in many an episode of his life, was probably an inborn trait of his character, as with other truly great souls, one might imagine that his direct contact with Buddhism and Hinduism at a time when those thought-systems were in their full vigor, would have strongly encouraged him in his natural trend, given a philosophical justification to his spontaneous ethical tendencies, and buttressing his own intuition of truth in the light of that of a whole civilization. And when one reads of that Greek sage's refusal to witness a blood sacrifice¹ or to depart from his strict vegetarian diet; and when one realized that his spirit was not only that of a particular individual but also, as we have said, that of a school, one might well wonder whether Western civilization itself would not have taken a nobler turn — recognizing, long ago, in practice as well as theory, the right of all living beings — if only Indian thought, and especially Buddhist thought, had been able to play in its formation the direct part played by Christianity. It would have, then, it is true, experienced all the drawbacks of early Christian asceticism, and that, perhaps, on a magnified scale. But who knows how far the militant Western races would finally have carried the duty of mercy towards all living creatures, had they accepted it in the days of Apollonius of Tyana, as a consequence of the belief in the oneness of life, along with the Hellenic elements of their growing culture? — in other words, had the foundation of their culture been Indo-hellenic instead of Judeo-hellenic; had the “Pagan Christ” and the thinkers of his school been able to exercise upon them an influence comparable to that of the Galilean Messiah and his disciples? Perhaps they would have been,

¹ Mario Meunier, Apollonius de Tyane.

in the long run, more consistent than the average Eastern followers of life-centered creeds. Who knows?

It is useless to speak of what *could have been* under different circumstances. But the fact remains that the one important tradition of truly universal kindness, if any, in western Antiquity; the one in which animal slaughter and meat eating were definitely held in abomination — the Pythagorean, continued for some time, even during the Christian era, by the neo-Pythagorean — was beyond doubt influenced by thought currents from India. It would seem that it was more and more so; or at least we know with more and more certainty that it was so, as we pass from Pythagoras himself, whose connections with the East are vague, though obvious, to the later thinkers who took pride in a tradition that bears his name, in particular, to that most indebted of them all to the East: Apollonius of Tyana.

* * *

We have just mentioned Pythagoras. Little can be said with certainty about his life. One can only infer, from some of the tenets of his philosophy — from the strict vegetarian diet which his disciples observed, and for their belief in the dogma of birth and rebirth, probably borrowed from the East — that he was one of the rare great teachers born west of India whose ethical outlook was centered neither around any arbitrarily “chosen” human community (as was that of the Hebrews) nor around “man,” but decidedly around life as such. We do not know whether he was or was not the first in Greece to have had that outlook, but he surely seems to be the first in the Western world, as we have defined it, to have been able to create a lasting tradition of respect for animal life, if not on a broad scale, at least among a small circle of close followers.

So far as we know, the only great thinker before him whose creed logically implied love and active kindness towards all creatures is that extraordinary young king of Egypt in the early fourteenth century B.C., of whom a little has already been said in a previous chapter: Akhnaton, the Founder of the Religion of the Disk.¹

His beautiful solar cult, the most rational that was ever conceived — a religion that could have been invented to satisfy the scientific conceptions of our own age, as Sir Flinders Petrie has remarked — appears to be at the same time the one state religion preached west of India that was centered around life (and not man)

¹ See Chapter III, p. 24 and following.

and that revealed a love as truly universal as did the great Asiatic religions of mercy. The fact is all the more striking as, to the extent it is possible to ascertain such a thing in the present state of historical investigation, the Religion of the Disk was evolved independently of foreign influences. The Asiatic religions of mercy are indeed, here, out of question, since the oldest of them — Buddhism — came into existence some nearly nine hundred years after Akhnaton. And Vedic Hinduism—the only Indian cult akin in some of its aspects to that of the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk,” and the only one as old as or older than it — cannot be actually proved to have had any connection with it. Moreover, the warlike moral outlook of the Vedic Indians could not but be definitely different from Akhnaton’s, although their conception of the universe might have been more or less the same as his.

The youthful seer stands therefore as the first recorded teacher west of India— -and perhaps the first in the world — to have had a fully clear consciousness of the supreme beauty of life in all sentient creatures, from the godlike man that he himself was down to plants, and to have loved it in each one of them, impartially, as the wording and the general tone of his hymns show beyond doubt.

His state religion lasted hardly any longer than his own short reign. And no school of thought comparable to the Pythagorean and neo-Pythagorean — let alone to the mighty followings of the later successful creeds — survived his historic attempt to spread the truth. Nor is it possible, by any stretch of imagination, to point out be it even a vague filiation between that particular aspect of his joyous, life-centered Teaching which we have just recalled, and one or more than one of the less ancient religions that have left their mark upon human consciousness. Though soon distorted, the idea of the oneness of God and brotherhood of man, doubtless implied in his teaching, reached posterity and lived in other Western creeds. His idea of the oneness of Life and brotherhood of all creatures did not. And he stands by himself, in that respect as in so many others — one of the very first, if not *the* first of those “lights in the darkness,” as we have characterized the few forerunners of a better world: of a world in which one would help all creatures to live in health and to enjoy the sunshine.

* * *

It is not until our own times that the idea that we have duties towards living beings other than human has begun to dawn upon the minds not only of one or two exceptional men, but of small groups of average people, in certain countries at least, and that,

irrespectively of the man-centered or life-centered or nation-centered creeds which those people might profess. It is not until our own times that torchbearers of the old truth known to the mythical Enkidu before the perversion of these feelings (and to all good people, before the ravages of a hateful education upon their deeper conscience) can speak in public of the rights of all the living. It is not until our own times, we repeat, that a champion of the cause of exploited animals such as Bernard Shaw, can write his immortal impeachments of human wickedness, cowardice and stupidity — the preface to his “Doctor’s Dilemma” and the chapter on Pavlov’s atrocities in a more recent work — and win, along with the fanatical opposition of many, the wholehearted, intelligent support of a number of Englishmen, Germans, Scandinavians and Americans, and of a handful of individuals in the rest of the world. It is not until our own times that, in a few countries at least, some people, in spite of all the horrors which they still tolerate in the name of food, sport, dress, scientific research and therapy, have not remained, like others, as callous as downright savages. It is not until our own times that laws are beginning to be made — not merely by absolute rulers, ages in advance of their people, but by average folk elected by other average folk as members of legislative bodies — in order to protect animals against man *on moral grounds*. It is not until today that actual agitation in support of the rights of animals is becoming possible, in certain countries at least.

Man’s evolution seems indeed to have been very slow, in that respect. We cannot but experience a sad amazement when we contrast man’s progress in technical matters as well as in purely abstract pursuits with his stagnation on an appallingly low level of love; when we think, for instance, of men acquainted with the nature of the stars or with the intimate texture of atoms feeding on sentient creatures’ flesh like the coarsest and most ignorant of their hunting ancestors of paleolithic: times. And we cannot but marvel all the more at the superiority of the few who, from age to age, have transcended the old law of the jungle “right is might,” common to all carnivorous beasts, and looked upon all living nature as a thing of beauty to be loved — not just an “inferior form of life” to be exploited in the interest of the more cunning human species.

We can only hope that the belief in the existence of dumb creatures’ rights, which seems to be making its way into the hearts of a slowly growing number of our contemporaries, will continue to spread, and that we might be witnessing, in that sincere love of

animals and even plants shared to-day, in a few countries, by more average men than ever before (though still far too few), the dawn of a new era; the first sign of the beginning of a better world, which is to take shape no one can foretell when, nor after what further upheavals.

It remains to examine what should be done to hasten that really desirable change.

CHAPTER VI

Diet, Dress, Amusement and Hard Work

We have already remarked that there are meat eaters who would go out of their way to help an animal, and vegetarians who would just do nothing — who are even in the habit of ill-treating animals, or who neglect them. Illogical as this may seem, it is a fact. Vegetarianism — unless it be that conscious, purposeful, determined refusal to encourage the industry of death, which one so rarely comes across in its full, uncompromising vigor-is anything but a reliable certificate of kindness towards all sentient creatures.

Yet, though many sincere lovers of animals in the meat-eating countries may not be sufficiently aware of it, there is, undoubtedly, a contradiction in feeding on flesh when one has realized the ties of brotherhood that bind us to all life — especially to the warm-blooded beasts, so similar to ourselves in their expression of physical pain-and when one has felt what a ghastly thing the slaughter of animals is. Even if it could be proved that more than one of the most genuine upholders of life-centered philosophies has done so, it would not in the least make it less logical. It would only prove that some great people are less consistent with the spirit of their own teachings than one would expect them to be — a sad, but by no means astounding acknowledgement of human deceitfulness.

We think one can easily dismiss the foolish argument of those who say that “animals would overrun the world and eat us, if nobody ate them.” If that were so, then man should have been “overrun” and extinct long ago, for the number of animal species he actually eats is very limited. How is it that the other species, free to multiply *ad infinitum*, have allowed him to live until now?

A more stupid statement than the one just quoted can hardly be made, since it is precisely the meekest, the most defenceless and the most inoffensive animals — oxen, sheep, goats and pigs — which are daily sacrifices to man's gluttonous greed in the public slaughterhouses, not wild boars, not bears, not poisonous snakes, not man-eating tigers. Moreover, in the present state of affairs, in which the edible species have mostly been domesticated, the birth rate among those animals depends entirely upon man. In fact, the males and females are purposely brought together and made to have young ones in order that man may not miss his regular supply of tender flesh — a most revolting process of exploitation, if one only comes to think of it. If they were left to themselves, there is little chance that their number would increase as rapidly. In the rare regions where they are still wild, carnivorous beasts of a larger size would prevent their increase by preying on them. In the other areas of the globe, where human intelligence regulates all it likes, there would be no need for them to multiply beyond certain limits — no need for them to multiply at all, in fact, save as far as it is necessary to keep their species alive; for man, once he gave up the sickening idea of bringing up young animals for the butcher, would surely not allow the domesticated males and females to meet but at sufficiently rare intervals.

Anyone having a minimum of sensitiveness and refinement will admit that it is a horrible action to prompt females of any species to bear young ones just for slaughter. And the most pathetic side of the question is that, as we have remarked in another chapter, numbers of meat eaters, at least in England, Germany and America — and surely elsewhere too — seem to love the beauty of a kid, of a calf or of a lamb frisking about in a meadow. The sight of it (or of any beast, among those classified as "edible") does not urge them, personally, to go and stick a knife into its throat, as it would urge a hungry tiger to spring upon it and tear it to pieces. And yet they eat a slice of cold veal or a slice of roasted lamb without the slightest remorse — as though it were a slice of bread and jam; while to us, who have never done such a thing, this seems just as repulsive as eating a roasted baby. And we wonder how it is that people who call their children "my dear little lamb" do not feel as we do about meat in general, mutton in particular. A matter of habit we suppose. The cannibals must be feeling the same about fattened human flesh. And why would they not?

But our opponents come forth with another argument to defend meat eating and to distinguish it from cannibalism. They concede

that, as one ponders over it, it does appear to be a cruel practice. But, they add: “what can be done? Is not nature herself cruel through and through? Does not one animal species prey upon another? The only thing beasts do not do is to prey upon their own species; tigers do not eat other tigers, nor wolves other wolves; cannibalism, therefore, is ‘unnatural,’ while meat eating is natural. If the carnivorous kings of the jungle are entitled to kill and eat cows, sheep and goats, is not man — the king of creation — to enjoy the same right as they? Nature has provided him with teeth obviously intended to tear flesh, and his body needs proteins. He cannot work hard, physically, at least in a cold climate, without eating meat or cooking his vegetables in animal fats. Doubtless he should kill his victims as ‘humanely’ as possible. But somebody has to kill them, and slaughterhouses are a necessary evil.”

Such series of statements one hears *ad nauseam* each time one tries to argue with meat eaters in the name of the right of animals to live. And how it is that more people, of those who profess to think rationally, do not seem to be aware of the fallacies they cover, we do not understand. Surely animals prey upon one another, in the wild and even in the domesticated state. The wolf eats the lamb; the tiger the antelope; big fishes eat smaller ones, and an ordinary domestic cat, carnivorous by nature, does not really thrive unless one gives him meat, or preferably fish. Quite a number of species also feed solely upon the vegetable world — upon grass, leaves or fruit. But one thing is certain, and this is that the carnivorous species, in their natural state, at least, do not eat anything else but flesh (or fish), while the herbivorous ones eat no flesh at all, not even when domesticated — not even when famishing. And the latter are far more uncompromising than the former. Some carnivorous animals, under certain conditions, and for a certain time, can be brought to some extent to accept a different diet. A starving cat, for instance, will eat boiled rice or dry bread rather than nothing — though of course he would prefer a little milk or gravy with it. On the contrary, a starving cow or sheep would die before anyone could get it to eat a piece of meat. Man, at present, in most countries, eats both vegetables and flesh; and he tries to justify himself by bringing the example of “nature” into the argument. If, however, he wished to follow that example consistently, he would have to become either decidedly carnivorous or decidedly vegetarian. He refuses, on the ground that he is a civilized creature and likes variety — just as much as a pet dog that enjoys potato soup along with meat and bones. But we

cannot help remarking that the dog, even after centuries of contact, with “civilization” have perverted his tastes, would still much rather have the meat alone, provided there were enough of it to fill his stomach; while any man would soon feel disgusted if he had to live on nothing but meat, without bread, without potatoes, without rice, without anything — as really carnivorous animals would enjoy doing. And why? The answer is easy: the dog — and still more the cat — is carnivorous by nature; man is not, whatever he may say. It is not his “nature” to eat meat. It is an acquired taste — acquired, most probably, many millenniums ago, perhaps under the pressure of abnormal circumstances, and kept ever since; yet a taste that is not constitutionally, irredeemably inherent in human nature.

* * *

But meat eaters are not content with that observation. “All right,” they say, “the taste for flesh is, in man, an acquired one. What difference does it make? It has been prevalent for such a long time that it has become, in us, a second nature. It would be very difficult to do away with it. Moreover, since meat is good for our health and since it can be obtained, why should we go without it? What of it if man be the only living species that enjoys meat and vegetables alike? He represents the superior species, nobody can deny that. Should he not allot himself the right to kill and eat, as all flesh-eating species do?”

It is on that point that we differ fundamentally from those who, openly or not, profess in fact a man-centered creed. We admit with them that man is the cleverest creature of which we know on this earth. But we believe that as long as he uses his wits just for the same purpose as the rest of the living — that is to say, merely for his own personal survival or for that of his species; for his own welfare and for that of other men (be his conception of “welfare” far more comprehensive than that of any beast) — he is in no way different from them by nature. A degree cleverer, as we have said, of course. But, apart from that, an animal like any other. His only real superiority lies, in our eyes, in the fact that he can, and sometimes does consider, beyond and even against his own interest and that of his kind, the welfare of living creatures of any sort. A dog (especially if it be hungry) will not share its food with a hungry cat, or even with another dog. A hungry horse will not share its food with a hungry cow or goat. A bee or an ant will work for the welfare of the beehive or of the community of ants without bothering whether living beings of other species need any help or

not. A man who lives just for himself and his family is no better than a clever dog. Rather worse, for he wastes human intelligence on as narrow a purpose as any beast would choose to serve. A man who is merely conscious of his duties towards human society is no better than an ant, a bee, at the most a social monkey. Rather worse: for these cannot think or feel beyond their kind, while a man should be able to do so. Our opponents tell us that most of the “superior men” — great warriors, great artists, great thinkers, great rulers — from the “god-like heroes” of the Bronze Age down to the majority of the leading creative scientists of today, were and still are flesh eaters. That remark is of little weight in the present controversy. It only proves that there have always been exceptionally brilliant specimens of the animal-like human species. We knew that long ago, just as we know that there are prize dogs and exceptionally beautiful tigers and serpents. But that means nothing, save that nature works wonders on all levels. A meat eating thinker may be a fine specimen at *his level*. We cannot, however, compare him with Pythagoras or with the Buddha, — or, by the way, with the greatest European leader of all times; the most misunderstood among makers of history — who belong to a higher level altogether, any more than we can compare an outstanding cannibal with an equally intelligent man of a more evolved type. In our eyes, that man alone is really the specimen of *a higher species* who, beyond his own welfare and beyond the welfare of man in general, looks, in the daily routine of his practical life, to the welfare of all living creatures — of his pets, surely; but also of all cattle, of all wild beasts, of birds and fishes, insects and plants, *to the extent of his power*.

Whether it be true or fictitious, the beautiful story of the Buddha giving up his own body to feed a famishing tigress, in one of his former lives, is, to us, the story that illustrates the only true, unmistakable superiority of man: man’s power to love *all creatures* (not merely his human neighbors) as himself. So that the statement: “The tiger eats meat; why should not I, who am worth more than the tiger?” does not appear to us as merely foolish but also as insulting to the human race. It is precisely because I am “better than the tiger” that I cannot allow myself to feed on other sentient creatures’ flesh, as he does. (Moreover, the tiger has the excuse of not being able to live without meat, while a human being can well live on other items of food — in spite of what doctors and “scientists,” irredeemably steeped in the man-centered ideology of the civilization that trained them, may say).

If man really wishes to be a “superior species,” he has to give up the habit of acting as the “inferior” ones do. And if he cherishes the habit to the extent that he does not wish to give it up, then he must stop claiming “superiority” on any other grounds but those of the undeniable might that his brains give him, and openly admit that he believes might to be right. And if might be “right” when it determines the relation of the master species to the dumb creatures that have not the wits to become organized and to defend themselves against it, then surely it cannot but be “right” also when it determines the relation of the stronger, more intelligent or better organized and better equipped human groups to the weaker, lazier, poorer, less well-organized and less well-equipped ones. We know of nothing more painfully ridiculous than a man who criticizes those who have sacrificed or who are ready to sacrifice men to their dreams of racial, national or personal domination, and who, himself, a moment later, defends scientific experimentation upon animals on the ground that it may ultimately “help to save children;” or who supports meat eating on the ground that “man’s body needs proteins.” He is just in the position of the pot that calls the kettle black — and in this case, I am afraid, a kettle far less smoky and far less smutty than itself.

We neither deny the existence of human groups (races or nations) in which one finds a far greater proportion of superior individuals than in others, nor say that an average man and an average pig are just the same to us. But we say that, as one of the marks of nobility in superior man is to treat with generosity the weaker than himself — “may be kind, also,” says Nietzsche of his “hero”; “may kindness be his supreme victory over himself” — so, if the ordinary man be really the specimen of a superior species, let him prove it by helping the beasts to live and enjoy the sunshine, not by killing them or exploiting them for his own advantage. He is not justified in eating meat “because the tiger does too.” He is not a tiger. He is expected to be a man. He possesses, at least in the general shape of his body, something in common with the truly great Ones, lovers of all that lives. He is to strive to live up to their example, not to imitate that of the beautiful but less evolved carnivorous beasts of the forest that do not — and by nature *cannot* — know better. Far from becoming defensible for the fact of man being “a higher species,” meat-eating, — along with all forms of exploitation of animals — is condemned by it.

Only an out-and-out believer in the old dogma that “might is right” — a man who supports and welcomes the idea of a world of

eternal strife among nations and even among individuals — can logically be a meat eater. And there is indeed no reason why such a man should not also eat human flesh; children’s flesh at least, for he could then find, in the jungle, useful precedents of beasts that occasionally eat the young of their own kind, and his use of force would remain “natural.” And we would hold an individual of that description in far greater esteem than any of those who advocate the law of the jungle in their relations with animals but refuse to apply it also in their dealings with other men.

* * *

The next thing the meat eaters do is to accept with us, for the sake of argument, the fundamental truth of the unity of all life, and then to point out to us that the vegetables which we eat are also living creatures. “Why should we eat them? They are, if this be possible, even more innocent and defenseless than any lamb or calf can be. They suffer, in their way, though we need some scientifically devised index to detect their reaction to the tearing or cutting of their fibers, or to overheating. But from the fact that they do not show signs of pain perceptible to our senses, must we hasten to conclude that they are incapable of feeling pains at all? Would we not, by doing so, fall into an even greater inconsistency than those who would be sick at the sight of what goes on in a slaughterhouse, but who still see no harm in eating meat, provided they do not witness the death struggle of the animals? Suffering, after all, in this world, has to be. We must eat something. Every living creature must eat something, be it flesh or be it green leaves. And since there is only a ‘difference of degree’ between killing a lamb and uprooting a potato, why bother so much about either? Let’s eat anything that comes, and keep our energy for the service of a better cause.”

This is the final attitude of those who accept the ghastly industry of death as a matter of course, at least as long as it does not involve the death of human beings. Logically, we would have hardly anything to reply, if only those people did not acquire sudden scruples wherever their own kind is concerned; if only, that is to say, they did not shudder at the idea of a regular, large-scale organized slaughter of human beings also, in special places, and of a commercialized distribution of human flesh to be boiled or roasted in private kitchens, cooked in pies, or sliced and put between two pieces of bread and butter, for sandwiches. Why not, indeed, if it be all but a mere “difference of degree,” *and if differences of degree*

do not matter? If it be “just the same,” ultimately, to cut an animal’s throat and to pluck a cauliflower, then surely it must be all the more so to cut a baby’s throat, or a lamb’s. (We speak of babies because we remember that “in nature” carnivorous animals, especially felines, do sometimes eat the young ones of their species, but not the old ones. And we know how seriously our meat-eating friends insist on being “natural.”) The only difficulty would be practical, not ethical. It would arise from the fact that the baby has parents endowed with understanding and with the power to protest; parents who would not tolerate the slaughterhouses to claim any percentage of their progeny, and who would create trouble — while the poor mother cow and the mother goat and the mother-sheep do not find out why their young ones are taken away from them, unless they happen to be themselves sold to the same butcher, and would anyhow be powerless to protest even if they were conscious of their horrible fate.

We are the first to admit that differences of consciousness from one sphere of nature to another, and from one species to another within the same sphere, can probably be reduced to differences in *degree*. We know, as well as our meat-eating opponents do, about the study which sir Jagadish Bose made of the sensitiveness of plants to various excitements, and the conclusions he reached; moreover, we believed that there is probably some sort of dim consciousness prevailing throughout the mineral world also. All through the evolutionary scale of which we know, from the most apparently inert mineral to the superman, it seems possible, even plausible, to see nothing but slowly increasing differences of degree. But to us differences of degree have their importance. They have indeed, also in the eyes of the meat eaters; otherwise all those who, among the latter, no longer cling to the belief that there is a difference of nature, *not* merely of degree, between man and animal, would see no harm in eating human flesh. As for the others — those who do share that belief — we pity their poor knowledge of human weakness; but at the same time we say that, if as they think there really be a difference of nature between a child and a calf, just because the one can speak and perhaps argue, while the other cannot, then there certainly is a difference at least as considerable, if not much more so, between a calf and a potato. The former can move, the latter cannot. The former can and does obviously express pleasure and pain in a manner easy to detect even at our scale of vision. The latter cannot. The former has a nervous system; the latter has not.

So that, whatever be the difference between man and animal (be it a difference of nature or, as we believe, merely of degree in intricate organization) there is a still far more striking difference between an evolved animal and a plant. The plant, even if it feels (as we believe it does, to some extent) does not give us marks of its pain, already obvious at our ordinary scale, as an animal would. And it is at our ordinary scale that we live and act. It appears to us as most sinister casuistry to take advantage of the knowledge we have acquired of the sensitiveness of plants to justify age-old horrible human customs, and to start saying that, since we cannot help eating potatoes, wheat and rice (for we must eat something) we may as well, while we are about it, kill calves and oxen, sheep, goats and pigs, and feed on their flesh. It is just blinding ourselves to our own common sense; to our elementary power of discrimination and sense of proportion. Anybody, whose sophistry has not completely obliterated his or her natural sensitiveness, will admit that the death-struggle of a sheep, goat, calf or pig, is undeniably more repulsive a sight than the uprooting of a potato-plant. "Yes, it is so," retort our casuists, "but merely *at our scale*; we do not *see* the death-struggle of the potato plant." It may be so. But as for all practical purposes it is "at our scale" that we live and act in the world, we cannot dismiss the fact. It is only natural that we should first put an end to whatever appears to be obvious cruelty, even at our gross and imperfect scale, before going into more subtle considerations.

If it were possible to live on water and air, or at least on ripe fruit fallen by itself from the trees, we would be the first to condemn the practice of growing rice or wheat in order to eat it. We would gladly welcome the idea of a better humanity — far reduced in numbers, far improved in quality — living on ripe fruits and water alone, in the warmer regions of a beautiful forest-clad earth. That vision seems very remote. But even as things stand today, *it is possible* to live without meat, be it in a cold climate. We know it from personal experience. We know it from the experience of other life-long vegetarians who were born and bred and lived all their lives beyond the fiftieth degree of latitude. Those who deny the fact show ignorance, or lie willfully. While it is not possible to live long on water and air, save for a very small number of *yogis*; and it is hardly possible to live on ripe fruits alone, save in the warmer regions of the globe. Compelled as we are to take life in order to live, we would therefore be content with taking that of the creatures which, at least at our scale of vision, give no sign of suffering: plants; of

the creatures which compared with other possible preys, seem to have the faintest degree of consciousness. Our opponents say: "We should not eat one another while cattle is available." We say: "it is a crime to eat cattle while it is possible to live on vegetable food-stuffs." And the flesh of any animal is as much abomination to us as human flesh is to most people.

* * *

The next question is: "What about eggs? What about milk and the products derived from milk-butter and cheese, etc.?"

An Indian vegetarian would rank eggs straight away along with meat, and refuse to eat a cake that contains any. Are they not potential birds? A thorough Jain "ahimshavadi" — one who tries to be "harmless" — would look upon the act of breaking a fecundated egg to make an omelette in the same light as many a European Christian (especially a Catholic) would judge that of killing a human germ, or a human foetus, in the process of birth control or actual abortion. Moreover, eggs are supposed to have "a heating effect" upon the body, just as meat (and certain vegetables like onions, and garlic) would have; an effect little desirable from the standpoint of those who regulate their diet in order that it may help them to live as ascetic a life as possible. And, as we have remarked in the beginning, the majority of the Indians who discard meat belong to that category, either by personal inclination or by family tradition.

To us, who are vegetarians simply to avoid being responsible for the suffering and death of conscious beings, not in view of our own spiritual progress, or of our own salvation, there appears to be a great difference between breaking an egg and killing a duck or a hen. The egg is alive and, if timely hatched, will become a bird that will chirp and run about and be glad to live. But just now, in the meantime — like the vegetable, which is also alive — it gives us, at least at our scale of vision, no signs of any consciousness whatsoever. The bird that has come out of the egg is happy to see the daylight; it expresses pleasure and pain. The potential bird does not know yet how beautiful life is and, if the egg be boiled or broken, will never know. It is a pity, we admit. Yet, if what we really wish to avoid by abstaining from flesh is less the destruction of individual life, at any stage of consciousness, than the infliction of pain upon a sentient creature, and the fact of depriving that creature of the joy of seeing the daylight — of the pleasure of being alive — then we must admit, also, that there is a great difference between killing the egg and killing an animal or a man. We would

even say that we believe it far better to eat eggs than to allow them to be hatched and to grow into chickens and ducklings, in all countries where the fate of any chicken or duckling, which is out of the vegetarians' control, is to end its life under a kitchen knife. We do not advocate the eating of fecundated eggs, or the destruction of any embryo, if it can be avoided. We would far prefer seeing to it that no embryo comes into existence unless a happy life can be secured for the individual it potentially contains — bird, beast or human being. But we cannot, from our point of view — which is the welfare of the “eaten,” not that of the “eater” alone — see the breaking or boiling of an egg, and the murder of an obviously sensitive quadruped, bird, fish or crab, in the same light.

As for milk, it involves other problems, and we would be inclined to condemn the consumption of it, in certain parts of the world at least, far more uncompromisingly than that of eggs. Any lover of animals, even any moderately kind person, who has lived in the larger towns of India, will at once understand what we mean. There, we have seen skeleton —like young calves hardly able to stand upon their feet, tottering along behind their mothers from house to house; we have seen them gaze at the good rich food which nature provided *for them* — not for man — being milked out into a pail at every doorstep in front of which they stopped. A tightly-fitting muzzle encircled their mouths, so that they could not suck the cow, who turned back her head and tenderly licked them from time to time; and they got a hard blow or a kick from the milkman whenever they were caught trying, in spite of all precautions, to bring their hungry lips near the maternal breast. And the milkmen were supposed to be Hindus — believers in the sacred unity of all life, in theory at least. And the housewives who bought that stolen milk, that product of days and days of agony, and carried it in for themselves and for their children, in front of the famishing calf and of its sad-eyed mother, were Hindus too, who regard the cow as holy! —shame upon them and upon all men and women who tolerate any form of cruelty without a word of protest; nay, who are willing to take advantage of it!

We believe that to drink milk, or to eat products derived from milk, in any country where these goods are, half the time, obtained as the cost of the systematic starvation of the young calves, is far more criminal than to destroy potential birds by eating eggs, or, by the way, than to destroy embryos of any living species. And we are astonished that so many Indian vegetarians seem to take the milk problem so lightly. As far as we know, only a number of strict

Buddhists from the Far East actually exclude milk from their diet as an “animal product.” Personally, without going as far as they do, and condemning the practice of “milking” cows, sheep, goats or camels altogether, we insist most emphatically on the fact that their milk was given them for their young (not for us), and that we should never allow ourselves to take it unless we first can be sure that the young have had their rightful share of it. Through a sinister necessity this is generally the case, wherever the baby beasts are deliberately brought up for slaughter: they fetch a higher price if well-fed and fat. We wish it only would become so always and everywhere, *without* the young animals being reared for anything else but for a healthy, happy life.

* * *

But food is by no means the only excuse which man brings forth to justify his shocking treatment of animals. There is clothing also; there is amusement; there are the “necessities” of transport and of agriculture; there is “scientific” experimentation, for the sake of “knowledge.”

We have noticed how few people are actually aware of what they are doing when they order a slice of mutton or a sausage roll. We might also point out how few of the women who feel so happy to exhibit their expensive fur coats at tea parties, fashionable restaurants, theaters and concert halls, would not shudder if only they could imagine the atrocities that were committed in order to procure them their luxuries. The same can be said of those who wear feathers.

One meets ladies with kind, intelligent faces — more than once, ladies who seem sincerely devoted to some pet dog or cat — wearing overcoats of “persian lamb.” Unborn lambs are torn from the wombs of the *living* mothers, and flayed alive, for the fur traders to get that particular skin covered with glossy, close-curved wool, as fine and soft as silk, which we call “persian lamb” or “astrakhan.” And not one, but over a dozen scenes of ghastly cruelty are behind every overcoat made of that fur. But the smart ladies do not know it, or do not believe it — or sometimes they have, at first, recoiled on hearing the incredible tale of horror and then gradually forgotten it, or pushed the impression of it sufficiently far out of their field of vivid consciousness for it not to disturb them every time they see their coat.

And what we say about “persian lamb” can be said about many a skin obtained, if not by that specially revolting process, by some

other, hardly less cruel — perhaps even more so, if that be possible; skins that come, for instance, from beasts flayed alive long *after* they were born. This horrid thing is done so that the fur, taken alive, might remain more glossy and beautiful. Always that sickening idea that, for man — the “master” beast — to enjoy to the utmost all kinds of commodities, it does not matter what other creatures might suffer. Well does mankind at large deserve to be treated by the stronger and better organized groups of men whichever these be, in the selfsame way it treats the living species that cannot meet human cruelty with systematic retaliation!

There are people who would object to wearing a fur fully knowing that it had been obtained by torture; but they would not mind wearing one taken from an animal “humanely killed.” Surely of the two evils, the lesser is always preferable, and “humane killing” is less appalling than the atrocities to which we have just alluded. Still, to destroy a creature that is only too glad to live — especially a beautiful one, like those of which man is so proud to wear the stolen skins — to deny it for ever the pleasure of breath and movement and the joy of seeing the sun, in order to provide another species with extra comforts and luxuries, is far worse than to put deficient human beings into the lethal chamber for the betterment of the human race. In the latter case, individuals are sacrificed to the interest of their own species, and in some instances at least, to that of their own race. But in the case of furbearing animals (as in the case of those which man eats) living individuals are sacrificed to the interest, or the mere pleasure, of a species that is not even theirs, on the sole grounds that this alien species is superior to theirs in wits and skill; that it has more “possibilities.” The same logic would justify the men who have actually more possibilities than others to eat those others if they please, and to use their skins for binding books or for making fine gloves for themselves.

Feathers are, half the time, obtained at the cost of hardly less cruelty to birds than furs are at the cost of cruelty to quadrupeds or to seals. The details of those abominable practices exceed the scope of this book, mainly written to set forth, as clearly as possible, certain fundamental principles that must underlie our attitude towards all living nature and our dealings with nonhuman creatures, if we are actually to become a “superior” species. They can easily be obtained from any of the societies formed by friends of animals, in Europe and America, for the abolition of the evils we mentioned. What we want to stress is the heavy burden of guilt

that lies upon the ordinary man in the street—not, himself, actually cruel to any creature — for directly or indirectly encouraging, or at least, for tolerating the criminal industry in fur or feathers, no less than the industry of animal slaughter for the sake of food. The fact that no candidate up till now, in any country we know, has felt it necessary to introduce the issues discussed in this book into his electoral campaign and to tell his fellow-citizens: “Vote for our party; for our program includes the abolition of the fur and feather trades as well as of the meat industry,” that alone is a shame on mankind at large. For the only reason why no political party has ever boasted of such a program is plain: cruelty to animals, when exercised for man’s health, comfort or pleasure, does not shock people enough, and animal welfare in itself does not interest them enough for it to be worth while — helpful, that is to say, from an electoral point of view — to mention such things in an appeal for votes. On the contrary! the party that would dare openly to do so, would thereby jeopardize its chances of success: it would turn the meat eaters — the majority — against it.¹

* * *

Very little needs to be said about cruel amusements like hunting, bullfighting, or circus performances. It “might” be not sufficient to establish “right”; and if nothing can justify the infliction of pain upon creatures which we have not even the excuse of hating for having willfully harmed us, then certainly the killing of big or small game for the amusement of the hunting party, the torturing and killing of bulls in the arena, or the exhibition of clever tricks performed, under threat, by wild or tame animals, for the pleasure of the human populace, are all criminal doings.

The latter, some will say, do not necessarily imply cruelty. Animals can be trained by kindness and patience to work many circus wonders. We reply that even if they *can be*, in fact they *are not*. They are not, because it would need, to train any beast — and especially a wild one — far more patience than a professional animal trainer can generally afford to spare, and far more love than any average human being is capable of. It would need a real saint, like some of those *yogis* of India who live in friendship with the snakes and beasts of the jungle, to persuade a lion to throw a football to

¹ This has been very clearly expressed in *Tischgespräche* — a presumed collection of Adolf Hitler’s private talks, published long after this book was written.

another lion. And no real saint — no man truly in tune with the Universe and at peace with all beings — would dream of wasting his energy on such a thing. The very action would seem to him too unnatural, too ridiculous; at the same time humiliating to the royal animal, born for freedom and self-respect, and morally injurious to the human populace itself. Any saint — any thoughtful man, by the way — would disapprove of the perversity that urges circus audiences to enjoy the sight of a wild beast's degradation as a proof of man's skill.

It is therefore not saints, but just strong, fearless, and at the same time brutal men, who become "trainers" of circus animals. It is not love that makes a captive lion allow himself to throw a football or to stand on his hind legs like a pet dog in the midst of the cheers of a vulgar crowd, worthy only of his contempt. It is the fear of the lashing whip or of the red-hot iron bar — the fear of the repetition of physical pain inflicted time and again in the past by the human bully, weaker than the king of beasts, yet more powerful through cunning and mechanical skill — it is that fear, we say, not love, that makes the lion "perform" his ridiculous part in a circus show. And the same can be said of all "performing" animals. It is not possible for anyone — save perhaps for a great yogi, and that is, of course, out of the question — to force his will even upon tame animals (and *a fortiori* upon wild ones) and to make them exhibit tricks when *he* likes, without a considerable amount of cruelty. Trainers who are sincere admit it. To encourage circus shows is to encourage such cruelty.

Bullfights are even worse than circus shows — morally worse for the spectators, at least, for here the fury of the wounded, bleeding bull, maddened by pain, is precisely the essential part of the "attraction"; and nothing is more degrading than the sadistic pleasure many men and women take in such a sight. They call it "the sight of brute force overcome by human intelligence and skill." The supporters of gladiatorial combats, over a millennium and a half ago, probably said the same, and perhaps found also other reasons to justify the barbaric games which they enjoyed. And then, at least, along with duels of men and wild beasts, one could watch the more gallant duels of two men armed with different but equally murderous weapons. While here the display of "human intelligence versus brute strength" is just that of superior skill and equipment versus a greater natural strength devoid of these. The sight of five hundred strong men armed with stones, or at the most arrows, being "overcome" by ten men armed with machine-guns,

should be the ideal amusement for those who take pleasure in bullfights. In our eyes, any torture of animals for the sake of entertainment or for any other purpose, is just as revolting as the torture of children for the same purpose, or some similar one, would probably be to the average man, solely concerned with the welfare of his own species. And no nation deserves to live which tolerates any of the atrocities we have mentioned up till now, not to speak of the still more appalling ones practiced in the name of scientific research.

As for hunting, shooting and fishing, one should, it seems distinguish two aspects of them. There is, or rather there was, hunting and fishing as practised by the men of the Old Stone Age, who had forgotten how to live on wild fruits and not yet learned how to till the soil, and who did not know any better; by men who apart from, at the most, an extremely small number of privileged races, — whose superiority already manifested itself in the invention of abstract symbols bearing a cosmic meaning — were themselves but beasts more intelligent and aesthetically better gifted than the great apes of kindred species. Those men had to live on flesh and fish, and had to procure them somehow. We cannot blame them for the blood they shed any more than we blame the carnivorous animals of the forest that are supposed to have lagged behind them in speed of evolution. But men at that stage of development are no longer to be found, save perhaps in certain regions of the globe; in the equatorial forests of Africa and South America, or in certain remote parts of India, unknown to the Hindus themselves. What we condemn is hunting, shooting and fishing as practiced by people who would have something to eat even if they never touched a gun, a knife or a fishing rod — hunting, shooting and fishing for the sake of sport. We already condemn the murder of animals for food, — unless it *really be a question of life or death* for extremely valuable individuals or races — in the case of people who pretend to be any better than the wild flesh-eating beasts. But we see, in the wanton destruction of beautiful living creatures for the sake of amusement — and all living creatures are beautiful — one of the most disgusting expression of man's cruelty. The hunter and the man who goes fishing just "for the sake of sport" are decidedly among the enemies of nature; they are among the worst elements of ugliness, that is to say, of evil, in the midst of our lovely, sunlit planet, especially if, as it happens most times if not always, they use cruel means to capture and kill their victims.

We remember most vividly the horror we felt, in India, at the sight of every man of whom it was said to us that he had shot "so

many tigers,” or at the sight of skins, or sometimes whole stuffed bodies of those magnificent felines, in certain people’s houses. Even if the tigers *did* die on the spot, we fully realized what a pity it was (a pity in all the tragic sense of the word) to deprive such perfect specimens of divine creative Energy’s handiwork: Bengal tigers, royal indeed; the most splendid inhabitants of the earth to look upon, of the joy of being alive and free in the warm jungle. Automatically we imagined the majestic, supple and stripy body, dead at the feet of the insignificant beast — the man, we mean — who has just shot breath out of it; the blood slowly running out of a small wound; the velvet paws stretched in convulsion of death; the phosphorescent eyes of emerald or transparent gold forever blind to the sight of the Sun, Father of all life. We compared the beauty of the tiger to the conceited vulgarity of the hunter. Few men, save the great Ones in whose faces genius and saintliness shine together, ever were such flattering examples of their species as an average tiger is of the feline family. And had we not remembered those rare men — by no means hunters — who lived to show us what man *can* be, we would have felt utterly ashamed of being ourselves afflicted with a human body.

And if we can speak thus of tiger-hunting, in which the animal at bay is sometimes shot dead at once, what can we think of fox hunting, of the hunting of deer, of the hunting of the hare, and of so many other living creatures only too glad to be alive, which men pursue and massacre in the most atrocious manner for the sake of amusing themselves? We let the reader judge for himself. And we invite him to study what hunting really is — and what fishing is, too — before hastening to dismiss our condemnation of both those sports.

* * *

From the earliest times onwards, men have been using beasts of burden—asses and camels, bullocks, buffaloes, horses and reindeer — to draw carts, to carry loads, or to plough the earth. Hardly any civilized nation — save those which flourished in Central America before the Spanish conquest — ever lived through the span of their historical existence without making some animals do their hard work for them. The habit has become so universal that most people find it just natural that certain beasts should work for man’s profit or comfort. We have heard many times zealous humanitarians criticize those who, in India and in China, sit in a light two-wheeled carriage — a “rickshaw” — and let themselves be

drawn by a hired man, fast or slowly, according to their desire. The humanitarians find it shocking that a “reasonable creature” like themselves should do “the work of a horse.” But they do not for a minute question whether a horse should do it or not; whether it really is or not “*its* work.” One finds in that respect, as in all others, two standards of justice, two codes of pity; one to be applied to man — the self-appointed “master-species” — the other to be applied to beasts. The only thing we marvel at, knowing this, is the sudden intolerance which the humanitarians show to those who dare to go a step further than they (or to stop a step before them) and who claim a better treatment for the actual master races — or even the *white* races, or the ruling classes, or their own countrymen, or any other privileged human group — than for the rest of men!

We proclaim that *en principe*, no animal should be made to work for man.

The common answer to this plea for the freedom of creatures is: “Man has to work in order to live — at least, most men; — why not also those beasts that can be useful? And why should we feed the horses, the oxen, the buffaloes, the asses and the camels, if they did nothing? And if we did not feed them and take care of them, they would probably perish-through hunger during the season in which no fodder is to be found; or under the claws of the wild carnivorous beast in the countries where he still exists. Moreover, man is not necessarily unkind to the animals he uses to carry merchandise or to ride upon. The attachment of the Arab to his horse is proverbial. And many an Englishman who loves horses treats them as his companions and friends.”

There is some truth in this. There is also a certain amount of prejudice due to a habitual man-centered outlook. First of all, there is no reason at all why the “useful” animals *should* work, simply because *we* do. We do the dull, regular, “useful” and detestable work for which we are paid only because we cannot live without money in a society in which every commodity of life has a standard price. If we could enjoy equal comforts while doing just what we feel inclined to do — while writing down our views in black and white, painting, travelling, spending time at our toilet table or in bed, or discussing subtle ideas at appropriate tea parties — we would undoubtedly do it, and rightly too. Why should not all animals do just what they feel like doing, if they can do so without any suffering or inconvenience to themselves? If most of us are so foolish as to sell our individual freedom for advantages that are, half the time, not worth it, why should *they* do the same for the food and

shelter that they could obtain, in some regions of the globe at least, without that sacrifice?

The animals now styled as “beasts of burden” could still, in many warm and fertile countries, eat grass and be happy, without drawing carts or carrying loads, if only they were left free and could be secure, not from the threat of the wild beast, but from that of man’s greed and cruelty — from the rapacity of those who would drive their henceforth unowned and therefore cheap bodies to the slaughterhouses, and sell them for meat with a hundred per cent profit. They could have, everywhere, remained free and happy, and far more able to defend themselves than they would be *now*, if only man had never interfered with them, never “domesticated” them. He domesticated them for his own purpose; not in view of their welfare. He acted in that circumstance, no less than in all others, as a gregarious beast more clever than, but as selfish as, any beast could be. It is his fault, or rather the fault of his prehistorical forefathers, if there arises today, in the consciousness of the better few, any problem at all concerning the treatment of animals of burden as well as of pet animals.

It is probably true that most of the horses, buffalos, asses, etc., that now live in stables and work under man’s whip, would soon perish of hunger of cold, or become the prey of wild beasts, if they were suddenly let loose to fend for themselves anywhere, save in a very few privileged regions of the earth—regions both of temperate climate, of abundant and suitable flora, and of harmless fauna. But it is man’s fault if they have become so helpless and dependent. It is the result of millenniums of merciless exploitation; of a man-made reign of terror, in which they have continually lived, and which has become, to their submissive sense, like a natural environment. The reign of terror may cease. But the animals will take time before they recover the pristine self-reliance of their race — if they ever do recover it. Man should never have made them his slaves.

Now the only thing he can do to redeem, to some extent, the crime of his forefathers, is to help the beasts of burden to live happily, while preparing their different species for a new life of independence. The only thing he can do, if he wishes no longer to be the wicked tyrant before whose whip or stick the horse and buffalo, the ass and the camel bend in fear their weary heads, is to feed those beasts well, till they die of a natural death, without taking from them any work in return, for some generations — until machines replace them entirely in the fields, in the deserts, in the

mines and on the roads; and until their descendants, gradually reeducated to live their own lives independently, can be expected to fend for themselves in woods and steppes, deserts and jungles.

We know that quite a number of people nowadays are rather inclined to condemn the increasing use of machines in all walks of life. They insist, like Mahatma Gandhi, on the hardening, “soul-killing” effect of the constant handling of machinery upon the man who handles it; and they often oppose to that the natural friendship of man and of his faithful collaborators, the beasts of burden. We have seen too much of the daily distress of beasts of burden in all countries save perhaps a very few, to subscribe for a minute to the views of such incurable optimists, or to share their hopes. Men, if allowed to use animals to draw carts or to carry loads, on a broad scale, will surely overload them, overwork them and ill-treat them, in order to get out of them all the material service they possibly can for the money they spend on their food. Average men are naturally selfish and greedy and cowardly; they always were; they apparently always will be, so far as we know human nature.

In September 1941, in a half-an-hour’s interview which he was kind enough to grant us, we could not help drawing the attention of India’s saintly politician, Mahatma Gandhi, to the cause of the unfortunate horses that his followers and visitors used to hire to carry them from the Wardha railway station to Sevagram — Gandhi’s abode — and back. We pointed out to him the number of times those beasts had to run the five miles that separate the two places, tired or not, hungry or not, sick or not, drawing in their two-wheeled carriages — “tangas” — besides the driver, believers or professed believers in the Mahatma’s creed of love towards all life, whose number varied from one to six. Before leaving Wardha we had ourselves reported one of the drivers to the police for making a horse work in spite of an open wound upon its back, and we recalled the incident before the great man. Mahatma Gandhi seemed to understand our point of view and to share, to some extent, our sympathy for the exploited horses. But he knew the people with whom he had to work. He told us frankly: “I have, as it is, no real disciples. If I started criticizing those who come here for taking advantage of the ‘tangas’, I dare say, then, even the nominal ones would soon leave me, and the little good I might do would be entirely lost.”

If that be the truth about Gandhi’s own followers, then what can be expected of man in general? What can be expected of those who do not even profess to adhere to a life-centered creed? — of those

who have vested interests in the exploitation of beasts of burden? Can one reasonably believe that they would be kind and merciful towards their dumb “collaborators and friends” — that they would never overload them; never force them to work when tired or sick or unwilling, as long as they believe that a contrary behavior would be more profitable to themselves, materially? Even just laws protecting the four-legged laborers would result in little good. No government can afford to maintain a policeman to watch each and every cart-driver in the street, each and every ploughman in the fields-provided we suppose an animal-loving government could exist *and last* before tremendous changes take place in the collective ethics of our societies. Therefore as long as certain beasts are permitted to work for man at all, it seems that there will be fifty harsh and exacting masters for one naturally kind one.

The best course of action would be, in our opinion, to reduce as far as possible, and gradually to suppress altogether, the use of animals for hard work. The development of machinery is, in that respect, helping the cause of our dumb brothers.

* * *

But the problem would still remain of what to do with the beasts of burden, alive at the time it would be decided to exploit them no longer. Indeed, things are made worse by the fact that the use of those animals is “gradually” ceasing, and can only gradually cease. The progress of machinery, up till now, only “alleviates their misery” by bringing about their violent death. An owner of horses or buffaloes or bullocks buys a truck or mechanical farm equipment to do their work and sells them. After working for man all their lives, they end in the slaughterhouse. It is the accepted standard of human gratitude — a disgusting thing, but an unavoidable one as long as there are meat eaters and slaughterhouses, and cattle markets, and no organized care of man’s old “collaborators and friends.”

The progress of machinery can really help the cause of beasts of burden only if such organized care of the henceforth useless animals is made a reality; if homes for buffalos and camels, asses, horses, reindeer, etc. and all discharged four-legged laborers, are set up all over the world — comfortable homes, comparable to the best of those “pinjrapals” that already exist, in some parts of India, for old cows; places in which the beasts would be looked after by people who love them, and would spend the rest of their lives grazing in the sunshine; if, finally, the owners of the animals here alluded to are *compelled by law* to take them to those homes as

soon as they cease using them, and if there are severe penalties against anyone who buys or sells a beast of burden. Even then, so long as the meat industry *exists*, interested people would find loopholes to escape legal punishment and carry on a clandestine traffic of working animals as these would become useless. For the mechanization or modern society really to be a blessing for the animals, agitation against the meat industry has to be made effective, along with a campaign of kindness in favor of the beasts of burden. As the evils are interconnected, so are the problems of their suppression.

One can imagine efforts so that, wherever the geographical conditions permit, each new generation of animals formerly used as “beasts of burden” could be brought up to depend more and more upon itself, and less and less upon man, for its subsistence — until the species would be brought back to a tolerable state of self-sufficiency in its natural environment. If that can be done, so much the better. But if perchance it cannot be — we do not know; perhaps the enslaved animals have become congenitally dependent on man — then the least that man can do, if he has any sense of his responsibilities, is to feed for all times to come the descendants of the present-day beasts of burden — seeing to it, of course, that they do not multiply beyond a certain limit — and to make their lives happy in grassy expanses allotted to them, thus paying a small part of his enormous debt to their ancestors, and trying to make up, to the extent of his power, for centuries and centuries of cruel exploitation; trying to make up for the crime of the prehistorical human beings who first domesticated as many as they could of the older inhabitants of our earth, and for the crime of all those who, from age to age, took animal slavery as a matter of course, and never raised a voice of protest against it.

This task, in favor of healthy living creatures, whose various species have been working for man for millenniums, is surely more justifiable than the one (so popular since the political downfall of those who boldly refused to sanction it) consisting in maintaining expensive “homes” for incurable human wrecks, lunatics, congenital idiots, and all manner of two-legged freaks of nature, at state cost.

We know, however, very few people who would welcome our suggestion. But we know, too, that there are very few thoroughly just and thoroughly honest people in the world — especially *now*; very few, at least, who still dare to speak.

CHAPTER VII

Ritual Slaughter of Animals

The ritual slaughter of animals is closely connected with flesh eating in the countries where it still prevails. Apart from that, it has played, in the formation of man's religious psychology, too great a part for us not to devote a few pages to it.

The practice is now far less universal than it was once, and in Christian countries it is generally looked upon as one of the basest expressions of primitive superstition. There is, for instance, hardly a book written to defend the "civilizing" role of the white man in India, which does not give publicity to that gruesome side of Hindu religion, through some bloodcurdling description of the sacrifices regularly performed in the temple of the goddess Kali, at Kalighat, Calcutta.

We are surely the last people to support animal sacrifices, and yet we cannot but marvel at the inconsistency of those "sahibs" (and also of a certain number of "reformed" Hindus), who are horrified at the idea of what goes on at Kalighat, while they themselves are flesh eaters and — what is worse — flesh eaters not only in England or in Germany, or in the Scandinavian countries (where the animals are at least killed as quickly and painlessly as possible) but in India. They object to the goats having their heads cut off in one stroke at Kalighat, but see no harm in eating, in any of Calcutta's European restaurants, the flesh of quadrupeds or birds killed in the most revolting fashion in the slaughterhouses or in the New Market, or in the yard behind the kitchen of the place, by men who feel bound by no ritual rules and just do not care what the creatures suffer. This is done in the name of man's greed. And, in the eyes of many modern people, atrocities become really objectionable only when they take place in the name of the Gods.

And yet, what an amount of theology, inseparable from the primitive ideas attached to ritual slaughter, survives in some of the modern religions! To all those who are genuinely horrified at blood sacrifices while professing to be Christians, we would like to point out that the whole structure of their faith rests upon the dogma of atonement for sin through the shedding of *innocent* blood. True, the blood was shed once and for all, and it has to be that of a man — or rather of a God — the blood of ordinary cattle not being, we suppose, powerful enough to whitewash sinful humanity. And at the ritual meal, bread and wine are served to the faithful — apparently at least — in place of real flesh and blood. Still it remains a fact that, under all the elaborate symbolism that hides it in the Christian Church, lies the prehistoric belief in the necessity of propitiating an angry God with blood other than that of the sinner himself. It remains true that, at the back of the Christian sacrament of Holy Communion, lies the immemorial custom of partaking of the victim's flesh in a ritual meal. Theologians, of course, will say that even the most repulsive ancient customs contained some kernel of heavenly knowledge; that the sacrifices of the Jews foreshadowed the supreme oblation of the Cross, and that even those of the Heathen (including their occasional human sacrifices) betrayed the unconscious yearning of humanity for salvation through the blood of Christ, one day to be shed. But many unprejudiced students of history and ethnology are tempted to reverse the statement and to see in the basic dogma of Christianity a survival of the primitive belief in atonement for sin through the shedding of innocent blood, and, in the rite of Holy Communion, the symbolical survival of a cannibalistic feast.

However, we do admit that, whatever be the superstition that pretends to justify it, the ritual slaughter of any living victim is pretty gruesome and that, if it can possibly be replaced by symbolical sacrifices, or suppressed altogether, so much the better — *provided this does not give rise, in practice to a worse slate of affairs than before.*

But our little experience in a country where ritual slaughter and agitation against it are equally common, as well as our little knowledge of the past, in countries where the custom is now obsolete, make us, unfortunately, very pessimistic.

As we have pointed out in a preceding chapter, people who believe in Christ as the one victim offered in oblation for the sins of the world, and who accept the Bible as it is written, should logically be vegetarians. For the Jewish Law (which the Messiah came to

fulfill and not to abolish) plainly condemns all slaughter of animals save for sacrificial purposes.¹ Yet, the suppression of ritual slaughter among Christians has only had, as a result, an enormous increase in the number of animals slaughtered for man's food alone. The scruples attached to the murder of a beast when the latter was not a sacrificial victim — scruples obviously shared by some of the first Christians, if not by Christ himself, but repudiated by Paul of Tarsus — were rejected altogether. And the killing of oxen, goats and sheep for purely commercial purposes, instead of taking place secretly (and relatively rarely, as crime generally does), became, with the sanction of the Church, a widespread institution — according to us, one of the dishonoring features of Christendom. And the pig, regarded as unclean and therefore spared by the compatriot of Jesus, was shamelessly added to the list of edible beasts on the authority of a text relating Peter's famous dream and quoting alleged heavenly words according to which nothing that God has made is "impure" and unfit to eat.

Curiously enough, what happened in early Christendom is happening to-day, at a distance of eighteen centuries or more, among many of those "reformed" Hindus who reject the very idea of animal-sacrifices at a barbaric practice while tolerating the slaughter of the same and of other beasts for man's food.

The Arya Samajists,² the most eloquent opponents of ritual slaughter in modern India, are, we admit, strict vegetarians as a rule. But their sect draws its origin from a province Punjab — where, for centuries, the habit of offering living sacrifices never has been prominent and where practically all Brahmins, at least, just shrink at the idea of flesh eating. But in Bengal, the worship of the Mother Goddess with all the traditional ritual slaughter attached to it always was widespread, even among the highest castes of Hindudom. And the members of the Brahmo Samaj — the oldest of the reformed Hindu sects of the last century — shrink at the thought of blood sacrifices, but have unfortunately no scruples at all about eating meat. In the early days of the sect, some of them even rather gloried in that repulsive

¹ Leviticus 17, 3-4. (Already quoted. See p. 52).

² Members of a reformed Hindu Sect founded in the 2nd half of the XIXth century by Davananda Saraswati.

habit, as in an unmistakable sign of freedom from widely accepted custom and immemorial “prejudice.” It seems to have been one of their ways of making themselves *different* from non-reformed Hindus, for the sheer sake of being different.

And up to this day — strange as it may appear — while blood sacrifices are looked upon in Brahma Samajist circles as horrid remnants of ages of superstition (and rightly so), there has been no agitation worth mentioning against the still more shocking custom of breeding animals to be slaughtered for man’s food.

To think of this attitude of self-styled “progressive” men is enough to generate in one’s heart a profound disgust for mankind at large, and a no less profound contempt for European education applied to Easterners of Hindu (or Buddhist) tradition — or, by the way, for any type of foreign education applied to people on a broad scale, which only makes them worse instead of better.

One realizes that people would be brought gradually to give up their customary atrocities, through a series of more and more evolved interpretations of some of the most tenacious of their own old beliefs -if necessary, through an intelligent regulation of their oldest customs rooted in “superstition.” One realizes that the newly Christianized (that is to say, Judaized) Greeks and Romans, and the people of Northern Europe, centuries later, behaved much like the nineteenth century newly Europeanized Indians. They shook off old customs which possibly were bad enough to take on a new outlook which implied a much worse one. In particular, as regards animals, they threw off the last shame they had about the act of eating non-sacrificial meat, and replaced the age-old institution of ritual slaughter (based on belief in magic and on superstitious fears) by the still more revolting practice of killing creatures just for the sake of greed, independently of religion. It became a crime to eat flesh only in the case if the latter had been offered up to the “idols.” But in all other cases it became rather commendable. Only out and out ascetics were expected to abstain from doing so, and that merely in order to mortify their own bodies, not from any feeling of mercy towards living creatures.

The result (in both cases) was a regression, not a progress, in real civilization; a lowering of men’s moral standards.

The number of animals sacrificed to man’s greed — whether in the ancient world or in modern India — grew altogether out of proportion with that of the victims once offered up to angry Gods as a primitive means of propitiation. And (what is as bad, if not worse) the creatures, instead of being slaughtered in a definite

manner, prescribed once and for all by the ritual (which, among the “Shakta” Hindus of Bengal, at least, implied a minimum of suffering for the victims, whose heads had to be cut off *at one stroke*) were killed anyhow, the horror and length of their agony depending solely upon the greater or lesser skill of the slaughterers, bound by no laws at all, and, sometimes, upon their inborn sadism or lack of sadism.

One might think that this occurred only whenever a religion prescribing or tolerating blood sacrifices was superceded by a new one which implied no teaching at all as regards man’s behaviour towards creatures, or at least which did not stress universal kindness. But it is a fact — though admittedly a baffling one — that populations, among which a religion such as Buddhism replaced others, of the ritual of which animal slaughter was a more or less common feature, very quickly reverted to meat eating (or fish eating) if they ever had given up that practice at all. This is the case of the Buddhist section of the population in China, Japan, Burma, Ceylon and India.

Admittedly the Buddhist vegetarians of the Far East are the most strict vegetarians on earth (more strict even than the Indian ones, which is saying much). But they comprise, apart from the monks, only a very small percentage of the people who profess to take refuge “in the Buddha, in the Law, and in the Community of the Faithful.” Proportionally far more animals, killed in the slaughterhouses, are daily eaten by so-called Buddhists in Ceylon, and in the Chittagong district of Bengal — the last Buddhist spot in India — than are consumed by “Shakta” Hindus, who eat only sacrificial meat, and that, merely on certain religious occasions. Never was a vegetarian diet forced on a whole country in the name of Buddhism (or of any other life-centered creed) save in India, during the last part of the reign of good King Asoka, and, occasionally, for short periods, in Japan. And when this took place, it was always as the result of a decree expressing the sweet will of an absolute monarch. Also, at least in the case of Asoka, the new and better order was established *gradually*, a certain number of animals being slaughtered for some years, with the ruler’s permission, for the food not merely of meat-eaters in general but even of the inmates of the royal palace.

This all goes to show how difficult it is to change man’s ingrained habits, however wicked these be, even in the name of a Teaching of love as influential as Buddhism was in India, in Asoka’s days.

It is indeed no wonder that, among the sincerest followers of life-centered religions (such as are *all* forms of Hinduism) there are some who, still today, are prepared to tolerate the ritual slaughter of certain animals solely in order to prevent a more general, more indiscriminate, and even more gruesome slaughter outside the temple precincts, merely in the name of human greed.

We have heard that argument put forward by several Hindu “Shaktas,” in particular by one Bengali Brahmin domiciled in Assam, who appeared to me to be a sincere and consistent lover of animals. This man assured me that the only means he could imagine, at present, to avoid a crueler and more frequent slaughter of living beings, was to limit the murderous custom to *ritual* slaughter on certain festive days, and to confine meat eating strictly to occasional sacrificial meals. Of course he readily agreed that education, coupled with *gradual* reforms forwarded by religious authority, should end by rendering that primitive custom altogether obsolete and at the same time, by making a harmless diet the only conceivable one.

* * *

When one considers that this applies to India — the country in which meat eating seems to have been, for centuries, far less prevalent than anywhere else, even among those people who do not condemn it — one grows more tolerant towards those religious teachers (and especially those legislators) of non-Indian Antiquity who, though themselves the expounders of definitely life — centered religions or philosophies, do not seem to have protested against the slaughter of sacrificial victims in temples, high places, and other such sacred areas.

One might not go so far as to say that all legislations regulating the ritual slaughter of animals were worked out in order to avoid indiscriminate massacres on a broader scale by greedy, flesh-eating primitive men. But we firmly believe that all teachers who, *in spite of professing a definitely life-centered philosophy*, accepted or tolerated the custom of ritual slaughter (or even incorporated it into the external rites of their own religion) did so in the spirit which we have just tried to explain.

We believe that the better ones among the wise men of all ancient countries where a life-centered religion prevailed were moved by such a spirit — from the “rishis” of Vedic India, who accepted as a matter of course (and even regulated) the age-old sacrifices to Indra, Lord of heaven, and to the other Aryan Gods,

down to the most consistent of the Neo-Pythagoreans, Apollonius of Tyana. That sage, so keen to avoid taking advantage of the slaughter of creatures for his own food or dress; so genuinely against ritual slaughter as to refuse even to be present at a sacrifice, does not seem, however, to have raised, in his daily conversations with temple priests, such a protest against the gruesome custom as to win himself, amongst them, the reputation of a revolutionary. On the contrary, from what his biographers say, he always remained on friendly terms with the priest of the Greek Gods, whose temples were as bloodstained as any, a fact which can only be taken to imply an understanding silence on his part as regards even the barbaric aspects of their ritual.

Another historical instance confirming that which we have mentioned could be found in the presence of piles of geese upon the altars of the Sun, in the City of the Horizon of the Sun Disk, the Tell-el-Amarna of modern archaeologists. No creed could be more decidedly life-centered than the Religion of the Disk, of which we have said a few words in a former chapter. And the above instance would just point out how its Founder — Akhnaton of Egypt — the unquestionable revolutionary, arch-enemy of all priestcraft, found it less impossible to suppress some of the commonest manifestations of age-old superstition than to change a country's diet at one stroke. He might have preferred to confine killing to a sacrificial practice on very definite occasions, rather than take the risk of seeing an indiscriminate and broad scale slaughter of creatures for the sole purpose of man's food become a habit. We cannot tell, of course, from purely archaeological evidence, if this view is the right one or not. But it has, at least, the advantage of lifting the apparent contradiction between the undeniably life-centered spirit of a beautiful cult, and the conclusions that pictorial evidence might suggest. It also tallies with what we know to be the case in many other instances, ancient and modern.

To sum up, the ritual slaughter of living creatures, so over-decried today in a world that accepts and even encourages far more shocking institutions, can be looked upon from two entirely different angles: either as a traditional — magical — means of propitiating angry Gods, or, as a practical means of *avoiding* a greater and crueller slaughter of animals *outside* religious enclosures, and openly in the name of man's greed. Only very primitive people can possibly consider it in the first manner.

In all cases in which, though still accepted or tolerated as a part of the public cult, it obviously does not correspond to such a

barbaric theology — wherever such a theology is decidedly out of keeping with the spirit of the religion itself — ritual slaughter is to be interpreted in the second manner, whether today, in modern India, or centuries ago, in the temples of the Ancient World. In particular, we feel sure that this was the meaning of it in the eyes of the best men of Antiquity, upholders of life-centered forms of religion, whether Sun worship or any other.

But there is every reason for one to agitate against the gruesome custom wherever and whenever it can possibly be suppressed without greater cruelties to animals consequently taking place. In particular, in all technically well-equipped countries, in which animals are killed for man's food by such means as the "humane killer," the survival of the horrid "kosher" slaughter or of any other barbarous form of ritual killing is a shocking concession to obsolete superstition, to be stamped out ruthlessly, and without consideration for "religious freedom" — one is never *free* to inflict pain upon animals, Nor can we praise too highly the efforts of all such enlightened Indians who consider it to be time for their compatriots to realize at last that slaughter of innocent creatures is always to be condemned, even if taking place under the cover of age-old religious rites.

CHAPTER VIII

Knowledge and Therapy

One of the most appalling forms of exploitation of animals — if not the most appalling of all, for the tortures it implies — is undoubtedly the use of them as subjects of systematic experimentation, be it for the sake of mere scientific curiosity, be it with the definite purpose of discovering new and better methods of fighting disease in human beings, and, occasionally, in animals themselves.

The animals are either vivisected, that is to say that their organs are experimented upon while they are still alive — sometimes, but not always, under an anesthetic — or else they are injected with the germs of different diseases — turned into artificial patients — for the sole purpose of giving doctors and students an easy opportunity of studying those diseases and of discovering improvements upon the known methods of curing them. The two main reasons invoked to justify the atrocities committed in both cases — the “right” of man to increase his knowledge of nature, and his “right” to defend his life *at any cost*, — cannot be said to concern, each one, a separate class of experiments, for in research work, everything is connected. From the results of a series of experiments carried on today for the sake of pure curiosity, it may happen that light will some day be thrown unexpectedly upon some disquieting question of practical therapy. All arts apply some sort of information or other to their particular purpose, which is practical. And as the art of healing is no exception to that rule, it would be unscientific to justify the inoculation of animals for the immediate purpose of finding out new serums and other remedies, without justifying at the same time any experiments on the same, undertaken in order to acquire a more accurate knowledge of the mechanism of life. The two stand or fall together.

The two seem to be, in the eyes of those who support them, more difficult to condemn than most of the other forms of exploitation of animals of which we have spoken up till now, except, perhaps, than the custom of killing animals for food. Meat is supposed to contain “indispensable” elements of nutrition, and the horrors of the slaughterhouse industry come, therefore, under the same category as those involved in scientific research. “Helping man — the master species — to live” is always, to many people, a “noble” work, as least a “necessary” one, whether it be carried on by simply feeding him according to his needs (or tastes), or by “acquiring whatever such knowledge” as might be immediately utilized for the cure of his diseases, or stored up as useful information for the benefit of future research workers, “benefactors of humanity.” People do not care, in one case or in the other, what sufferings the so-called “noble” work might imply for creatures other than man. The “master species” should, in their eyes, come first.

After man’s right “to live,” the right the most broadly recognized and the most strongly defended is that “to think,” which is inseparable from the right to know, for it is only by getting to “know” the secrets of nature better and better that man can grow to think more and more accurately, to build a philosophy of life nearer and nearer to unshakable realities — to acquire the understanding of “truth.” Is it not so? Our scientists, greedy of information if not of actual knowledge, believe it, at least. And as thought and knowledge are the supreme functions of man — his justification, that is to say — man is, according to many, far more entitled to inflict pain upon creatures in order to enable himself to *know more* than he would be, for instance, in order to look more attractive, or to amuse himself, or even to get his hard work done for him cheaply and well. After all, there are plenty of amusements besides hunting, circuses and bull fights (or cock fights); there is plenty of stuff to wear, apart from animals’ skins, even in cold countries; and days are coming when furs, and even leather, will possibly be replaceable by plastic materials, and when machines will be made to do all the hard work that there is to be done in the world. But how to know about the different brain centers of a dog without experimenting upon it, even if that implies hours of incredible torture to the dog? The cruelties for the sake of dress, sport or transport, seem to many people less unavoidable than those perpetrated in the name of those two “higher” causes: the “saving of man’s life,” and the advancement of man’s “knowledge” — the “progress of science.”

In the increasing literature of all the noble societies formed in recent years for the defence of animals against the claims of fanatical “saviours of human life” and champions of “knowledge” at any cost— the different anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination leagues—much has been written to try to prove that experimentation on animals is useless, from the very point of view of the experimenter and of the scientist in general, i.e. that it does not yield the positive results that man mostly expects from it, and therefore that it boils down, most of the time if not always, to wanton cruelty. Much has been written to prove that no substantial scientific information was gathered through the practice of vivisection, which could not have equally well, if not better, been gathered through some humane and far more simple channel. Much has been said to point out the utter futility, the childishness — the silliness — of some of the most atrocious experiments performed in our times on dogs and other animals. Much has been done to counteract the results of an obnoxious widespread “health” propaganda among the public, and to point out, both to the possible patient and to their guardians (in the case of children) the tragic aftereffects that vaccination and “preventive” inoculation do bring about, more often than many of us imagine.

All this is well and good as a means of practically impressing the populace. The average man, though not sufficiently depraved to encourage “useless” atrocities, is quite selfish enough to excuse any cruelty to dumb beasts as long as he believes it to be, in the long run, profitable to his own species. And as, in modern times, the average and less-than-average man’s views seem to be the only ones to count, he is the first power to tackle. The anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination leagues are moved by the noblest of intentions when they publish the opinions of eminent scientists concerning experimentation on animals either as gross, inaccurate and primitive, and therefore useless, or even as misleading in its results, and ultimately pernicious from a scientific point of view. Their aim is to move the governments of all so-called civilized countries to make the crimes in the name of knowledge and therapy illegal and severely punishable as soon as possible. And they naturally insist the most upon the one argument most likely to appeal to the vulgar, hard-hearted, utterly selfish average man who, after his own little person and his immediate kith and kin, values the “human race” above everything, incapable as he is of feeling his ties with all living Nature beyond it. The argument may be the cleverest one. It may be also a strong and entirely honest

one, founded on undeniable facts. It may be indeed that all the revolting atrocities of Pavlov and others, which dishonor our times, and all the horrors committed on animals in the past, from Claude Bernard to Galen, and from Galen probably to the dawn of history, under the pretext of gathering information about the mechanism of nature, or of finding out new means of healing patients; it may be, we say, that all those horrors rolled in one are but a grim piece of silliness, a monstrous farce, of no more consequence, for the real “advancement of science,” than the play of those devilish children who torture beetles, worms or ants, just for fun. It may well be so. We are neither in a position to assert that it is so, nor to deny it, not being ourselves versed in any of the particular sciences or techniques in the name of which the crimes we have referred to are ordinarily perpetrated. What we have to say is of a different order altogether.

We do not know whether vivisection has or not ever yielded scientific information of any value, which could not have been obtained otherwise. We do not know whether vaccination and inoculation have or not any real efficacy as a preventive measure against certain diseases, be it smallpox, typhoid, diphtheria or any others. We do not know whether certain serums, taken from animals, have or not a curative effect in most cases. We do not know whether certain human patients can or not expect to save their lives by taking liver extracts or meat extracts, or by drinking animals’ blood, or by using still more gruesome means of therapy recommended by village healers. We do not know, and we do not care to know. To us, *whatever be their results from a scientific point of view*, all those practices are damnable in themselves, on the sole account of the tortures they imply — tortures inflicted upon sentient creatures of any species whatsoever.

And even if they were of the greatest immediate service to the human race; even if they actually had led, or were rightly expected to lead, to the greatest discoveries concerning both our knowledge of Nature and the means to fight disease and to prolong our lives; even if they could reasonably be expected to give man the power of calling the dead to live again, we would, nevertheless, characterize them as damnable, and consider with indignant horror whomsoever it be who indulges in them, or encourage or tolerates them by his or her cowardly silence, instead of raising against them, at every possible opportunity, a stern voice of protest. As for ourselves, we declare in absolute earnestness that if, for consenting that any atrocity be committed upon a pig, a rat, a toad, or a still meaner

creature, we could be given at once the stupendous power to call back to life not the ordinary dead (as worthless in general as the ordinary, insignificant living) but any One we might choose among the great expounders of integral truth and lovers of all life, who flourished in the remote or recent past; and if we could be given the unthinkable joy of seeing the whole present world handed over to Him that he, visible in the flesh for the second time, might rule over it forever, still we would refuse.

For no reign of integral truth can stand upon a compromise with the great Law of love. And any of the great Ones whom we would be tempted to call back would blame us for making such a compromise, which He would look upon as the most shocking denial of all that he stood for and as an insult to Himself.

In other words, even if it were possible to promote, as by magic, the establishment of the very reign of perfection on earth, it would be criminal in our eyes to do so at the cost of the deliberate torture of a single *innocent* creature.¹ And if this — the highest of all ends — could by no means justify any atrocity whatsoever (were any, perchance, indispensable, in order to bring it about, which of course seems absurd), then what can one say of the ordinary ends alleged in defence of the revolting exploitation of animals “for scientific purposes”: the mere increase of man’s information concerning the phenomena of life; the mere saving of human life — in admitting that those two ends are effectively served?

* * *

Those who try to justify the exploitation of animals in its most horrible forms — vivisection, and the inoculation of healthy animals with noxious germs in order to create cheap artificial patients for the study of disease — are just as inconsistent as any of the many people who draw too definite a line between man and beast. Perhaps more inconsistent than most of them. For it is questionable whether human skins, thin as they are, and without hairs, could ever serve the purpose for which so many thousands of animals are stripped of their warm glossy furs. And though human flesh would perhaps be as tasty as beef or mutton, when well cooked, a man can always prefer to prey upon other species rather than on his own, when he can do so with practically as much

¹ Such human beings as are actual (or even potential) enemies of Life — or of a socio-political order rooted in truth (i.e., in harmony with the Laws of Life) — are, of course, anything but innocent creatures, in our eyes.

advantage. But here, the position is a little different. Here, the result would probably be far more encouraging, far more enlightening, scientifically speaking, if the subject of experimentation only were a man instead of a dog or a guinea pig. The animal cannot speak. It cannot give the experimenter firsthand information about what it feels while he acts upon its organs, laid bare upon the vivisection table, or while he tries upon it new treatments to combat the effects of the diseases he has himself afflicted it with. It cannot help the investigation in any way save by provoking unconscious variations in certain indexes which are to be read and interpreted. But a man! A man who could describe his sensations in picturesque language! A man, moreover, who would be convinced that, upon the accurate description he would give of his sufferings to his well-intentioned torturers, depends the comfort and healing of millions of patients in the future; a man who would be told, his arms and legs once bound upon the vivisection table, that he is going to fulfill a great purpose by groaning with pain for a couple of hours for the sake of Science with a capital S, and who would be given beforehand a decoration on behalf of the government! What marvelous information would not such a creature yield, provided he be, of course, as true a humanitarian and as enthusiastic an admirer of “scientific progress” as many profess to be *now* that there is no danger of *their* being vivisected! If a scientist thinks he can gather some useful hints from the naked brains of a dog — as he tells us he does — then surely he would be able to gather far more (and not mere hints, but facts, perhaps of immense psychological value, properly stated by the subject himself) from the brains of a man, exposed alive, if necessary without an anesthetic, according to the same technique.

If scientific information, exalted under the lofty name of “knowledge,” be really all that the scientist wants, and if it be precious enough, in his eyes, to be gathered at any cost, then indeed the vivisector should be made to experiment upon human beings alone — creatures who can speak. And if saving human life be really such a great task as many seem to believe when they excuse any atrocity committed in view of that end, then it is not rats and guinea pigs that one should inoculate in order to study the evolution of all sorts of diseases and the effects of all sorts of new remedies, but men and women. One will notice that “such things are done, or are said to be done, sometimes, in hospitals.” We reply that if so, they are rightly done, and should be done also in systematic laboratories containing artificial patients — man-made

patients — belonging to the human species; we say that such things, and worse ones should be done on human victims in the chambers in which vivisection is practiced; such things should be done everywhere on reasonable creatures able to speak, and preferably on people thoroughly devoted to the “progress of science” (for the others would perhaps refuse to speak); and if there be not enough real lovers of science ready to give their bodies, then — as a second best — experiments should be carried out on downright criminals, on traitors, on actual or potential enemies of higher mankind, *or else* they should be stopped altogether. As a result, many a scientific magazine might cease to be printed. But the world would go around just the same, without anybody being the worse for it.

People are in the habit of vehemently admiring those doctors (for there are some) honest enough to experiment upon themselves. They call them “martyrs of science.” They are, anyhow, self-appointed martyrs, a fact which makes their position somewhat different from that of the religious ones. They are workers, doing their job — not fighters defending their Gods or their principles, attacked by *other* men. They are scientific workers, more intelligent, more rational than others — better workers. For by inoculating their own bodies, which they know (because they can feel them directly) and by trying on them the drugs they wish to test, they have the opportunity of obtaining far more useful and interesting results than any of their colleagues would by using guinea pigs for the same purpose. They are, in our eyes, the ideal workers, satisfying at the same time the necessities of research (if necessities they be) and the scruples of true morality — taking as a subject of experimentation the most interesting creature possible: a human being; and choosing, among all the voluntary human victims that could perhaps be found, both the most handy and the one of which the “voluntary” quality is the most unquestionable: themselves.

The question of experimentation upon living creatures can be summed up as follow: either scientific information, whenever available, should be acquired at any cost, and human life, whenever there seems to be a chance of saving it, should be saved at any cost; *or else* there are things that are too degrading to do for any purpose whatsoever — be it to increase human knowledge, be it to save human life, be it to save the life of all the living; nay, be it even to establish (were that imaginable by such horrible means) paradise on earth for all times to come. In the first case, i.e., if one believes that scientific research should be carried on at any cost, then *carry*

it on upon human beings alone, preferable, but not all necessarily voluntary victims; men condemned to be vivisected or inoculated, as there are now men condemned to the gallows or to hard labor for life; prisoners of war¹ —why not? — and men picked up at random among the most stupid and the most useless for any other service, but men exclusively (and women, of course) — *not* animals. Even if they be not always able to describe their excruciating pains in properly accurate, technical language, even if they cannot or will not speak at all, there is every probability that the information they would yield to the vivisector and to the doctor would be far more varied, far more thought-provoking, than that which the poor animals are able to give at the best of times. And why be contented, in any case, with a little increase in scientific knowledge, when greater progress would be possible — when perhaps unexpected horizons would be opened — just by substituting as laboratory subjects two-legged mammals for four-legged ones? If Science (with a capital S) is to be served at any cost, then we cannot be blamed for arguing thus. On the contrary, there is no other way one could argue.

But if scientific progress be not the end of ends; and if human life, however precious, be not worth saving at the cost of those eternal values, the consciousness of which alone makes man a possibly superior animal, a species apart from the others; if it be indeed better not to know and not to live than to know and live, and fight disease and death at the cost of the most appalling agony inflicted upon helpless creatures (i.e., at the cost of incredible collective selfishness and cowardice) then painful or possibly injurious experimentation of whatever nature, and in particular vivisection, should *never* be practiced, save upon voluntary human beings, and preferably, whenever it is possible, upon the scientific investigator himself.

The common — and most natural — answer to this, we all know, is that, if such were the strict laws of the land, and if they were properly enforced, all scientific experimentation of any painful character would soon come to an end for want of “subjects.” For even among such people who support the practice of vivisection the most noisily, putting forth all sorts of fiery phrases about the “requirements of science” and the “interest of humanity,” there do;

¹ In olden times, prisoners of war were sacrificed occasionally to their victors’ Gods. We surely do not look upon “Science” as *our* God. But some people apparently do. So, *if such be the case*, indeed “— why not”?

not appear to be any who, in the case of the absolute prohibition of the use of animals for the purpose, would be ready to lie down in place of the dog or the guinea pig and to be themselves vivisected, with or without anesthetic — as it be “necessary” — for the pleasure of feeling useful to humanity and to science (more useful indeed, it seems, than most of them would ever be in ordinary life, if one is to believe that all those “scientific” atrocities are not but a revolting farce from beginning to end.) There are not many, for sure. And we are inclined to be of the opinion that there are none — save perhaps some of those conscientious doctors who already experiment upon themselves rather than on other patients, natural or artificial, two-legged or four-legged. And even among those, we dare think, many would allow themselves to be inoculated with diseases, but refuse to be *vivisected*. The number of voluntary human “subjects” would anyhow be insufficient for scientific research on the scale it is practiced today.

What, then, is to be done? We answer boldly: “Go without scientific research altogether, in all the branches in which the experts in the matter say that it cannot be carried on save at the cost of infliction of pain and death upon creatures that are not and cannot be voluntary victims. Go without it; and go without the advantages it might or might not bring (be they intellectual or practical advantages) rather than encourage cruelty, rather than patronize cowardice — for every man capable of inflicting pain upon an innocent, helpless creature is a disgusting coward; and every man who would shudder at the idea of doing so himself, but who approves of others doing so for advantages which he values and accepts, is still a greater coward. Go without it, and become true men, conscious of their sacred ties with all living Nature, rather than remain just the cleverest and the cruelest of all beasts!”

Our opponents — those who defend the practice of vivisection and the study of diseases on laboratory animals — would, most of them, recoil, if asked to sanction the uses of murderers, traitors and sadists as subjects of experimentation, although, as we have said, in some cases at least, science would be likely to gain by such an innovation. They would rather go without such a gain. The “subject,” be he the most repulsive degenerate, condemned for having raped and killed his own mother, would still be “a man” in their prejudiced eyes. They could not possibly vivisect him! While the innocent, loving dog, which, unaware of his ghastly fate, licks the hands that will soon be “working” upon his bare intestines or bare live brains, is “nothing but an animal.” He can be used for any

purpose that suits man. He was given to man to be used. The vivisector would reject the advantage of scientific information, even the tempting promises of finding out new means of “saving human life,” if those advantages could be obtained, and those promises fulfilled only by inflicting upon the worst of human beings the agonies of a beast on the vivisection table. His lust for discovery would suddenly vanish, if *men* had to be sacrificed to it. His morality stops at man. Ours does not. That is all the difference.

* * *

All morality implies the idea of some sort of community: generally tribe or country, race or humanity as a whole. Our morality is based, as our religion, upon the conception of the unity of all life (within astounding diversity and God-ordained hierarchy) and upon the birthright of every healthy creature to enjoy, to the uttermost of its capacity, throughout its full span of years, the sight of daylight, which is beautiful. We also believe that the greater the claims of a species — as of a single individual — the greater also and the more exacting are its duties towards the rest of the living. *Noblesse oblige*. The real superman, if any, is the man in whom boundless kindness to all creatures goes side by side with the utmost intelligence and power. The actual master races surely cannot allow themselves to think and feel as it would seem natural to man of a mean type. And the real master species, if any, is the one that puts its consistent nobility above any advantage; the one that would not, even to save its existence, even to broaden its intellectual horizons, renounce the privilege of remaining at peace with the whole of the living universe; the one that would rather lose than break the great Law of Love — the inborn law of its best representatives; — that would rather die out than degenerate.

All the crimes that are excused in the name of the so-called “higher motives” of those who performed them and, in particular, all forms of the shameful, age-long exploitation of animals by man — from the brutalities of the cart driver to the learned horrors of vivisection — rest ultimately upon an ugly, barbaric conception of man’s superiority. They all presuppose the idea that man’s privileged position gives him “rights” over the other species of creation, without giving him also, and to a much greater extent, *duties towards them*. And they often, if not always, cover an exaggerated consciousness of human suffering and a bloated estimation of the value of *any* human life, be it of the most idiotic, the meanest or the dullest. There is, among the public at large, an

undue appreciation of quantity rather than of quality; and undue popularity is given to scientists of the type of Louis Pasteur, whose discoveries are said to have saved a *great number* of human lives (never mind at what revolting cost) while those other scientists, whose discoveries have opened new perspectives in the history of our planet or in our vision of starry space, are seldom mentioned outside specialized circles.

The average man, whose ties and pleasure and daily concerns are, whatever he may say in his conceit, very little different from those of most other gregarious beasts, would stoop to any atrocity in order to prolong his own life, or that of his kith and kin, for a few wretched years or even months. Above all, he would do anything, accept anything, tolerate anything, in order to save the life of his young ones. So nothing is more natural than the bigoted reverence in which he holds both the physicians and the scientists directly or indirectly concerned with the preparation of vaccines and serums, and the advertisers of preventive and curative medicines of all sorts. It is based, like the most irrational of his religious beliefs, on the fear of death. One cannot blame the little man. It seems beyond his power to understand better, as well as to feel and act more nobly than he does. The shocking point is merely that he is given such a say in the making of modern institutions —that on his support depend the governments of the world. For he naturally sends to the ruling assemblies individuals whose outlook is not broader, and heart no nobler — no more universally loving — than his own, whatever be their intellectual qualifications; individuals who are as sadly unaware as himself of the duties of a truly superior species, and as incapable as he of conceiving the need of better laws protecting the rights of all the living.

In our eyes the quality of human life is far more important than its length. By *quality* we mean that which makes a person actually superior to others: inborn balance and consistency, generosity and detachment; and inherent consciousness of eternal values; a joyous sense of the beauty to be found in everyday concerns, allied to a sense of personal responsibility; the urge to live in beauty and in truth. Such a thing does not come from our surroundings; but our surroundings can help us to develop it, when it happens to be in us. And we are far, far more grateful to the scholars whose discoveries in astronomy and higher physics, in philology and archaeology, etc., have enabled a few of the better men to live more richly, more intensely, more harmoniously, by opening to them new and more astounding sources of inspiration, than we

ever will be to those so-called “benefactors of mankind” whose main work has resulted merely in keeping alive thousands of human beings neither good or bad, nor even physically beautiful, who could as well have died and made place for others at the best of times, as the rest of the living do. We are far more grateful to Sir James Jeans and to Max Planck, and *also* to the first translators of Homer and Plato, than to the inventor of penicillin; far more grateful to Heinrich Schliemann, Sir Flinders Petrie, Sir Arthur Evans and Sir John Marshall, than to all the prolongers of human life that this planet has produced.

For the world is far more benefited by the joyous thrill of a single intelligent and noble adolescent who feels his vision of it suddenly illuminated by a peep into its majestic mysteries, or by the contact of one of its great Souls embodied in the past, than it is by the prolonged presence upon its surface of millions of mammals, both two-legged and four-legged, made immune from certain diseases at the cost of atrocious experiments upon individuals of their own or of other species.

Teach people, for goodness’ sake, to live more beautifully — when they still happen to be able to *live* at all, — instead of concentrating so much intelligence and wasting so much time and money in order to find out, no matter at what cost, means to keep them from dying! Feed animals and make them happy-help them too to live in beauty and in truth to the utmost capacity of their species — instead of telling us that the hundreds of victims, tortured in various ways in the laboratories for the “progress of science,” suffer so that cures may be discovered for the diseased creatures of their own kind, as well as for human beings!

Far too much is made, nowadays, of human life as a bare physical fact. Far too much is done “to fight disease” and to prolong life by any means; not enough to make life worth living, both for human beings and for animals; not enough, especially, to impress upon man that his life has no greater value than that of any gregarious beast as long as he remains contented to use his human intelligence in the pursuit of nothing more than the mere welfare of his own kind — as social apes would do, if they enjoyed the means of which men dispose. Not enough is done to cultivate among men in general, and especially among the better men, the characteristics of a truly “superior” species: a stoic fearlessness before their own sufferings and death: a chivalrous attitude towards the unorganized or less organized dumb creatures of the earth; not enough is done to stir in them the sense of shame, and make them feel that, even if

it be a fact that, at the cost of experimentation on animals, they can hope one day to reject entirely the burden of disease and death, still the only course for them, as creatures of a higher kind, is to cast aside the unholy bargain; to refuse the opportunity forever — lest they be cowards.

There is no other answer to all the arguments — “humanitarian” or “scientific” — put forward in support of vivisection in particular, and of systematic experimentation on animals in general. No other answer but this: such experimentation is downright cowardly. Any infliction of pain on a helpless creature, for whatever purpose, foreign to that creature’s *own* welfare, — or, in the case of a human being, foreign to his justified punishment as an offender against Life, or to very definite State necessities, (provide the State itself be a genuine national State, founded upon the true laws of Life, and thereby worth defending) — is cowardly. It would be far better for all “scientific progress” to stop rather than for it to be bought at the cost of such a degradation of man. And if disease can only be fought at the same cost, then it is better for it not to be fought at all. And if human life, in many cases, can only be saved by such means, it is better — far better — for men to die. Their death would at least be an honorable one.

CHAPTER IX

The Rights of Plants

The great brotherhood of the living does not stop at animals; it includes also the whole of the vegetable world. And there are reasons to believe that the transition between the less elaborate of plants and the mineral realm is just as gradual and imperceptible, in its way, as that observed between the lowest forms of aquatic animal life and the plants themselves. We do not know where life begins — if it be true that it “begins” at all. We do not know what life is. The only fact of which we are well aware, as a fact, is its unity within the greatest possible diversity of forms and functions. We know, by a sort of direct, intuitive evidence — provided we are sufficiently sensitive — that the life of a tree, of a bush, of a blade of grass, of the moss that grows greener or yellower upon an old wall, is not fundamentally different from that of the worm or of the jellyfish, of the reptile, or the quadruped or of ourselves; not fundamentally different either, on one hand, from the extremely slow, heavily bound life of rocks and crystals, and, on the other, from that of the unseen creatures, more subtle, more highly organized and much freer than ourselves, if such creatures exist. A deep feeling tells us that there are no real breaks in the economy of Nature, and that nothing is *outside* nature, or in contradiction with its eternal laws. And scientific research applied to plants has, up till now, given increasing experimental support to the belief in the continuity at least of the animal and vegetable realm. While the study of metals — in particular the very word used to describe their condition after hard use: “fatigue” — seems to point out also to the presence, in them, of a dim sort of alternate state of pain and ease, a mysterious “life,” as apprehended throughout the whole scheme of existence by the seers of old.

No nation has stressed the idea of the unity underlying all beings, from Gods and Buddhas down to the humblest forms of plant and even mineral life, as eloquently as the ancient Hindus. What still lingers of their spirit and influence in modern India gives that unfortunate subcontinent, in spite of all its drawbacks, a place as a great constructive factor in any disinterested vision of a better world. And a large part of what is to be found concerning the unity of life in non-Indian teachings, ancient and modern — in Pythagorism and Neo-Pythagorism; in some aspects of the “Hermetic” teachings; in Unitarianism today — seems due to more or less obvious Hindu influences. Yet the most luminous souls of the world, be it in the East or in the West, not only always felt in tune with the whole of *life*, but expressed, occasionally at least, their conviction that plants and animals and ourselves have similar ultimate aspirations.

In the two of his hymns to the Sun that have survived the general wreck of his beautiful religion, Akhnaton, in particular, puts forth a that idea in simple words. Having recalled the gestures in which he sees the daily adoration of the Sun by man and beast, bird and fish alike, he speaks of the lilies in the marshes: “The flowers in the wastelands blossom at Thy rising” . . . “they drink themselves drunk (of Thy radiance) before Thy face,” says he, implying both a physical pleasure and a mystical thrill — a holy intoxication and an act of worship — in the opening of the velvety white petals to the warmth and light of the morning Sun. Plants are considered here not merely as living beings endowed with sensitiveness but — which is more — as religious beings; as creatures of the same nature as animals and men, and similarly capable of a sacred exaltation of all their powers of life in the presence of the Life-giver. A better recognition of the unity of all life in nature and in purpose, could not be imagined.

* * *

We do not deny that differences in degree, once they exceed a certain measure, are, for all practical purposes, just as good as differences in nature; that they are, at least, bound to determine very visible differences in our behavior towards creatures. And that is why we rejected so categorically, in previous chapters,¹ the fallacy of those who are inclined to justify animal slaughter and meat eating by telling us that, “since plants have also life” — and

¹ Chapter VI., p. 71 and following.

probably sensitiveness — and since we eat quite a number of them, we may as well eat the flesh of animals too, while we are about it. We are the first ones to admit that, however continuous be the succession of all forms of life, from the hot-blooded animal to the most rudimentary vegetable, and however “one” life be as a whole, there *is* a considerable difference between killing a lamb or a bull and pulling a beetroot out of the ground — a difference, nay, far greater than there can ever be between the murder of a man and that of a reptile or fish, let alone of a quadruped.

Still, we do not believe that such a difference justifies in any way the ruthless exploitation of plants. It only makes that of animals all the more shocking. Its existence implies that the eating of vegetables cannot excuse the eating of animal flesh any more than it would that of human flesh. And it may make the necessity of using the products of the fields and forests for our food appear less tragic to us, as, like all other creatures, we have to live on something. It cannot justify any destruction of plants — clearing of jungles, cutting down of forests, destruction of individual trees — save on a minimum scale, and that only in order to prevent death or pain being inflicted upon animals in their stead.

Animals, for instance (including ourselves), have to be fed. And this is an unavoidable source of destruction of adult plant life, so long as the vegetable-eating beasts cannot live either solely on mineral preparations, or on fruits naturally fallen from the trees, or on both these. And just as the obviously carnivorous animals are justified to feed on flesh (since they cannot possibly do otherwise without dying) so it appears reasonable to believe that the herbivorous species and ourselves are justified to eat rice and wheat, potatoes and peas, and all manner of vegetables and fruits, since we have no better choice.

The same thing can be said of the destruction of certain plants of which the fibres or the wood are used for our clothing, our housing or our fuel.

We should, *en principe*, strongly encourage the use of *dead* wood and of coal (mummified wood, so as to say) and of the by-products of the coal industry (gas, coke, etc.) as fuel, instead of live wood-or we should like to see people cook their food and warm themselves with electric stoves; we should encourage the use of stone, bricks or mud — or concrete — in preference to wood, as materials for the building of houses; of stucco, or similar plastic materials, in preference to wood, for interior decoration. And we should earnestly like to see dress reduced to a minimum, retaining,

wherever climatic conditions permit, but what is indispensable for attractiveness and decency. But we cannot deny that, until facilities of transport are far increased all over the world — so that mineral products might everywhere replace live wood, as fuel as well as in the construction of buildings — there is very little chance of sparing trees altogether.

And first of all (as in the case of our dealings with animals) there is a whole worldwide educational campaign to be carried on, so that people, now so callous, might more and more become aware of the beauty of plants, of the actual life that pervades them, or their sensitiveness (less obvious, and probably much dimmer than that of the highly organized animals, yet a fact); an educational campaign so that they might become more and more unwilling to cause any harm to them — unless it be, for themselves or for the animals, a pressing alternative of life or death, which it seldom is, save in the case of edible vegetables or herbs.

Our idea, put in a nutshell, is: no exploitation of animals whatsoever, and as little exploitation of plants as possibly there can be to keep both animals and men alive and healthy. We bear in a mind that even that much exploitation might well be temporary and that anyhow, so long as it lasts, it should be — as far as it *can* be — confined to plants naturally quick to grow and short-lived, mainly nutritive herbs and roots, and cereals.

Our sense of the unity of all life seems to us no excuse for not believing in the fundamental inequality of plants, as well as we certainly do in that of animals and also of men and races of men. And we do feel it is a far greater pity to destroy a noble oak, — a tree that took hundreds of years to reach its present splendor and that, if left to itself, would remain a thing of beauty for hundreds of years more — than to cut a rice plant or an ear of corn. We are even compelled to believe that the great realms of nature overlap one another, just as do, within each realm, the different species of unequal beauty and intelligence. And although we are not in the habit of killing anything, if we can help it, we would very certainly destroy a bug or a flea before consenting to see in their place a rose tree — not to speak of an oak tree or of a cedar — be cut down, just as we would give up any number of human dullards rather than consent to the death of an animal embodying the strength and beauty (and perhaps also the intelligence) of one of the most splendid or loveliest species.

* * *

One of the saddest tragedies of historic times is surely the gradual disappearance of forests all over the surface of our planet.

Ancient India — that India whose better sons composed the Vedic hymns and wrote the Upanishads — was a land of endless, luxuriant forests, with a comparatively small population. Ancient Greece was, in its mountainous areas at least (and these occupied then, as always, the greatest part of the country) covered with woods, fragrant abode of divine and semi-divine beings. There too people were few, compared to trees, without their quality suffering from it in any way, as their deeds have proved. The same could be said of ancient Italy, of North Africa, of Asia Minor; of China and Indo-China, and Japan. The same could be said of the whole world in ancient times.

But, as mankind expanded, forest areas decreased in surface, or vanished away altogether to make place for cultivated fields and various human industries. Whole portions of the globe lost their glorious living mantle. The famous Hercynian Forest that covered a great part of Germany and Central Europe in the days of Tacitus, and the forests of France and of the British Isles, where stately priests and virgins worshipped the Principle of Eternal Life in the sacred Oak, gradually fell under the merciless axe. Castles, towns and villages, churches and convents, warehouses and slums, and fields to nourish man, appeared upon their ruins. And the process seems to have gained impetus as man's technical achievements became more remarkable. In those very countries of Central and North-Western Europe there were as late as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries — not long ago — many more woods than one can ever think of today. Now, what have they in the place of their royal oak, their birch trees and fir trees? An intricate network of roads and railways, huge industrial towns, a countryside full of neatly delineated food-growing fields and villages close to one another, and twenty-five times more population than is good for them — a restless population wasting its intelligence in inventing and solving new “problems” and curing new “complexes” instead of looking at the beauty of the world under sunshine, mist or snow.

The United States of America were a land of forests as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. Canada is said to be still, but not to the extent it once was. And there, in the place of the murdered trees, one sees undoubtedly, like everywhere else, roads and railways, towns with endless suburbs, villages rapidly, growing into towns, and vast expanses of cultivated land; more and more cultivated land to feed more and more people who might as well never have been born.

Save in the basin of the Amazon River and a fairly large part of Brazil, in the whole equatorial Africa, in Malaya (until very recently at least) and in some parts of Burma, Siam and Indochina, there are hardly any forests worth the name in all the world today. This, and parallel decrease in number of some of the most beautiful species of wild beasts — such as lions and tigers — is, in our eyes, the most disquieting fact of our times. It is disquieting because its consequences may well become irreparable in the relatively near future, unless men come to their senses, for whatever reason and whatever pretext it may be, and stop this rush to destruction.

Today, as after most wars of some importance, one hears no end of resounding talk, in private and in public, on the best means of putting a full stop to war. People seem to be terrified at the idea of destruction involving their own precious kind. And this is not to be found too strange, when one remembers that over fifteen hundred years of well-organized Christianity (influencing, more than one thinks, the whole world) have helped them and are helping them still to take their natural collective selfishness for the highest of virtues, and to consider human solidarity as their foremost duty.

Still, to us who look upon life — and *not man* — as the measure of values, there is something extravagant and ridiculous in that indignation that flares up at the mere name of “war,” while all forms of destruction of nonhuman beings, however lovable and beautiful — be it the daily massacre of thousands of animals in all the slaughterhouses of the world, be it the cutting down of the most magnificent trees — leave most people unstirred.

We are surely the last persons to exalt war — especially colonial war, the worst type of uncalled for aggression. Yet we cannot but admit that the alleged remark of Napoleon Bonaparte at the sight of the multitude of dead men on the battle field of Eylau was not entirely devoid of meaning. The conqueror is said to have exclaimed, so as to console himself, perhaps, for the loss of so many good soldiers and officers: “A single night in Paris will fill that gap!” In fact — and provided the Parisians did not oppose themselves to the course of Nature — a “single night in Paris” would, probably result, twenty years hence, in the existence of a number of youngsters sufficient to form an army. Average men are good enough to fight wars, if not always to direct them. And average human life, though no doubt precious — as all life — is easy to replace, for all practical purposes. Buildings too are easy to replace, save when they happen to be extraordinarily beautiful, or of outstanding historic interest. The Houses of Parliament in

London, or Westminster Abbey, or the Cathedral of Chartres in France, or the Temple of Minakshi in Madura (South India), rare spots of utmost beauty with a long history behind them, would be irreplaceable. Fortunately enough such spots are not always hit. Bombarded towns, in general, recover far quicker than one would expect, and often emerge from the turmoil of war cleaner and better built than before.¹ Their ancient monuments are the only ones of which the loss, when it does occur, can count as a tragedy.

Now, every day, in some part or other of the world, majestic trees, older than many of the hallowed specimens of mediaeval architecture — patent masterpieces of nature — fall under the axe of the woodcutter. They too, we know, can be replaced. The systematic replanting of a seed for every felled giant of the forest would do for them what the “single night in Paris” was expected to do (and probably did) for the dead of Eylau. But it would take two hundred years — not twenty. In the meantime, the earth lies despoiled of its loveliness. It mourns its destroyed forests. And it is a fact that half the time there is no systematic replanting of trees at all, so that the earth is left to mourn its forests forever.

* * *

Most people do not take the tragic reality of deforestation too seriously, simply because they do not feel for the trees any more than they do for the animals. They far too badly lack any vital sensitiveness to beauty to be disturbed by the idea of the murder of a tree, be it the most royal sample of its kind. All that they care for is, at the most, their own species — when they care for anything at all besides themselves.

This is abundantly proved by the arguments put forward by those very speakers or writers who raise any cry of alarm at all as they contemplate the gradual disappearance of woods, and forests from certain regions of the globe. What is their cry of alarm? Trees, they say, are useful — indispensable — to the stability of the ground, and to be normal repartition of rainfall, of which they absorb a considerable portion. Their roots, infinitely ramified as they are, drink the surplus of the water and hold the earth together at the same time. Once they are no longer there to accomplish these two most useful tasks, the rain, following the natural course of all liquids, rushes down the slope of the hills to swell the rivers,

¹ Not, however, such towns as Nuremberg, *every house of which* was a work of art — such towns *are* irreplaceable.

dragging along with it sand and gravel and bigger rocks. Often whole masses of soaked earth, or loosened blocks of stone, detach themselves from those hills which have been stripped of their woody growth, causing in their fall more or less damage to human life or property; while in the plains, the rivers, increased by unchecked supplies of rainwater, rise and flood the countryside, carrying away hamlets and villages — cattle, houses, provisions and all; and men too — in their overflowing stream; becoming the cause of unheard of disaster. So, in order to avoid such calamities on an ever broadening scale, stop at once the cutting down of forests! Replace the murdered trees — for the sake of the coming generations of men — and allow the survivors to live and flourish — for the sake of the men of the present day, threatened with ruin and starvation!

This, in a few words, is the main argument advocated by the defenders of the forests. It is probably a very sound one, containing nothing more than a statement of actual fact, a relation of cause and consequence, well defined. It is surely a clever one, for it is the one, if any, that will move people to agitate for the preservation of forests, and governments to take steps against their destruction. But there could be a nobler one. It is an argument which appeals to one of the strongest of all feelings in average man: fear. Fear of his own loss; fear, at the most, for the loss caused to the human race. It resembles the argument of those who support vegetarian diet pointing out that meat eating is less healthy, or altogether unhealthy; or of those who speak against vaccination and against inoculation by serums saying that these do, ultimately, more harm than good to the patients. It betrays no feeling more generous than the desire to forestall avoidable disasters (landslides, floods, etc.) by practical precautionary measures of which the first would consist of protecting the trees; it supposes no broader love than that implied in human solidarity. It is not the argument of those who see, in the whole of Nature, a beautiful hymn to the glory of the mysterious Power within all things; of those who see in the trees, stretching out their branches and light-thirsty foliage to the Sun, as well as in animals, children and worshippers of the selfsame radiant Father-and-Mother of our world, and who love all creatures as themselves. It is not *our* argument, though we fully recognize its opportunity.

The great reason — the one reason — for which we advocate not only the preservation of the few existing forests, but the gradual replanting of the former ones, (now reduced, some of them, to

hardly a few trees) — is the beauty of trees — the beauty of life in the vegetable as in the animal kingdom.

Most people admit that trees are beautiful; and many, thrilled by the idea of that intricate inner organization that all life represents, are ready to marvel at them as works of art out of comparison with anything man can produce in stone, sound, or even thought, and to quote Joyce Kilmer's well-known words:

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree!

Yet they do not really feel for the lovely innocent creatures whose only purpose, like that of all creatures, including man, is to live to the utmost in the truth of *their* life, and to be beautiful; of the lovely innocent creatures whose only joy is to drink in the fragrant dampness of the earth with all the power of their sensitive roots, to absorb the Sun's rays through all their leaves, and to grow — to grow in strength, to grow in grace, in an exuberance of shapes and forms, as well as in a harmony of elemental sensations; to express, to their full capacity, the joyful presence in them of a universal Soul. They willingly look upon them as the incomparable handiwork of a supreme Artist, but do not apprehend in them *a part and parcel of that Artist's life*. The inherited habit of considering the world as the arbitrary creation of a personal and transcendent God, distinct from it, has killed in them (west of India, at least) the sense of the divinity of Life as such.

We remember the instance of some Hindus offering a feast of milk, fruit and cakes to the life-spirit within a tree before putting their axe to the stately trunk. Ancient Greeks or ancient Romans, ancient Germans or Britons, who believe, the trees of their forests were inhabited by dryads and sylvan gods, would possibly have done the same in similar circumstance. If the felling of the tree was unavoidable, it was perhaps the only thing left for them to do, to show how reluctantly they were yielding to an awful necessity. It was surely less barbaric than simply to fell the tree, without remorse or regret, as though it had no beauty and no soul. It showed a better sense of the value of plants as such (irrespective of their utility to man), a better knowledge of the unity of all life than most possess, west of India, for the last fifteen hundred years (and in India, too, in general, at the present day).

We would like everybody, but especially the more consistently rational people, to feel increasingly all the beauty and sacredness of life in trees, creepers and bushes — in all plants — as in animals. Such people would perhaps not try to propitiate the spirit forced

out of its sylvan abode before ordering or allowing the felling of a tree. But they would surely think twice before deciding, in their heart and conscience, that the felling of that tree has to take place, and “cannot be avoided” anyhow. They would look upon the action as an evil in itself, and consider it very seriously.

Felling trees is bad enough; burning out forests is even worse, for it implies the infliction of the most horrid death not only upon the trees themselves, but also upon the luxuriant living undergrowth, and on numbers of birds and animals caught in the flames. Only try to imagine how many young birds are burnt alive in their nests when a forest is set on fire; how many insects perish, and how many reptiles twist their bodies in a cruel agony; how many deer and wolves, foxes and wildcats, — or leopards and panthers, if in the tropics — rush hither and thither, maddened with fear, surrounded with flames, not knowing where to run, until they are burnt to death. But leaving the animals aside, think of the ferns and flowers and creepers, the bushes that grew so happily an hour before in the shadow of the high trees. Think of the trees themselves, their boiling sap bubbling out by a thousand horrid splits; their leaves — those leaves that drank in the sunshine with sensuous delight, — shriveling up in the contortion of death as the trunks burn, upright, desperate living torches, unable even to try to run away. Men who can set fire to a forest, or order others to do so, deserve death at the stake.

We know the reply. “Horrible though it may be, this has to be done, especially in the tropics. There is no way of clearing out space otherwise. And space is needed to build roads and railways; to win new ground for cultivation and human settlements. Or, in other cases, one has to cut down trees and burn them, by a different process, in order to make charcoal; one has to cut them down to make pulp for paper. For without roads and railways, civilization would not progress, exchanges would stop — things I could not be sold cheap wherever they are needed; new fields are I necessary to feed people; without an extra supply of charcoal, buses could not run in wartime, when all the fuel is needed for airplanes; and without paper, or with very little paper, hardly any books could be published.” We know this argument. It is, applied to crimes against vegetable life, the same old selfish argument put forth to justify the torture and slaughter of animals, by those who believe that “anything” can be done when it suits the interest of the human species. It shocks us as much as would the reasoning of a man advocating the wholesale destruction of more or less

extensive portions of foreign humanity in horrible agony for the convenience of his own country, guild or family. In case men were to be the victims, most people would exclaim: “We would rather go without our convenience than purchase it at that cost!” In case of all the life and beauty that a forest contains, we exclaim: “Better to have no roads and railways; no new fields; no buses running when they cannot get the necessary fuel; and better have next to no paper for new books, rather than purchase any of those advantages at the cost of a forest in flames, even of a felled forest — of beautiful trees lying dead where they could still have been alive, enjoying the light and warmth of the Sun!”

The world would be none the unhappier if a few extra places remained without roads or railways; if a few more imported things remained expensive, even unobtainable; if a few more people travelled on foot, or renounced travelling altogether for want of buses in abnormal times. And as for books, far too many mediocre and decidedly bad ones have been published since the invention of the printing press. Many are not worth the paper on which they are printed. A few — extremely few — are worth the sacrifice of a single tree for paper pulp. A little slowing down in paper production would do more good than harm. It would perhaps — it could, anyhow — become an opportunity to stop the widespread prostitution of the pen; to remake the art of writing what it should never have ceased to be: a disinterested attempt to express beautifully some strongly-felt aspect of everlasting truth; a *mission*, not a profession. It would perhaps eliminate the many commercial writers, the idle readers, and an enormous quantity of trash. And paper made out of rags would be quite sufficient to publish all that is truly beautiful or truly instructive.

On the other hand, if man could wholeheartedly refuse the advantages he might get from the destruction of forests rather than accept them, knowing fully well what crimes against life and beauty they involve, then he would begin to grow into a creature somewhat different from a clever and selfish beast; he would experience the development of a finer nature within himself; he would earn the right to call himself “superior” to the rest of the living. But will he ever do so? Will even the superior human races ever do so on a broad scale?

* * *

Among the most shocking forms of what we could call cruelty to plants in ordinary life-assuming, as we cannot but do, in the

vegetable world, the existence of some dim consciousness — one should count all those attempts to force certain trees to grow into all sorts of unnatural shapes for the satisfaction of perverse human taste. Trees (in particular certain fruit trees) tortured into fan-like formations, or into square, triangular, conical, cylindrical, oblong and other geometrical shapes, and trimmed regularly so that one branch may not stretch further than another and “spoil” the line; hedges continually cut in order to keep their tops and sides perfectly flat, and to make them look like living walls; grass clipped and retrimmed to make the lawns look “tidy” — all this seems to us gruesome. Ugly, for one thing; anything distorted is ugly — and in addition to that, cruel to the extent that the trees in a “Dutch garden,” the bushes in the too “neat” hedges, and the grass in the “tidy” lawns, are alive and sensitive in their own way, and that they are thwarted in their healthy natural growth, just as a child would be, were it forced by some mechanical device to grow crippled. These practices seem to us all the more repulsive in that their only motive lies in a human fancy for living “curios,” a taste for monsters and freaks of nature, that is not a particularly noble one, or in a mania for “tidiness,” ill-becoming when tender, live shoots and branches that had their place in a greater and more generous order, and grass and flowers eager to grow are ruthlessly sacrificed to it.

Personally, we would even abstain from despoiling plants of their beautiful flowers save on very special occasions, or for truly exalted purposes — for the cult of Him who made them grow, for instance, or for the embellishment of the shrines dedicated to the world’s great Souls. And we disapprove entirely of the custom of sacrificing a whole plant merely to decorate the entrance of a house on a festive day, or to form the basis of an arch of green leaves and flowers under which a procession is to pass. Banana trees, in India, are often put to such uses. It is a pity, no doubt. And the Hindus would not do it, were they nearer at heart to the spirit of their great life-centered religions.

* * *

To sum up, we do not — we cannot — reject all idea of exploitation of plants as categorically as we do that of animals. An uncompromising attitude, possible in the latter case, would lead nowhere in this. We *can* live without eating meat; we cannot live without eating some kind of vegetable; without even growing, for our own staple food and for that of thousands of domestic animals,

certain plants such as rice, wheat and grass.

But this once granted as an unavoidable fact, we do firmly believe that the exploitation of plants could be reduced to a minimum hardly credible to most people in the present state of affairs. In particular, we believe that the burning and cutting down of forests, for whatever purpose it be, could be entirely stopped, and that the destroyed leafy mantle of our planet could systematically be replaced and allowed to flourish forever, if only humanity were ruled by an elite sharing sincerely — openly — a generous, life-centered creed. We are convinced that much unnecessary suffering and ugliness could be avoided, with regard to the daily treatment of plants as well as of animals, if men only were taught to feel, from the beginning, that plants — and animals — have *rights*, as forming, along with us, a part of living nature; if they were only taught to feel that they are not made for us, but for themselves, as all creatures are — for themselves, as things of beauty, expressing the glory of universal Life — and that we alone, if at all we be a “master species,” have duties, and nothing but duties, towards them and the rest of the living. If children were only brought up in that spirit, the individual who gives the order to set a forest on fire would become an object of horror to all. And instead of having the trees along the avenues mutilated so that their living branches might not interfere with the streetcar wires, municipalities would see to it that the streetcar wires be placed so as not to interfere with the beautiful branches of the trees, full of sap and full of life.

CHAPTER X

Active Kindness

As we have remarked in the beginning of this book, there is in general very little *positive* kindness to animals even in such a country as India, where eighty per cent of the people can be said to profess — outwardly, at least — life-centered religions, and to be, for long centuries, familiarized with the idea of the oneness of all life.

The condition of the unowned animals there, especially of dogs and cats, is often appalling. We have seen them — thin, miserable, famishing creatures, with ribs jutting out, lame or diseased more often than not, and nearly always scared at the sight of a human being walking towards them; not daring to come within the reach of the two-legged friend who offers them some food, or wishes to stroke them, for the two-legged ones, they know, are treacherous: they only brandish sticks and throw stones; they are hostile demons to be feared. We have seen them-and cursed the hypocrisy of the men who can tolerate the existence of such distress while worshipping the Great God Whose name — Pasupati — means “The Lord of Beasts,” and taking pride in being the Buddha’s compatriots.

We must admit that, in the blessed Land which has managed to keep alive up till today the tradition of so many faiths all proclaiming the unity of Life, most grown up people are not aggressively cruel to animals; they just “do not interfere” in the cases of positive cruelty which they might happen to witness and, in ordinary life, they are simply indifferent. They will not kill an animal, certainly not — not even a bug or a flea, most of them; nor eat meat, of course; nor commit, nor support, most of the crimes that the believers in man-centered creeds find so “natural.” *Ahimsa* — “not

injury,” harmless — is the consecrated word which comes back, over and over again, like a leitmotiv, on the lips of the Hindus, Jains, Buddhists, etc., exalting the excellence of their respective creeds before outsiders or among themselves, as though to convince the world (and themselves) that they are the inheritors of the most perfect of all civilizations. “Harmlessness” — non-aggressiveness towards all living beings — they say “is the supreme religion, the duty of duties.” And they take it literally-not in its spirit. Kill a living creature? never. They would not do that. Hit it? not even that. But never matter what a creature suffers at the hands of other people, less enlightened, provided the proud “ahimshavadi” (the believer in harmless) is not himself the author of the mischief! Never mind, also, what it may suffer from sheer neglect, from want of active sympathy provided *he* does no positive harm to it, no “injury”! We once saw a respectable believer in “harmlessness” pass before a group of street urchins busy trying to bring down a bird’s nest from a tree, and say nothing. We asked him — after reprimanding the young rascals and forcing them to disperse — why he had said nothing. “Oh!” answered he, “they are children of the lowest of the low; they don’t know any better.” It is probable that they did not. But it never occurred to the gentleman either to teach them better, or — if he was *a priori* convinced that they were unteachable — at least to prevent them, then and there, from harming the birds. It was “no business of his.”

We have seen rich men and women, upholders of the ideal of “harmlessness,” pass by starving dogs lying at their door — or at the door of the hotel where they had enjoyed a good meal — and never even think of asking a servant to give the poor creatures something to eat; never even tell him to throw them the leavings of the food instead of casting these into the garbage can among the ashes, from which no animal could possibly pick them out; never protest at the sight of people kicking the dogs or chasing them away. We have seen well-to-do householders, believers in “harmlessness,” chase away starving cats from the approach of their kitchen instead of asking a servant to put down some food for them, if necessary out of doors. As they did not actually *hit* the creatures, but just caused them to remain hungry when they could have done otherwise, all was well, they thought; and their conscience did not reproach them with cruelty. Man’s conscience is what upbringing, habit and individual sensitiveness make it. And where individual sensitiveness is lacking — as is the case with most people every-

where — a faulty upbringing is never recognized to have been faulty, and habits of callousness never taken to be bad.

Yet, as we have remarked in former chapters, there have been times when positive kindness to animals (and not merely abstention from harming them) was widely preached and made a duty by law throughout India; times when hospitals and homes for sick or aged beasts were maintained there by the government, and when people were prompted by the example of the ruling king himself actually to help any living creature. Those laws and institutions, that whole state of affairs, were the result of the initiative of a very few individual men who happened to be both vividly aware of man's duties towards all sentient beings, and to possess either absolute power — like King Asoka — or an enormous influence upon those in power — like those saintly mendicants of old who once carried the Buddha's message of love all over Asia and were heard with reverence at the courts of kings. They do not seem ever to have been the outcome of widespread spontaneous interest in animals on the part of a whole nation. And though we do not deny that, even today, the ordinary, humble folk of India often show somewhat less callousness to animals than the so-called educated people do, we have yet to come across any nation having spontaneously, as a matter of course, in ancient or modern times, lived up to the law of active love preached, as regards all creatures, by the world's greatest seers. Ancient India, even after Buddhism had left its stamp upon it, was no exception; otherwise what need had Harshavardhana (seventh century A.D.) to be so drastic in his punishment of cruelty to animals? Ancient Egypt, with all the attention her people paid to sacred animals of various sorts, was no exception either; otherwise hunting and meat-eating would have disappeared there, from earliest times. *Active* — and impartial — kindness to all that lives was never looked upon as a duty but by the better few, and never practiced, even in Hindu or Buddhist countries, save when enforced or particularly encouraged by a ruling elite.

* * *

What about the countries that profess man-centered creeds? In most of them — in nearly all of them — the way animals are treated is revolting; the less said about it the better. We shall only recall Norman Douglas' vivid and all too accurate description of the massacre of lambs in Greece at the time of Easter; we shall recall the cruel way both those and other animals are killed in public

slaughterhouses, in markets or at the back of butchers' shops any where in the Near East or in Mediterranean countries; we shall recall the atrocities daily committed in France for the gratification of man's gluttony: the stuffing of poultry "de Bresse," or of those geese from the enormously overdeveloped livers of which "foie gras" is prepared — to say nothing of the horrors of vivisection in all the laboratories of Europe and America (save of the one or two States in which it has been made illegal).

Even taking into consideration the few excellent laws passed in recent years in Germany and in England for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the West *as a whole* has absolutely nothing to boast of compared to India or to any country of Hindu or Buddhist tradition. And North Africa — Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco — is one of the few regions of the world (of the old hemisphere at least) in which the wanton cruelty displayed in the killing of cattle, and man's usual brutality to pack-animals, especially to donkeys, beat those witnessed in Mediterranean Europe or in India.

Yet, along with the apparently healthy condition of the horses he meets in the streets, there is one thing that cannot but favorably impress a lover of animals on his arrival in England or Germany, and that is the special care generally given in those countries to cats and dogs. I shall never forget the sight that greeted me on a cold November night of 1945, as I walked out of Victoria Station in London, coming from India: a magnificent, panther-like cat, fiery yellow with tawny stripes, fat and glossy, his tail erect; an animal accustomed to be loved, that was not afraid of human beings, but came at once when I called him. I took him up in my arms. How heavy he was! I thought of the dozens and dozens of miserable starving cats which I used to feed in India; of the hundreds and thousands that have remained out of my reach: of all the creatures, all over the world, that are born, live and die without knowing a human caress. And tears fell from my eyes as I stroked the soft, thick, royal, furry creature that purred and purred in response to my touch. And — although I had, on ideological grounds, actively fought against her during the war — I blessed England from the depth of my heart, "Whatever be their rulers — or those who sit and 'pull the strings' at the back of these — *her people*, of overwhelmingly Nordic stock, are thoroughly good," thought I.

The following day I saw other cats, all in good condition, all friendly, all taking it for granted that a human being could do them no harm. I saw beautiful well-fed dogs with their mistresses in the subway and in the buses. The mistresses were not looked upon as

“queer” creatures, nor the dogs as a nuisance, by the other passengers, as they would have been in many parts of the world. On the contrary; more than once a child would stretch out its little hand to stroke a silky snout, with two large, intelligent, loving eyes. And the mother, far from showing signs of anger, would say, speaking of the dog: “Look! he is a beauty! He looks just like our poor Top.” And sometimes she would start talking about members of their owner’s families. They are loved; they had died at the age of sixteen or seventeen, or about dogs and cats in general. One felt that, here, pets are just like members of the owners’ families. They are loved; they are looked after; they have their place at the fireside. And to know that these people had suffered, that they had just emerged from a great war during which their endurance had been tried to breaking point, and that they were still strictly rationed, and one realizes all the more the possibilities of true love that lurk in them. How many times have we not thought: “Had these English men and women had the privilege of being brought up in the teaching of the Buddha, or of the Pythagorean — or in the long forgotten Religion of the Disk — instead of in man-centered Christianity, they would probably have been the finest people on earth.” We would no doubt have thought the same of the Germans, and of most Northern Europeans among whom kindness to pets is an undeniable fact.

However, as one lives longer in these countries where no animals are visibly ill-treated (save the victims of “scientific research” and the hunted deer and foxes) and where cats and dogs are given a place in the home, one gets to know more about them, and one admires them less — even when coming from the wretched East. One learns the true value of those demonstrations of affection for “poor old Top”; one understands what an amazing amount of selfishness lies behind half the care which most owners of cats and dogs lavish on their pets. The unsurmountable weaknesses of the man-centered and man-ridden civilization are everywhere visible under the pleasing appearance of cozy, comfortable animal life, spent on cushions, at the fireside. And they are all the more shocking in that the surroundings are more tidy, if not more sumptuous, and in that the people are more well-to-do and that, outwardly, they make more of their pets and of animals in general.

One soon gets the impression that, in the only countries of the world where they are well fed and kindly treated, pets are kept for the pleasure of their owners, not for the sake of their own lives,

recognized as beautiful and therefore considered precious in themselves. It is the convenience of the animal's owner — and sometimes of the owner's neighbors; always, at any rate, of human beings — that decides the destiny of the animal, cat or dog. When "poor old Top" became sickly (as it is only natural that he should, one day), and when it is too expensive, or too tiresome to look after him, he is just sent to the "vet" and "put to sleep." "Painlessly," say his masters. It may be. Yet life is sweet, even to an old sick dog, as it is to an old sick man. Top was still full of affection; he still used to wag his tail as his master or any of the children passed by his bed; he still would have been happy to warm his old bones a year or two more at the fireside in winter and in the sun during the brighter days. But his presence was no longer a source of joy to his owners. *They did not love him as he loved them.*

They loved only themselves, like most human beings do. Top was too old for them to play with, though not too old to feel the sweetness of daylight. He was also getting "dirty" and needed care — as his masters probably will, when they grow old. And his masters were not prepared to put up with so much bother from their four-legged friend; so Top was "put to sleep" — that is to say, killed as humanely as possible. He was selfishly sacrificed to human convenience.

In another household, the cat had just had three kittens — three tiny blind creatures no more and no less conscious of being alive than any newly-born mammals, including human babies; but three little creatures that would have grown into delightful, fluffy, playful and sensitive things, balls of fur, running after each other and catching each other's tails, or rolling on their backs and kicking with all fours at a scrap of crumpled paper. They would have grown into that, and then into adult cats, enjoying food and love and adventure; gazing at the Sun with their dreamy emerald eyes; in winter, comfortably rolled up on cushions and eiderdowns — cats, with all the grace and experience that this word means. And their mother, the house cat, was so glad to have them! To her, they meant fulfillment, joy, success of a great purpose beyond her. She purred and purred as she licked them, nearly as soon as they were born, her three little treasures, *her* kittens. How she would have loved to feed them and bring them up! But no. She was not allowed to do so. Her owners could not afford "so many cats about the house." So the little kittens she had left in her basket asleep, fully confident that she would find them there again after her meal, were carried away and drowned. And the poor mother cat wanders

about the house in search of them. She calls them, with a special cry: “Meow! Meow!” as if to say: “Where are you, my little ones?” They must be somewhere, she imagines. They cannot have walked away; they were too young. And the human beings living in the house—those kind creatures that feed the mother cat and caress her and take her on their laps—cannot have taken them away. Why should they? The unfortunate beast looks up to the murderers of her babies with inquiring confidence and says: “Meow!” — that is to say: “Do you know where they are? Can you help me to find them?” Poor mother cat! Her beautiful green eyes express no horror and no hatred — nothing but distress. For she does not know what has happened. She does not know what treacherous creatures they are, those two-legged ones who feed her and caress her. And gradually, as days pass her grief seems to subside. She mews no more. She seems to have forgotten about her lost kittens ... until she gives birth to more, in due course; and the same old tragedy begins again.

In how many households do such tragedies regularly take place, without anyone even realizing the cruelty of them? And if one points it out to them, the “kind” people just remark that they “cannot have dozens of cats about the house,” especially when food is as expensive and as scarce as it is now; they can hardly afford to feed their children properly!

Other “lovers of animals” deliberately refuse to take a female cat, for fear that the problem of her kittens will arise sooner or later. They hate the idea of having them drowned or chloroformed; and they know they are not able to find suitable homes for them. So they only accept a male cat as a pet. That seems reasonable enough. But tomcats are highly sexed; they get “in season” pretty often, and pretty violently; they meow in a particular manner, and very loudly, at that time, and it disturbs the neighbors. They spray here and there — against the walls, against the furniture — and that upsets their owners, especially when the latter consider the possession of expensive cushions, carpet, and so on, as essential to their happiness. So what is to be done? Go without a cat, and put food out of doors for the stray cats that might come to eat it? No. That could be done, of course; but that is not what kind people do in the West of Europe. They keep a cat, but they have it castrated, that is to say they thwart it in its natural development; they deprive it, for life, of the only means it has, as an animal, of putting itself now and then in tune with cosmic Reality — all for their own petty convenience; for the neighbors not to complain; for the sofa

in the drawing room not to be spoiled. They might be all the time caressing the pet's glossy fur; they might put a blue silk ribbon around his neck and feed him tinned salmon and cream, and allow him to sleep on their own bed. Still, we would say, they do not really love him. They are pleased to keep him as an ornament and as a plaything. But they have no sense of his rights as a living being. They really love nothing but themselves, the selfish creatures.

The same can be observed of all those who keep birds in cages; of all those who have dogs and keep them half the time on a leash, or shut them up in some back yard with hardly any exercise; of all those who put their own convenience before the real, natural interest of their pets. One has only to look around among one's friends and acquaintances in the West of Europe to see what an appalling proportion of people, pretending to love animals, fall into that category. We say nothing of the altogether repulsive sort of "animal lovers" who have their pets "put to sleep" simply because they are leaving town — or leaving the house — and find it "inconvenient" to take them with them.

* * *

There is more to say. We have recalled the widespread practices of the West in which cruelty to animals is involved, the legal crimes committed every day and in nearly all countries, in the name of man's food, clothing, amusement, health and scientific research. What seems to us utterly shocking in the West is precisely the coexistence of such criminal institutions side by side with a certain general interest in dogs and cats as pets; the fact that, for instance, so many English men and women would go far out of their way to make Puppy and Pussy happy at their fireside, while so few are actually ready to start as energetic and thorough an agitation against vivisection as they once carried on in support of women's suffrage or other such reforms. What makes us sick is to see that three quarters of those owners of pets never seem to have given a thought to the daily horrors implied in the exploitation of animals in general. Numbers of them are meat eaters, without the slightest sense of guilt; many of them occasionally go hunting, or find it natural to count among their friends people who happen to indulge in that sport; others can be seen in winter wearing animals' skins — including "astrakhan" and "caracul" — upon their backs. We even know, in France, of a woman who herself used to perform

vivisections and who, at the same time, was said to be extravagantly attached to a pet cat.

The attitude of the average owner of pets towards animals in general, even in Western Europe (we should say, especially in those countries of Western Europe in which pets are given the most care) appears as nothing less than damnable hypocrisy, to any *consistent* lover of animals, innocent of the everyday crimes in which all meat-eaters have their share, and inspired by a life centered creed. It shocks him, or her, as much as the occasional “philanthropy” of cannibals would shock a man inspired by the Christian standards of morality. It appears to him ridiculous and pitiable — and abominably selfish. The fact of having pets and of feeding them properly only proves that certain people enjoy the presence of certain animals (cats and dogs, of often exceptionally beautiful breeds) in their immediate surroundings. It does not prove in the least that those people do their duty towards living creatures as a whole; it does not ever prove that they love those very pets they have with true, disinterested love for the animals themselves.

In other words, when one comes to examine closely its institutions and its mentality, the West of Europe (and America) with its well fed horses, cats and dogs, is hardly better than the rest of the world. It is, at the most, not quite so bad as a whole — and of the truth of this statement we cannot be sure. The only thing that can, if not serve as an excuse for the non-Hindu world — for there is no *excuse* — at least make its crimes less grievous, compared with the criminal indifference of so many Indians to animal suffering, is the fact that India has had the life-centered teachings of her greatest sons to guide her conduct, and *should know better*, while poor Europe has slowly evolved in the sense of kindness to animals *in spite of* the long conscience-killing tradition of man-centered Christianity. One should indeed congratulate the Western continent for the little progress recently realized against such odds; one should congratulate the few who, especially in certain Western countries, like England, and in Northern Europe in general, are aware that we have duties towards all sentient creatures; one could, above all, congratulate Germany’s now persecuted, heroic ruling elite for the stress it lay, throughout its twelve years of power, upon the right of animals and trees; for its admirable “code concerning hunting” — more a protection of the wild beasts than a “hunters” code; — for the severity with which it punished any cruelty to animals, including

pigs¹, and last but not least, for its bold stand against experimentation upon live beasts.

We would, no doubt, like to see the cats and dogs of Asia, of Mediterranean Europe, and of all the world, in as good a condition as that majestic feline we met in November 1945 on our arrival in London. But we would no less like to see, in England itself and in other countries priding themselves in being “kind to animals,” no kittens or puppies taken away from their mothers and “destroyed,” no tomcat emasculated, no horses shot (or sold to the slaughterhouses) when they are too old to work — and, of course, no animals bred for the meat industry, the fur industry and so on, or used for scientific experimentation. And that too is not enough. That is just harmlessness. What we want is harmlessness coupled with positive, active kindness, not merely to cats and dogs, horses and cows, but to all living things; to those that are useful to man and to those that are not, impartially; positive, active kindness, reflected both in every individual man’s behaviour towards animals, and in the national institutions of every country — in the world’s various civilizations.

We should like to see the mothers, in every human home, teach their children to put by a portion of their bread, of their rice and of their milk (or of whatever other edible substance they might share) for the unowned cats and dogs of the locality; we would like to see the women put by their potato peelings, cabbage leaves and other kitchen scraps for the old horses, donkeys, cows, etc., maintained by men until they die a happy, natural death, instead of being either killed or left to starve; we would like to see restaurant owners all over the world put by their customer’s leavings for the same purpose of feeding living creatures — put them by neatly: the bread and soup leavings in one container, the rice and milk in the other, so that the animals of different species might pick and choose what they like. How many poor starving dogs and cats, cows and donkeys, could live and thrive, if only every hotel or restaurant owner would see to it that his staff just puts by for them the

¹ We know of the case of a person who spent three and a half years in a German concentration camp for having killed a pig “in a cruel manner” while at the same epoch (1943) — but under an entirely different regime — a Calcutta butcher (named Mahavir Kahar) was sentenced to *one month imprisonment only* for flaying goats alive (in order to sell the skins — more easily stretched — for a few *annas* extra.)

tremendous amount of food now carelessly thrown away day after day? We have seen in India — in starving Bengal itself, during the very time of the great famine of 1943, much spoken of abroad — what criminal waste takes place in the hotels and restaurants, out of sheer lack of positive kindness (out of lack of care for creatures other than themselves) in the hearts of men: whole portions of good boiled rice, potatoes, vegetable dishes (meat and fish dishes in the non-vegetarian restaurants) remorselessly thrown into the trash can, into piles of ashes and stinking rubbish, when it was so easy to give them to some starving creatures, men or beasts, or both.

And it is not merely in the daily habits of the people all over the world, it is also in their official institutions, in their laws and regulations, that active kindness towards all living things should find its expression.

One often hears Christians boast of the fact that the philanthropic spirit of their religion still influences the whole of the civilized world inasmuch as, in spite of creating religious skepticism, the thinkers of the whole world today show more and more interest in human welfare, and that the world's institutions reflect the social preoccupations of its thinkers. But people who earnestly feel and think as we do, having transcended once and for all the selfish creeds centered around the mere love of humanity, are the heralds of a far better world. The, ideal society on Christian lines, or according to the spirit of any man-centered creed, religious or non-religious (not to mention any clumsy attempt at its establishment) appeals no more to us than would, to the Christians, or to the humanitarians of any denomination, a ferociously and falsely national-minded society in which no men, save those of a definite ethnic group, would enjoy the slightest rights even as temporary guests. We want a society in which not only would slaughterhouses and vivisection laboratories be remembered with general horror and disgust — and the civilizations that tolerated them be looked down upon as inferior civilizations — but in which comfortable homes for different unowned animals would be as common, and appear as natural and necessary, as orphanages and homes for aged people do now, in a world that can imagine nothing higher than Christian ethics. We want a society *in which public conscience would be truly life-centered, not man-centered*; in which there would be no preference for human beings in times of food scarcity any more than there is now — or than there is supposed to be — for men of any particular

race or country. Such preference shocks us as the mark of a definitely mean mentality; as the expression of moral standards utterly inferior to our own — the standards of savages, compared with ours. If it is, in certain cases, to appear at all, *it should first appear* among human beings, in favor of the better races, and amidst every race, in favor of its natural elite.

The little that is done now against such a state of affairs is done through purely individual initiative, under the dictates of a better heart than that of the average people. One man out of twenty — in some countries one man out of a thousand — will spontaneously give the whole of his milk ration to a cat, and half his bread ration to a dog, though he needs them himself. For not more than one out of twenty — and generally far less — are earnestly indignant at the fact that, in times of emergency, when food is rationed, governments allot no ration cards to any living creatures but human beings. The majority of men find this injustice only natural. In their eyes, they and their children must come first; and if there be not enough food for all, it is the animals which should perish first — perhaps even be killed in order that the human beings, including the deficient ones, the useless ones, and even the dangerous ones, might feed on their flesh.

We never could have any respect for civilizations based on such a mean outlook as this. The doctrine of active, universal kindness, preached by a few of the earth's greatest seers, knows of no distinctions in matters of material help, between two-legged and four-legged mammals, between bird and fish, man and beast. We can only respect a society in which not only would human diet, dress, therapy, etc., be absolutely harmless to subhuman creatures, but in which, in times such as those which the world is now going through, governments, acting under the pressure of an evolved public moral conscience, would include all animals depending upon man in their rationing schemes as naturally as they now include in them all human beings nay, definitely give them, if they be healthy, priority over deficient or objectionable men.

Not merely to be “harmless”; not merely not to exploit, for human ends, any beast, and even the vegetable world *as far as possible*, but to extend our active love to all that lives; to do our utmost, even at our own cost, so that every individual creature, bird or beast, might continue to enjoy the sight of the sun, in health and beauty, — these are our ethics. Arid, as we have said already before, there are no metaphysics behind them. We do not need theories about the unknowable in order to love the beautiful living

things that grace this planet: beasts and birds, insects, reptiles and fishes; trees and creepers. At most, if any everlasting words, ever echoing in our heart, express better than we could that joyous communion of all creatures in the common thrill of Life of which we are so vividly aware, these are the inspired verses of Akhnaton's hymn to the Sun:

Cattle frisk about upon their feet; creatures that fly, and insects of all kinds spring into life when Thou risest upon them. The birds fly round and round, flapping their wings in praise of Thy Essence . . . The fish leap up from the depth and greet Thy rising . . . O Disk of the day, great in majesty!

CHAPTER XI

**Race, Economics and Kindness.
The Ideal World**

All that we have just written will seem rather unpractical to a great number of readers. And we ourselves cannot but admit that, for all but a very few people, exceptionally conscious of the sacred unity of all life (and also exceptionally prompted *by nature* to love animals and even trees as their own kith and kin) the teaching of universal love which we have tried to put forward is a little difficult to live up to, *in the present conditions of society*.

Ninety per cent of men (and women) are both lazy and cowardly, and out of sheer moral and intellectual apathy they behave just as circumstances suggest. They follow the apparently easiest way, that is to say, the common, long-trodden path. And the common, long-trodden path is suggested, if not determined, mainly by the race to which the overwhelming majority of the people belong in a given land, and . . . by economic factors.

This is obvious in the difference that one cannot but notice between the way animals (and trees) are treated in Germany, England, Scandinavia, and in all Northern Europe, where the whole population is practically of Nordic stock, and the manner in which they are handled in those countries of the same continent in which Aryan blood is less pure; nay, in which non-Aryan elements are prevalent. So obvious that one might boldly say, speaking of course, *in general*: "Where Nordic humanity ends, cruelty to animals (and callousness about living nature as a whole) begins." This is also the reason why — or one of the reasons why — the *masses* of India are so indifferent to the suffering of living creatures, in spite of the beautiful *life*-centered religions (inherited from Aryan masters) which they profess: they are themselves non-Aryan by blood in a very high proportion.

But, along with race, standard of living has to be taken into consideration. Widespread misery — and, which is more, not *temporary* but *permanent* misery — breeds callousness. Few people even among the so-called greatest ones, have ever had enough pluck to stand *all their lives*, day after day, against the suggestions of economic pressure — to become poorer still, while poor already, generously, for the sake of a higher urge; to be openhearted and openhanded, noble in their treatment of creatures, while themselves hungry and despised. We knew such a person in India, a humble woman, living in wretched surroundings and crippled, who begged for her food, and yet who could not witness an animal's distress without doing something to relieve it. She still picks up and feeds the poor unwanted kittens that other human beings have thrown into the street; she once adopted a puppy she had found, half dead, under a heap of rubbish; and at the time we knew her she managed to feed some twenty or twenty-five starving cats and several stray dogs of the locality.¹ But such people as she are rare among the rarest. In general, one of the strongest factors of all at work against the growth of a society essentially kind to animals is human poverty. One cannot get away from that fact.

We have been compelled to recognize that the religion which people outwardly profess has far less influence upon their behaviour toward animals in everyday life than one would logically be inclined to think; for people are anything but logical. We have seen how cruelty to animals is indeed hardly less rampant in Hindu and Buddhist countries (which should know better) than in Italy, Spain or North Africa, where children are brought up in the atmosphere of strongly man-centered religions. We have just seen how one can account for this on racial grounds, But we could have, also, roughly divided the world into countries where the standard of living is generally high — the North and West of Europe; the Northern States of the United States of America — and countries where it is generally low; and we could have asserted, with fairly little chance of being mistaken, that in the first animals are, as a whole, less badly treated than in the second. (Curiously enough — thanks to certain *moral* qualities inherent in their people's blood — the countries that have a definitely Aryan population are precisely the “highest standard” ones).

¹ The woman happens to be a Muslim. Her name is Zobeida Khatun. She used to live at 97B, Taltala Lane, Calcutta, at the time we knew her.

Not that no cruelties take place in the lands where the average standard of living is the very highest; appalling laboratory experiments on live creatures are performed in America (where only a few States have sanctioned the abolition of vivisection) just as elsewhere English people — some of them at least — occasionally go hunting, and encourage the horrors of the fur industry by wearing fur coats. But what can safely be said, it seems, is that deliberate cruelty to animals, and especially indifference to their sufferings — widespread callousness — are far less rampant, as a rule, in countries where the standard of human life is higher than in those where it is low. It is as though the worries and discomforts of poverty — and even the daily sight of slums and beggars, and of dirty, ill-fed street urchins — harden the heart of the common man to all suffering save, at the most, to that of his own species (when they do not close it altogether to all but his wretched personal problems). Poverty, we say, *and* the daily sight of poverty. It is a fact to be reckoned with, however shocking it might be to people who are strongly conscious of the value of *all* life, as we are ourselves.

The Indian (and European) slum dweller takes little notice of the thin, tired and thirsty horse, donkey or buffalo, dragging its cart through congested back streets under the threat of a hard stick. He takes little notice, too, of the famished dogs and cats, seeking a meager sustenance in the dustheaps; of the kitten, still alive, that somebody threw in the gutter or in the trash can three days before; of the young birds, in agony among the blood-stained remains of their crushed nest, which half a dozen human rascals, armed with stones, shouting and stamping with fiendish glee, have just brought down from the big tree near the water pump. He takes little notice of the cow, kid or pig, screaming in the yard at the back of a shop as it is being killed. Familiar sights and familiar sounds; everyday occurrences, perhaps bad in themselves, but far too common to stir his indignation. He has no leisure to give them a critical thought, were even his brains still alive enough to produce one. He has enough to do — he says — to think of his own misery; of the job he has just lost or is threatened to lose; of his sick children; of his own wretched body.

But the rich Indian, even educated — especially the one who has imbibed, along with his knowledge of English, a definitely man-centered outlook in spite of his traditional Hinduism — and the well-to-do European in countries where poverty prevails (Spain, Italy, the Balkans, etc.) show no more sympathy for animals, and no

more indignation at the contact of those very same things or of similar ones. They react in just the same way as the slum dwellers. And if one points out to them the terrible misery of animals — the skeleton-like dogs and cats, wandering in search of food at their own doorstep — they simply answer: “There is enough human misery to think of, without us bothering about cats and dogs also. There are enough starving children whom one should feed first.”

Always that same sickening old distinction between man and animal; that barbaric partiality in favor of the two-legged mammal — the “reasonable” being, made “in God’s own likeness”; that spontaneous collective selfishness of the average man, flattered, encouraged, kindled to a pitch by the widespread man-centered religions and the social creeds born of their influence; exalted to the status of a sign of objective truth; justified by whole fabrics of resounding theological, moral and pseudo-scientific sophisms!

It may be — and it is, in our eyes — a hateful thing. But it is a thing one has to take into account, because of its hold upon the insignificant little man who forms the majority of mankind; because of its appeal to public consciousness, which is not a criterion of truth — far from it! — but a condition of success, a guarantee of power.

And, if we keep our eyes open, we cannot but acknowledge that, whether in the East or in the West, wherever the average standard of living is particularly low, that hateful but deep-rooted collective human selfishness is particularly strong — even among the rich and educated; sometimes especially among them — and the chances of a general life-centered policy, on the part of the ruling classes, particularly little. Which does not mean to say that the ruling classes will always treat the wretched majority with evangelical kindness. Generally, they will do no such thing . . . But they will continue deliberately brushing aside all questions of animal welfare with the easy excuse that “human beings should be served first.”

* * *

It is not only the average man (rich or poor, academically qualified or not) who allows his attitude towards animals to be influenced, if not entirely determined, by the general standard of human life in the country in which he has acquired his decisive experience. The instance of prophets and seers, and of founders of great religions, appears as a rule to confirm rather than to refute that relation, which we tried to point out, between human

economics on one hand and people's attitude to subhuman creatures on the other. It would seem that most originators of definitely man-centered creeds were born and bred in countries where the standard of human life was particularly low in their time — where human misery, dirt and disease were an everyday sight. While in general, wherever important religious or moral innovators have unmistakably stressed, as the basis of their teaching, the sacred unity and the value of all life — wherever their teaching can be said, at least, to imply that sense of unity and of value — the standard of human life, at the epoch and in the immediate surroundings of the seers, was relatively high.

It is a fact that the material background of Christ or of the Prophet Mohamed — the wretched streets of Palestinian villages, where lepers and beggars, ragged children and starving dogs were a common sight, or the stops along the caravan roads of Arabia, where a hardly less depressing atmosphere of savage poverty no doubt prevailed — was very different from that of the Buddha or of Mahavira, both Indian princes;¹ very different, too, from that of the forest-dwelling sages of ancient India, free from the day-after-day contact with dirt and disease; or from that of Akhnaton, the richest monarch of his times, whose glittering luxury astounded even the King of Babylon.²

One might believe that Prince Siddhartha — the future Buddha — was so utterly upset as he encountered the old man, the sick man and the corpse, precisely because, during all the first part of his life, he had been systematically kept out of contact with the darker realities that those summarize. One might believe, too, that his heart, entirely unaware of cruelty under any form whatsoever, was precisely on account of such ignorance as thoroughly moved to pity at the sight of the flock being led to the sacrifice as at that of human misery. And the love of all living nature, whose joy in life and health and sunshine he understood so well — whose praise of the Sun he unhesitatingly assimilates, in his hymns, to his own adoration of Him — was also, in Akhnaton, the love of a heart that

¹ One should *also* notice that, as such-members of the Kshatriya caste-these Founders of life-centered religions were Aryans; and that King Akhnaton was half Aryan. (See our book *The Lightning and the Sun*, Edit. 1958, Part III).

² "In thy land, gold is as common as dust ..." (Letter of Burraburiash II, King of Babylon, to Akhnaton: *Tell-el-Amarna Letters*).

daily *personal* contacts with brutality and wretchedness had not hardened.

While in a lad brought up in a carpenter's shop, among the people — we would say today among the “masses” — of the Semitic near East, in the daily company and friendship of the peasants and artisans and fishermen of Galilea (honest but miserable folk, who might have had good qualities, but who knew nothing besides their bitter struggle for existence, and who had surely no more time for kindness to asses and to dogs than their descendants have at present); or in a man accustomed to the rough ways of nomadic warriors, shepherds and camel-drivers, one need not be surprised not to find a similar sensitiveness to all suffering, a similar love towards all living creatures; one need not point out too indignantly the absence of any signs of a life-centered outlook — even if the lad has grown into a miracle worker and a prophet (and a God, in the opinion of some), and the man into a teacher of millions, and a still greater prophet (in the opinion of others). One should, on the contrary, be almost grateful to Jesus of Nazareth for having compared himself, in a parable, to “the good shepherd” who leaves his whole flock to seek the lost lamb that he loves, although he does not appear to have abstained from lamb's flesh at the Paschal Feast. And one should be grateful to the Prophet of Islam for the kindness to cats so clearly ascribed to him by popular tradition, although dogs are not regarded with the same favor by his followers.

But it may be that this correspondence between the standards of living of a country or a class, and the outlook of its greatest seers on animals and on life in general, striking as it appears in history, at first sight, is in reality but a coincidence. To all that we have just written one might object that a genuine seer — and “initiate” — cannot but include in his love all forms of life, even the humblest, whatever be his material surroundings; that much is “symbolical,” “allegorical,” in episodes of the Christian gospels such as the story of the barren fig tree, or that of the draught of fishes or of the Gadarene swine; that we know nothing of the “real” Christ or of the “real” Prophet of Arabia. And it may be so indeed. It is difficult to *know* such exalted beings, save through direct, mystical contact with them, in which case all that is allegorical in their teaching appears in its proper esoteric meaning, as clear as daylight. And rare are the lay folk, like us, who are granted the privilege of such a communion with more than one of the great seers in their lifetime. It may be that the “real Christ,” whom we do

not know, loved the fishes and the swine and the trees in spite of references of which the true meaning escapes us, and the sheep also, in spite of his partaking of the Easter sacrifice. It may be, too, that the verses of the Koran in which meat eating is tolerated, are a concession to deep-rooted custom on the part of the legislator, rather than a mark of indifference to the suffering of animals on the part of the Prophet.

On the other hand, we ourselves would like to think — for the honor of our planet — that the Buddha and Mahavira, and the other Indian sages with a life-centered outlook, and the royal Prophet of the Sun, young forever, who sang the joy of life and adoration in all flesh, would have been no less universally loving had they been born and had they lived in the most wretched material conditions, instead of in their privileged status. We cannot, in fact, imagine any of the great expounders of life-centered teachings to have been less free from the burdensome influence of surrounding misery — or even of personal misery, had it been his destiny — than the one or two beggars, kind to all creatures, whom we met in a poverty-stricken land.

But one thing remains certain: the *interpretation* of a real teacher's message depends — and depends a good deal — on the standard of living of the people among whom it is preached, *whatever be the teacher's original spirit*. In particular it seems true to say that, however thoroughly life-centered a teaching might be, the interpretation of it is bound to be man-centered to the extent to which the people to whom it is addressed are in a materially miserable condition. One only has to look and see to what extent the great life-centered religions of India have degenerated in the hands of the increasingly miserable Indians of modern times. The very revivers of the most obviously impartial creeds of universal mercy — Buddhism and Jainism — seem to forget that they are not merely Christians; that man's welfare should not be their sole aim. The Jains seem to have no concern whatsoever, outside man, but for cows. And ever so, in the propaganda articles they publish, their writers insist far too much on the "usefulness" of those animals, as though they were defending them mainly in the interest of mankind. The well-known Buddhist Society of Calcutta — the Mahabodhi — during the dark days of the Bengal famine in 1943 started free distributions of milk for babies, as any Christian organization would have done. But it had no free food for the numberless starving animals *also*, in the spirit of the Buddhists of old. The Ramakrishna Mission, the Arya Samaj, and other

societies, all aiming to compete with the foreign Christian missions for the respect and support of the Indian people, behave, for all practical purposes, exactly like the Christians: they have hospitals, dispensaries, schools and orphanages, but no animal-welfare centers at all; men seem to come first, in a country of widespread human misery, in the eyes of such averagely “good” people as those bodies are composed of — in the eyes of *all* people, in fact, save of a very few truly intelligent, unprejudiced and impartially loving ones.

* * *

This brings us to say, that, whatever be the creed people officially profess, their *practical* interest in the welfare of all beings is largely dependent — in the case of all average folk, at least — on the general standard of human life in the country where they have learned to feel and to think. Useless to add that the practical possibility of doing good to animals depends largely on the same. With the best of good will, an Indian slum-dweller or peasant, in the present state of affairs, *cannot* do for the starving dogs and cats of his locality what an equally kind well-to-do person could easily do. There are material limitations which even a true lover of animals experiences, when he is himself half-fed, sickly and overworked. The exceptional beggar woman whom we mentioned in the beginning of this chapter could not do what she does without the financial help of one or two more privileged people interested, like her, in animal welfare.

In other words, there is a very close relation between human welfare as a whole and the well-being of those animals at least which depend on man for their food; a very close relation, surely, between human welfare as a whole and kindness to pet animals — dogs, cats, horses, ponies, etc. We know it is often difficult enough to teach kindness towards all animals even to those people who happen to be full of solicitude for their pets. It seems still more difficult, not merely to induce people to give up eating flesh, but to bring them to realize their *positive* duties towards all creatures when they never experienced, in their homes, the fellowship of a tame animal — when they never knew the pleasure of making a cat purr, or of seeing a dog wag his tail at their approach.

Which means that the preaching of active kindness towards animals is likely to meet with little response in any part of the world wherever the general standard of human life is low. And even in those countries where it is high, one is likely to face the

indifference, if not the opposition, of all such believers in man-centered creeds as hold the existence of human misery, *anywhere* in the world, to be a more than sufficient reason to postpone the starting of any animal welfare work on a national or international scale.

What, then, is to be done? Put off all serious talk about animal welfare till all human beings are “served first”? Wait till there is no more human misery *anywhere*, before promoting any broad scale effort to give a happy life to dogs and cats, donkeys and buffalos, now miserable? Or try to kill in many the spirit of the man-centered creeds, in spite of the remaining fact of human misery? The first of these two courses would be criminal, the second utopian — practically impossible. One surely should do one’s utmost to fight against the prejudices of the present-day world, product of a man-centered tradition, centuries old. But we believe that one has, at the same time, to contribute to the relief both of animal and of human misery, and especially to work in order to prepare the advent of a type of society in which it would be easy for men to live in loving harmony with animals, and even with plants.

* * *

The root of much human misery — and in particular of many wars — seems to lie in the steadily increasing number of human beings in the world. When a country which has already more inhabitants than it can comfortably accommodate, employ and feed, continues producing more and more babies, it is bound to claim “more living space” for itself in due course; in other words, it is bound to attack its less prolific or less well equipped neighbors, or to seek colonies overseas. Its only third alternative would be to see its millions starving and discontented; to accept a gradual lowering of its average standard of life. In all cases, human misery is the natural outcome of reckless overbreeding. It seems to be so now, at least, in the present state of the world.

The immediate step to take, therefore, all over the world, in order to raise the standard of human life everywhere and to avoid useless wars, would be, logically, to stop the indiscriminate production of babies — to cease bribing people to have young ones, in the countries of moderate birthrate, *unless, of course, these be of exceptionally fine racial stock*, to encourage them to have none, or extremely few, in countries already burdened by overpopulation, especially if these be also of inferior racial stock. Less people

would mean “more living space” for all men. And racial selection would mean a more beautiful and nobler mankind.

But our humanitarian dreamers do not want that solution of the world’s economic problems. Fancy depriving human beings, members of the “superior” species, “reasonable” creatures, of the pleasure of having as many children as they like! What an awful thing to think of! Their solution is different. There is quite enough space for everybody, they say, provided everybody is allowed to use it. Don’t stop or discourage the production of babies, but increase and systemize the production — and also if necessary, the consumption — of wealth. Organize the distribution of the world’s goods so that every man, woman and child will live comfortably with a minimum number of hours of daily work. The earth can yield far more than man has yet compelled it to. There is more than sufficient space, and more than sufficient food. The only thing is to make the best of it: to increase the production in proportion to the increase of the population — indefinitely.

To keep on increasing production indefinitely — what does that mean, and where does it lead? In the present state of the world— with the unhealthy division of mankind into separate, unnatural states, each one protecting its own industry by putting high duties on foreign goods; each one bent on “keeping up the prices” of its own goods sold abroad — it means waste in one part of the globe and want in the other; it means bitter competition between countries struggling to lay hands on the same “markets.” It ends in war. But — such, at least, is the opinion of many of our humanitarian friends — in a “better” world, in which both capitalism and watertight commercial barriers, and also artificial frontiers, would be things of the past, it would be quite different. In that worldwide paradise governed by all workers in the interest of all, on socialistic lines, every particular increase in production, no matter where it be, would mean a corresponding improvement of the general standard of human life — not competition, not war. The population of the globe, of course, would continue to increase, perhaps not in the proportion it does now in India and China, but still quite steadily enough for a constant increase in the quantity of foodstuffs and of manufactured goods of all sorts (and thus, in the surface of cultivable lands and in the production of raw materials) to be necessary, if every man is to live in relative comfort.

This ideal system would not for years, and perhaps for centuries — for as long as population and production would keep pace with each other — mean waste on one side and want on the

other, and commercial strife. But it would mean something, in our eyes, far worse. It would mean the intensified, and more and more systematic exploitation of living nature by man, on an ever-broadening scale. It would mean, with a flesh-eating population — and men would soon find in their very number an easy excuse to remain flesh eaters for want of mere vegetable food, specially in certain regions — an intensification of cattle breeding and an extension of slaughterhouses; an increase of the fur industry (men would be too numerous to all live in temperate climates, where they could go without wearing furs); a further cutting down of forests and clearing of jungles, in order to utilize every inch of land for the securing of man's food, and man's clothing, and man's housing; also of man's industries. The beautiful wild beasts, especially those that dare to be man-eating, would soon disappear. The last specimens of their vanquished species might at most adorn the "zoos" for man's amusement. Man, having at last ceased to prey on his own kind, would prey on the whole of creation with unprecedented efficiency. He would make the world a safe place for his own species, never mind at the cost of what ruthless exploitation of the rest of the living, both animals and plants. Were those not all "made for him" by old Jehovah, the typical god of all man-centered creeds, whom our "free thinking" humanitarians worship, at heart, more thoroughly than even most Christians or Muslims? He would live and thrive. They would either die — if harmful or useless to him — or else live for the sole purpose of being utilized by him to the utmost; of having their flesh, their fur, their skin, their young ones year after year, their milk (or their sap, their wood, their bark, whatever they have) taken by him. There would be one king of the earth: mankind; one slave: subdued living nature. Most hateful prospects!

We know — they tell us, at least — that a time would come when an excess of comfort would bring the human population of the globe to a standstill and even to a gradual decrease. But before reaching that new equilibrium the world would have become, for long, past praying for. Men would perhaps at last decrease in number. But the beautiful animal species sacrificed one after the other to their convenience could not be brought to existence again. And the remaining enslaved ones would probably be too degraded to be able to live in renewed freedom. The forests alone, perhaps — in the tropics — would regain their former breadth and beauty once greedy mankind would be extinct — out of the way forever. But what an abominable trail of ugliness and of suffering,

until then! A thousand times better the age-old international rivalries; war, and again war, each time on a grander scale; the atom bomb — or some other similar device of destruction — and the end of it: man, animal, plant and all; the world's "master species" and its victims — once for all, within a few brief decades from today!

* * *

To raise the standard of human life all over the world by an increase of production and an entire reshuffling of the distribution of wealth, without bothering about reducing the number of men on earth to a minimum, would be doing little or no service to the cause of living creatures in general.

At most, once man as a whole would be completely free from the burden of human poverty, one might expect him to give a little extra care to pet animals; one might hope that, in the ideal world of our humanitarian friends, dogs and cats would be as well looked after in Spain and Italy, Greece and India, China and Mexico, as they are today in England. That would surely be something; but how little, compared with the intensified worldwide exploitation of animals for man's food, clothing, "scientific" researches, and amusement; or with the merciless destruction of both forests or jungles and of the wild animals that live in them! How little, compared even with the amount of suffering indirectly inflicted on pet animals in the name of man's convenience in a well-to-do society dominated by the principles of a strongly man-centered creed: the merciless castration of tomcats, the destruction of whole litters of unwanted kittens or puppies, the "putting to sleep" of sick, old, or simply no longer cherished pets!

Our dream is not to see all the world behave towards animals as most people already do in present-day England. We wish it would behave much better, and under the urge of an entirely different outlook on animals. Up till now, most of those who, out of spontaneous kindness, take good care of their pets, and even those who protest, sometimes vehemently, against cruelty to animals in general, do so while still clinging to the belief that animals are "made for man." They cling to it without even questioning it, as to an inherited habit of thinking, and therefore consider the destruction of a litter of kittens and that of a newly-born baby, the shooting of an old horse and the shooting of an old man (equally unfit to work) in a different light. It is *that very belief* that should be uprooted all over the world, if a better world is ever to come into existence. The idea, or rather the feeling, that in the beauty of life, and *not* in

the interest of man, lies the basis and the measure of all moral values, should replace, in the subconscious mind of all men, or at least of an overwhelming majority of men, that sense of mere human solidarity, hardly less barbaric than the most outdated forms of tribal or even personal selfishness. Then, and then alone, will man become the perfect culmination of the living world instead of its rival, its tyrant or its torturer; the truly superior species. Then and not before.

Possibly — probably — that cannot be as long as there is widespread human misery. That cannot be, either, if the problem of human misery is finally solved in a man-centered spirit. We repeat: it is better, far better that the world should rush to its doom as it is, rather than evolve into that horrid future society, efficiently organized for the well being of all mankind *but of mankind alone*, which appeals so much to some of our contemporaries!

* * *

Our ideal world, entirely free from all forms of exploitation of animals; our world, in which man would both feel himself morally compelled to help all living creatures and have every power to do so; in which the rights of vegetable life itself would be recognized and respected as far as possible; our world, we say, seems bound to remain a dream so long as the number of human beings is not brought to a minimum — a few score million only; perhaps a few hundreds of thousands on earth — and made to remain stationary, *and* so long as the noblest section of the Aryan race — Nordic humanity — not only is not the master of its own destiny, but has not *the* final word to say in *all* matters of legislation — even outside its own actual pale.¹ Only then would it be easy, apparently, for man to increase his wealth and comfort to a degree yet unheard of, *without becoming the rival or exploiter of the other living species*. Only then could active, organized kindness to animals take, all over the world, the broad proportions that organized philanthropy has taken in the present-day centers of Christian tradition — provided the few men enjoy, along with their material well-being, a proper education.

* * *

The state which appears to us as the ideal preliminary background to the true fraternity of man and animal (and plant, to

¹ Otherwise there would hardly be any protection for creatures, among men of an inferior stock.

the extent it is possible) is not the return to that “simple life” and “healthy manual labor” so vehemently advocated in certain circles in our present society.

We have not witnessed enough kindness to animals among the manual workers living a relatively “simple” life to be convinced that such a return would be of any use to our cause. On the contrary, it is difficult for us to visualize a non-mechanized society without any form of exploitation of animals whatsoever, especially if it be a society in which animals were still the slave of man not long before. If there be no trucks, nor agricultural machines, nothing, then men would soon take to using horses and oxen once more to pull their carts and plough their fields — for there must be fields, and there must also be arrangements for carrying goods from one place to another. Men with absolutely no machines at all would soon learn to regard the horse and the ox, the ass, the camel and the buffalo just as they did before, as useful instruments “made to work for them.” And, with this obnoxious outlook, the whole trail of evils we wish to abolish would again come into being. It is better to nip it in the bud.

We believe that all hasty talk against man’s technical achievements in general, and particularly against the use of machines in daily life, is out of place in the mouth of anyone who earnestly aims at the liberation of animals (and even of plants, to the extent it is possible) from the yoke of mankind. The society we call “ideal” would be a very highly mechanized one, and electrified one, in which man himself would have to work only as little as possible; a society composed of a few myriads, at the most of a few hundreds of thousands of households with two, one, or no children — or rather, with twelve, in the case of pure blooded, healthy and beautiful fathers and mothers, splendid specimens of their race, and in all other cases, with none or at the most one — living far apart from one another save in a small number of attractive and comfortable industrial areas (automobile factories and aircraft plants; shipyards, mining, electrical plants, etc.); happy households, separated and united by vast expanses of forest, by jungles or steppes, or simply by areas of free waste land with motorable roads running through them; a small, harmoniously evolved society, scattered over the surface of this glorious earth like rare waterlilies of different colors over an endless marsh. It would also — naturally — be a hierarchized society run on racialist principles. Indeed if the number of men is not to increase indefinitely, very strict regulations are to keep down the numbers

of the inferior races lest the Aryan — the ruling race — be *forced* to have larger and larger families, merely in order to survive. For without his survival, there *could be* no ideal world, in the sense we have defined it.

A dozen factories or so would be enough to supply the whole world with all the necessary things: foodstuffs, textiles, machinery — flour, vegetable preserves, jams and chocolates, linen and cotton cloth, electric bulbs and engine parts. Men who have no special call for any art or learning would have to work the machines for an hour or so a day, in turns. The rest of the time they would enjoy leisure. Those who have a marked inclination for any sort of handicraft or art, for music or for writing, or for any sort of serious and harmless research, would be encouraged to contribute, each one in his way, to the edification of the world. They would have more duties, but also enjoy greater freedom than the others: they would have higher wages for producing their handspun, handwoven cloths, their embroideries, their artistic brass work, carvings or jewelry; they would be given free transport to go and play, exhibit or speak in public from place to place; and granted the free printing of their writings, if these be really works of art with an eternal meaning.

The number of human beings on earth, after having been gradually reduced to a few tens of millions at most, would be maintained at that level as rigorously as possible. We suppose that such a result could hardly be attainable without a systematic training of the *average* man and woman in the art of avoiding conception while living as most creatures do, and without the free supply to them of the technical means of doing so. As for the more sensitive and more understanding people, their whole education would naturally lead them to prefer experiencing in their lifetime rare periods of perfect enjoyment — glorious fulfillment of all their being, in harmony with itself and with the world; hours of apotheosis (a few, but supremely beautiful), after years of both physical and mental preparation — rather than having the regular, humdrum satisfactions of the majority, with the necessary adjuncts of trickery for fear of “complications.”

Moreover, as people would be *few*, education would become quite a different thing from what it is now. It would not consist merely of imparting “information” on various subjects to groups of fifty or more children of about the same age. It would be an *individual* training in the art of thinking and of living, given by every recognized master to a very few boys and girls, along with

the necessary information about the history and geography of the world, the properties of matter and of numbers, lines and curves, etc. The development of an aesthetic outlook on life, and of *the will to live up to it in all one does*, would be the main aim of such an education. The very atmosphere of that world which we call “ideal,” the general mentality of its people thus educated, would be congenial to the existence of small, comfortable families; to the free individual development of men within the limits of the freedom of other men *and of animals* (and even plants, to the extent to which it is possible), and to active, *organized* kindness towards all living creatures.

* * *

In our ideal world, the extra wealth of man, instead of being used to bring up more and more future men in extravagant numbers, and to increase indefinitely the production of goods useful to man, would be employed both by private individuals and by governments to make the world a happier place for all the living: men *and* animals.

As we said in a previous chapter, it is gradually that one would have to get rid of the system of enslaving animals to man in man’s interest. One would have to prepare the coming of the day in which cows and sheep, goats and buffalos, horses, asses, camels, reindeer, etc., would once more live in their free wild state, only occasionally coming in contact with man as his friends, never as his servants. Homes for every kind of presently enslaved animals would have to be set up in the meantime, and maintained by public taxes (as homes for children and aged men are already, in present society) until the new generations of beasts, slowly reeducated, would again be fit to live on their own, as they did before the dawn of man’s domination. We know that, then, a number of them would fall a prey to carnivorous animals, especially in certain regions of the globe. That cannot be helped, so long as nature is such that some animal species cannot live without flesh. It is perhaps also — and that has to be considered from a practical point of view — the only lasting solution of the problem of the increase of animals. So long as one cannot teach birth control to wild beasts or in some way interfere with their rate of reproduction, it seems indeed to be the *only* solution. As for domestic animals living in the human settlements as man’s friends — dogs and cats, and occasionally bigger animals (now made to work, then completely free) such a pet horse or cow — one would *have* to force some

amount of sex control upon them, as on the human species itself, if, in time, one is not to witness again the habit of drowning or abandoning newly-born kittens and puppies, or of castrating tomcats, horses and bulls. The best way would be, apparently, to have public institutions, maintained lavishly by government funds, to which people would be obliged by law to bring their unwanted puppies, kittens, or any other young animals, after the mothers have finished nursing them. There, the males and females would have to be kept apart from each other, unless it were possible to operate *painlessly* and *without any injury to their well-being* upon the females (not the males) so that they might know the joys of life without the risk of giving birth to more young ones than could be well fed and well looked after as long as they live.

Surely this would be a very imperfect arrangement. Anyone who has watched a mother cat lying with her kittens and purring as she gives them her milk understands what a pity it would be to deprive numbers of female animals of the pleasure of having young ones, or to allow it to them only once in their lifetime. But unless they are all gradually put back into their natural wild state, and left to fend for themselves among other animals of all sorts in the great forests of our “ideal” world, there is no other solution.

Another sad point is the food problem for carnivorous pet animals, such as cats. Dogs could, to a great extent, live on rice or bread mixed with milk. Cats, without any flesh or fish at all, do not thrive. The best would certainly be for them to be given rice and milk or bread and milk in the human homes and to catch rats and mice for themselves out of doors. But would they find enough rats and mice to live on? They do not now, in countries like India, where they are left to eat what they can, having more often than not no owners to look after them. And what about the cats that would grow up in the public homes, never to go beyond the limits of a certain enclosure — broad enough for them to have the impression of freedom, but still a fenced enclosure? They would have to be fed. The only solution, apparently, would be to give them not meat, but fish. The fishes, as all creatures, are no doubt glad to live. But what is to be done? As the flesh-eating men say, the law of the animal world is that one species preys on the other. One has no right to keep animals within a limited enclosure and to force unto them an uncongenial mode of living. Man alone should either rise above the law of the animal world, whenever he can without impairing his physical well being, or else cease claiming to be the “superior” species.

* * *

To the picture we have just tried to sketch — the picture of a society organized in a life-centered spirit, far better than the present-day one, but yet a long way from perfect — we would no doubt prefer that of a world in which all animals, including dogs and cats, could be allowed to breed freely, being in a position to find their own food, and in which they would come to man's settlements as visitors and friends, without being dependent upon him for their sustenance. We would far prefer the impossible world in which the wolf and the lamb would walk together. But it is not in man's power to change the nature and needs of the animals. All he can do — if he really be the superior species — is to organize the world, inasmuch as it depends on him, in such a way that all creatures — men, animals and plants — might enjoy happier lives to the extent the rival species allow them to live. All he can do is to abstain, for himself, personally, and as a species, from becoming the rival or the enemy of any animal. All he can do is to be kind to all, both individually and as a promoter of institutions maintained for the welfare of animals; to choose as members of the human governments, only such men as have a spontaneous life-centered outlook; such men as love all living beings without even any official religion telling them to do so. All he can do is to bring up his children in the spirit of a life-centered teaching; to believe himself in the one universal religion of Life and Sunshine, whatever be the recognized faith of his fathers, and to live up to it in earnest — in truth. But that is already sufficient to make him more than a clever animal. Nay, that is the only way by which he can become a truly superior living species, not merely cleverer than the others, but also nobler and more generous.

In the *Popol-Vuh*, the old sacred book of the Quiches of Central America, it is said that the animals were, from the start, condemned to be killed and eaten because they were devoid of articulate speech and could not therefore praise the Gods.¹

In the beautiful hymns of Akhnaton to the Sun — millenniums older, but far more modern in inspiration than the indigenous American Scripture — quadrupeds, birds, insects and fishes, and even plants, all living creatures are said to worship and praise, every one in its way, and to the utmost capacity of its species, the

¹ *Popol-Vuh*, French translation of Brasseur de Bourbourg. Paris, Arthur Bertrand Edit, 1851, pp. 15-17.

One and self-same creative Energy, Essence of the Sun, “Lord and Origin of Life, Father and Mother of all beings.”

Mankind has been evolving between those two conceptions of the world and the two different scales of values that correspond, each one, to each of them: the man-centered; the life-centered. If one judges them by their actions in everyday life, one must admit that most men — even today, even in the countries that officially profess life-centered religions — are still on the moral level of the tribes who produced the Popol-Vuh; not an inch higher. They will pride themselves on articulate speech — on “intellect” — as the special prerogative of man, and try to justify the horrors of all forms of exploitation of animals on the grounds of that human “superiority.”

We believe man is not yet, as a whole, a really superior species, but just a creature applying its greater intellect to the same selfish ends as any animal would: to its personal interest and, at the most, to the interest of its own kind. And we are convinced that it is not intellect alone that can ever bear witness to any true superiority in him. What can, and what does — be it up till now, only in a few individuals — proclaim real human greatness, is sympathy for all that lives; it is not the mere intellectual admission, but the *feeling* of the unity of all life; the love of all sentient creatures as man’s brothers of various shapes; the feeling that one is guilty if one does not help them to live in health and joy, as one would like to see one’s own children live. What can alone reveal in man a superior creature is his capacity to rise from the man-centered point of view of the Popol-Vuh (and of other Scriptures, more famous, but in fact no better than it) to the joyous wisdom expressed in song — and in life — by Him-Who-lived-in-Truth;¹ his capacity to see, in every beast or bird, a living hymn to the Sun, and to love it because it is beautiful.

We are conscious of the practical difficulties one would meet in organizing even a far more limited human society than the present-day one on such lines and in such a spirit as this. But we believe that it is better to try to overcome those difficulties, if necessary to face a bitter struggle for the welfare of all creatures and for the cleansing of humanity from an age-long shame, rather than to remain indifferent to all the cruelties involved in the exploitation of animals. We believe one should at least do one’s best to make men conscious of the amount of barbarity tolerated by most organized

¹ *Ankh-em-Maat* — one of the titles of King Akhnaton of Egypt.

religions in their present state, and to stir in them the shame of it. One should do one's best to tell the modern world, craving for a lasting peace based on international justice and for the end of the exploitation of man by man, under any form, that man, as a whole, deserves no such justice and no such peace and no sympathy whatsoever, as long as he tolerates the existence of slaughterhouses, of the fur industry with all the atrocities it implies, of scientific experimentation upon living creatures for whatever purpose it be; as long as hunting parties, bull fights, circuses and exhibitions of caged animals are not yet an abomination to him; as long, too, as he can witness the life-long hard labor of the beast of burden without a collective outcry of protest.

That is what we have done, in this book as all through our life.

— Savitri Devi Mukherji

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Joy of the Sun

*The Beautiful Life
Of Akhnaton, King of Egypt*

Told to Young People

by

Savitri Devi

With Illustrations
by the Author

CALCUTTA
THACKER, SPINK & CO. (1933), LTD.

1942

Savitri Devi

By the same author:

**AKHNATON'S ETERNAL MESSAGE
A PERFECT MAN: AKHNATON, KING OF EGYPT**

JOY OF THE SUN

To
the memory
of
Sir W.M. Flinders Petrie.

Savitri Devi



Preface

There are few things in the history of any land or time as beautiful as the short life of Akhnaton, king of Egypt in the early fourteenth century B.C. Some men are celebrated for their extraordinary intelligence; others are famous as great artists; others have become immortal account of their goodness. But few have been intellectual geniuses, artists and saints at the same time, in the natural perfection of their being. Akhnaton was such a man. He was one of those rare historic figures whose very existence is sufficient to make one proud to be a man, in spite of all the atrocities that have dishonoured our species from the beginning up to now. And yet, such is the irony of fate that the public at large hardly knows his name.

At the opening of this year 1942 A.D.—exactly three thousand three hundred years after Akhnaton's death, if we accept the chronology of some historians—I present this simple book to the young people of all the world in the hope that it may teach them to love that most lovable of men. My own life would have been richer and more beautiful, had I had the privilege to know of him when I was twelve years old. To try to give that privilege to others seems to me the best way of amending for long years of neglect, and of keeping up King Akhnaton's thirty-third centenary in the midst of our troubled times.

SAVITRI DEVI
Calcutta, 14th of February 1942.

Savitri Devi

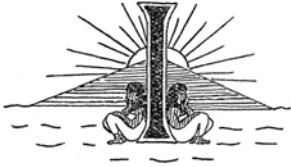
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Savitri Devi

Chapter I

1400 B.C.



IN the time in which this true story begins—nine hundred years before the Buddha and Lao-Tse were born, fourteen hundred years before Christ, and more than two thousand years before the Prophet Mohamed—the world was already old. It was different in many ways, but yet the same as it is now—much the same as it always was. There were fewer people and more wastelands, more forests, more wild animals than there are today. It took, also, very much longer to go from one place to another. Of course, there were no newspapers; and apart from merchants, sailors and warriors, scarce were those who ever visited foreign lands. Special messengers took weeks to go from Egypt to Syria and back. The world seemed much broader than it does now. But there were good and bad people in it, as there are still; there were rich and poor, wise and foolish. There were states and empires, and wars between them. There were peasants, traders and money-lenders; craftsmen and slaves; soldiers and physicians and priests. And just as in all times, the seekers of wealth were more common than the seekers of truth, and superstition more common than religion.

The countries that are nowadays the most spoken about—Germany, Britain, Russia—were then hardly known to the rest of the world. And among the nations that we look upon as “very ancient,” many had not yet risen to prominence; others did not even exist. Assyria was still an ‘unimportant’ semi-barbaric kingdom; the Acropolis of Athens was but an obscure Mycenaean fortress; and, seven hundred years were yet to pass before the first huts were to appear on the spot that was, one day, to become Rome. Countries, most of which have for centuries, lost their place in the world, were then the ruling nations, the centres of all activity worth mentioning.

Among them, India and China, highly civilised as they were, were so far away that the rest of mankind looked upon them almost as we do upon another planet. Now and then in some port of the Persian Gulf, a ship would unload its precious cargo: perfumes and peacocks, jade and

sandal-wood, and strange tales would spread about the unreachable lands of dawn beyond the Indian Ocean.

In the other half of the world, Babylonia, Egypt, the Aegean Isles—the ruling powers—were already more than twice as old as Britain and Germany are now. That is to say that many happenings had taken place since the far-gone days when the gods, it was said, had ruled on earth, each one in his particular area. Mighty kingdoms had risen and fallen; new gods and goddesses had become popular while others had been forgotten. Crete, the mistress of the waves for centuries, was now in her decline. Daring Phoenician sea-farers were beginning to take the place of hers, while old Babylon, famous for her star-gazers and her trade, and second only to Thebes in splendour, was slumbering under the uneventful rule of a foreign dynasty. In the centre of Asia Minor a warrior-like nation—the Hittites—was slowly rising in strength; but nobody feared it yet. And to the south-east of the Hittite boundaries, bordering the outskirts of the Egyptian empire, there was the small kingdom of Mitanni, an ally of Egypt.

Egypt was the one uncontested “great power” of the time. Within a few generations, she had extended her sway eastwards across the Syrian desert, into a part of what is now Iraq; northwards, beyond the Upper Euphrates, to lands where winter brings snow, and southwards, past the Fourth Cataract of the Nile to regions of depressing heat and pouring rain, unknown to the Egyptians themselves. People, then, must have spoken of the Egyptian empire somewhat as they do of the British empire today.

And the emperor of those many dominions, the greatest monarch of the world, was the Pharaoh Amenhotep the Third—Amenhotep the Magnificent, as some modern historians have called him. Thebes, his capital, was one of the largest and most beautiful cities that had ever existed. Its palaces and gardens were famous, but nothing exceeded the splendour of its temples dedicated to all the gods of Upper and Lower Egypt. From a great distance, one could see the sacred flags fluttering like waves of purple above the gigantic pylons and the golden tops of the obelisks glittering in the sun. And one could never forget the royal avenue bordered with rows of sphinx, which led to the enclosure of the main temple—the great temple of Amon—nor the courtyards, the halls, the shrines therein; the huge columns, so big that twenty men stretching their arms hardly sufficed to embrace one of them, so high that their summits seemed lost in the darkness; the golden hieroglyphics that shone on a background of dark granite, proclaiming the words of the god to the Conqueror, his son “I have come; I have, granted thee to

trample over the great ones of Syria . . .”

In those days, not merely every country but every city had its own gods and goddesses, who were not those of the neighbouring city. Nobody even imagined that there could only one God for all the world. But they found it natural to worship gods of other cities, even of distant lands, when these had proved themselves efficient by making their people powerful. That is how Amon the god of Thebes, the royal city, had become the main god of all Egypt. Nay, even outside Egypt, in Syria, in Palestine, in Nubia, throughout the Empire, temples were erected to him and people worshipped him. They feared him, as they who had feared Egypt; for it was he, they were told, guided the armies of the Conqueror, Thotmose the Third—the ruling Pharaoh’s great-grandfather—from victory to victory, and made Egypt invincible ever since.

The priests of Amon were so rich that they did not know what to do with their wealth. They possessed immense stretches of good land—corn-fields and palm groves and pastures and maize-fields—ever-increasing revenues, huge flocks of cattle and numberless slaves. A great part of the tribute of the conquered cities was given to them. Their power was second only to that of the king and their influence was felt everywhere. The commoners, poor and ignorant folk, looked up to them as if they were gods on earth, and even the king—the son of the Sun; himself a god—feared to displease them. They had long given up the habit of pious meditation and the simple life they had once led before they became rich. Now, they spent their time intriguing so as to extort more and more privileges from the king; they urged the people to offer costly sacrifices and to make donations to the temples. And they lived in luxury.

There were many foreigners in Thebes. Syrian princes—sons and grandsons of defeated kings—were sent there to learn Egyptian manners. Lybian and Nubian soldiers serving in the Egyptian army met there with Cretan craftsmen, with sailors from Cyprus and the Aegean Isles. Babylonians had settled there; they made a living by lending money or by telling fortunes, or else by giving lessons in their native language—then the international medium of commerce and diplomacy—to the sons of rich Theban merchants or to the future clerks of the Egyptian Foreign Office. Sometimes, in the slave-market, one would come across natives of strange lands: some tall pink and white barbarian, with blue eyes, brought by the Phoenicians from the misty Isles at the western end of the world, or, more often, dark-skinned, thick-lipped hunters from the farthest South, who bore

shields of antelope hide and long poisonous arrows, stuck red and green feathers in their woolly hair, and dwelt in unknown damp forests full of rhinoceros and wild elephants.

All these people came and went, toiled and traded, made merry and suffered, and worshipped each one his native gods, occasionally propitiating the foreign ones too, when they thought it would be of some good. They all looked upon Egypt as if her empire would last forever and her splendour never decline. They enjoyed the refinements of her sophisticated life; they, admired the art of her craftsmen; they admired and feared her military power which had proved invincible. But above all they feared Amon, her great god, and his priests; and they feared King Amenhotep, her Pharaoh, though he had never led an army through Syria, as his father and forefathers had.

As for the Egyptians, they had always been a proud nation. Two hundred years of constant victory had made them prouder than ever. They were kind and hospitable to strangers, but thought themselves superior to the rest of men, whoever they might be. They were deeply attached to their national gods—especially to Amon—and they looked up to their king as to the Sun in heaven.

And so, the western half of all the civilised world lay at the feet of Egypt, and Egypt at the feet of her king, Amenhotep the Third, son of the Sun, the first king of the world—the favourite of Amon, the great god of Egypt.

Chapter II

Dawn



ING AMENHOTEP had many wives: one, a Mitannian princess, one the sister of the king of Babylon, and a number of others, from different countries far and near. But his chief wife, Queen Tiy, was the one he loved the best.

He built a summer house for her, on the bank of the Nile, so that she might spend there long hours with him, amidst luxuriant flower beds and groves of rare trees. And he caused a lake to be dug out for her nearby, so that she might sail with him across its smooth waters, in a gilded boat with sails as delicate and beautiful as the wings of a butterfly. He gave her authority over his other wives, and put all his confidence in her.

She was clever and ambitious. She was not contented merely with her power in the palace, but helped her husband to rule Egypt and the Empire. She governed them alone, when King Amenhotep had grown weary of his heavy duties.

Queen Tiy had been married for twenty-six years. She had, several daughters, but yet no son; and as she was getting old—she was over thirty-five, and perhaps not far from forty—her disappointment was great. She had prayed to many gods, and goddesses; she had worn charms, gone on pilgrimages, touched miraculous statues and drank from sacred tanks water that was said to give sons even to barren women. But it had been of no avail. Yet, she still kept on praying and hoping.

And she was right, for her prayers and hopes were not in vain; at last, her wish was fulfilled, and a son was born to her. There was great joy in the palace and merriment throughout the land. Food was distributed to the poor, and forgiveness granted to criminals on the occasion, so that the hearts even of the most wretched might greet in happiness the coming of the new-born prince.

Astrologers were consulted about the child's destiny, and they said that he would become the greatest of all the kings of Egypt. One of them—a man of profound wisdom—said that he would “show the world the true face of his Father.” But when asked to make his prophecy more clear, he kept silent. Queen Tiy kept the strange words in her heart, but years were to pass until she could grasp their full meaning

The little prince was named after his father, Amenhotep, which means “Amon is pleased.” He was a sickly baby who hardly had the strength to cry, and looked as if he would not live. His mother loved him all the more. She watched over him day and night, as one watches over a priceless treasure that one fears to lose. The child was brought up in all the luxury of the Egyptian court. He was given the best of food, the best of clothing, and the most marvellous toys that cunning workmanship could produce for his delight. He was given companions of his age to play with. But, though he loved them, he did not usually share their games for long. He was of a quiet and dreamy disposition, and sought the company of grown-up people. He liked to sit with his mother and have her tell him stories of the times when there were giants and monsters, and animals who could speak, and men who had the power of making themselves invisible. Or else, he would remain lying on a cushion, smelling an open lotus as if he were slowly drinking its soul, or silently gazing at the sky. In the palace, as in all Egyptian houses, the windows were small and built high in the walls, on account of the glare and the heat. Seen from a low couch or from the floor, through the narrow opening above, the cloudless sky, so far away, seemed still more blue and still more distant. The little prince felt as if he were himself melting away into the shapeless glowing depth; and that feeling was for him the greatest joy. But it was beyond words, and he could not express it even to his mother.

The prince was eager to learn, and like all intelligent children, he often asked questions that were not easy to answer, such as: “Why don't animals speak nowadays?” or: “What is light made of?” or “Why doesn't Gilu wear a wig?” (In Egypt, in those days, both men and women used to wear wigs, but Gilukhipa, the king's Mitannian wife, did not follow that fashion).

“Now, I have told you already not to call her ‘Gilu’; she is your step-mother,” said Queen Tiy, trying to avoid his question.

“But she has told me herself that I may,” retorted the child. He had a ready reply to everything.

One day, he was taken to a part of the palace where he had never

been before, and there, in a hall all decorated with gold and lapis lazuli, was made to sit upon a dais, by the side of his mother. Many people were seated all around. They stood up and saluted him and the queen. The king was absent, on account of ill-health. The child saw an old man in strange clothes—a foreigner—come up to a certain distance from the dais and make the customary bows. It was the Hittite ambassador, who was soon to return to his country with important messages from Egypt. “What will he bring for me, when he comes back?” said the boy, though he was not expected to speak.

“What would the prince like me to bring?” asked the foreign envoy with a smile.

The prince had heard that in the land of the Hittites, something white, cold and beautiful, as light as feathers—snow—used to fall from heaven. It covered the hills and meadows, and made them look like silver as the Sun shone upon them. But he had not heard any more about it, and he was not more than four years old. He answered quite seriously “Bring me some snow,” and this time everybody smiled. “You silly boy,” his mother whispered into his ear, “how can one bring you snow? It would melt on the way.” And turning to the ambassador she said: “You can bring him some pet to play with; he loves animals.” But the child kept on asking, louder and louder: “Why does snow melt? Do tell me, mother, why does it melt?”

“The prince has an inquisitive mind; he will seek the cause of everything as he does now of melting snow and will be a philosopher,” said an official of the palace to the one seated next to him. “I would prefer him to be a soldier,” answered the man, “the Empire needs a strong hand to keep it whole.”

Prince Amenhotep was growing in loveliness. He had a slender body, a long and graceful neck, and delicate hands like those of a girl; he had a light bronze complexion, and large jet-black eyes with long lashes. Sometimes one would see in those eyes a sadness that was not of his age. He was handsome and affectionate, and everybody loved him. Gilukhipa and the other ladies of the royal harem used to take him to their rooms, give him sweets, and tell him tales of their native lands; the courtiers spoke of his precocious intelligence; and the people, though they never saw him—for it was not the custom that royalty should appear in front of commoners—adored him as a young god, their future king.

When he was six, he was given learned masters to teach him all that a king should know. At first, he learnt how to draw upon clay tablets the picture-signs of the Egyptian alphabet—what we now call

“hieroglyphics,” and to read aloud, with rhythm, and recite by heart verses of the ancient poets, and maxims and proverbs of the wise men of old. Then, as he grew older, he was taught something of the noble sciences: arithmetic and geometry, the history of the birth of the gods and of the creation of the world, the names of the stars and the list of the kings of Egypt. He was told of the excellence of certain numbers which, cannot be divided or which, when combined, express the measurement of a perfect figure, such as a triangle with a right angle. He was taught how his ancestors had freed Egypt from the yoke of the Shepherd Kings, and how his great-great-grandfather, Thotmose the Conqueror, had slain her enemies before Amon, his god, and made her the most powerful of nations. Not only would he grasp at once all what they taught him, but he would try to discuss with his teachers, and the remarks he made and the questions he put were disquieting, sometimes. His teachers marvelled at his intelligence and at the same time were a little anxious. “His mind is not that of a child,” they used to say.

Once, one of his preceptors was telling him how under Queen Hatshepsut, during a solemn procession, the sacred image of Amon suddenly stopped in front of the young prince Thotmose—the one who was to become the Conqueror—and nodded to him, thus showing that it was the god’s will that he and none other should wear the Double Crown of Upper and Lower Egypt. “And this miracle is true,” he added, “for there were hundreds of people present, who saw it happen; and it was recorded upon stone. . .” But the child did not let him finish. “I don’t believe a word of it,” he said with as much assurance as if he had himself witnessed the whole scene, “there was no miracle; it was the priests who did it.” It was not proper, of course, to contradict a teacher; but he simply could not conceal what he knew to be true.

The teacher tried to find out who had influenced his royal pupil. He suspected one of the other preceptors of the prince, a man who had been a priest of the Sun in the sacred city of On; for there was rivalry between the Priests of On and those of Thebes. But the child refused to say who had told him the story of the faked miracle. He had heard it from his mother.

Another day, he was being, told about the deeds of his warrior-like great-grandfather and namesake, King Amenhotep the Second. “As there was unrest in Syria in his days,” the teacher was saying, “he set out with a great army and numberless war-chariots. He crossed the desert like an angry lion, rushed through Syria, defeated the rebels, and captured their seven chiefs alive. He had them hung, head downwards, in front of his royal boat, as he sailed back in triumph down the Nile.

And he slew them with his own axe, before Amon, the king of the gods, so that he might rejoice at the sight; for it was Amon alone who had given him victory over his enemies.”

The little prince had a vivid imagination and a kind heart; he shuddered while he pictured to himself the torture of the seven Syrians hanging, head downwards, under the burning sun: their faces all blue, their features distorted with pain, their groans. He felt suddenly as if there were a lump in his throat; his eyes were filled with tears and his mouth quivered. But the teacher was so thrilled by the remembrance of Egypt’s victories, and by his own eloquence, that he paid no attention, and went on with his narration. “Then,” said he, “the king caused the bodies of six among the captives to be hung on the walls of Thebes; and he caused the seventh one to be sent to the South, and hung upon the walls of Napata, the capital of Nubia, so that the dwellers in the South might also see the great works accomplished by Amon, the mighty god, through the king, his son, and be filled with fear.”

But the child could not put up with it any longer. “The horrible man and the horrible god!” he burst out at last, as tears of indignation, disgust and shame rolled down his cheeks. “And they call me, too, ‘son of Amon’! But I don’t want to be! And I shall not be I . . .” His

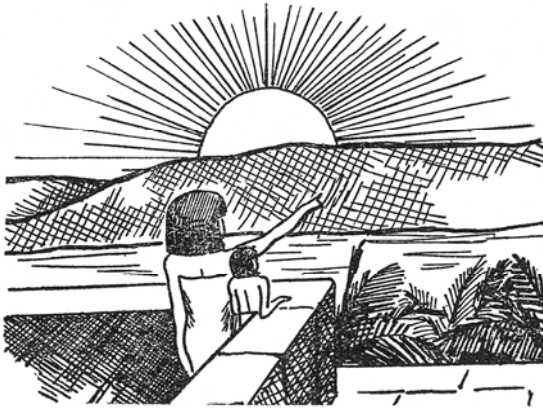
teacher tried to soothe him. He was dumbfounded with amazement at the prince’s impious words, and perhaps still more so at the tone of his voice: a tone of passionate determination that he had never assumed before. But he remembered that the prince was only a child. He explained to him that the Syrian chiefs had waged war against their lawful ruler, the king of Egypt, which was surely a great crime. He told him that it is right to put down: rebellion, for ‘rebellion displeases the gods and weakens the Empire.’

“How can it be right, to cause suffering?” answered, the little prince.

He loved all living things and had never remained indifferent to a cry of distress. Only a few days before, while wandering by himself in the gardens around the palace, as he often did, he had found a poor little bird at the foot of a tree, where it had fallen from its nest. He had picked it up with infinite care, and carried it home, and fed it until it was strong enough to fly away. He remembered how he had felt the tiny heart beating in his hand. And, then, he thought again about the unfortunate Syrian chiefs. “Rebels” he was told; but what were rebels, after all? Suddenly, an incredible truth struck the mind of the prince—something so simple and so strange that nobody seemed to have thought of it before (and milleniums were to pass before some men would think once more in the same light). “And what harm had the

Syrians done?” he said, without waiting for the teacher to answer his first question, “They fought against us just as we fought against the Shepherd Kings, for their freedom.”

The old teacher was stupefied. How could anyone compare the Syrian agitators with the great kings who had brought about, the liberation of the land of Egypt? Was there any common measure between Egypt and the peoples she had conquered? Between her gods and their gods? He tried to explain this to the child, but in vain. The child did not understand where the difference lay. Such obvious distinctions that were familiar to everybody seemed alien to his mind, as if he were the child of a different world.



On that very day, the prince was sitting with his mother on one of the terraces of the palace. He was telling her about his history lesson. He could not overcome the impression that the story of the captives’ torture had produced on him. “Do all the gods want us to be cruel?” he asked at last. The Sun was setting. The queen pointed to the glorious orb above the western hills. “No,” she answered, “not all of them; not *He*. See how beautiful *He* is.” And she spoke to him of Aton—the Sun-disk—the oldest god of Egypt, the god she loved. “*He* is kind,” she said in a tender voice, “*He* causes the corn to ripen and the lilies to come forth; *He* is the Father of all life whom they worship in the sacred city of On from the beginning of the world.”

“Then, why do the priests say that Amon is the same as the Sun?” asked the prince.

“Priests talk a lot of nonsense, when it suits their purpose,” said Queen Tiy, as if speaking to herself. And she added in a louder voice,

JOY OF THE SUN

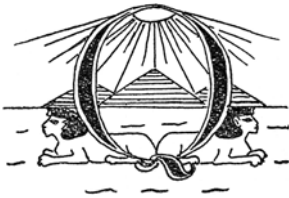
with a smile: “Don’t listen to the priests, my son, listen to your own heart.”

The child was happy. A fiery glow rested upon his innocent face as he followed the Disk going down and down, until it disappeared behind: the dark hills in the distance. It seemed to him as if the kind god were smiling at him, as his mother did.

Meanwhile, in a room where nobody else could hear him, the prince’s teacher was saying to an intimate friend of his: “May Amon and all the gods prove my words false! But my mind is troubled. I fear that one day of our Lord the King will lose the Empire.”

Chapter III

Rising Sun



QUEEN TIY was anxious to get her son married. The king's health was sinking, and it was good that the prince, his heir, should have a wife. Tiy fixed her choice on a beautiful princess named Nefertiti, and with all the customary royal pomp and splendour, the bride and bridegroom were wedded.

The prince was a little more than ten years old. He loved little girls because they were mild and gentle, like himself; but he would surely take a long time to understand how one of them could become, for him, more than only a playmate or even a friend. Nefertiti, who was nine, was sweet and shy; she was afraid of boys. Yet the newly married children soon grew tenderly attached to each other. The princess loved her husband because his voice was soft and his manners gentle; he never used to tease her; nor would he, when she talked of some game she played, say that it was "good enough for girls," and laugh; nor would he frighten her with stories of awe. She felt happy when his large dreamy eyes rested upon her, and she showed him so. She would not play without him. She told him her favourite tales. If anyone gave her anything beautiful or precious, she would not be pleased until he had seen it and admired it. And as he liked flowers, she often used to go and pluck lotuses in the ponds around the palace, and bring them to him, all fresh and sparkling with drops of water. The prince's sensitive nature responded to her affection; he grew more and more fond of her, not only because she was prettier than all the other girls he had seen, but because he felt that he had a place in her heart.

The skill of physicians had been of no avail; nor did the gods of Egypt seem willing to prolong the king's life by a miracle. At last, at

the request of the Pharaoh's brother-in-law and faithful ally, Dushratta, king of Mitanni, the powerful goddess Ishtar had left her shrine and travelled all the way from Nineveh to Thebes. Stirred with hope and curiosity, people had flocked to see her pass in her precious litter carried by the priests. But she could do no more than the other gods had done and as his hour had come, King Amenhotep died. He was embalmed and buried, with unprecedented magnificence, in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, where his ancestors lay. And the prince, his son, became Amenhotep the Fourth, King of Egypt, Emperor of all the lands from the Upper Euphrates to the Fourth Cataract of the Nile.

He was merely twelve years old and Queen Tiy, for some time, kept on ruling the Empire as she had done before. But she helped her son to take more and more interest in the exercise of his power. When messengers from distant countries brought him clay tablets written in Babylonian—letters addressed to him by foreign kings—she saw to it that he read them out carefully, and she discussed their contents with him; she told him what her long experience had taught her about the character of their writers. “Just see,” she would say, pointing to the last lines of a dispatch from Dushratta, the king of Mitanni, “even while congratulating you on your accession, he cannot forget to ask for gold. Still, I like him. From the days of your grandfather, his family has been connected with ours. His grief for your father is sincere. He loved him, and he loves you too.”

“So does the king of Babylon love me, does not he?”

“Of course,” answered Tiy, with a little irony; “he is busy building some new temple every time he writes and needs gold to complete it. But he is harmless.” And she added, reminding him of the king of Asia Minor whose envoy was waiting for an audience: “As for the Hittite, he is like a crafty old spider in his web. Don't believe half what he says. It is not your friendship but your territories that he wants.”

The child soon got accustomed to be the “good god” of Egypt, as all Pharaohs were called, and took his exalted duties seriously. It was as if everything, in the palace and outside, were regulated to impress upon him the consciousness of his divine origin. High officials, ministers and generals, delegates from the provinces and foreign envoys would bow to the ground as soon as he appeared and address him as one of the immortals. If he went out, a number of heralds would precede him and announce him, and people would lie flat on their belly, with their face in the dust, while he passed by in his gorgeous litter, on a dais inlaid with gems. In fact, when on those grand occasions he was seated with the glittering royal tiara upon his head, wearing his most beautiful

jewels, he really did shine like a young god.

He was also less free than before. A long tradition fixed the succession of his daily occupations. But both the etiquette and the pomp of the court were things too well-known and too natural for him to be either bored or over-pleased. He accepted the bondage of royal life with simplicity, and took his own divinity as a matter of course.

Only at times, when he was allowed to relax, he enjoyed all the more the company of his own soul. In the hot hours of the afternoon, as he reclined on his ivory couch, he often used to gaze at the sky, as he had done years before. And just as then, it seemed to him as though he were himself melting away in the distant abyss of nothingness and light; as though the painted walls of his room and the whole world had vanished, and there were nothing left but the fathomless sky and himself—light and soul—and the two were one. Through the narrow window above, the rays of the almighty Sun reached straight down into the half-dark chamber. They caressed the young king's naked body. And it was as if, through their glowing touch, subtle like that of love, he felt the thrill of life that sustains the whole world, the stars and the Milky Way. And he was happy.

For years already—ever since that day his heart had revolted against the cruelty of Amon—the young king had ceased loving the great god of Thebes. He worshipped the Sun under the different names under which he was known in the sacred city of On, where stood his most ancient altar; and he refused to believe that Amon was but another name for the Sun.

On his accession he had insisted that instead of being called like other Pharaohs “high-priest of Amon,” he should be called “high priest of Aton”—the Sun-disk—in the succession of titles that were, henceforth, to follow his official designation. But his mother, though herself a worshipper of the Disk, had found it better to use, in the official list, a more popular and less simple name of the god of On; and the sentence ran: “High-priest of Ra-Horakhti-of-the-Two-Horizons, rejoicing in his horizon in his name: ‘Heat-which-is-in-the-Disk’.” Queen Tiy had even added to the many titles of her son that of “beloved of Amon,” to please the priests of Thebes, for she was a worldly-wise woman who knew the art of governing. The young king had protested, but it was too late. The official list of his titles had already been dispatched in letters written in his name to provincial governors and to vassals, and all the Empire knew it.

The king had built a beautiful temple to Aton. On its walls, at his command, he had been pictured lifting his arms in prayer while, from the Sun-disk above his head, long rays ending in hands—Aton's arms—stretched down to him, holding the looped-cross "ankh," the hieroglyphic sign that meant: life. A part of the revenues appointed by former Pharaohs to the temples of Amon had been transferred to the new shrine. And everybody knew that Aton was the god of the king. The priests of On were pleased; but the priests of Thebes, the servants of Amon, were angry. They did not yet openly show their displeasure; they had merely started murmuring and spreading rumours against the king. But hardly anyone paid heed to them, for the people loved the king and did not care which god enjoyed his offerings as long as corn was plentiful and life easy. Moreover the king, though he favoured Aton, did not deny or persecute the other gods.

At court, from the days of the king's father, religious discussions had become fashionable. Queen Tiy liked to hear priests of different gods explain old myths in the light of far-fetched allegories and foreigners relate strange religious customs and legends of their different countries. She was fond of novelties. But the young Pharaoh hardly ever spoke about religion even if pressed to do so. "Words nothing but words," he would say of the courtiers' discussions. "They prattle about that of which they have no knowledge, just to pass time." And in the solitude of his chamber he thought of his God—the almighty Sun.

The glorious Disk shone above him, far away in the cloudless sky, so brilliant that one could not set one's eyes upon it. And its rays poured into the room, straight down upon the king. It was these rays that he had wished to picture on the many-coloured reliefs that decorated the walls of the temple of Aton, though no work of man could express their beauty.

"They may say what they like," thought the king, remembering the idle talks of the priests, "but Aton is not like those gods that dwell in a particular place. He is honoured in On, but all the world sees His light and lives by His touch. His abode is the sky; His rays embrace the whole world as they do me. Aton is the God of all the world."

And as he thought this, it was as if the expanse of the world were before him. He knew that, past the boundaries of his empire, there were other countries: Babylonia and Mitanni, the land of the Hittites and Crete, and the Isles in the midst of the sea and unknown countries beyond the desert and beyond the Waterfalls. Their people had different gods; but the sky spread over them all and it was the same sky; and above them all, the Sun shone in His glory, and it was the same Sun—

Aton. They knew their local sun-gods, but knew Him not. Somewhere perhaps, further than Babylon, among the nations Of Dawn from whose lands He rises, there were men who knew Him. It was difficult to say. But whether in ignorance or in knowledge, all people were seeking to worship Him.

The young king felt a thrill of enthusiasm run through his body, as if he could already behold, beyond time and space, the vision of that which nobody had dreamt before: one God—the Sun; and one people—the human race—united in the love of Him.

And he composed a hymn to the universal God:

*Glorious is Thy dawning in the horizon of heaven,
Living Aton, Lord and beginning of life.
When Thou risest in the East,
Thou fillest every land with Thy beauty . . .*

It was but fair that the God of all the world should have, in the hearts of men, a greater place than those gods whose realm was limited to a city, a kingdom, or even an empire. So the king decided to honour Aton above all the gods of Egypt. And he drafted two decrees one by which an extra portion of the revenues formerly ascribed to the temples of Amon was to be used for the glorification of the universal Sun; and another saying that it was his will that Thebes the city of Amon should henceforth be called “City-of-the-brightness-of-Aton.”

Queen Tiy listened with sympathetic interest to all what her son told her about his conception of Aton, but she opposed the decrees.

“Perhaps you are right,” she said to him, though his idea of a God, Who, was the God of all nations seemed rather strange, even to her; “but religion is one thing, and government is another. You will only provoke the priests by your decrees. And they, in turn, will stir up the mob.”

“Then what am I to do?”

“Let things be as they are. Let the priests make money, as they are used to, and let the people worship their many gods according to age-old customs. One cannot make a camel drink when it is not thirsty; nor can one force knowledge unto people who do not seek it.”

“But,” said the king, “I know that Aton, my Father, is the God of all the world, as far above all other gods as heaven is above the earth. Am I to neglect Him and deceive my people in order to please the priests? No. I shall check the arrogance of the priests, preach the truth and teach the people to worship the God of gods, all over the Empire and

beyond.” He spoke with such vehemence that Tiy understood that he was determined to carry out his plans to the bitter end. Still, she made a last appeal, and said, summarising the experience of her whole life:

“Men don’t want truth; they want peace. You will learn that one day, provided the priests let you rule long enough.”

“It is not peace they want, but slumber of the soul,” said the king; “I shall awaken them.” And he added, expressing in simple words the ultimate experience of man in all ages: “There can be no real peace apart from Truth.”

His mother gazed at him in surprise. The king was a mere boy of fifteen; where had he learnt his strange wisdom, so different from hers and from everybody’s? Tiy remembered the prophecy that had been made about him at the time of his birth: “He will show the world the true face of his Father.” Now, she understood: this meant not the late Pharaoh, Amenhotep the Third, but the eternal Sun, the ancestor of his race. Perhaps the boy’s strange wisdom was His. Tiy, as she thought of this, did not say anything more. And the decrees were announced throughout the Empire.

The priests of Amon, this time, did not hide their displeasure. They sent the king long petitions in which the sacredness of the national religion was mentioned several times. But the king did not revoke his decrees. Now, for nearly two years they were in force. And as time passed, the priests made new outbursts of anger. Men who had received gold from them went about the city, whispering that the Pharaoh was possessed by an evil spirit, hostile to the land of Egypt, and that he was about to wage war on all the gods. Others said that Aton, his God, was not in reality the venerable old Sun-god of On—whom the people called also Ra—but a foreign god, in the eyes of whom the Syrians were the equals of the Egyptians.

One day a man was caught, who had tried to set fire to the temple of Aton. He was brought before the king who asked him gently why he had done it. “The high-priest of Amon paid me to destroy the temple,” the man said; “I am a poor Man; so I took the money. Had I succeeded, the priests would have told the people that Amon himself had done it.”

“Quite like them,” said the king; “They have grown fat on the people’s sweat and now they pay them the interest of the spoils as the wages of crime.” And he sent the man home unharmed.

The courtiers seemed to be on the king’s side. Yet, as the sovereign was still a very young man, without experience, some of them tried to urge him to compromise with the priests who, they said, represented an

old tradition

“No tradition however old and sacred, can be older and more sacred than truth, which is of all times,” replied the king; “and I tell you: there is no other God but Aton, my Father. Before the world existed, He was; and after All things have perished, He shall still be. If tradition helps the people to know Him and to worship Him, then I say it is good. But if, instead, it turns them away from Him, then it is bad, and I must destroy it; I must destroy whatever leads to idolatry.”

One of the courtiers begged to speak and said: “What is idolatry?”

The king was thoughtful for a minute, and replied: “Idolatrous is anyone who worships a symbol, instead of God whom it symbolises. Idolatrous is he, also, who puts undue stress upon ceremonies and sacrifices, theological controversies, and all such things which are not essential, while he neglects the one essential thing which is to realise that God is, and that there is no other god but Him.”

But used as they were to vain subtleties, this was too simple for the courtiers to understand. Some praised the king’s words, but in such a way that he could at once see how little they grasped of their meaning. Most of them kept respectfully silent. One or two ventured to ask for an explanation. How could it be, they said, that Aton—the Sun—was the sole God? Were there not also the Moon-god, the Nile-god, and a number of others? Was not all Nature peopled with gods and goddesses? No doubt, the Sun was by far the greatest of them all; but did the king, really mean that he denied the existence of the others?

The king did not answer at once.

Ever since he had had the strange intuition that his God was the God of all the world, he had been thinking more and more about Him. Long ago, he had put to himself the very question that the courtiers were now asking him. And he had answered it; and he knew his answer was the right one; it was as clear to him as a visible reality. But would he be able to make his knowledge clear to others? His mother herself—from whom he had once received the first glimpse of Aton’s glory—had not understood him when he had told her that the real Aton was invisible. Would the courtiers understand him better? But he could neither avoid their question nor hide the truth. And at length he spoke.

“If the living Aton, Whom I worship,” he said, “were but the visible Sun-disk, then your remarks would be justified. But He is something different. I call Him Aton because His glory shines through the visible Disk better than through any other thing. But He has no shape. He is the invisible Essence of all being; not ‘a’ god, but God. That is why Egypt and the Empire and the whole world should bow down to Him

alone.”

Soon after, the will of the king was again proclaimed. The court, the priests, the people, all were to recognise the sole Lord of the Universe, Aton, as their only God, and to worship none but Him. The traditional cults were abolished. The temples of Amon and of the thousand gods of Egypt were closed. And the name of Amon and the word “gods” were to be erased from the monuments and even from the tombs, throughout the land. The king even changed his own name from Amenhotep—“pleasing to Amon”—to Akhnaton, “Joy of the Sun,” the name by which he is now known in history.

“I shall efface all trace of the false gods, those empty symbols through which the people are led astray and made to ignore the real God; I shall uproot the vain mummery that men call ‘religion,’ and give them the religion of Truth,” he said. Yet, he did not wish to teach the people through fear, but through love. And though many remained attached to their familiar deities, none were persecuted. Only the haughty priests of Amon—“deceivers of the people, and source of all mischief,” as the king called them—were dispossessed of their wealth for disobeying the royal decrees.

They took up the challenge, and openly denounced Akhnaton as a heretic, a criminal, an enemy of Egypt and of the gods. With what they had managed to conceal of their treasures, they stirred up riots in Thebes, and even paid scoundrels to attempt the king’s life. Along with many old conventions, Akhnaton had discarded his former aloofness from his people. He used to appear unguarded in his chariot, by the side of his young queen, in the streets of Thebes. And it was easy to approach him. Still, the attempt failed, and the henchmen of the priests were arrested. There was great indignation among the courtiers and all expected the assailants to die. But the Pharaoh ordered them to be set free. “I wish not to return evil for evil,” he said; “nothing comes of violence.”

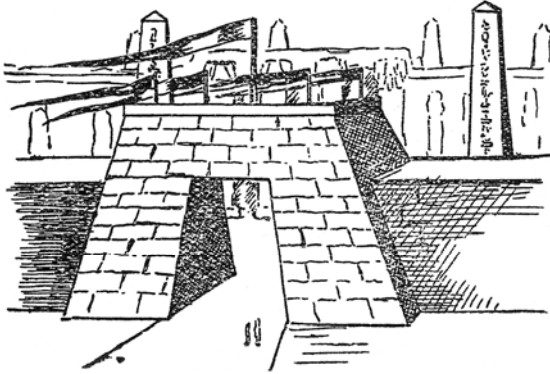
And he continued to preach the glory and the love of Aton, the only God, in spite of all opposition. Many listened to him, but few could grasp the meaning of his teaching.

Thebes was the stronghold of Amon; his spirit was present in the very air one breathed there. From the topmost terrace of his palace, as he rose to greet the rising Sun, King Akhnaton could see across the river the towering pylons of the temple of the god he was struggling to overthrow. He could see its outer enclosure, stretching over miles: the halls, the avenues, the open court-yards, the chapels erected to his glory, the glittering obelisks inscribed with hymns of praise to him.

Savitri Devi

From the deserted monuments of his forefathers, closed by his orders, it was as if a cry of defiance reached the king—the cry of Thebes: “Amon shall remain our god forever.”

And Akhnaton decided to leave Thebes, once and for all, and build himself a new capital.



Chapter IV

Meridian Sun



IN the sixth year of his reign, King Akhnaton sailed up the Nile to a place about 190 miles south of the site of modern Cairo, and he laid there the foundations of his new capital, Akhetaton—"the City of the Horizon of Aton"—of which the ruins are known today by the name of Tell-el-Amarna.

The City was to be built on the eastern bank of the river in a beautiful bay surrounded by low hills. The king himself chose its site and set its limits. Followed by his nobles, he appeared in stately pomp, with young Queen Nefertiti by his side. He made offerings of food and wine, gold, incense and sweet-smelling flowers to Aton, and he solemnly consecrated to Him the future City and the whole area around it on both sides of the Nile, up to the white cliffs of the desert which closed the landscape. Huge boundary-stones were set up north, south, east and West, Marking the border of the sacred territory." And the area Within these limits belongs to Aton, my Father: mountains, deserts, meadows, islands, upper-ground, lower-ground, land, water, villages, embankments, men, beasts, groves, and all things which Aton, my Father, shall bring into existence for ever and ever"—so ran one of the inscriptions upon boundary-stones.

The king built two other cities, which he consecrated to Aton: one in Syria—in the North—and the other in Nubia—in the South—so that both North and South might hear his message of truth, and foreigners as well as Egyptians worship the God of the universe. He expected that, from those remote centres, his teaching would spread even beyond the frontiers of the Empire And his joy was great as he dreamt of the future.

At the Pharaoh's command, hundreds of diggers and brick-layers, masons and carpenters and craftsmen of all sorts flocked to the site of

the new capital. Stone quarries were opened in the neighbourhood; granite and alabaster, ivory, gold and lapis lazuli, and cedar, and various kinds of precious wood were brought from Upper Egypt and Nubia, from Sinai and Syria, and even farther still. All the Empire contributed to the great work of the king. And within two or three years, temples, gardens, cottages and villas sprang out of the desert. The town was yet far from complete, but it was inhabitable. And the king and queen left Thebes and settled there with all the court and many thousands of people who had accepted the king's Teaching.

The new City—five miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide—stretched between the desert and the fields and groves bordering the Nile. It seemed small, compared to Thebes. But it was lovely, with a plenty of open spaces, palm-trees and flowers.

With the coming of the court all sorts of luxuries were needed and many labourers and craftsmen remained in the City, as there was enough work for them all. Those who knew the art of producing glass of different colours were especially in demand, for the use of glass had come into fashion. And the new industry rapidly flourished. King Akhnaton promoted it by ordering large supplies of coloured glazes for the decoration of his palace. He encouraged all the arts, and did everything he could to make the people feel that his sacred City was their own. The poor-tillers of the fields and workmen in the glass-factories were allowed to build their humble homes of dried mud by the side of the elegant villas of the nobles, and even in the neighbourhood of the Pharaoh's palace.

They sometimes had a glimpse of the royal procession as it passed along the street that led to the great temple of Aton at the time of worship. The king and queen, and the little Princess Meritaton, their first-born child, stood in a beautiful chariot of electrum that shone like gold. The prancing white horses wore picturesque tufts of ostrich feathers on their heads. The king held the bridles, while the queen spoke to him smiling. The little princess, leaning over the edge of the chariot, was trying to play with the horses' tails. Never before had Pharaoh permitted the common folk to set their eyes on him in all simplicity. Akhnaton was dressed in pleated white linen as fine as muslin, but on ordinary occasions, wore no jewels. The courtiers, who found it well done, whatever he did, praised him for his simple taste. "The Sun on earth, the visible god the only Son of the living Aton," they said, "needs no gems to adorn his beauty." And they spoke the truth, for Akhnaton actually was lovely to look upon. But the people's comment was different though no less accurate: "The good god does

not lavish his gold upon himself,” they said, “but he builds cities, providing work and bread for us.” And many added: “He does not take our sons to send them to war. May the ‘good god’ live for ever!” Thus they spoke, for there was peace in the land, while of occasional unrest in distant Syria they knew nothing. They had enough to eat and spare, and were happy. Therefore they loved the king.

In ancient Egypt, the mansions of the living were never expected to last for more than a generation; the tomb, not the house, was the “eternal dwelling” to endure forever. So the king’s palace—a huge structure, covering a length of half a mile—was mainly built of light bricks. But it was magnificently decorated, for Akhnaton was a lover of art, and he was happy to see beautiful things around him.

On the walls and pavements were painted lovely scenes of natural life: here, a young bull was running through high grasses and tall, red poppies; there, were birds and butterflies, flying in the sunshine over marshy expanses full of pink and blue lotuses, and fishes playing hide-and-seek between the stems of the water-reeds; with shades of pale blue and gold and purple, their scales, glittered as the Sun shone upon them through the water; the birds’ wings fluttered with Joy, and the frisking bull crushed the poppies in an outburst of overflowing life, the tender lilies opened their golden hearts to the kiss of the Life-giver—the Sun. When looking at those paintings—true to life as Egyptian art had never been before and was never to be again after Akhnaton’s reign—one was reminded of the hymns that the young king had written to the glory of his heavenly Father:

*The flowers in the waste lands thrive at Thy dawning,
They drink themselves drunk of Thy radiance, before Thy face
All cattle gambol upon their feet,
All birds rise from their nest and flap their wings with joy,
And circle round in praise of Thee.*

.....

The fish in the river leap up before Thee . . .

The most gorgeous chamber in the palace was the immense reception hall where foreign ambassadors and vassals were admitted in the presence of the king and court. There stood 542 pillars shaped like palm-trees with palms of massive gold. Fragments of lapis lazuli and many-coloured glazes, deep-set between the thick curbs of gold, marked the intervals between the leaves. At dusk, under the rays of the sinking Sun, the golden columns glowed like red hot embers and the

resplendent capitals glistened with all the colours of the rainbow. The envoys of distant kingdoms, when they beheld such wealth could not help thinking: “Verily, in the land of Egypt, gold is as common as dust.”

On state occasions, the young king would appear in this hall, seated in great apparel upon a magnificent throne of gold. On such days he wore his most splendid ornaments: broad necklaces of gold and lapis lazuli, heavy gold ear-rings and bracelets and snake-shaped armlets, all studded with precious stones. The tall traditional tiara rested upon his head, and rolled around it was the golden cobra—a symbol of divine royalty, that alone a Pharaoh could wear. At the back of the throne a large, golden falcon—another emblem of kingship—stretched its glittering wings above him, while on his right and left the fan-bearers, with softly cadenced movements, lifted and lowered enormous fans of ostrich feathers, fixed on long gilded poles.

Akhnaton was then in the full bloom of youth and at the height of his power. From all sides, the effulgence of gold and gems put around his intelligent face a halo of untold splendour. And both the courtiers who saw him every day and the foreigners who had travelled weeks and weeks and crossed deserts in order to behold his majesty were dazzled at his sight, for he shone upon his throne as the Sun above a fiery cloud. But brighter than all, in his large dark eyes shone the heavenly light of infinite kindness; and those who saw it could never forget him.

The great temple of Aton lay in the northern part of the City, not far from the king’s palace. It was the finest building in the beautiful new capital. From outside, it looked much like the classical Egyptian temples of the time; lofty pylons, with their usual flag-staves from which floated long pennons of purple, stood at the entrance both of the temple itself and of the vast enclosure that surrounded it. But as one walked through seven successive court-yards that led to the innermost altar one felt oneself in presence of an entirely new cult. Here there was nothing of the mystery and sacred awe that filled the temples of Amon and of the other gods; there were no dimly-lit lamps hanging from gloomy ceilings; no precious images buried in the depth of pitch-dark sanctuaries, like stolen treasures in a cave. But worship was carried on in broad daylight. In the first, sixth, and seventh courtyards stood an altar, on a flight of steps. There, at different times of the day, wine and beautiful flowers were offered to the invisible God whose only symbol—the Sun—shone far above, and clouds of incense went up to

Him and disappeared, dissolved in the golden light of the sky.

In the old cults—in Egypt and in the rest of the world—the holy images were bathed and fed, and put to sleep as if they were living creatures; and this absorbed time and presupposed a complicated ritual. But here, worship was at once simpler and more spiritual. There were no statues, no pictures, no representations whatsoever of Aton: “The Unreachable One, whose presence fills the universe, abides not in the clumsy works of men,” had said the king; “images were invented only to help people to think of God, but nowadays men cling to them as if they were all in all, and do not wish to know the real God. The priests have become magicians and the images have become idols, and I must suppress both, lest they kill the soul of the people.” It was then that he had dismissed not only the priests of Amon but those of all the national gods, closed the temples, and forbidden the use of all images save that of the Sun-disk with rays ending in hands. And that even was not to be worshipped, but only to stand as a sign reminding men of the power and kindness of the Almighty, manifested through the Sun.

There were many musicians, men and women, attached to the temple, and a special choir of blind singers whom the king had appointed because of their remarkable voices. He desired that even those who could not see the Sun should praise his radiance, for the Power within it is invisible; it is the Soul of the Sun. Akhnaton had written

*When Thou dawnest in the East,
All arms are stretched in Praise of Thy ‘Ka’ (soul)*

All the hymns that were sung at dawn, at sunrise, at noon and at sunset were inspired poems composed by the king himself. They contained no allusions to any mythology, no mention of any name, save that of Aton, no reference to any dogma, custom or history; but in simple and beautiful words they told the joy of light, the joy of life, and the glory of Him Who is infinite love and Infinite beauty and Who shines in the Sun’s splendour, and radiates in the Sun’s heat. They told the vastness of the world and its unity within amazing diversity, and the oneness of life in man and beast and bird and every living thing, even in the plants of the marshes. They told the growth of the young bird in the egg and the growth of the baby in his mother’s womb—the marvel of birth; they told the rhythm of day and night—work and rest—and the dance of the seasons ordained by the course of the Sun in heaven, and the sacred thrill with which all flesh salutes His rising.

The words were so simple, that the humble folk could understand them no less than the learned, and the ideas they expressed were accessible to foreigners as well as Egyptians. But the inspiration at the back of them was new. Neither in Egypt, nor in Syria, nor in Babylon, nor in any land that the Egyptians could think of, had the God Whom the king praised been revealed to men.

Behind the great temple and within the same enclosure, there was a smaller one, with only one open courtyard and one altar. On each side of its pillared gateway stood statues of the king and queen. And there were several other temples all over the City, and minor shrines in the beautiful gardens that lay on the south of the capital. They had pretty names. One that stood in a small island, within an artificial lake, was called "the House-of-Rejoicing"; another, specially designed for worship at the time of sunset, was the "House-of-putting-Aton-to-rest." There Queen Nefertiti herself presided over the sacred rites.

King Akhnaton found no objection in a virtuous woman taking a leading part in the public cult, though it was not the custom. "He who despises womankind sins against his own mother," he used to say. And he was doing all he could to raise the condition of women. He had set an example by always appearing in public with the young queen by his side, and by hardly ever having himself represented without her. He loved her dearly, and ever since the early years of their married life—while he was still a boy—he had taken her into his confidence, spoken to her of the real God Whom he adored, and made her his first disciple. And though she had borne him no son, he had taken no other wives, as was usual with the Pharaohs.

Nefertiti loved him in return with all her heart, and admired him both for his graceful countenance, for his kindness and for his wisdom. She did not understand everything he said, but she believed in his message and had implicit faith in his success. "Aton will help His son to reveal His love to Egypt and to all lands," she thought. And she was proud of her lord. She looked up to him as if indeed he were a god in human form, pleased to live with her on earth for the brief span of mortal life.

Mother of three little princesses, she was now about nineteen, and as beautiful as ever. She had a fair complexion and perfect features, tinted with indefinable melancholy. She knew she had a remarkable face, but she was not vain for her mind strove for a world of light,

beyond visible beauty. One day, as a lady-in-waiting ventured to compliment her on her appearance, she said, pointing to her own reflexion in a golden mirror: "This face will be forgotten for ages while

‘his’ Teaching will still rule men’s lives, and ‘his’ name will still live.” But alas, she made a mistake; a marvellous bust of painted limestone in which an artist of the court had immortalised her features is nowadays the most popular masterpiece of Egyptian sculpture, and millions have seen it, or copies of it, and know the name of Nefertiti, while very few, besides scholars, know anything about King Akhnaton.

A few miles to the east of the City stood the white cliffs of the desert, an even range of limestone hills that glowed at sunset with hues of reflected gold and purple, long after the plain lay in darkness. There, in a desolate valley, the king had caused a tomb to be prepared for himself and for the queen. “And there shall be made for me a sepulchre in the eastern hills,” ran the inscription on one of the great boundary-stones that limited the newly-founded capital; “my burial shall be made there in the multitude of jubilees that Aton, my Father, hath ordained for me and the burial of the Queen shall be made there in that multitude of years.”

As time passed on, the Pharaoh caused other tombs to be hewn out of the neighbouring rocks for his most beloved courtiers and disciples. These were composed of several successive chambers, carved out in the live rock as it was the custom in Egypt. Massive pillars cut out of a single block and shaped like lotus-buds sustained the heavy roofs, while the walls were decorated with exquisite paintings and reliefs. The scenes they represented were taken from the life of those for whom the sepulchres were designed. They contained no image of the forbidden gods, not even of those who were supposed to protect the dead, but they often pictured the king and his family, for the courtiers put special emphasis upon their dealings with their royal lord. They portrayed him, not only in religious solemnity—with his hands lifted in prayer towards the Sun—but in the familiar attitudes of daily life: eating, resting, or playing with his children; listening to music, or talking affectionately to his wife while enjoying a cup of good wine that she poured out to him. Never before had any king of Egypt been represented in, such an unconventional style. But Akhnaton liked the pictures because they were true to life.

Some artists, however, in their zeal to please the king, stressed every feature in his face, exaggerated every curve in his body so much so that their portraits remind us of the “futurist” art of today. In other times, those paintings would have been looked upon as sacrilegious insults to the divine majesty of the sovereign. But now the king followed with interest the evolution of the art he himself had inspired.

He rewarded the painters of the new style, when their productions were really good; “the expression counts more than the lines,” he said to those who were inclined to be a little upset at the sight of too much novelty. And when the pictures were bad, he merely smiled at the distorted representation of himself.

In all the paintings and reliefs, however familiar might be the depicted scenes, one could always see the Sun-disk with beams ending in hands—the sacred symbol of Aton—radiating above the head of the king and queen; for God is present everywhere and at all times to those who know Him, and “life itself is prayer” as the Pharaoh often used to say.

The inscriptions in the new sepulchres contained no prayers to the gods of the netherworld, no magical formulas for the welfare of the souls of the dead, as were to be found in all Egyptian tombs, from time immemorial. They simply referred to the titles and career of the courtiers who were to be buried there, and especially to the favour the Pharaoh had shown them. “I was a man of humble birth; I had never enjoyed the company of princes; but the king has raised me, because I hearkened to his Teaching,” ran one of the records of a dignitary’s life. “His Majesty has doubled me his gifts in gold and silver,” stated another inscription. Elsewhere, one could see the picture of a courtier looking up to the king and to the Sun—to the Sun, through the King, who bore his name and was like unto Him; and the words the man addressed to the God within the Disk were a song of praise to Akhnaton, the “Joy of the Sun”: “Thy rays are on Thy bright Image, the Ruler of Truth, who proceeded from Eternity. Thou givest him Thy duration and Thy years As long as Heaven is, he shall be.”

The king looked to the welfare of the labourers who dug out the tombs in the desert hills, as he did to that of the workers of the glass-factories in the City. He built model villages for them, some of which have been discovered and excavated by modern archaeologists. Each workman was given there a separate house for himself and his family, an airy house with a parlour in front, bedrooms behind, and accommodation outside for the beasts of burden that helped him during the working hours. Naive paintings in bright colours—the product of the men’s inspiration during their leisure—decorated the walls of their homes. The workmen who had large families were given extra rooms, that they might live as human beings.

Numberless charms and amulets picked up in the ruins of those settlements show that Akhnaton’s rational Teaching never reached the

labourers, or at least did not affect them. The saintly king, in fact, never tried to convert them. Not that he despised them; he counted among his best friends many a man of obscure birth. But he believed that the poor must first of all be treated as men and given the elementary comforts of existence, and then only taught what to think about the unknown. "Half of the world's superstitions would simply disappear if the rich and high-born did not exploit the people, and if there were no priests to take advantage of their wretchedness," he used to say.

To the south of the City lay beautiful gardens.

Canals and artificial lakes kept thy earth forever moist, and beds of flowers of every kind and colour, and trees of every shade of green thrived there. At the king's command the desert had bloomed into a fragrant paradise, a marvel of beauty, freshness and peace.

The lakes were full of pink and blue lotuses; and the canals were crossed by wooden bridges delicately carved, painted and gilded like precious toys.

In an island in the middle of one of the lakes the king had built a small temple. He often came to worship there, alone or with the queen. As he stood before the altar, in the sun-lit courtyard, the sight of the whole gardens stretched before his eyes, through the broad doorway that led out of the temple. Between deep patches of green, the ponds reflected the ethereal blue of the heavens; on the large floating leaves of the water-plants, drops of dew sparkled in the dazzling light and subtle perfumes went up to the Sun from the newly opened flowers. A flight of pink ibis sailed through the sky with a flapping of silvery wings. There was beauty everywhere. Heaven and earth seemed as one divine dance of light. And Akhnaton was happy. The presence of God filled his heart. And he gave expression to his joy in some new hymn, composed in a flow of inspiration:

*How manifold are Thy works,
O sole God Whose Power none other possesses . . .*

There was a beautiful summer palace inside the gardens. It was built near a lake and had a richly decorated reception hall where the king often sat with official guests. Banquets were also held there in his presence, with all the artistic display that was common in Egypt at that time. The hall was decorated with flowers, and langorous perfumes floated in the air; pretty dancing girls—the ornament of all ancient feasts—displayed their rhythmic skill, and musicians played and sang

while delicious wines were served to the party in cups of gold. They sang love and merriment, the thrill of the passing minute, the illusion of time, and the reality of life. The king looked at the dances and was pleased, because they were lovely. He listened to the music and songs, and he enjoyed them. He was too pure to find any harm either in their languid tunes or in their words of passion. To him, they did but express, through the magic beauty of sound and verse, an essential stage of life. He enjoyed them as a lily enjoys a ripple of fresh water at its feet.

At times, he spoke pleasantly to his guests, listened to the stories they had to tell, smiled at their jokes. For he was not one of those gloomy philosophers who despise the tonic of laughter. His friendly manners made everyone feel at ease. Creatures on earth do not know how far away is the Sun; yet they are happy in his light. So the king's guests, who ate and drank and made merry in his presence, were hardly conscious how far above them all he was, how much more he knew and understood. Yet, they loved to be with him, without being able to say why.

Akhnaton used to spend long hours in the gardens teaching his favourite disciples, or explaining the essentials of his simple and strange religion to foreigners who came to visit him. Among the courtiers, very few could really follow all what he said; and fewer still seriously tried to model their lives on his example. Most of them lacked the insight to recognise the same man in the inspired preacher of the One God, and the tolerant Pharaoh who presided over their banquets. Of the two, they liked the latter; but they listened to the former for the sake of court discipline and out of an innate veneration for royalty.

In the early morning or at dusk, after the service at the altar of Aton, the Pharaoh would take them to some particularly beautiful spot, to a place where there was a plenty of shade and a plenty of water, and from which one's eyes could command a broad view either of the Nile or of the desert. There they sat with him and heard from him of the marvel of unity at the bottom of differences—the mystery of God and creation. They used to put questions to him. He encouraged them to do so; not to accept all what he said just because it was he, the king, who said it, but to try to understand his teaching. "Superstition and mummery begin where reason ceases," he said, meaning by these words that there is only one step from the blind submission to religious authority, to the blind routine of meaningless rites and observances.

Once a zealous disciple was hesitating to ask about something that puzzled him. "I would not like to look as if I were criticising the actions

of Your Divine Majesty . . .” he began, in a subdued voice. “Fear not,” said the king, “and tell me what is wrong with my actions. Where truth is concerned, there is no divine majesty save that of the living God.”

“It is about the bull of On; I was wondering . . .” the man continued. But he broke down in sheer confusion, without finishing his sentence. The king understood: a sacred bull—“the Sun incarnate,” as once the priests of On used to call it—had recently died of old age, and it had been buried with great solemnity by the Pharaoh’s orders, in the new royal City consecrated to Aton. The zealous disciple wondered why.

The king smiled. “I loved the dear old bull,” he said; “that is why I wished it to have here a decent place of rest. And if I gave it an unusual burial, it was not to prompt people to make once more a fetish of ‘sacred’ animals. I rather did it so that they may not forget that all living things are sacred, and that life is one.”

He paused for a while, and continued: “That was indeed the teaching at the bottom of all the care given to certain beasts in the name of religion, whether they be sacred bulls or sacred cats, ichneumons or crocodiles. Most superstitions do contain a kernel of sound doctrine; cast away that which is superfluous, that which merely diverts your minds from truth; but keep the precious kernel; grasp the truth, and live up to it.”

Ever since the beginning of his personal rule in Thebes, Akhnaton had added to his official titles that of “Living in Truth.” It was all his Teaching, all his being, expressed in three words. And no man ever deserved such a glorious title more than he.

A courtier asked, as many were to ask ever since, up to the present day: “What is truth?” And the Pharaoh replied: “Truth is that which never changes.”

A flush of wind suddenly blew and the large fan-like palm-leaves rustled. A bird flew from a branch across the sun-lit sky. “Does not everything change all the time?” said one of the foreigners, an old man from the Aegean Isles. He had been a youth at the time the capital of Crete, magnificent Knossos, was sacked and burnt, some fifty years before. And since then he had travelled from the Black Sea to the Arabian desert and seen more changes than any man.

“Everything changes,” said the king, “but the laws according to which changes occur have been and will be for ever the same. They are the laws of being, and I would add ‘the laws of thought’ if thought were not inseparable from all conceivable existence. All the happenings of the universe, from the fall of a feather to the fall of a star are but the movements of one everlasting dance; the laws that link each movement

to the other and to the whole rhythmic scheme in time and space, are eternal. They are true.”

And as he said this, his face beamed as if he could actually behold the endless dancing harmony and hear the divine music of the stars spinning round and round.

There was a young enthusiast who had only recently joined the circle of the king’s disciples. He loved the Teaching, but many of its fundamentals yet escaped his knowledge. “They are true because God. Has established them,” he ventured to say, referring to the laws of being.

“On the contrary, it is because they are true that we say ‘God is,’” answered Akhnaton. “It is because they are true that we know that the world of change and strife is not all. It is because they are true that we behold Something indestructible behind all things that appear and vanish, Something that *is* behind all things that seem to be. That unique essence is what we call God. It is unknown—perhaps unknowable. But there are moments when one gets a direct glimpse of it in a way that words cannot explain, for as it is at the bottom of all things, so it is too at the bottom of our own being.”

The disciples remembered one of the king’s hymns to Aton:

Thou, Lord, art in my heart . . .

They were carried away by the young Pharaoh’s enthusiasm, as he spoke of the inmost Reality. But, simple as they were, his words were far from clear to them. “If God is to be sought within ourselves,” said one of them at last, “why do we praise Him in the Sun?”

“It is not the fiery Disk, the visible Sun we praise, but the invisible Energy which radiates in it as light and heat—the Soul of the Sun,” said the Pharaoh. “That Energy is the very same which manifests itself in all life and lies at the bottom of our own soul, for light and heat and the spark of life are but different expressions of the same Principle: Radiant Energy, which is God. And we praise it as Aton—the Disk—because nowhere its manifestation is more glorious than in the Sun, and because the rays of the Sun are the sustainer of all life and the, source of all power in the world.”

He stopped speaking and remained for a while as though lost in thought. “Invisible Energy is at the basis of everything,” he continued; “visible and invisible, existence all proceed from it. That is why we call Aton ‘Father’ and ‘Creator’; that is why we sing to Him:

Thou art alone, but millions of vitalities are in Thee . . .

“I have told you the universe is as one everlasting dance, and so it is. Every different form of the one invisible Energy depends upon a particular rhythm of its own,” he added, anticipating the result of scientific discoveries that were to take place thirty-three hundred years later. “The rhythm that produces light is not the same as that which produces heat, or sound. And at the root of life—the marvel of creation—there is also rhythm. When we feel that rhythm as distinctly as we see a visible object, then we realise God’s harmony within ourselves.”

He paused again, and said: “There are forms of Energy of which we do not even suspect the existence; of which, perhaps, men will never know. Yet I tell you: each one of them corresponds to a different rhythm, but they are all manifestations of the One Essence which radiates in the Sun, both as heat and light, and which is Aton, the only living God, Whom I have tried to reveal to you.”

The Sun was getting hot. Akhnaton and his disciples got up, and walked towards the summer palace. There were important officials and foreign envoys waiting there to see the king.

And many marvelled at the king’s wisdom; for he was a youth little more than twenty, and this was not the first time that he had spoken of his God, in words so simple that one could not but listen to him, and so extraordinary that, after hearing, one did not know what to think. The old men wondered, as Queen Tiy had done, in Thebes, years before: “Wherefrom did he acquire his strange knowledge, if not from the Sun himself, the divine Ancestor of his race?” And the young men said in amazement: “Others have conquered by the sword; he shall conquer by the spirit. From the beginning of time, no king of Egypt ever was as great as he.” And the foreigners said: “The Egyptians, in their pride, call all their Pharaohs gods; but this one is truly godlike.”

And as years passed, the world at large came to know that the young king “Living in Truth,” the ruler of Egypt, Nubia and Syria, and of the lands bordering the Upper Euphrates, was a man of divine wisdom. The friendly king of Mitanni was proud to count him as one of his relatives. And the king of Babylon betrothed his son and heir to one of Akhnaton’s daughters. He sent the little girl—then not more than five or, six, years old—a beautiful necklace of more than a thousand precious gems.

Many learned and wise men among the foreigner's who had heard of the Pharaoh's Teaching, recognised in the universal Being, Aton, the God Whom all religions praise under different names and with different symbols. And, for the first time, the idea that God is One dawned upon their minds. The Mitannians said: "He is no other than the 'Lord of Rays' praised by our forefathers in the East, long long ago. And the Syrians and the Babylonians, said: "Does not the king of Egypt call Him 'Lord of Life', and 'the-One-Who vivifieth all hearts with His beauty, which is life'? Surely He is none but the god who dies, year after year and every spring rises from the dead, raising the dead world with him"; for the cult of such a god was, popular, both in Syria and in Babylon. And had Akhnaton's fame reached in his days the mystic shores of India, no doubt the men of that land would have said: "His God is none other than the Supreme Soul of the universe, Whom our sages seek in meditation."

But the world was not yet then as shrunken as it has become now. The world was ever so large. Each country, each region, more different from the neighbouring lands than we can imagine today, was like a separate world in itself.

Yet Akhnaton saw the unity of God above and within the world's diversity. "Many countries; but one sky and one Sun," he thought; "and one flow of life through all creation," he added, remembering the animals and plants, which all render praise in their own manner to divine light and heat—the Energy within the Sun.

And stretching his hands towards the sky, before the altar of Aton, he sang to the Sun:

*Thou Lord of them all, resting among them,
Thou Lord of every land, Who risest for them,
Thou Sun of the day, great in majesty . . .*

The Nile in the distance was like silver, and in the opposite direction glowed the barren cliffs of the desert—the hills of rest. The world seemed ablaze under the meridian Sun. And the king's face beamed. He knew how few understood his Teaching, even among his close friends. But he was young and God was with him. The rays of the Sun carried to him from heaven, the message of eternal life. His Teaching would live through ages "until the swan turns black and the crow turns white," as a courtier had once said. One day, ignorance and strife would cease; truth would conquer; and all the world would know God.

From all countries far and near, even from those of which the king

had never heard—from Isles so faraway that that it would have taken years to reach them, from undiscovered continents—an endless song of praise rose already to the Sun. Many a time Akhnaton had listened to its echo in his heart. Confused and discordant as it was, it was the first hymn of all the human race groping in quest of the real God. And his would be the last, the song of a purified world in which science and religion would no longer remain separate, the hymn of a future mankind that would perhaps take millenniums; to appear, but of which he was the forerunner and the seer.

And a thrill of boundless joy ran through his body as he thought of those distant glorious days to come.



Setting Sun



EARS passed. In King Akhnaton's sacred City, the new capital of Egypt, everything was so beautiful and serene that time seemed not to exist.

Once Queen Tiy came all the way from Thebes to see her son; and there were great rejoicings on the occasion of her visit.

When the king and court had departed from the old capital, she had for a while wished to follow them. But she had not been able to bring herself to do so; she loved the old palace, the lake over which she had sailed with King Amenhotep, the groves he had planted for her delight and the splendid city—the first in the world—I where she had spent all the years of her happy life.

She was glad to meet King Akhnaton again. He was still the handsome youth he had been at the threshold of manhood, with the same graceful body and delicate features. Only she could detect, at times, a stamp of strenuous determination upon his serene face and more sadness than ever in his large jet-black eyes. She was glad to see her beautiful daughter-in-law and her grandchildren, whom she loved. When the king had left Thebes, he had only one child; now, he had six. "All daughters, unfortunately," the young queen said with a sigh, when alone with Tiy.

"An heiress can be as good as an heir; Egypt has had great queens in the past" answered the king's mother, by way of consoling her. But she remembered how much she had herself longed to have a son. "Of course," she added, "our times are hard; men have never been so unmanageable as they are now."

She spoke thus, for she had heard rumours of growing unrest in Syria and Canaan, and she knew more than the king did himself about the secret intrigues of the dispossessed priests of Amon in Thebes. She knew, for instance, that the former high-priest of Amon who was supposed to be dead, was in reality living in a hidden place and keeping constantly in touch with all sorts of conspirators, trying to overthrow the king and destroy his work.

She told her son all what she knew, and warned him against the increasing discontent not only of the priests but of many rich and powerful people who had sided with them.

“And what do you wish me to do?” asked the king.

“Well, either nip rebellion in the bud by having the evil-doers arrested at once, or else come to terms with them and gain time. The cult of Aton will triumph in the end only if you are tactful about it. If not . . .” She did not finish, but he understood: “If not, it will perish for ever.”

A shadow passed over his face, for her words were painful to him. Her anxious zeal was that of the men of the world for whom tangible achievements mean everything. He felt that with all her love she would never understand him. And his heart was grieved.

“Mother,” he said, “why do you speak to me like they all do?”

And he continued, after a pause “It is easy to nip rebellion in the bud. But would men become any the wiser if I did so? Those who now love me would fear me, and those who hate me would hate me all the more, and they would hate the name of Aton along with mine. Aton, my Father, is the Lord of all life; He is love and harmony; I cannot preach His glory through means of violence. Nor shall I compromise and hide that Truth which He Himself has revealed unto me, repent of what I have done and allow superstition and black magic to govern the hearts of the people once more, instead of the knowledge of God. I have done no harm. Why should I repent and come to terms? To silence the intriguers and gain time, so that my work may take roots in the land and be lasting? But my work is established in Truth which endures forever. Am I to shake its very basis? Am I to dishonour the pure cult of Aton in order to that it may get the support of crafty men and thrive among the superstitious mob throughout Egypt and the Empire? It would be better then, ten-thousand times better, for my work to die at once and leave no trace; for what is the cult without the spirit of Aton? And what is the Teaching, without its soul?

“All men seek success,” said Queen Tiy; “don’t you?”

“I do too,” said Akhnaton, with a smile of happiness. “How many times have I not delighted in the dream of God’s Teaching spreading to the limits of the earth! How many times have I not craved for the advent of a new order in which knowledge and inspiration, reason and love, will go hand in hand; in which man will worship truth with even more fervour than he has worshipped fiction! I do not think it

impossible, even if it takes thousands of years. But if, to assure myself that immense success among men, I must hide something of God's truth, then I would rather fail, for Truth is worth more than success."

Tiy admired the new City, the marvellous gardens, the palace and above all the temples. And she heard her son explain his Teaching to those in whom he had placed his confidence and his hope. Her thoughts went back to the far-gone days when she had first spoken to him about Aton, her favourite god. "How far his mind has evolved, since then!" she remarked within herself. She could hardly recognise the old solar deity whom she cherished in that immaterial Essence of all things which he taught men to worship as the only God.

She was happy to see that he had built several shrines to his ancestors within the sacred City. "It is good to honour the memory of the dead," said the king; we know not what death is, but we know that it is our forefathers who have made us what we are; it is they who have given us our body." He treated his mother with great deference and would have liked her to remain with him for good. But she wished to see Thebes once more, and died a short time after returning there. And when the king came to know that she was no more, he wept, for he loved her dearly; and all the court mourned for her.

The eldest of the king's children was about ten; the youngest was yet an infant. Though they were all daughters, Akhnaton loved them none the less. He often used to play with them or fondle them in his arms. At dawn, as he went out to greet the rising of the Sun he often stopped for a moment and watched the youngest one asleep by her mother's side. At the sight of the delicate body, softly breathing, of the tiny mouth half open like a flower-bud, his heart overflowed with tenderness. "My-little treasure," he whispered, as he put a kiss on the baby's head.

The little girl inherited from their father and mother, refined, features and a graceful countenance. I second one, Makitaton, was the prettiest and the cleverest. She used to take part in the daily service to Aton, in the great temple, rattling the sistrum with her sisters while the king stretched out his hand over the altar and consecrated the offerings. She was of a quiet nature. And while her sisters ran after each other around the flowerbeds, she often used to come and sit down near her father and ask him to tell her a story. She liked to put questions to him, and would talk to him for hours. She adored him.

Her health had always been very delicate. She suddenly fell sick. She had high fever for a few days and then seemed getting a little

better. Queen Nefertiti, her mother, as usual watched over her day and night. One evening, she called the king and tried to put her arms around his neck, but was so weak that she hardly could do so. "I am going away," she said in a whisper, so gently that he alone could hear her; "you must not cry; I am happy. There was a heavenly smile upon her lips and a heavenly light in her eyes, as though she could see, through the vanishing daylight, the glory of an eternal morning. And she softly died in her father's arms.

She was embalmed, as it was the custom, and put to rest in a side-chamber of the king's own tomb in the white cliffs of the desert. All the court was in sorrow for her; her sisters wept over her and missed her for a long time; but her father and mother never got over their grief entirely. An irresistible sadness filled the king's heart, each time he thought of his lost child. And though the same deep peace as before, did abide within him, there was some change: he had experienced how complete is man's helplessness, and the memory of it persisted him.

Akhnaton believed in the eternal life of the soul; though I he laid no special stress in his Teaching upon the problem of the hereafter.

"You know not what is life; why do you seek to learn what is death?" he often said to those of his disciples who questioned him about the survival of the soul; "you first learn how to live in accordance with the true laws of life." And at other times, he used to say, "If men spent as much time and energy in helping the living as they waste over vain mummeries supposed to better the fate of the dead, there would be less wretchedness in the world."

He spoke thus, for the idea of death and of service to the dead occupied an enormous place in the life of the Egyptians. And there was a great deal of magic connected with it. It was believed, for instance, that certain formulas, inscribed upon rolls of papyrus and placed in the tombs had the power of helping the dead in their progress in the next world, or even of altering divine justice in their favour, whatever be their sins.

King Akhnaton allowed none of these practices and strongly condemned the idea behind them. "It is foolishness and impiety on the part of men," he said, "to try to change the immutable laws of action and reaction with a view to further their petty interests." He forbade also the inscription, in tombs, of the time-honoured prayers to the gods of the netherworld, and the representation of those gods or of any others. But he changed nothing of that which he considered to be merely harmless customs. And under him, in Egypt, the dead continued

to be embalmed as they had been for time immemorial. “Nothing is so futile as change for the sheer sake of change,” the king had once told a courtier who talked at length against the popular faith in the old national gods, without much understanding the spirit of the new religion; “there is no need of destroying ancient beliefs unless one knows them to be false, or of abolishing ancient practices unless one replaces them by new ones more rational or more beautiful.”

As time went on, disquieting news from Syria reached the king in his peaceful capital. Messengers brought letters from loyal vassals and from governors of cities complaining of rebellion right and left. A growing disaffection towards Egyptian rule was sweeping over the land. A crafty local princeling, secretly aided by the king of the Hittites, was leading the movement “Behold, this man is seeking to capture all the cities of the king,” wrote the most devoted of all the king’s vassals, Ribaddi of Byblos.

Akhnaton’s mind was troubled, for he loved peace and he had done what he thought the best to establish forever goodwill among men.

He had suppressed the corrupt priesthood that exploited the people; he had fought against the superstitions that divided them and taught them all to worship the Sun’s life-giving radiance and to love one another, and all living things. He had built in Syria a City of peace—a second Akhetaton—that his Teaching might spread from there and conquer the world. And now Syria was rising in arms against his gentle rule. And those who were loyal to him were in peril. “As a bird in the fowler’s snare, so is the city of Simyra; night and day the enemies are against it, both from land and, from the sea,” ran one of the letters recently brought to him in all haste. And in another message the elders of another Syrian town appealed: “Let not the breath of the king depart from us, for mighty is the enmity against us, mighty indeed.”

The help that the king’s servants asked for was slight, and easy to give. “May it seem good to the king, the Sun of the lands, to send me three hundred soldiers and forty war-chariots,” begged the faithful Ribaddi, “and I will be able to hold the city.” Akhnaton had but a word to utter, but an order to give, and the Syrian rebellion would have been crushed forever and the Empire saved. But he did not utter that word.

He remembered the horrors of war during the days of his fathers, the punitive expeditions that the former Pharaohs led regularly against periodical outbreaks of what we would call, today, “Syrian nationalism”—the seven chiefs captured by King Amenhotep the Second, tortured and then slain before the image of Amon as a thanksgiving sacrifice for the victory of Egypt.

“Are all the gods cruel?” he had once asked his mother, nearly twenty years before, after hearing of those past atrocities.

“Not all of them; not He,” she had answered, pointing to the life-giving Disk—Aton—the visible face of the invisible God of gods. And ever since then, Aton had been linked, within his heart, with peace and love towards all creatures, including rebels.

Was he now to forget the gentle Teaching he preached all his life and hearken to the call of battle? Was he to march into the disloyal lands and come back dragging behind him hordes of captives in chains, like the other kings of Egypt had done? He recalled the famous Hymn of Victory of his great-great-grandfather, Thotmose the Conqueror—the words of the god Amon to the triumphant king:

I have come; I have granted thee to trample over the great ones of
Syria;
I have hurled them beneath thy sandals in their lands . . .

But his God was not that one. His God was not the god of Egypt alone, but of Syria too, and of the whole world; not a magnified tribal chieftain rejoicing in the blast of trumpets and cries of war, but the unknown Power that radiates in the Sun and keeps the universe together.

Akhnaton lifted his eyes to the sky. The Sun was there, high above the world and its turmoil, unreachable in the blue immensity—the fathomless depth of eternal peace. Its radiance pervaded the world.

*Thou fillest every land with Thy beauty;
Thou bindest them by Thy love, . . .
Breath of life is to see Thy beams . . .*

The king recalled the words of his own hymn to the One and only Lord of Life, Aton.

“If only they knew Him, there would be peace,” he said to himself as the practical exigencies of war thrust themselves once more upon his mind. He remembered the intrigues of the king of the Hittites to encroach upon his territories, the ambitions of his many disloyal vassals, the appeals for help of the few loyal ones, their mutual accusations of treason, their base flatteries, their conflicting lies, and all what he knew of the whole Syrian tangle.

“Greed, the source of war, has no place in the heart which He fills with His light,” he thought; “and even as smoke vanishes in the sunlit

heaven and there is no trace of it, so do hatred and strife disappear in the love of Him. Indeed, if they knew Him, there would be peace on earth as there is in the pure blue sky.”

But they knew Him not, and there was endless conflict, as there had always been. The Pharaoh’s Teaching might have reached foreign lands. But nobody seemed to have grasped the spirit of it. And the king was sad. For the first time, he doubted the future of his mission. “What if I have come in vain,” he thought, “and men reject the Truth?” Yet, there was peace in his heart in spite of sadness. And he decided to abide by the law of love, which is the law of God, and not to wage war.

The head of the Syrian rebellion was killed in a skirmish with local troops loyal to Egypt. But his sons succeeded him. One of them, named Aziru, surpassed his father in duplicity and intrigue no less than in military skill and in hatred of foreign rule. He aimed at unifying all Syria under the rule of his own people, the Amorites, one of the many races that dwelt in that land. He wrote to Akhnaton in the flattering style his father had used: “To the King, the Sun, my Lord, thy servant, the dust of thy feet. Beneath the feet of the King, my Lord, seven times and seven times I fall. Lo, I am a servant of the King and his house-dog and the whole land I guard for the King, my Lord.” And at the same time, he promised his friendship to the king of the Hittites, if only he would help him to shake off the Pharaoh’s domination. He intrigued with the king of Sidon and other princes, vassals of Egypt, and persuaded them to break their old bonds of allegiance and become his allies. And he took the cities that remained loyal to Akhnaton one after the other, slaying the Egyptian garrisons and driving the inhabitants into slavery.

News from Syria became more scarce, and even more disquieting. Rebellion now broke out in Palestine also, where the king’s enemies were seeking to overthrow Egyptian rule with the help of the Habiru, the wild plundering tribes of the desert. From the Upper Euphrates down to Sinai, one by one the king’s strongholds were stormed or forced to surrender, and his vassals became the allies of his enemies. The tribute in gold and silver was no longer sent to Egypt. Only messengers came to announce each time the fall of some other fortress, and to hand over to the king more distressed appeals for help on behalf of Ribaddi of Byblos, or of the loyal governor of Jerusalem, the only two men who had not gone over to the rebels.

“The enemy does not depart from the gates of Byblos. Who will defend me?” wrote Ribaddi, in a pathetic letter. “If the king, my Lord,

would only defend his servants, and send men and horses from Egypt speedily, then surely I would be delivered . . .” And the faithful governor of Jerusalem appealed in the same strain: “All the lands of the king, my Lord, are going to ruin. If no troops come this year, all the land of the king, my Lord, will be lost.” The caravan carrying the royal mail was robbed only some ten or fifteen miles from Jerusalem, and such was the fear of the Habiru and the lawlessness of the land that the governor could do nothing either to prevent it or to trace and punish the robbers.

Meanwhile, numbers of Egyptian and Syrian refugees—men, women and children—kept pouring into Egypt across the desert of Sinai, ragged and starving, having lost all what they possessed. They spoke of their plundered cities, of their fields and vineyards set on fire, of their dear ones slaughtered before their eyes or dragged into captivity, and of all the scenes of murder and outrage that haunted their memory. Their story was but one long tale of horror. The people who heard it became

indignant. And the dispossessed priests of Amon, always seeking after some new means of causing harm to the king whom they hated, seized this opportunity. They told the new-comers: “The king has betrayed

Amon, the great, god; no wonder he has betrayed you also, and let the enemies overrun Syria.” And they told the dwellers in Egypt: “The wrath of Amon is upon this land because of the king’s impiety. Soon the Amorites and the Habiru will be crossing the desert, and they will treat Egypt worse than they have treated Syria, for the gods have waged war on him who rose against them.” And the people were in great fear, and they believed the priests.

The Pharaoh was deeply distressed when he heard of the plight of his subjects, for nobody loved the people more than he did. He ordered the governors of the bordering provinces to feed the hungry crowd and to accommodate each family the best they could. Physicians were appointed to attend to the sick. From the confiscated estates of the priests, land was given to all those who wished to settle. Many received even more than they had lost; but they still kept on murmuring. “The king has pity upon us now,” they said, “but had he defended us, we would not have deserted our happy homes.”

And as the rumours of disaster travelled down the Nile from mouth to mouth, a general disaffection towards the king and his God was felt in the country. Even in new capital consecrated to Aton, many of the court dignitaries lost their former fervour. Others continued to pay a

verbal homage to the king's Teaching, but no longer loved it. "The Pharaohs of old," they whispered among themselves, "slew prisoners of war before the image of Amon, but they made Egypt the head of all nations. The present king does not worship idols; but he sacrifices the Empire to his one God—an unusual sacrifice indeed!"

When Ribaddi saw that his letters were of no avail, he sent his son to Egypt to beg for help. But the king hesitated to see him. "For years you have been hearing from me that Aton is the God of all life and that His law is love," he said to his courtiers; "and yet, you know Him not and desire war. How shall I get this young man to understand why I cannot send troops to his father or to anyone?" And when, after waiting three months, Ribaddi's son was at last granted an audience, he was actually amazed at the king's strange utterances about Aton being the God of all peoples as well as of Egypt. He left the capital in despair, thinking that the Pharaoh had lost his good sense. Some of the courtiers were not far from thinking the same, though they were silent about it. Others believed that an evil spirit, hostile to Egypt, had entered the king and was leading him astray. "When the king was still a child, I was already told he would one day lose the Empire," said an old official, recalling the statement of a priest who had been one of Akhnaton's preceptors during his boyhood; "now, the prediction has come true and ruin is drawing nigh."

Then came the news of the fall of Byblos and of the death of Ribaddi. The king's faithful vassal had been captured alive; he had begged his victor to send him to Egypt, that he might spend there the rest of his days in peace. But the fierce Aziru, the head of the rebel forces, instead of complying with his request, handed him over to the Amorite princes, his enemies, who put him to death.

The king was profoundly grieved. If he had not helped his faithful servant, it was only because he looked upon war as a crime and did not wish to keep Syria under his sway by means of violence. But he loved Ribaddi. The idea that this man had suffered and died with the bitter feeling of being abandoned was intolerable to him. Moreover, he bore no enmity towards Aziru; he did not take his demonstrations of loyalty too seriously, but he could not blame him for fighting for his people's independence, and he trusted him when he promised to rebuild the towns he had destroyed during the struggle. He could not imagine Aziru handing over a helpless captive to his deadly enemies.

He sent the traitor a long indignant letter; "Dost not thou write to the king, thy lord: 'I am thy servant'? Yet hast thou committed this

crime . . . Didst thou not know the hatred of these men for Ribaddi? . . . Why hast thou not arranged for sending him to Egypt, as he had begged thee to do?"

To send Ribaddi to Egypt so that his accusing voice might be heard there was the last thing which Aziru would have done. But Akhnaton was too good even to suspect such an amount of deceit, meanness and cruelty as that of his unworthy vassal. The darkest side of human nature, suddenly thrust before him by hard facts, was to him an object of painful disappointment.

The news of the fall of Byblos shattered the whole country, for not only was Byblos a great city, but its connection with Egypt was very old; there were temples built there in honour of Egyptian gods fifteen hundred years before the conquests of King Thotmose.

The generals of the army, brought up in the warrior-like tradition of the past, could hardly hide their anger. "Now, Syria is lost for ever," they said, "though it could have been saved." How they would have rushed to save it and punish the rebels, if only the king had let them do so! And at the thought of the triumphs of which he had deprived them their anger increased. They hated the king and his universal God.

The dispossessed priests went about cursing the one whom they already called "the apostate" and "the criminal" in their secret councils. It happened that the floods of the Nile had been insufficient, so that crops were meagre and famine threatened the land. The priests attributed both defeat and drought to the displeasure of the gods, especially of Amon, and they blamed the Pharaoh for the "bad Niles" as well as for the loss of the Empire, and stirred up the people's minds against him on every occasion. But they hated him so much, that they welcomed even disaster, provided it hastened his downfall, and while their lips uttered words of patriotic despair a devilish glee coarsened their faces. "Now the apostate's days are numbered," they thought, "and we will soon rule Egypt once more and get back, our treasures—this time for ever."

The people, ignorant and fickle as in all times, and frightened by what they were told to be signs of divine anger, ceased to love the best of kings. His beautiful cult was too simple and too rational to appeal to them; they had never taken to it. And the good he had done to them was quickly forgotten.

The courtiers grew more and more indifferent to the Pharaoh's Teaching while keeping up an appearance of loyalty to it as a state-religion. There was a very brilliant and learned disciple to whom the

king had once said, some years before, on making him the high-priest of Aton, "No one has understood my Teaching as you have. . . ." Now even that man began to doubt the value of a religion that was costing Egypt so much.

And Akhnaton was alone. He felt the rejection of those who had once loved him, the hostility of an entire nation, the disapproval of the whole world. Waves of hatred were swelling against him from all sides as a roaring sea; and there was no help for him, and no hope! He knew now that his work would perish. And his heart was filled with overwhelming sadness.

He raised his eyes to the sky and sought communion with his Father. The west was crimson. The Nile was a stripe of liquid gold between the dark palm-groves, and in the east, the white cliffs of the desert—the hills of rest—shone with opalescent shades of pink, deep blue and purple, against the transparent background of a violet-coloured sky. He watched the fiery Disk sinking behind the remote western hills. A serene glow rested upon his face. A sweet-scented breeze, soft like a caress brought to him now and then the simple music of a flute far away. A restful splendour pervaded heaven and earth and soothed the king's soul. "O Lord," he thought, "Thou art peace; Thou art love. May I never fail to proclaim Thy truth!"

And as he was absorbed in prayer, a messenger was announced to him. It was not the proper time to speak to the Pharaoh, but the man had insisted on seeing him at once because his errand was of great importance. He came from distant Tunip, a place in north-eastern Syria, and had already lost a lot of time in his journey, avoiding the highways that were infested with robbers and enemy soldiers. He handed over to the king a letter from the elders of Tunip—a desperate appeal for help. Akhnaton took the clay tablet and read: "Who would formerly have plundered Tunip without being plundered by King Thotmose? The gods of Egypt dwell in Tunip, but we no more belong to Egypt. . . . And now, Tunip, thy city, weeps and her tears are running and there is no help for us. For years we have been sending messengers to our Lord, the king of Egypt, but there has not come to us one word of encouragement, not one."

He spoke, and his voice slightly trembled. "I would like to be alone," he said. The messenger left the room.

The king read the letter over again. The Sun had set. The cuneiform writing, cut deep in the clay, showed darker in the scarlet afterglow. Akhnaton could dimly see the last words of his pitiable subjects: "Tunip, thy city; weeps, and her tears are running and, there is no help

for us . . .” Then, it all vanished, and night came. The air grew fresh. Soon millions of stars appeared out of the blue infinity and there was silence on earth—such silence that it seemed as though life had ceased for ever.

*Thou settest in the western horizon,
And the land is in darkness, like the dead,*

the king had written in one of his hymns;

*The night shines with all its lights,
And the land lies in silence
For He who made them resteth in His horizon . . .*

Now, he tried to think of his God, but he could not. He looked up to the stars, but in their cold brilliance there was no answer to the agony of his soul. The cry of his far-away people was a torture to him. “Tunip, thy city, weeps, . . .” He could not forget it. And suddenly his spirits broke down, and he wept.

But he did not betray his heavenly Father. The next morning, when he stretched out his hands in praise to the Sun and greeted His rising, there was a strange fervour in his voice.

*Thou didst create the world according to Thy will:
The foreign countries, Syria, Nubia, the land of Egypt;
Thou settest every one in his Place,
Thou suppliest their needs . . .
Their languages are different,
And different are their features, and the colour of their skin;
For Thou hast made each people distinguishable from the other,*

. . .

*Thou Lord of them all, even in their weakness
Thou Lord of the world, Who risest for them,
Thou Aton of the day, revered in every distant land; Thou
maker of life.*

It was the hymn to the God of the foreigners as well as of Egypt, to the One Who shines over all lands and wishes none to perish.

The king continued:

Savitri Devi

*Thou placest a Nile in heaven, that it may rain upon them,
Watering their hills and their fields abundantly . . .
How excellent are Thy ways, O Lord of Eternity!
The Nile in heaven is for the foreign People,*

. . .

*The Nile that cometh from below the earth is for
the land of Egypt,
That it may nourish every field.*

It is difficult for us to realise, now, how novel was all this to the men of these far-gone times. Nobody knew, then, where the sources of the Nile were. They had only seen its mighty cataracts, and they believed the great river came leaping down from heaven in successive falls, as over a gigantic stair-case. Their fathers had always worshipped it as a god. But Akhnaton, rationalist as he was, told them that all rivers come from underground, the venerable Nile included. He told them that the rain that fertilises other countries, as the floods of the Nile do Egypt, is equally a gift of God—"a Nile in heaven"—drawn up from the rivers and from the sea by the power of the Sun's rays and released in showers upon the thirsty earth. He taught them that there is no privileged nation, no "chosen people" in the eyes of the One God, and that those who, in their pride, say the contrary, conceive divinity in their own image and deny the real Lord—radiant Energy, the impersonal Essence of all being.

He had told them those things over and over again. They once used to listen to him with pious reverence. But with the news of the Empire being lost, the aggressively national spirit of old was growing strong again.

Some of the courtiers, while sitting in council with him, urged the king for the last time to wage war and re-establish the prestige of Egypt from the desert of Sinai to the Upper Euphrates. "It is time yet," they said. They were the descendants of those who had fought under his ancestors : Thotmose the Conqueror and Amenhotep, the Second—the terror of the Syrian rebels.

But gentle Akhnaton refused. He had not forgotten the desperate cry of Tunip, his loyal city; but even to save it, he could not renounce the Truth. "My fathers have conquered the Empire by the sword," he said; "I do not wish to keep it by the sword. It was the first time in history that such unusual words were uttered. There was a deep silence. "I know my generals are skilled in warfare and my soldiers ready," the king continued, looking towards those court dignitaries who insisted on

fighting. "I know my chariots greatly outnumber those of the Syrians and that war, even now, would mean victory. But I have not any desire to shed blood in order to keep conquered land under my sway. The land does not belong to me, but to Aton, my Father. And His law is not the law of the sword, but that of love and reason."

Somebody asked him if he felt no sympathy for those who were still loyal to him in Syria.

"I certainly do," he answered; and as he remembered the pathetic letter of the elders of Tunip and the death of faithful Ribaddi a shadow passed over his face. "I certainly do, but I cannot forsake the Teaching which Aton Himself has sent me to uphold in His name. They call me the "One-who-liveth-in-Truth"; I shall live up to that motto till the end . . ."

He paused, as though pursuing in his heart the vision of a lost dream, and then spoke again. "I wanted to rebuild the world according to God's Truth," he said; "my fathers have subdued many nations by force of arms; I desired to unite them in one brotherhood, through the love of the real God; nay, I wished the dwellers in the lands beyond the limits of the Empire—the men of all the world, over whom the same Sun sheds his rays—would one day hearken to the Teaching of reason and love, give up their false gods and their false boundaries, and with all their diversities, become one people under the one true Lord, Aton, my Father—their Father.

"But now, I see it has all been an empty dream, perhaps never to be realised among men, in any age. Let it be, if it cannot be helped. Even if one day the Teaching and the very name of Aton be forgotten, it will still remain a fact that the beautiful dream has once been dreamt and Truth valued higher than vain glory."

There was such inexpressible sadness in his voice and in his large black eyes that many could not withdraw a meed of sympathy for him. For a minute they set aside their patriotic grievances and only remembered how good their Pharaoh was and how he loved them.

Among them was Pnahesi the Ethiopian, a man upon whom the king had bestowed great honours for his devotion to his Teaching; he had given him in the hills of the desert a tomb more magnificent than that of any other courtier and he called him his friend. Pnahesi was now one of the few who still remained sincerely attached to Akhnaton. He wanted men to venerate his name all over the earth, and the loss of Syria was to him a matter of sorrow not for the sake of Egyptian prestige, but because he had nourished the hope that the king's Teaching would spread from there to remoter countries. As the Pharaoh

was leaving the hall, he followed him and begged to speak to him “Is not the Empire necessary if the name of Aton is to be glorified?” he said. “Temples have been built to Him, and cities consecrated in His honour in the North and in the South. If the land be lost, then what will come of it all?”

But Akhnaton gazed at him with a weary smile. “You too, Pnahesi, have not understood me, though you love me,” he said; “Aton dwells neither in temples nor in consecrated cities, but in the hearts of those who know Him. You do not know Him, Pnahesi—not even you.” And his face was more sad than ever.

Sorrow was undermining the Pharaoh’s health. His arms and legs and whole body had grown so thin that it was painful to look at him: his bones could be seen through the transparent linen of his garment. His face was so marred that one could hardly recognise him if not for the serene expression of his eyes. His cheek-bones were jutting out. Two deep wrinkles were visible on each side of his mouth. There was so great a change in all his appearance that those who were still attached to him began to fear for his life. Some suspected that his enemies had been trying to kill him by slow poison; others believed his pitiable thinness was the result of a wasting disease.

There was a change in his ways, too, as if he had ceased to belong to this world. His entire attention seemed to be concentrated on something within himself. He hardly spoke, even when urged to do so. To those who asked him why he no longer sat among them and explained his Teaching as he did before, he answered simply: “I have nothing more to say.” Sometimes, he would add with a penetrating look full of infinite sadness—as if his eyes, staring searchingly into his courtiers’ souls, could read there nothing but an idle curiosity.

“Why do you lie to me and say ‘We want to know about the Teaching’? I have given you whatever truth I could express. But you did not want it.”

The troubles in Syria were coming to an end; there was no territory left to be lost. With resignation, Akhnaton heard the last messenger announce to him the fall of his last fortress. It was not the loss of the Empire that saddened him but the world’s indifference to his beautiful Teaching—the negation of all his dreams.

His treacherous vassal, Aziru the Amorite, whom he had summoned to Egypt years ago, appeared at last before him. He was now the master of the whole of Syria. He sailed up the Nile in gaudy apparel and arrived in the sacred City with a large number of retainers. He expected

to impress the courtiers. But he was himself dazzled by the splendour of Akhnaton's palace and amazed at the unearthly detachment with which the king spoke of state affairs as though they no longer concerned him. He wondered how, with such incredible wealth at his disposal, the king of Egypt had done nothing to defend his dominions in Asia. "With so much gold," he said to himself, "one could have bought the world. And this monarch did not even send a battalion of mercenaries to protect his land."

Akhnaton bore no grudge against him and recognised his domination in Syria. "Rule over them, since it is your desire and theirs," he told him, remembering how readily most of the Syrian princes had responded to Aziru's call and sought his alliance. But as he recalled in his mind the death of Ribaddi, he could not help mentioning it. "You have committed a crime," he said calmly to the Amorite, controlling his feelings; "I do not desire your death in return; vengeance is the delight of the weak. Yet remember that, as long as I live, the memory of my devoted servant whom you gave away to be tortured and killed will remain painfully vivid, as a wound in my heart."

But Aziru could not perceive what an amount of suffering there was in the Pharaoh's words, or if he did, it made no difference to him. He was only glad to go back to Syria as a practically independent ruler, and thought nothing more of his brief interview with the noblest of kings.

As his health was growing feebler day by day, Akhnaton married his eldest daughter, then aged twelve, to a young man of royal blood named Smenkhkara, and proclaimed him co-regent. In ancient Egypt, the eldest daughter of the king was the heiress to the kingdom and the prince whom she wedded ruled by her right.

Smenkhkara, wishing to show his dependence upon his father-in-law and his obligation to him, took, in official documents, the title of "beloved of Akhnaton."

As for the Pharaoh himself, he left his palace in the City for his summer residence in the southern gardens, and remained practically confined there. He knew that his end was not far away. He spent his last days peacefully. Queen Nefertiti waited upon him. She was perhaps the only one who loved him as much as and even more than before. She had never questioned the divine inspiration of his Teaching, never discussed his actions. She loved him and admired him and to her all what he did or said was perfect. Even after the tragic disappointments

through which he had gone, she could not believe that the Truth he had given to the world would be lost for ever. She knew the tenacious hatred of the priests, the cowardice of most of the courtiers, the forgetfulness of the people, and could foresee something of the terrible reaction that was to sweep over Egypt after the king's death. Still, in her love, she imagined for him, after temporary oblivion, endless centuries of glory in the memory of men.

Akhnaton was too weak to speak much, but he watched her come and go and was happy. As in the early days of their marriage, when they were children, she brought him roses from the flower-beds and fresh lotuses from the ponds, that he might smell them. She poured out to him a cup of good old wine, to strengthen his spirits. She disposed his cushions nicely, that he might sit up on his couch, and see from the terrace adjoining his room the whole expanse of the gardens, the desert, reddish-yellow like a lion's mane, and the eastern hills behind which the Sun was rising. She fanned him herself, while he slept, during the hot hours of the day.

The king was not well enough to go and carry on the daily service in the lake-temple, as he once used to do. But an altar was erected to Aton upon one of the terraces of the summer palace and there, as long as he could stand, he offered incense and flowers and prayed in presence of the queen and of one or two intimates, at sunrise and sunset.

But that also he could not do indefinitely. A time came when his ill-health forced him to remain lying in bed. Then, the queen would draw the curtain that hung before the door of his room and let him see the open sky. He did not speak, but his large dark eyes looked at her intently, and he gave her a faint smile that meant: "How well you know all what my heart desires!"

He gazed at the sky for hours, as though forgetting all that was around him. The Sun slowly rose higher and higher and then declined, following his eternal course. Occasionally, a flight of birds with silvery wings sailed through the boundless blue abyss. From the couch where he lay, the king could see neither the gardens nor the desert, nor the Nile, nor the hills in the distance. His eyes could embrace nothing but the deep blue sky that the Sun filled with his glory. He felt as though his very soul were melting away in the dazzling abyss, becoming one with that infinite expanse of nothingness and light, which was all he could see. Years before, while yet a child, he had felt a similar thrill at the sight of the sky. Perhaps there was nothing more to feel in a man's life. The dazzling abyss was the visible reflection of that invisible and unnamable Reality which he knew to exist and had striven in vain to

express, all his years.

Was that Reality to remain for ever unexpressed? Would the mysterious oneness of heat and light be forgotten, when he passed away? Would the law of love and reason, that he read in heaven, be also forgotten? he thought sometimes, after his long meditations. It seemed as if the clearer his intuition of the supreme truth grew, the more he became aware of the impossibility of expressing it.

One day, as his strength was rapidly declining, he called the queen before dawn.

"I am here," she said softly, "Do you need anything? Why don't you sleep? It is night still." From the open door one could see the dark starry sky, rent in two by the Milky Way.

Akhnaton smiled at his wife. He stretched out his hand—so thin that it looked already like the hand of a skeleton—and took hers. He knew his end had come.

"To-day, I shall greet His rising for the last time," he said calmly. "I wish to praise Him standing up. It is night still, but dawn will soon come. I must get ready." And before she had time to overcome her emotion and give him an answer, he added in a voice in which there was no sadness and no weakness: "My time has come. I shall soon be forgotten. It does not matter. The Sun will continue shining, as beautiful as ever. Through him I have had a glimpse of the Only One."

Nefertiti's eyes were full of tears. "You must not think they will forget you," she said tenderly, as with a loving gesture she helped him to sit up; "how can anybody forget you?"

"But they will," the king answered, in a tone of gentle detachment. "And what difference does it make? Truth is independent of persons."

The queen gazed at him, and then at the starry sky. His face and body were so frightfully thin that she shuddered. But there was a happy smile upon the pale lips, and in the eyes that had seen God there was the same peace as in the deep glowing heavens.

"May be, you are right," she said at last, thoughtfully; "They will curse you and force the world to forget your name. But never, never shall they destroy the light that you brought from heaven. For centuries the world may live in ignorance, and strife may spread from sea to sea, all the more terrible as time goes on. But one day will come when the Truth you proclaimed will be known once more; and men of unknown countries will look upon you as more than a man."

She spoke as though a sudden inspiration had possessed her. "You have lost an empire for the sake of Truth," she continued; "And one day Truth will triumph. As surely as the Sun will rise, I tell you : your

Teaching will never die; it is eternal. Even if they did forget you, they would have one day to rediscover it.”

The sky grew paler in the East. “It is time,” the king said; and gathering, in a supreme effort, all the strength and youth he had left, he got up, bathed and dressed. Then he decked the altar with flowers and waited for the Lord of Rays.

The Sun rose in majesty behind the white cliffs of the desert, the barren hills where the king was soon to rest. The warm beams, falling straight upon Akhnaton’s face, poured a new life into him. His eyes drank the divine light. His lips smiled to the Sun as a child to its father. He threw incense into the fire that burnt upon the altar, and as the sweet-scented coils of smoke rose to heaven, he stretched out his hands and intoned the hymn

*Glorious is Thy rising in the East,
Living Aton, Lord and beginning of Life . . .*

He sang the beauty of the Sun, the joy of life in every man, beast and bird, the miracle of fertility . . . For months he had not shown such youthful enthusiasm. Then, in a flash, he remembered the agony he had suffered; the ruin of his body; the indifference of men to his message. But what of it all? He knew his God and that was enough. And one person at least had put in him all her confidence and made his knowledge hers through love of him.

With joy, as though he could already behold the invisible Soul of the Sun beyond the gates of eternity, he said, raising his hands to the East for the last time:

*Thou, Lord, art in my heart,
And no one knoweth Thee save I, Thy Son,
To whom Thou hast given understanding of Thy Power.*

. . .

*When Thou laidest the foundations of the earth,
Thou didst reveal Thy will to Thy Son, who came forth from Thy
substance,
And to Thy beloved daughter, Nefertiti,
Living and young for ever . . .*

And, having spent his strength, he sat, exhausted, upon the steps of the altar. The queen rushed to him. Lifting his eyes, he saw her once more dimly, as through a veil. Then he let his head drop upon her lap,

and expired peacefully. The Sun embraced him for the last time. And the queen softly closed his eyes. He was only twenty-nine years old.

The Pharaoh's body, once embalmed, was wrapped in double sheets of pure gold and buried in the sepulchre prepared for him in the hills of the desert. At the foot of the coffin, inlaid with precious stones, was inscribed a prayer he had composed himself in adoration of the God for Whom he had lost everything:

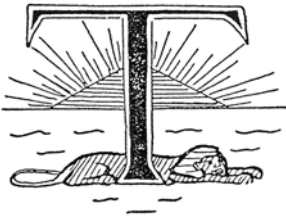
I breathe the sweet breath which comes forth from Thy mouth. I behold Thy beauty every day. It is my desire that I may hear Thy sweet voice, even in the north wind, that my limbs may be rejuvenated with life through love of Thee. Give me Thy hands, holding Thy spirit, that I may receive it and live by it. Call Thou upon my name unto eternity, and it shall never fail.

On the top of the coffin, the name and titles of the king shone in bright hieroglyphics:

The beautiful Prince, the Chosen-one of the Sun, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Living in Truth, Lord of the Two Lands, Akhnaton, the beautiful Child of the living Aton, whose name shall live for ever and ever.

Chapter IV

The Sun Beneath the Horizon



HE religion of the one impersonal God was swept out of Egypt. The whole country returned to its legions of local deities. And the priests of Amon became more powerful than ever.

After the ephemeral reign of Smenkhara, they set up as a puppet king a young noble without any personality or will of his own, and married him to Akhnaton's third daughter in order to legitimise his claim to the throne. They forced him to change his name from Tutankhaton—"the living image of Aton"—to Tutankhamon—"the living image of Amon"—and to transfer the seat of the government from the City consecrated to the God they hated, back to the old capital, Thebes, the city of Amon.

They re-established the cult of Amon in all its former splendour. Solemn sacrifices were again offered in honour of the national god all over the land, and miracles were performed in his name by his clever servants to impress the ignorant populace.

King Akhnaton's body was taken away from the sepulchre in which he had repeatedly expressed his desire to rest, and put into the tomb of his mother, in the Valley near Thebes. But the priests did not let him remain there long in peace. They had the tomb re-opened once more and the mummy of Queen Tiy removed to another place. They considered it a disgrace to her, so they said, to lie by the side of her beloved son, whom they called a heretic and a criminal. The gentle king had never persecuted them during his lifetime. But they pursued him with their hatred even beyond death, and with a refinement of cruelty, sought to torture his immortal soul. It was believed in ancient Egypt that a nameless soul, deprived of the comfort of funeral offerings and of prayers for the dead, found no rest in eternity. Accordingly, the priests erased the name of Akhnaton wherever they found it, even from

the ribbons of gold foil that encircled his mummy, that he might, as they thought, wander in hunger and agony for ever and ever.

The City of peace which he had built, they caused to be systematically ruined. Each of its monuments was pulled down stone by stone and the fragments re-used in the construction of other buildings in Thebes and elsewhere, so that nothing was left of it. The animals which the king had loved were abandoned to die slowly of hunger, in their stables and kennels, in the midst of the deserted place, where their bones have been found by modern excavators. The beautiful gardens were left to decay. In a short time, successive waves of drifting sands had covered over the entire expanse of the holy City. There was nothing more to be seen of it. And men began to forget the very site where it had once stood.

All traces of Akhnaton's work were effaced. The priests of Amon, in an explosion of ferocious joy, composed a hymn to their god—a hymn of hate that has come down to us:

*Thou findest him who transgresses against thee;
Woe to him who assails thee!
Thy city endures,
But he who assails thee falls . . .*

. . .

*The sun of him who knows thee not goes down, O Amon.
But as for him who knows thee, he shines.
The abode of him who assailed thee is in darkness,
But the rest of the earth is in light . . .
Whoever puts thee in his heart, O Amon,
Lo, his sun dawns.*

A curse was proclaimed throughout Egypt and what was left of the Empire, and the memory of Akhnaton was anathematised. The severest penalties were pronounced against any man who would henceforth utter his name. In official documents, whenever they could not do without mentioning him, he was referred to as “the apostate,” “the heretic,” or “the criminal.” Horemheb, the Pharaoh who succeeded Tutankhamon, dated his reign from the end of that of Amenhotep the Third, Akhnaton's father, so that no trace of the rationalist king or even of his sons-in-law might remain in history.

And the world forgot him completely.

Nefertiti alone continued to cherish his memory as if he had been living still. “He is living,” she used to say; “he can never die.”

She lived an austere life, in retirement, thinking of him and waiting to meet him again after death.

She saw one Pharaoh succeed another, and grew old. She heard people speak of new military expeditions against Syria, of the rebuilding of the Empire which her husband had sacrificed to his lofty principles. But the victories of Egypt did not over-impress her. She remembered with bitterness how the priests—the actual rulers of the land—had treated the one whom she loved during his life and after his death. And it pained her still more to think of the behaviour of those courtiers who had once called themselves Akhnaton's disciples, but who hastened to deny him and his Teaching the very moment his enemies came to power. "Egypt has persecuted the best of kings," she said in her sorrow; "she will never be great again, unless and until she repents of her crime and honours him once more."

People remained silent, for nobody believed that such a day could come. But Nefertiti did believe that it would. "For centuries, perhaps for milleniums he may lie in oblivion," she said; "but one day, in exchange of the lost Empire, he will get dominion over souls. When, somewhere in the world, even one person's life will be transformed through the love of his memory, then the day of his glorification will dawn and a new era begin."

And it came to pass, indeed, that Egypt never recovered her pristine greatness. For a time, she struggled to rebuild her empire, but soon new warring nations rose to power and she was overrun. The priests of Amon, who from king-makers became kings, could do nothing to stem the tide of decay. And four hundred years after Akhnaton the Assyrians rushed through the land as a whirlwind and left Thebes a heap of smoking ruins. Then the Ethiopians came; then the Persians, then the Greeks, then the Romans, then the Arabs, then the Turks, then, finally, the French and the British. Never more did a prince of the soil wear the Double Crown of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Once, while the Greeks were the masters of the land, their king asked an Egyptian priest, named Manetho, to write a list of the Pharaohs of old and of their deeds. Manetho's book, written in Greek, was for long the only source of information the outside world had about the ancient kings of the Nile Valley. But Akhnaton was not on the list; his memory had been so thoroughly destroyed for centuries that nobody knew of him in Manetho's days.

Truths similar to those he had taught—the oneness and universality of God, the immutable order of nature, the law of love—were preached

later on by other great souls. They became common tenets of international religions or of world-renowned philosophies. But nobody knew that Akhnaton had preached them centuries before.

The body of the world's first rationalist still lay in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, in the desert near the ruins of Thebes. When the priests had left the tomb, after effacing the king's name from the coffin and from the gold ribbons around the mummy itself, they did not care to seal it properly; so that the dampness from the Nile, slowly penetrating the lonely chamber through an opening, caused the embalmed flesh to decay. The king's body had become a skeleton. And years passed on; and the world changed its face many times.

A day came when, in a land that was hardly known in Akhnaton's time, men of science discovered and demonstrated a fundamental law of existence which they called the principle of conservation of energy. "Heat and light," they said, "are only two different manifestations of the same unknown agent, Energy, which is at the basis of everything. Motion, sound, electricity, hertzian waves . . . are all different manifestations of the same. And the universe is but one divine harmony in which a different rhythm—a different length of wave—corresponds to each quality of existence." But nobody knew that an inspired youth within his teens had been gifted with the intuition of that very same truth, three thousand three hundred years before, and that he made it the basis of a Teaching which would have been the first scientific world-religion, had men accepted it.

It is only a little more than fifty years since the City that Akhnaton built was discovered and excavated by modern archaeologists. Then for the first time, through fragments of his hymns found in the tombs of the nobles, in the hills near the City, a few people began to get an idea of his greatness. Sir Flinders Petrie, the famous English Egyptologist, paid to him a magnificent tribute. "If this," he writes, "were a new religion invented to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions, we could not find a flaw in the correctness of Akhnaton's view of the energy of the solar system . . . ; he had certainly bounded forward in his views and symbolism to a position which we cannot logically improve upon at the present day. Not a rag of superstition or of falsity can be found clinging to this new worship."

In 1907, two archaeologists, Weigall and Ayrton, discovered the remains of the young king in the tomb where they were put after the return of the court to Thebes. They lie now in the Cairo Museum.

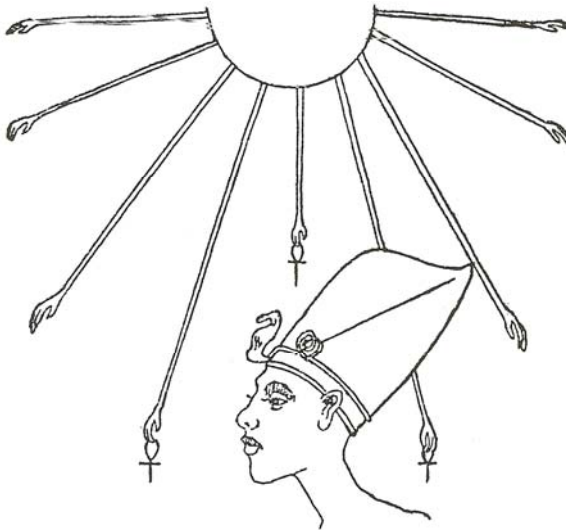
There are few things in history as beautiful as Akhnaton's short life.

Yet, the world at large does not know of him. Much noise has been made, in recent years, around the name of his insignificant son-in-law, Tutankhamon, for the sake of a few pieces of gilded furniture found in his tomb. But no public recognition has been given to the king who sacrificed the greatest empire of his time to that very ideal of peace towards which nations are still striving in vain. By a sad irony of fate, the Pharaoh who was a great thinker, a great artist and a spotless soul, enjoys no popular fame.

We are growing weary of science without God, as well as of fictitious religions without a scientific background. The harmonious synthesis to which we aspire, the blending of scientific knowledge and religious inspiration, has been conceived thirty three centuries ago by a man of eternal vision, to whom knowledge and love, truth and beauty were identical. Akhnaton is preeminently the first modern man, whose Teaching is in advance even of our present age.

May the future generations learn to love his memory, and to look upon him indeed as:

. . . the beautiful Child of the living Sun, whose name shall live forever and ever.



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LONG -WHISKERS and the **TWO-LEGGED GODDESS**

or the true story of a “most objectionable Nazi” and . . . half-a-dozen Cats

by

Savitri Devi

Calcutta
1965

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To U. G.

the young comrade who used to come to the little house in the woods

FOREWORD

Every person and every animal in this story has actually lived or is still alive — only their names, when at all mentioned, have been altered for obvious reasons. And this is precisely why this is neither a proper “cat story” in the usual sense of the word nor a bare psychological study of human “fanaticism,” but *both*.

True life is never as simple as alleged portraits of it. And here, we have an instance of the fundamental complexity even of that psychology often considered as the simplest of all, namely, of that of a one-pointed political “fanatic,” nay, of a militant upholder of an Ideology “of arrogance and violence” (to use the language of its enemies). Not only does the Doctrine itself, to which the heroine of this story is unconditionally devoted, appear greatly to exceed mere “politics,” when examined with the care it deserves, but the woman’s devotion as a fact, — as an *experience* — has unexpected roots: — roots in a whole world of values which one is *not used* to identify with her Ideology.

In other words, our heroine’s outlook seems somewhat different from that of many of those whom she would, herself, love and respect as her brothers in faith, because her approach to National Socialism is first and foremost *aesthetic*, while theirs is mainly social and political. She sees it and *lives* it differently, because she is, whether she cares to admit it or not, different from most, or at least from many, of her comrades, even if she be as “fanatic” — as one-pointed; as uncompromising — as any of them. Fundamentally, she is in love with the beauty of life, which she beholds, unmarred, in animals, and more specially in felines; *which she would like to behold in man also*, but simply *cannot* — for man is not something complete, something “achieved,” but a creature “on its way” to something higher, when not an irretrievably fallen creature in the process of decay. Our heroine therefore cannot love humanity — not even Aryan humanity. She cannot love it, for it is not uniformly beautiful, both in physical features *and* character. At most, she can and does love the creature of glory, which the natural élite of her race is aspiring, — tending — to become (or re-become): Aryan man in his perfection. It is not the preoccupation of living men’s happiness — not the knowledge of her comrades’ efficiency on the social plane — that brought her to her particular faith, but the dream-like vision of those Aryan supermen

as beautiful on their level, as the four-legged kings of the jungle on theirs,”¹ which the élite of her race could become, under its influence. In other words, she is a National Socialist because she beholds, in Adolf Hitler’s teaching, “the one political doctrine infinitely more than political” — the only one founded upon the basic laws of Life — *and* the one Way of life that can lead the natural élite of mankind to its natural fulfilment in the state of supermanhood.

For the more and more numerous millions of increasingly mongrelised human beings, lost for the cause of collective supermanhood, our heroine has no time. She despises them profoundly, and comes in touch with them only when she cannot do otherwise: either to defend some animal (or animals in general) against them, or against some of them; or to fight them, whenever necessary; or to use them, whenever possible, for the benefit of the Aryan cause.

The “cat story” in which she is involved from the beginning goes at least to show that her eminently aesthetic approach to the alleged Ideology “of arrogance and violence” is possible, even logical — in perfect keeping, at any rate, with that which a French opponent² of the National Socialist doctrine once called its “appalling logic.” And this precisely because true Aryan racialism, — National Socialism, to repeat its historic name, — not only is not a man-centred creed, *but definitely excludes any man-centred outlook.*

For this very reason, this book is anything but National Socialist propaganda: most people, nearly all people nowadays, have a man-centred outlook; to tell them bluntly how life-centred a great militant faith really is, is rather to turn them against it. To those few, however, who, far from looking upon man as the source of all values and the measure of all things, merely see in him, as Friedrich Nietzsche did, “a bridge between animalhood and supermanhood,” our story might suggest the widely unpopular but, to us, quite obvious truth, that any beautiful, innocent beast — a finished handiwork of Nature, perfect on its own level — is decidedly more valuable than a human specimen that does not (or, by birth, *cannot*) tend towards the one thing that justifies, if at all, the existence of man: the perfection of superman; more valuable, we say, because, be it of limited scope, a finished — flawless — work of art is always better than a failure. *Those* might well be attracted to our

¹ See *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta edition 1952 p. 210) and *The Lightning and the Sun* (Calcutta edition 1958; chapter XV: “Gods on Earth”) — by Savitri Devi.

² Mr. R. Grassot, of the French Information Bureau, in Baden-Baden in 1948.

heroine's aristocratic faith, and come to it, contrarily to many of its former supporters, fully aware of its remotest implications, and therefore fully knowing what they are doing; come to it and never turn back. They would be welcome: the militant minority needs those to whom its "appalling logic" appeals without reservations. Yet, we repeat: this is not, cannot be, propaganda. For who cares for minorities in the present world? Minorities do not count; they are not dangerous — or not supposed to be . . .

Savitri Devi Mukherji

Written in Hanover (Germany) on the 10th of July, 1961

PART I

BLACK-AND-WHITE

Chapter 1

THE CALL IN THE NIGHT

This happened in one of the innumerable by-lanes of immense Calcutta, on a beautiful, warm starry night, during the Second World War. . . . A soft, subdued call of love and of distress broke the silence at regular intervals “Rrmiaou; rrmiaou; . . . rrrmiaou!”

One of the many half-starving mother-cats that existed on the refuse heaps of the narrow, dirty lane, knew that her kitten was *somewhere* nearby — very near — but she could neither see it nor get at it. In fact, she knew *where* it was: there, behind that high wooden wall, that stood, impenetrable, in front of her. And she knew that it wanted to come to her; that it was hungry, — poor baby-cat! And although she hardly had any milk — for she was herself but skin and bone — she wanted to feed it. It was calling her — answering her smothered mews with desperate, high-pitched shrieks, as loud as its tiny young throat could cry: “meeou! meeou! meeou!”

But the forbidding wall — the double doors of a “go-down” — stood between the little creature and her. For the thousandth time, she walked to and fro, to and fro, along the stone edge that ran at the foot of the “wal,” in other words, the first step that led into the go-down. And for the thousandth time she mewed and mewed — and tried to find a crack, a hole, an opening of some sort between the ill-fitting planks; some means of reaching her baby-cat. And for the thousandth time the baby-cat mewed back in its turn, in high-pitched calls of despair: “meeou! meeou! meeou!”

As long as there were cars and buses, and tramways and bullock-carts continuously going up and down the nearby bustling Dharmatala Street, and rickshaws and bicycles going up and down the lane, and open-air sellers shouting for customers at the corner of both, the mother-cat’s voice, and even that of the kitten, was drowned in the general noise. Nobody could hear it, save, of course, the people who stood just before the closed go-down. But these busied themselves with their own affairs, as though they heard nothing; for they did not care. As the traffic grew lesser and lesser, even in the main street, and as the lane gradually became empty and quiet, the mews of distress became more and more audible. Yet nobody seemed to pay the

slightest attention: one after the other, the people who dwelt in the lane closed their shutters and went to bed.

Millions of stars now appeared in the deep, dark immensity above; millions of suns, each one with its satellites whirling round it, at God alone knows how many thousand light-years' distance from this tiny Earth; all going their way, in mathematical harmony.

But upon this insignificant Earth, a speck of dust in fathomless infinity, out of the gutter in that obscure lane in Calcutta, the mew of the poor emaciated mother-cat calling her kitten, and the cry of the poor kitten calling its mother, rent the divine silence of space, again and again and again, without end. How many other cries of distress or cries of pain rent it from other places in that self-same city? How many, from other places on earth? How many, from other worlds, where living creatures struggle and suffer?

Then, at last, all of a sudden, somewhat far away, a tall white form stepped forth on to a balcony of one of the houses of the main street, the back-windows of which overlooked the lane from a distance. It remained there for a while, and disappeared, — only to be seen again, five minutes later, walking up the lane. It was that of a fair woman wrapped in a sari; of a lover of dumb creatures, and especially of felines, who had never seen or heard an animal in need of help without doing all she could for it. Guided by the sound of the kitten's cries, the woman went straight to the closed go-down.

Chapter 2

HELIODORA

She had come years before from far-away Europe, for reasons of her own, — reasons entirely different from those for which other foreigners settle in India. One of the things that had attracted her to the hallowed Land was the fact that, contrary to the Christians, Mohammedans and Jews, the Hindus neither acknowledge an unbridgeable gap between “man” and the rest of living creatures nor believe that those creatures have been brought into being for man. She had — logically, yet erroneously, — drawn the conclusion that such people must necessarily be kind to animals in practical life; kinder, at any rate, than those who profess a faith or a philosophy centred around the “infinite value of human life” alone. Another reason why she had come was that India is the only land an earth in which Aryan Gods, — akin to those Europe used to adore, before Christianity was forced upon her people — are still worshipped, and Aryan principles, inherited from the fair invaders of six thousand years ago,¹ accepted without discussion; the only land, for example, in which the bulk of the population has never ceased believing in the God-ordained hierarchy of human races.

These two aspects of her psychology sprang in reality from one and the same source, namely from the woman’s essentially aesthetic outlook on life. She maintained that a beautiful healthy animal, in fact, a beautiful healthy tree, is infinitely more precious than a sickly human being, *a fortiori* than a cripple or otherwise deficient man, woman or child. And she held the Aryan race, to which she was proud to, belong, to be the finest race on earth, and all that which exalts it and its natural values to be good, mainly because the Aryan type of human being is — or was, in her eyes, at least — the most beautiful of all.

And, having read that a certain Greek named Heliodorus — an envoy at the court of an Indian king of the fourth century before the Christian era, — had once, somewhere near Bhilsa, set up a stele upon which he described himself as a “worshipper of Vishnu,” she had taken the name of

¹ See Lokomanya Tilak’s books *Orion* and *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*.

Heliadora. She too was an Aryan of the West who had been drawn to Indian ways, out of the feeling that they were not strange to her; that they were the ways of Aryan people who had adapted themselves to a tropical environment and to life in the midst of a numerically overwhelming foreign population of many races. Apart from that, the name suited her, for she was a devout Sun-worshipper.¹ For years she had been living under that name. Nobody knew what she had, originally, been called.

* * *

She was seated — cross-legged, in the Oriental manner, — upon a mattress upon which was spread one of those mats, made in Shylet, which are as fine as cloth; and she was writing. A smooth plank, which lay upon her lap, served the purpose of a writing table. And there were cats, some ten or twelve of them, or more, lying here and there, all over the place, some upon the mat, some upon the bulky cushions that lay in a row against the wall, others upon the cool, shiny floor, of dark-red, artificial marble. One beautiful, half-angora tom-cat, all black save for a hardly visible white spot upon his breast, had stretched himself his whole length upon the papers at Heliadora's side, softly purring. This was Sadhu, her favourite cat, — her favourite because the most beautiful of all, among those she had. The only piece of furniture in the whitewashed room was a bookcase full of books; the only decoration in it, an enormous brass plate, entirely inlaid with red enamel, of Jaipur workmanship, which stood against the wall upon that bookcase. In front of that plate could be seen, within a frame, an enlarged photograph of Adolf Hitler feeding a young deer — one of the loveliest pictures of the German Leader. Heliadora was not a German. Nor had she ever seen the Maker of the Third Reich, But she was, partly at least, of Nordic blood, and hailed in him the Saviour of her race, the Friend of creatures, and the exponent of everlasting Wisdom. And she worshipped him. Fresh pink lotuses lay in a round, flat, painted earthen vessel, at the foot of the picture, and three sticks of incense were smoking before it, fixed in the holes at the top of a brass burner, which had the shape of the sacred sign "Aum": Heliadora's tribute of love to her Leader; and the first fruits of that of the whole of Eastern Aryandom, which she had come to conquer for him.

The woman stopped writing, and started thinking about the war.

¹ Heliadora means, in Greek, "gift of the Sun."

In later, darkening days, how often was she to look back to this glorious early spring of 1942, in which one had experienced, to the full, the thrill of victory, and joyous confidence in the destiny of the world! Now, she was living that stage of unmixed optimism. And did not events seem to justify her feelings as well as those of the millions of people who, like herself, — although, perhaps, from a standpoint somewhat different from hers — firmly believed in Hitler’s mission? Indeed, on all fronts, the situation was — or seemed to be — splendid. The German army was successfully standing the Russian winter; and Stalin was calling for help — for arms and ammunitions — from his western allies; Rommel was advancing along the Libyan coast towards the Egyptian border, and would, apparently, not take long to reach Alexandria and Port-Said, and to hinder England’s normal communications with India; in the East, Germany’s allies, the Japanese, had taken Singapore only a few days before — on the eleventh of February, exactly two thousand six hundred and two years after the foundation of the Empire of the Rising Sun, according to officially accepted Tradition, undoubtedly a good omen — and they were now rapidly conquering Burma; and they would conquer Assam and East Bengal and Calcutta, and march to Delhi, — where the irresistible German Army, pushing on from Russia through High Asia and the historic Khyber Pass, would no doubt meet them. There was only one thing that depressed Heliadora in all that, and this was the fact that, being in Calcutta, she had personally witnessed none of the parades of victory, especially not the one along the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in conquered Paris, on the 14th of June 1940. She could not forgive herself for not having gone back to Europe before the war, when it was yet time. She cursed her fate, for not having been able to go in 1939, when she *had* tried so hard. Had she, then, managed to leave India, she would have been sending messages on the Berlin wireless in modern Greek, in Bengali, and perhaps one or two more other languages for which there were few applicants. *That* would have been a job for her! And sooner or later someone would have had the good sense of introducing her to the Führer; she felt quite positive about that. She would have seen “him”; heard “him” speak; speak to *her*, personally! “Alas!” thought she. Still, all would be well if the Germans and the Japanese were soon to meet in imperial Delhi. Then, “he” would come there and receive the allegiance of the East as well as of the West. And she would go and greet him.

Just as she was thinking of this, Sadhu, who had, up

till then, been lying upon her papers, stretched himself and turned towards her his round, black, glossy head, with golden eyes.

“My furry beauty; my black tiger!” said she, as she stroked him under his chin, in answer to his blissful glance: “My black tiger with one tiny white spot — only one!”

The reply was a soft, regular purr.

An unexpected thought crossed Heliadora’s mind, like a flash of lightning: “Had I gone to Europe in 1939, or even in 1940, I should not have had this lovely creature, nor, in fact, any of these cats to which I have given a home. They probably all would have been dead, by now — would have died of misery, in some gutter, without love, poor beautiful felines!” And a strange question followed that thought: “Was it *for them* that I was fated to remain here?”

She knew the thought was a nonsensical one and the question too. For of what account was the life and happiness of any creatures, nay, of any human beings, including her own, compared with the service of the Aryan Reich and of the Cause of truth? But then she remembered a lovely sentence, which she herself had quoted number of times in the meetings she used to address; a sentence that could have been written by a Hindu, but which was in fact taken from Alfred Rosenberg’s booklet commonly described as the “Nazi Catechism”: “Behold Godhead in every living creature, animal and plant” — in other words: worship everlasting Life in all sentient beings . . .

“How near we are to Hinduism!” thought she, for the millionth time. “Our principles are exactly the same: the self-same Aryan principles that were those of Northern Europe, before it fell prey to Christianity.” And for the millionth time, she dreamed of making that identity manifest in the eyes both of the Hindus and of the Germans and other racially conscious Aryans of the West, and of giving Adolf Hitler the reverence and active support of the whole of Indo-European humanity, re-awakened to the pride of its own eternal values.

* * *

Sadhu got up, stepped into the woman’s lap, and there, curled himself into a ball, with his head upside-down and a front paw stretched out, in one of those graceful and unexpected positions which cats are so fond of taking.

Heliadora could never get a tangible mark of confidence from any of her cats, — or, by the way, from any beast, — without feeling deeply touched; and also without recalling in her mind, and detesting, the thousands of human beings

who betray such confidence, every day in some way or another. Presently, she took the soft velvet paw, whose sharp, curved claws were drawn in, in both her hands, and stroked it. The claws slowly came out, and then again disappeared into their sheathes. And a louder purr, that one could feel through the cat's thick, warm coat, especially at the level of the neck, was again the pet's answer.

Heliodora felt happy, — half reconciled to the fact that she had not seen the victory parades in Europe, in “glorious '40.” “Anyhow, there soon will be more such victory parades to be seen here in Asia,” thought she. “In the meantime, had I succeeded in going to Europe a year and a half ago, where would *you* all be, you happy furry ones? And where would be the dogs that wait every evening at the corner of the lane for me to bring them something to eat? ‘Behold Godhead in every living creature, animal or plant.’ It is better to live up to that spirit, which is ours, and whose victory in the world would be our victory, than to watch military parades.”

But it suddenly seemed to her as though she had heard a mew of distress coming from somewhere far away in the narrow lane. She quickly went and opened the window wide (she had shut it, as usual, to keep out the sound of the neighbouring radios, and that of people jabbering on the nearby terrace). Immediately, the mews of distress seemed to her alarmingly high-pitched. But where could they come from? She stood on the balcony and listened. The mews were, quite definitely, coming from the lane. Heliodora, who had never heard an animal cry without finding out what the matter was and then trying her best *to do something* about it, threw a shawl over her shoulders, took a jug of milk in one hand, a saucer — and her house keys — in the other, and went downstairs.

Two or three minutes later, she was in the dark lane, in front of the place from which the mews were coming.

Chapter 3

THE BLISSFUL HOME

The mother-cat ran away at the woman's approach. She had experienced nothing but cruelty from the two-legged sort: they had thrown stones, or water (generally cold, but, on one occasion, boiling water) at her, or tried to hit her with a stick whenever hunger had driven her into one of their houses. How could she know that there were some kind ones among them? She ran away; then walked a few steps back; once more called her lost kitten, and ran away again as she saw Heliadora's figure before the go-down. The woman poured a little milk into her saucer, put it down on the ground, some ten yards away, and went back to examine the door: to see whether she could not find a crack that could be made larger, a loose plank, that could be pulled away — some means by which she could free the kitten. She called the mother-cat from a distance: "Puss, puss, puss . . ." and waited, without moving at all.

The mother-cat was torn between hunger and fear. Hunger won, and Heliadora saw her cautiously walk back — for the third time — and put her mouth into the good milk and start lapping it. She still remained completely immobile. The mother-cat looked up, saw there was no danger, and continued lapping. Heliadora had discovered in the door a plank that looked loose. But she did not — yet — proceed to pull it out "Let the cat finish her milk," thought she: "the kitten can wait; it cannot run away anyhow."

As she saw the saucer was empty, she went and refilled it. The cat again fled at her approach, but returned as soon as she had walked back to the go-down. And again she lapped the milk greedily. It was indeed a pleasure to get two saucers of milk when one had eaten nothing the whole day but a few corns of rice gathered from the dust-heaps, among kitchen ashes and rotting, foul-smelling vegetable refuse! And for the first time in her miserable life, such a pleasure was directly associated with the presence of one of "them" — one of the frightful Two-legged ones. She did not know what to make of it. Nor what to do: remain, or run away. The baby-cat was still calling her; and that tall, big creature that had brought the milk, did not look as though it would try to hit her, or throw water

at her. So she remained . . . but at a prudent distance: with Two-legged ones, one is never sure . . .

* * *

Heliodora had caught hold of the loose plank, and was jerking at it, trying to pull it out. Now and then, she held her breath, listened whether anyone was coming, or whether the people who lived opposite the go-down were opening their shutters to shout at her. It would surely not have been the first time she would have had a row with human beings on account of her sense of duty towards other creatures. She was accustomed to such incidents and fully prepared to face them. But this time, no such thing happened. And after a few jerks, the plank came out while the woman, losing hold of it, fell backwards, flat upon the ground in the middle of the lane. Her first thought, as she pulled herself together, was: “What a good thing that I had put down my milk jug! Had that fallen over, I should have had to go and fetch more milk, and in the meantime both cat and kitten would have run away. Now, the poor creatures will have a home.”

She poured a little more milk into the saucer, and laid the latter inside the go-down, at the new entrance which she had just opened. She kept her hand, absolutely immobile, above the saucer, and waited. The kitten, which she could not see, for it was pitch-dark, soon came. She heard it lapping the milk. Then, suddenly letting down her hand, she caught hold of the little creature as firmly as she could, though without hurting it. But the baby-cat, that was thoroughly afraid of “two-legged beasts” — for its mother had, in a mysterious way, warned it against the nasty tricks they can play upon one — defended itself heroically: it spat and scratched, and bit deeply into the woman’s finger. Heliodora admired the pluck of that tiny fluffy living ball, which she now held in both hands, and she stroked its fur with infinite love, and laid a kiss upon its silky round head — the first human kiss the baby-cat had ever received. The little creature was at once convinced that *this* was not a “two-legged beast” like most of them, but a real friend and protector of the feline race. Through the enchantment of loving caresses, this fact imposed itself, in all its overwhelming forcefulness, upon the kitten’s consciousness. And the reaction was sudden and complete; unbelievable to anyone who is not well acquainted with feline nature: a loud purr answered the woman’s touch, as the kitten curled himself up in her left hand, while she continued stroking him with her right

one. The baby-cat was totally conquered: already sure this huge two-legged creature loved him, and ready to believe in human kindness.

Heliadora looked backwards to see what the mother-cat was doing. She saw her step into the go-down and out again; she heard her mew — that same soft, subdued mew of yearning and of distress which sounded to her even more pathetic than before, now that she knew the poor beast would not find her little one. For a few seconds, she had half a mind to put the kitten down, so that his mother might carry him away. But then, as she felt the thin furry body, purring in her hand, and as she thought of the miserable life of the average Calcutta cat — one could say: of the average street cat in the East, nay, already in southern Europe, — she hesitated to do so. She stooped down, however, and, after refilling her saucer with milk for the third time, waited. She would show the kitten to his mother. Perhaps the mother would follow him, in spite of all, to his new home; who knows?

The mother-cat drank the third saucer of milk: she was hungry. Heliadora did not move, but called her from the place where she had halted: “Puss, puss, puss . . . !” And, just at that moment, the kitten, who had stretched himself upon her arm, stood up and mewed. This was not the high-pitched cry of distress that his tiny throat had been thrusting out for God alone knows how many hours, but a bold mew of satisfaction between two purrs. And the mother-cat heard it, and answered it: “Rrmiaou! rrrmiaou!” Now she knew where her kitten was. And she was beginning to feel that he was not in wicked hands. His mew was a happy one. Moreover, *that* two-legged creature was not like the others: it did not chase one away; it gave one milk, and allowed one to drink it in peace, remaining at a reasonable distance. Again the mother-cat looked up at her baby, and mewed. Heliadora spoke to her softly! “Come, my cat! Come, my pretty one! Puss, puss, puss . . .” And she slowly walked back home, looking round now and then.

The mother-cat was following her all right; following her own kitten, with those same subdued mews. The mews went straight to the woman’s heart. It seemed to her as though they were now addressed to her and meant: “Do give me back my little one! It is all I have in the world; all I love!” Again she was tempted to put the kitten down. But again it was clear to her that this would be thrusting him back into the untold misery of street-life in Calcutta, *along with* his mother. And she wanted to save both, if she could.

She soon reached the door leading into her staircase. Would the grown-up cat follow her into the house? She stepped in and looked around. The cat was there, a few yards away, gazing at her as though wishing to say: “Why won’t you give me back my kitten — my only one?” and mewling once more, calling the little creature for the last time. Heliadora felt the cat’s distress as though it had been her own. “Poor beast!” thought she, “Am I to take away all she loves? . . . But if only she would come in I should keep them both. They are twelve already; they’d be fourteen . . .”

And she put down the kitten and waited. The mother-cat, still outdoors, called for the thousandth time “Rrmiaou! Rrrmiaou!” The baby-cat took to running towards her, and she towards him. Heliadora, who was watching the minute she would cross the threshold, suddenly closed the door, and caught both cat and kitten under the hanging end of her “sari.” And paying no heed to the animals struggle to free itself — the scratches of the outstretched claws and the loud shrieks of terror — she hurried upstairs to the second floor, put down her jug (now empty) and her saucer, opened the door and slammed it shut as soon as she had stepped in. *Then*, she loosened her embrace. The cat sprang onto the floor of the room that was henceforth to be her home, and ran and hid herself under the book-case. Heliadora, still holding the kitten upon her arm, went into the kitchen and came back with a plate full of rice mixed with bits of fish, which she laid upon the floor. Then she let the kitten go, and from a distance, she watched him eat — and then finish the milk that was still lying at the bottom of the many cats’ large shallow plate. The mother-cat had not moved: she was no longer hungry enough to overcome her fear.

* * *

For two or three days she would not come out from her hiding place, save to eat — and that, only when the “two-legged one” was not to be seen. She would growl and spit at the other cats. And she even scratched Sadhu for having dared come too near her, be it in the most friendly mood — apparently, to rub his splendid, round glossy head against hers. Her kitten was the only one she wanted. She continued calling him in the same loving voice, with the same mews of tenderness: “Rrmiaou!, Rrrrmiaou!” And she licked him as he lay hanging at her breast, purring and, thrusting his little paws into her fur.

But as time passed, things changed. First of all, the

mother-cat's body took shape: her neck no longer looked skinny; her bones no longer jutted out; her coat became shiny. And she had more milk. And she gradually became accustomed to the house and to the other cats. As for the kitten, he was growing into a fat, fluffy ball of fur, happy and playful, and full of affection for Heliadora, in whose lap he lay — alone or *with* his mother — when he was not amusing himself with Sadhu's brushy tail, or trying to catch flies, or jumping at his own shadow on the wall.

He was an ordinary black and white kitten, rather black than white, — the cross-breed of his mother, who was all white, save for a black patch on her head, another on her back, and another on the tip of her tail, and of a tom-cat as black as night — and particularly well marked. He had a broad, round head, short, velvety ears, large, transparent green eyes that glowed against their background of black fur. Only his nose, chin, belly and front paws were white. The paws were broad in proportion to the body, as those of a strong young tom-cat should be. The whiskers were stiff and long enough to be the pride of any conceited feline. But this beautiful kitten was not conceited. He had no idea how beautiful he was. He was all love and playfulness, nothing more. Yet Heliadora, who generally did not give names to her cats ("Sadhu" already had his name when Zobeida, his first mistress, too poor to feed him properly, had handed him over to the "cat *mem-sahib*") often called him "Long-whiskers."

He was now lying in the woman's lap, sucking his mother, stamping his front-paws in turn into her warm fur, and purring. The mother, completely relaxed, was also purring — a soft, regular purr of unmarred bliss. The other cats were dozing here and there: some upon the mattress where Heliadora was sitting, some upon the cushions, some upon the floor. Sadhu, who had been sleeping in the sunshine for quite a long time, suddenly decided that it was too hot, and went and stretched himself in a cool shady corner. Just one sunray, coming in through a crack in the shutters of the nearby window, still fell directly upon him, and made it clear that his coat, that one generally would have called "black," was not really so, but dark, very dark brown. The tips of the soft silky hairs even appeared light reddish-brown, wherever the golden ray touched them.

As carefully as she possibly could — so as not to disturb the cats in her lap, — Heliadora pulled the curtain across the other window, the shutters of which were open, put aside the newspaper that she had been reading, and leaned against the wall. She started stroking the two heaps of

living fur — mother and kitten — that purred a little louder at the contact of her hands, and enjoyed the peace of her little room full of happy cats; also the peace of the verandah outside, full of healthy green plants, in the shade of which the cats often used to lie. The *Statesman*¹ slipped down from the cushion upon which she had laid it, onto the floor, where one of the cats took to tearing it up. Heliadora smiled, and let him go on. “The paper can hardly be put to a better use” thought she.

It was, as always, — and as all newspapers were, in Allied-controlled countries — full of nothing but anti-Nazi propaganda. And the propaganda was, as always, an appeal to the reader’s “human feelings.” Heliadora had no “human feelings” in the ordinary sense of the word. She had been, from her very childhood, much too profoundly shocked at the behaviour of man towards animals in particular and living Nature in general, to have any sympathy for people suffering on account of their being Jews or friends of the Jews. The Jews were after all responsible for that silly exaltation of “man” — regardless of race and personality — above all creatures; for that criminal denial of the sacred unity of Life and of the laws of Life, in the name of man’s special value and so-called “dignity.” Heliadora recalled in her mind the threefold classification of beings according to the Kabbala: the “uncreated One, who creates,” i.e. God; the “created one who creates” — man; and finally, the “created beings that do not create” — the rest of whatever exists: animals, plants, minerals. “What nonsense!” thought she. “As if all human beings were capable of creation! Only a very small minority of them are. Then, why exalt ‘all men’, instead of ‘all creatures’? To infuse into them — even into the naturally better ones — the contempt of race and personality, so that the ugly Jew may alone control the mass of nondescript cross-breeds that will, in course of time, be the tangible outcome of that unnatural contempt?”

In addition to that, the fact that the Jews are expected to eat the flesh of those animals only that have been slaughtered in that most cruel manner prescribed by their religion, was in Heliadora’s eyes, the worst of all. Any slaughterhouses were an abomination to her; but “kosher” ones! — no treatment was bad enough when meted out to people who upheld or tolerated such institutions!

And that is why the propaganda, — written for the

¹ A Calcutta daily paper, in English.

average “decent people,” i.e., for the average flesh-eaters, who have accepted the Christian, in other words, the Jewish, scale of values, as the basis of their outlook on life and subsequently of their ethics — had upon Heliadora exactly the contrary effect from that which its promoters had aimed at obtaining. It invariably gave her new reasons to feel proud of being a National Socialist, and to want the destruction of that so-called “civilisation,” — that dull plutocracy — for the love of which one was repeatedly told to “fight Nazism.” In this paper that sharp teeth and claws were just now tearing to bits, for sheer delight, was an article about so-called “Nazi atrocities.” Vivisection had been abolished in the Third Reich, admitted the author of that article, but . . . “only to be replaced by experimentation upon human beings,” namely, upon anti-Nazis — especially Jews, but sometimes also particularly pro-Jewish people of other stocks — “taken among the inmates of the concentration camps.” Heliadora, who had always looked upon experimentation upon unconcerned beasts — neither “for” nor “against” any cause — as the vilest of all crimes, and *wanted* dangerous human beings to be used in their stead, if such research work *had* to be done, simply thought: “I wish this *is* true, and not just a propaganda tale! If it *is* true, it is perhaps the best thing the grand Third Reich has done under the inspiration of its god-like Leader — all praise to him!” And she again stroked the mother-cat and kitten, now both asleep in her lap. A light purr answered her touch, and a faint ripple ran along the two soft, furry bodies. Heliadora, whom the newspaper article she had just read had deeply impressed, and who was gifted with a vivid power of imagination, thought of experiments performed upon such lovely creatures as those lying in her lap or around her. And she shuddered.

She recalled an episode from the days she had been a student, some years before, in a French university.

She had once entered a certain room — by mistake. A door led from there into several other rooms, communicating with one another, one at least of which was a vivisection chamber. And in front of that door, tied to the handle of it by a leash, had stood a dog — an ordinary light-brown dog, as thousands of others one can meet in the streets, all over the world. And that dog had stood up upon his hind legs and pulled upon his leash and tried to reach Heliadora as she had entered, feeling, no doubt, that she was a friend of creatures, and wanting her to stroke his head. Heliadora had known, even before asking anybody and getting a confirmation of her horrible intuition, that that dog was to be vivisected. She had not been able to

bring herself to stroke it: any such caress had appeared to her as an act of treason: a promise of human kindness to that trusting beast, that was about to experience in its own body one of the most revolting forms of human cruelty; a dirty lie. Had nobody been there, she would have untied the dog, taken it away, saved it anyhow and at any cost. But there had been several people there. There had been nothing she could have done or even said, with any hope of drawing that living creature — one among millions — away from its atrocious fate. Nothing! She had looked at the dog, and tears had filled her eyes, and a cold sensation of horror had run along her spine, and wild hatred towards mankind, — lucid, relentless, patient, immortal hatred for the whole species, save the hallowed minority who shared her feelings; hatred that she had always known, always experienced, only somewhat less intensely, and that would never slacken, never lessen, never change, in this life and all her lives to come, — had filled her breast. Knowing that all words would be lost upon the men sitting in that room, still she had not been able to leave without a sentence: a condemnation to death; a curse: “A civilisation that takes experiments upon dumb creatures as a matter of course should be wiped out! May I see it blown to pieces within my life-time!” had she proclaimed, trembling with indignation as she had made for the door. The dog, pulling hard on his leash and stretching his neck, had managed to lick her hands.

She now remembered how this episode had haunted her for weeks and weeks. And she felt relieved at the thought that, in the young, regenerated German Reich, round which, after the war, a new Europe would crystallize and take shape, such abominations no longer occurred. For the human beings who, according to the “Statesman,” were alleged to replace the four-legged mammals in the “service of Science,” she had no pity. First, even if not necessarily Jews, they were anti-Nazis, enemies of all she loved; so it served them right. And second, even if they all were not; even if there existed among them a few non-political people, interned by mistake (mistakes will happen in war time), it mattered little: non-political people are generally admirers of “Science” with a capital S; they call Pasteur, that torturer of hundreds of beasts, a “great man,” and look up to other such criminals as “benefactors of mankind”; not one of them in a million had fought all his life, as she had, against vivisection and other such crimes against Life, let alone against man-centred religions and philosophies. So, let them suffer and die for that which they admired and loved! (*She* was prepared to suffer and

die for what she loved and admired: for the great new Aryan Reich, with its proud life-centred doctrine that set a beautiful healthy cat or dog far above a dangerous or deficient human being of any race). She also remembered that the person at the head of the “Physiology research department” in that university where she had been a chemistry student, was a Jewess. Where would she now be? — that one under whose supervision live dogs’ skulls were taken off, and experiments performed upon the animals’ raw brains? In some camp in Germany, by this time — she hoped. Waiting to be gassed, or perhaps at this very minute in gas-chamber. And Heliadora thought, with a smile of satisfaction: “For once: ‘the right person in the right place’!”

And she continued stroking the soft, warm, furry bodies that lay peacefully in her lap, purring themselves to sleep.

* * *

This went on day after day: food — lovely food: rice mixed with fish (the only trouble was that the bits of fish were so finely mashed up with the rice that one could hardly pick them out separately, however much one tried) and milk: creamy milk that Long-whiskers and his mother had never had an opportunity of tasting before that night in front of the go-down; — blissful sleep, never more interrupted by a hard kick, or a stone, or water, thrown no one knew from where upon one’s back; and that soft, regular stroking of one’s fur by a magical hand, that sent one into the cats’ seventh Heaven; a magical hand that seemed to know all the subtleties of a cat’s nature, and never stroked one when one wanted to be left alone. And that deep, comfortable lap, into which one could jump whenever one liked and where one could remain — asleep or awake — as long as one pleased; to which one was never brought by force, and from which one was never turned away! Security and freedom at the same time. What more could a cat — in fact, any feline — desire?

So Long-whiskers grew into a splendid big tom-cat: twice as big as his mother (that had known a very hard life) and even bigger than Sadhu. And, which is more, even more beautiful than Sadhu, in spite of the latter’s half-angora fur. Long-whiskers had the short fur of the usual gutter-cat who has no angora blood at all. But that fur was extraordinarily thick, and as soft and glossy as the softest and glossiest plush. The black portions — by far the largest — shone in the sunshine, every individual hair having, if seen alone, a shimmer of rainbow shades

about it. The white parts were as spotless as snow. The round head with its dreamy greenish-yellow eyes (rather green than yellow) had become broader, with bulging cheeks: And the cat carried himself like a miniature tiger: his proud head erect or . . . stretched downwards, with the short, black, velvety ears thrown back and flattened, whenever he was watching a prey: a mouse or . . . just a cockroach! — his supple body undulating as he placed his powerful paws one before the other, regularly. Heliadora often gazed at him for a long time, feeling so happy that she had taken in the royal creature, when he had been but a miserable starving kitten, mewling desperately. Not that she considered that his evolution had in any way been her work. She knew it was Nature's doing. And there were thousands of starving kittens that she could never reach, the sufferings and death of which she could never hear of — and not only kittens, but puppies, calves, lambs, young horses and donkeys, all sorts of young creatures — that would grow into the loveliest specimens of their kind, were they only to receive the care and affection which Long-whiskers had enjoyed, or were they at least just left alone, with enough to eat every day. She could not help feeling, however, that she had worked “in the direction of Nature's finality,” and that was enough to make her happy. It was, it had always been her ambition to work — on the human plane *and* in connection with all living things — in the direction pointed out by Nature; “in the spirit of Creation,” to express it in those very words of her beloved Führer that she had quoted so many times.¹

And Long-whiskers knew he was loved and admired, and he was also happy. He would come and rub his silky head against Heliadora, look up to her as she stroked it, and jump upon her lap. Or, if the lap was “occupied” — by Sadhu, or maybe by one of the other cats, now more and more numerous, — he would snarl till the occupant would at last get down and let him have the place. He did not like his feline companions — save the she-cats, of course — and especially not Sadhu. Nor did Sadhu like him: — the newcomer, the intruder who was getting so much of the love and care that he had once enjoyed alone, a long time before, when he had still been the only cat which Heliadora had.

At times, the woman, who did not want to hurt his feelings would pick up Sadhu and hold him in her arms and stroke him, with the same words of love she had always used: “My velvet! My purring fur! My black tiger!”

¹ “So glaube ich heute im Sinne des allmächtigen Schöpfers zu handeln” (*Mein Kampf*, edit. 1935, p. 70).

And the cat could not help purring indeed, in the magic embrace of that more-than-feline creature who loved him as much as ever. But then, as he would become aware of Long-whiskers' presence, he would suddenly struggle himself out of his mistress' arms, jump upon the floor and go and seat himself, with perfect feline dignity, in the remotest corner of the room — as far away as possible even from the other many cats. Then, nine times out of ten, Long-whiskers would give out a particularly soft mew, and, after this notice, spring upon Heliadora's shoulders and settle down in her arms — in Sadhu's place — if she was willing to have him. And she *was* willing! Even if she was not — if she happened to have, at that moment something else to do — she soon *became* willing. (How could one refuse the advances of that enormous, panther-like cat, Long-whiskers, wanting to be caressed?) Admittedly, she felt sorry for poor Sadhu. But there was nothing she could do to reconcile the two felines, which she both loved.

Each one had his own beauty: the half-angora and the gutter tom-cat. In fact, all her cats — now some twenty or twenty-five of them: Long-whiskers' mother had had two more kittens, and Heliadora had brought in a few from the streets — were gutter-cats, except Sadhu. She sometimes thought of those people who spend a lot of money on pets with a pedigree, and yet would do nothing to help a poor starving street cat or dog lying at their doorstep. She despised such heartless snobs. What pedigree have they themselves, anyhow?" wondered she. "Half of them don't even know who their great-grandfathers were! As for Eurasians and half-Jews who insist upon having only animals 'of good breed', well . . ." The very idea disgusted her. Moreover, the Führer had for all times to come condemned such unnatural hobbies and such a topsy-turvy world. One day, as she was precisely thinking of this, and recalling in her mind his words of wisdom,¹ Long-whiskers — who was lying flat upon the floor, for he was too hot — looked up to her and started purring . . . as though he had wanted to tell her how fully he agreed with her philosophy, and above all with her belief that racial selection was a concern of the two-legged ones. But of course, it was a mere coincidence . . .

However it be, life was lovely in Heliadora's quiet home. It was not only the good food and the woman's caresses, and that complete freedom that the felines appreciated so

¹ "Der völkischen Weltanschauung muss es endlich gelingen, jenes edlere Zeitalter herbeizuführen, in dem die Menschen ihre Sorge nicht mehr in der Höherzüchtung von Hunden, Pferden und Katzen erblicken sondern im Emporheben des Menschen selbst . . ." (*Mein Kampf*, edit. 1935, p. 449).

much. It was . . . the atmosphere. The cats, in whose confused consciousness, all these things were blended together, could naturally not separate that from the rest. But had they been able to do so — and had they been in possession of human speech — they would have called it “restful,” “serene.” Time did not “pass” in that blissful home; *it glided*. And one felt it glide — over play and sleep, meals, and dreamy relaxation at Heliodora’s side or in her lap. One felt it glide as the invisible caress of some mysterious great Being, in whose care one was safe. The wide world outside seethed with all manner of struggle: struggle for food; struggle to remain out of the way of dogs, and of cruel children who are worse, and occasionally, of grownup two-legged creatures; struggle to keep the kittens out of the reach of such enemies. Here, all was so peaceful and so easy. The cats that had but recently come in from the street, skin and bone, as Long-whiskers and his mother had once been, appreciated the difference. The broad verandah with its many green plants, in the shade of which one could doze or play, chase and catch an occasional beetle (or sometimes — at night — a mouse) was, for a long time at least, a sufficient field of adventure for them. Some of them, she-cats, for the most, never attempted to see the street again.

But Long-whiskers was now over a year and a half old. He had long forgotten his wretched babyhood: the pitiless struggle for mother’s milk, in which his brother and two sisters had perished — died of starvation, one after the other — while he, the strongest of the litter, had survived, God alone knew how; and the fear of a crowd of horrible creatures, four-legged and two-legged, that barked or shouted, ran after one, threw stones or water at one, and sometimes caught hold of one by one’s tail, or leg, or head. It had been a sheer miracle that he had always managed to bite and scratch himself out of their clutches, tiny as he had been then. So many poor street kittens had not been so lucky!

But that all lay far, far away within the mist of the past. And Long-whiskers had not the faintest recollection of it — save, perhaps somewhere very deep in his subconscious mind. All he was aware of was a confused but ardent longing to live exciting adventures, or what he dimly deemed to be such. Some elemental power within him was urging him to wander into the limitless world beyond Heliodora’s peaceful room and beautiful verandah: down the winding iron stairs at the other end of what appeared to him as a shady “avenue,” into the courtyard that he had never seen but from above; into the street, which he

did not remember. So, upon a moonlit night, as the urge had grown overwhelming, he got up from the mat where he had been lying for an hour or more, softly stroked by Heliodora's loving hand. He sat for a while upon the windowsill, gazing at the full moon — so bright in the pure sky — and then jumped down. Slowly and stately, he walked through the double row of green plants, reached the stairs and . . . started going down.

Chapter 4

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

At the third footstep which he took downwards, it seemed as though Long-whiskers hesitated: he seated himself down in the middle of the stairs as he had sat upon the windowsill: his front paws stretched out, his head erect or gracefully bent down: looking up, at the moon, and then down, into the dark, silent courtyard. Who knows? Perhaps he would not have gone down at all — not on that night, at least — if something had not happened.

He suddenly saw Heliadora's tall, white form walking along the verandah towards the winding stairs; towards *him*. And she was calling him: "My puss! My beautiful one!" She wanted him to come back. She was aware that something unusual, perhaps something tragic, something irreparable was about to happen. And she was trying to prevent it. She now saw the splendid cat upon the third step of the stairs, seated like a sphinx in full moonlight. She could not help stopping a second to admire him. He *was* a beauty, — that ordinary gutter cat that she had picked up as a starving kitten, over a year and a half before! It was, in a way, a pity to disturb him; to call him back against his will (no one knew better than she did that cats have a will of their own); to draw him out of the dreamlike phosphorescent light that he seemed to be enjoying. And yet . . . suppose he *did* go down and get lost, and have to seek his food in the dustbins, as his mother once used to, after all these months of comfort and security. *That* would doubtless be worse than being forcibly drawn away from his moonlight contemplation! So she walked towards him, determined to catch hold of him and carry him back.

First she called him once more in her most loving voice: the voice he had so often answered by rubbing his big round head against her, and purring. This time, he heard the sweet voice, but he neither moved nor purred. Those soft intonations of the two-legged creatures' speech were, — had always been, as far as he possibly could remember, — connected in his feline consciousness, with all the life which his inner urge was now precisely prompting him to forsake. To listen to their call and turn back was to renounce

the new life in moonlight and freedom, in the vastness of the unknown earth. “My puss! My beautiful puss! My purring velvet!” the voice repeated. The round, glossy head looked up to the familiar two-legged form, for there was a fascination in that voice. And had Heliadora then stood still, who can tell? Perhaps the cat would have slowly got up and walked back, against his deeper urge, to the home where he was loved. But, in her haste to keep him from running to his ruin, she continued walking towards him and stepped onto the narrow landing. Then she stooped down and stretched out her arms to the moonlit feline. Long-whiskers suddenly ran down the winding stairs, as fast as he could, as though panic-stricken. Heliadora ran down a few steps in pursuit of him, but soon came up again. She knew she could not run as fast as a cat — especially as Long-whiskers; it was no use trying.

She remained a long time leaning over the low verandah wall, looking into the dark courtyard where the cat had disappeared. “My poor, beautiful puss,” she kept on thinking; “you don’t know *where* you are running!” An insurmountable feeling of powerlessness oppressed her. “Every animal, every plant, has its destiny, like every person and every kingdom,” she reflected; destiny, its destiny: the mathematical result of millions of former lives, that nothing can change. I have done my best. Now go your way, my poor furry sphinx! Go your way, since you must — in order to live and learn, as we all do!”

And she suddenly remembered the war that was taking a bad turn — now in September, 1943 — and she thought of the thousands of men and women of good Nordic blood, enemies of National Socialist Germany, who were also “going their way,” the way of perdition, deaf to the Führer’s call. And tears welled up to her eyes as the feeling of utter powerlessness grabbed her once more.

On that night, after many and many weeks, Sadhu came and stretched himself at her side and purred and purred as she stroked him. But she thought of poor Long-whiskers wandering along the lanes, further and further away from the peaceful home, towards some nightmarish fate, and she thought of the immeasurably broader world-tragedy that she was equally unable to prevent, and could not fall asleep.

Long-whiskers at any rate, was at first most happy. As he had reached the bottom of the stairs, he had

heard a noise and been afraid and gone and hidden himself behind a heap of empty cases in the corner of the yard. But he had soon decided that it had been but a “false alarm,” and walked out. The yard was closed. At the lower edge of the door, however, a part of a plank was missing. The cat crept through the hole, ran along the passage that led into the street, turned left, and found himself in another, no less broad artery: that self-same Dharmatala Street along which Heliadora had carried him, a thin, half-starved kitten, over a year and a half before. He wanted to run across it, to the opposite footpath. A car that came rushing by made him change his mind. Long-whiskers did not remember ever having seen such a thing as a car (or any vehicle, at that) and therefore he was scared. He ran into the dark lane, past the go-down in which he had once so desperately mewed and mewed in answer to his mother’s repeated calls — and passed the house in the back yard of which, in a cowshed, he and his brother and two sisters had come into the world, on a night like this. As he realised that there was no danger, he gradually stopped running. But he continued to follow the lane at a fairly fast tempo. The white parts of his coat gleamed whiter than ever, and the black ones blacker and glossier by contrast, as he walked through patches of moonlight. The air was cool — it was in September¹ — and sweet-scented, in spite of the occasional heaps of refuse that one came across as one went. The smell of trees, of grass, brought by the wind from distant Chowringhee Avenue, and from the Maidan; the smell of incense from some house window or from some shop not yet closed (where a few sticks of it were burning before some crude picture or painted statue of Goddess Lakshmi or of elephant-headed Ganesh); the smell of the earth itself prevailed over every stench. And Long-whiskers experienced a feeling of well-being, of power, of intensified life, as he walked along — free! — into the Unknown: a feeling that he had missed during his long months of sheltered life in Heliadora’s room or in her lap. He crossed quite a number of emaciated cats such as his own mother had once been, scratching about in the dust heaps for a fishbone or some clot of putrid rice buried in ashes and rotting banana peelings. But he did not notice them: felines are confirmed individualists. And days were yet to pass — many days — before he was to compete with these wretched ones in the struggle for life.

He was free — inhaling the cool air on a moonlit night

¹ At the end off the rainy season.

. . . and not yet hungry. Loving Heliadora and her quiet, cosy room were completely out of his consciousness.

* * *

He walked and walked; crossed another broad street; went into another lane at right angles with it. Then suddenly, from some place, a smell of fish reached him (he was now in what the Two-legged ones call the New Market). It was an appetising smell. And for the first time since his departure from Wellesley Street number 1, where Heliadora lived, a memory of the old home rose in him: a plate of boiled fish and, next to it, a plate of creamy milk set before him. After chewing the fish, he would lap the cream. (Heliadora generally used to give her cats fish mixed with rice. But some of them, such as Sadhu, Long-whiskers, and one or two others, had become finicky after a few weeks and would eat nothing but fish alone. And the woman was weak enough to grant them their desire.) But this was but a fleeting memory. Something else soon attracted Long-whiskers' attention; something . . . or should we not rather say *somebody*, for it was a young she-cat, half his size, but lovely: lithe; serpentine in her gait; and as black as night itself when there is no moon. Her eyes were of a pale, transparent yellow, like those of a panther.

She was sitting upon her hind legs, apparently calm and composed, in front of a door. But as Long-whiskers came nearer, it seemed to him as though she released a faint mew — a mew that meant: “The night is beautiful; and here I am!”

It was not the first time he had courted a she-cat: there were plenty of them in Heliadora's room, and he had known one or two intimately — an eighteen-month old “tom” is no longer a baby! But it *was* the first time he was *alone* with one in the moonlight. (The very drawback of the old life in the peaceful home was that one never could be alone. There were too many cats there, and there was no privacy. Long-whiskers had — like all felines — an inborn love of privacy and freedom.)

He went up to the reduced black panther who was looking at him invitingly — so it seemed to him. But no sooner was she within his reach, than she sprang up and fled. Long-whiskers ran in pursuit of her. They ran — two graceful shadows, one after the other — right through what the Two-legged ones call the New Market and across the square that stretches before it, and along Lindsay Street and across Chowringhee Avenue, straight into the immense

“Maidan.” Oh! what a splendid place, this Calcutta Maidan! There was grass there — grass, grass, and still further grass. And the place was limitless.

Long-whiskers caught up his lady-love and fastened his mouth to the back of her neck, to keep her down. But she struggled herself away from his hold — a feline lady-love is not so easy to conquer! She ran a few footsteps away from him and then . . . mewed an unmistakable mew of solicitation and rolled herself in the grass before him so as to say: “I am beautiful; I am desirable. Come!” “Prrrrr!” answered Long-whiskers. And he came. The miniature black panther was lying upon her back. Long-whiskers licked the soft fur of her belly. But just at that moment the coquettish she-cat jumped up and ran away, only to stop again some twenty yards further and again to roll in the grass, calling for love, — and again to run away as soon as the lover was about to take her. At last, however, — after many an unsuccessful leap and further and further galloping in the moonshine, — Long-whiskers overcame her faked resistance and possessed her . . . far away from the city and its night rumours; far away from other cats no less than from the Two-legged species; right in the middle of the grassy “Maidan” under the bright round Moon and the hardly visible stars. He forgot himself, and she — his black silky panther — forgot herself. Their individualities ceased for a while to exist, and in him, the eternal He-Cat, Creator and Lord of everything, and in her, the co-eternal, sphinx-like, dark Feline Mother, Lady of all Life, once more mingled their opposite polarities and took consciousness of their double Godhead, as they had been doing for millions and millions of years. And once more the divine spark — the creative Lightning — flashed through their furry bodies, and the daily miracle took place: there was life in the female’s womb. Sixty-five days later, two, three or four more baby-cats would be born to struggle and misery — to the horrid life of the Calcutta street animal. They would know practically nothing save hunger and fear; no love, save that of their unfortunate mother, for a few brief weeks. And yet . . . they would fulfill the purpose which the divine Cat had assigned to them from all eternity: they would in spite of all carry Catdom a generation further — secure its everlastingness.

* * *

Long-whiskers woke up in the ditch in which he had spent the rest of the night, — fast asleep after his exhaustion.

He stretched himself and got up. He must have slept a long time, for the sun was hot. He felt hungry. But there was, within his reach, nothing he could eat: not a mouse, not a mole, not even a lizard or a cockroach. Of course, he could have tried to go back to the home of plenty where he had spent all but the first six weeks of his life. There was a lot of nice fresh fish to be had there; and a comfortable lap to lie in, when one wanted to rest and was in a mood to be stroked. He still would have found his way back. But the home of plenty had walls. And he had just had the taste of wild life — of *real* life — in limitless space. His tame-cat's inner voice told him: "Go back!" but his wild-cat's inner voice said: "No! walk on! The world is wide. And there is adventure!" His tame-cat's consciousness had awakened hardly four thousand years before. But his wild-cat's consciousness was a hundred or perhaps a thousand times as old as that, and had, therefore, a stronger grip upon him. He let it take the lead of his life. And he slowly started walking, apparently without an aim, as the free cats, his ancestors, had walked through the high grasses and ferns, in the days in which there were yet no two-legged mammals on earth.

He went along the road that leads to Kidderpur, — for how long? Who can tell? He walked and walked, but found nothing to eat. The sun was hotter and hotter. And Long-whiskers felt the pangs of hunger, more and more. He was also beginning to feel tired: he could hardly lift his paws. He lay down in the grass on the side of the road, to rest for a while. Had Heliadora passed by at that very moment and stooped to pick him up, he would have, without resistance, let her carry him back to the old home — and no doubt purred in her arms all the way. Perhaps he was making up his mind to try to walk back there, even now, in spite of all. He was so hungry! For the time being, however, he lay in the grass. He had never yet walked such a long way in all his life, and his paws and joints were aching. He would start his return journey in a few minutes, when he felt better.

But just then three or four children — boys ten or twelve years old — came walking past. They probably would not have noticed him in the grass had he not, in his innocence of this wicked world, gone out of his way to call their attention. But he was hungry, as I have said already. And all these months he had known no other Two-legged ones besides kind and loving Heliadora. The fears and hardships of his far-gone kittenhood he had completely forgotten. And so, not knowing better, he held Two-legged ones in general for helpful creatures. And as he saw the children

coming nearer and nearer, he mewed — a feeble, discrete mew that meant: “Do give me something to eat!” — on hearing which one of the boys (a nasty brood, the lot of them) shouted: “Oh! a cat!” and, picking up a sharp stone, flung it at Long-whiskers. A shriek of pain followed the beseeching and friendly mew. The stone had hit the cat on the back of his neck and opened a deep wound in the glossy coat. The children laughed as Long-whiskers — now a wiser cat in his estimation of the two-legged species — fled from them as fast as he could. For a long time, wherever the cat went, drops of blood marked his passage.

In the happy little room where she had been feeding the other cats, Heliodora was thinking of Long-whiskers; praying that no harm should happen to him. Since his departure, she had been thinking of him all the time. And as she recalled the callousness and cruelty of most human beings — of those of the inferior races at least — towards animals, she uttered for the millionth time the prayer she had been addressing the heavenly powers from her earliest childhood onwards: “Treat men, individually and collectively, as they treat animals: strike those who hit them; torture those who torture them; kill those who kill them. Also work Thy divine vengeance upon all those who consider crimes against innocent life — against beasts and trees — with approval or even with indifference. And help me to be an instrument of Thy justice!”

* * *

Long-whiskers wandered for days and days, with his bleeding neck. The wound was hurting him more and more. He could not lick it, and flies would constantly sit in it and worry him to death. In addition to that, he was always hungry.

He now avoided the Two-legged ones as much as he could. He would run and hide himself under a waiting cart or motorcar; in a gutter between two houses; up an occasional tree or staircase; or upon a roof, if there happened to be one within his reach, and across other roofs, till he found a crack to slip into — as soon as he saw one of them who seemed to him as though he were walking towards him. And he soon learnt that the young devils are even worse than the elder ones. However, this distinction was not rigorously reliable. It was prudent to keep out of the way of the whole horrible brood, and to wander in quest of one’s food in dead of night, when its specimens are mostly asleep. So, four days after his first tragic adventure, Long-whiskers had managed to jump into some

ground floor kitchen between two and three a.m., and there, to push off the lid of a saucepan and to lap as much milk as his famishing belly could hold. He had then slept — in the space between the inner wooden beams and the outer corrugated iron roofing of the kitchen, — a sound, dreamless sleep, not broken by pangs of hunger: his first happy sleep since the night he had left Heliadora's room. But when he had, on the following night, crawled out of his hiding place (which could only be reached from outside) jumped upon the dustbin in the courtyard, and from there tried to get into that kitchen once more through the window bars, he had found the shutters closed. And as there *was* no other way of getting in, he had roamed about the next day and night; he had come back to the kitchen window and again found it shut; he had roamed and roamed until, at last, he had found some scraps of fried fish in a dust heap. The fish was good, but it had been thrown upon decaying vegetables, sour rice and other kitchen refuse. It was half-covered with ashes. Yet Long-whiskers — who in his months of plenty would never have touched such food, — gulped it down greedily . . . and felt better.

He gradually got into the habit of searching for his food in dustbins and refuse heaps. Once, a kind old man who was sitting in front of a sweet shop, called him — “Billi, billi, billi¹ . . . pss, pss, pss . . .” — and offered him a little milk in an earthen cup, on the floor. Poor Long-whiskers smelt the good warm milk, but was afraid to come near. The old man looked harmless enough. But there were other people about the place, and among them young boys going in and out the shop and walking along the footpath. The cat, — that now had a scar at the back of his neck — remembered the sharp stone, the pain, and those other boys' devilish laughter . . . and he ran as fast as his legs could carry him. And this was not the first time that fear had proved itself in him even stronger than hunger — fear, that everyday experience of stray animals, in cities and villages where human beings have lost their sense of duty towards other creatures, or never had it: that curse of innocent life in a man-ridden world in which man is a devil . . . most of times.

Within a few weeks he had become skin and bone, — like most of the Calcutta street-cats. His coat, once so thick and shiny, had become matted and dull. The hair would not grow again over his scar. Had Heliadora been able to see him, it is difficult to say whether she would have recognised him or not. His only happy moments were

¹ “Billi,” in Hindustani, means “cat.”

those during which he was courting some she-cat, as thin and miserable as himself, and possessing her upon some roof or in some lonely back yard in the moonlight, or . . . those which he spent in the unconsciousness of sleep.

But worse times were still in store for him. One night, he caught a rat: a big, fat gutter-rat that would have provided the best meal he had managed to secure himself for a very long time. But it was not as easy as it looked to kill such a huge creature outright. The rat, even after he could no longer *run*, struggled bravely till the end and, before dying, stuck his sharp teeth into the cat's lips and tore the flesh asunder. Bleeding, Long-whiskers had to let go. The rat expired at his feet. But the cat could not eat him. He could not open his mouth, for pain. His lower lip that the rat had torn in two, was swelling. He remained all night in the gutter, shivering with fever, by the side of the dead rat, and, as morning dawned, tried to drag his prey into a hiding place: a narrow space between two "walls" of corrugated iron; a sewer between two rows of "houses" practically touching each other, in a "bustee"¹ not far from the three-storied stone house where Heliodora lived — his many wanderings had brought him back there, three months after his departure. But before he could succeed in doing so, a daring kite came and snatched the dead rat away from him. Poor Long-whiskers snarled and spat, but could do no more. He retreated into the malodorous "corridor" — which was cool and quiet at least (the entrance was too narrow for Two-legged ones to come in) and remained there the whole day, crouching against the rusty "wall," hungry and in pain.

Hours passed. The cat did not move. Pain was stronger than hunger. Fleeting impressions — greater or lesser noise behind the metallic "walls"; greater or lesser heat; more or less light from the sky above — gave the cat a vague account of the course of the Sun in heaven and of life in the immediate surroundings. But pain remained the overwhelming sensation: the one that Long-whiskers could neither dismiss nor suppress. He grinned and bore it in silence, as only animals do, besides those men who are more than men. And the colour of the sky above changed. The metallic "walls" became less hot. Another evening was coming. Long-whiskers was still crouching in the same place.

Then, something unusual occurred: he saw several cats walk past him — first, a fat, aggressive, stripy "tom"; then a she-cat who walked heavily, for she was expecting half-a-dozen kittens; then another she-cat — a lovely,

¹ An Indian slum.

young black velvety creature, like the one he had possessed on that night in the moon-lit “Maidan,” his first night out — then, two more “toms,” one white and yellow, the other all white but for a touch of grey on his head and on the tip of his tail. Never had he witnessed such a procession of felines — and all well-fed ones, not poor wretches like himself, with every bone jutting out under a dull, scanty fur. They all seemed to be going to the same place, as though they had an appointment. What place could that be? One in which there was food every day? Or one in which pain no longer existed? Poor Long-whiskers was so hungry — and his torn, swollen lip was hurting him so much! As though some new, happy destiny were guiding him from within, he made an effort and got up, and followed the privileged cats.

The narrow passage along which they walked led to a low stone wall surmounted by a railing. One had to jump up and go through, and jump down again. The way beyond smelt of wood. It was, in fact, bordered on both sides with heaps and heaps of fresh-cut planks. And one could hear noises — sawing and banging — as one went along it, although one seldom met a Two-legged creature and never saw any of them at work.

Long-whiskers had followed the cats more than half the way when he noticed that they all suddenly took to running. Somewhere, far away, one could now distinguish the sound of a voice: “Puss, puss, puss; my pussy, pussy, pusses! My silky ones, my furry ones! Puss, puss, puss!”

Long-whiskers could not understand the human speech. Yet the *tone* of those words when not the words themselves worked upon him like a spell, stirring deep, forgotten memories long buried in unconsciousness. He looked inquiringly at a huge ginger “tom” whom he had managed to, catch up with, as though to ask him: “Where are you all going at such a speed?” In the meantime the voice was heard again: “My pussy, pussy, pusses . . .” The huge ginger-coloured “tom” leaped forward with a peculiar mew of joyous affection. And Long-whiskers, — who was well-versed in *feline* language — seized the meaning of that mew: “*We are going to the Two-legged Goddess. Hark! She is calling us!*”

His heart filled with a vague anticipation, he leaped in his turn over the dilapidated stone wall and into the path that so strongly smelt of timber, and finally reached the courtyard, into which it gave access. There, in a glow of sunset, actually stood a tall white female figure: a Two-legged one, admittedly, but not one like most of them. Some twenty cats had already gathered around her, mewing and

rubbing their glossy heads against her legs. The big ginger “tom” had even seated himself upon her shoulders! She put down two huge dishes out of which came an appetising smell of fish. The ginger tom at once jumped down, and took his place at one of these, along with over a dozen other cats. Then, out of a jug, the woman poured milk into a number of earthen bowls, and watched the cats drink. Now and then she would stroke one of the felines, or pick one up (one that had finished eating and drinking) and press him in her arms. Her face was stamped with an infinite sadness which was far beyond the animals’ understanding, and which they therefore did not notice. But they *did* feel the love that poured from her dark eyes; her particular radiance, which stilled all fear; and the magic of her touch, which made a cat wish to seat himself in her lap and purr himself to sleep.

Long-whiskers who had, at first, remained crouching in a corner, aloof from the other cats, got up and walked towards one of the dishes of fish and rice (Not that he *could* eat. with his torn lip! But perhaps he would try, all the same. He *was* so hungry, and the fish smelt so nice!) But the cats growled at him, — the newcomer. And the huge ginger tom, so healthy and strong that he gave the impression of a miniature tiger, even slapped him upon the head with one of his heavy paws. The woman then took a little food out of the dish and placed it apart, upon a slab of stone, for him. Long-whiskers saw her two hands stretch out to catch hold of him. Automatically, he made a move to flee. But no; he could not. Something invisible, stronger than the old fear of the two-legged species, kept him on the spot. He merely put back his ears and crouched, as the hands picked him up and gently put him down near the appetising food. He smelt it. He even started purring. But he could not eat. His swollen lip ached. He turned towards the woman his great transparent green eyes — all that was left of his former beauty — and gave out a faint mew. The woman looked at him intently, and took him in her arms. In the wretched skeleton which he had become, she had not at once recognised her splendid Long-whiskers. But she now considered his face: the regular black markings round the eyes, separated by a white, spear-like patch, were the same. It could not but be he. But in what a state! Tears welled up to the dark human eyes that looked into his, and the human lips put a kiss upon his poor, whirling head. The cat felt an overwhelming tenderness pour into him from that strange two-legged being . . .

Something was taking place within his dim consciousness.

It was not the awakening of a clear memory such as those which human creatures have; not the *thought* of “her” — kind, loving Heliadora; for it *was* she indeed, — whom he had found again after those three months in the hell of hunger and fear, but the *feeling* of her; the coming to life of the old sensation of pleasure at her touch and of safety in her lap: a certitude of his flesh that hunger and fear were over, over forever, because she — the “Presence” of all-powerful Love — was there again. Well did those street-cats that gathered every day in that and other courtyards to eat the fish and rice which she cooked for them, call her, in their inexpressible language: “the Two-legged goddess”!

* * *

Long-whiskers relaxed in the loving arms. He now felt he was moving: — being carried away. While he stretched himself across Heliadora’s breast, he had the impression of fleeting lights and shadows, and patches of colour passing by before his half-closed eyes. It was just as when — long ago; before those hellish weeks had seemed to have put an end to the old life, — she had been carrying him in the same position up and down her room, until he had purred himself to sleep . . . He felt, with indefinable delight, that the old life was mysteriously beginning again — or perhaps just continuing, after an awful nightmare. And he purred louder, as the woman pressed him more tenderly to her bosom, whispering, now and then, in a subdued voice that melted his heart, (he could not make out why): “My poor, dear cat! My beautiful furry pet! What *have* you become?”

She was now walking upstairs, still with him in her arms. The lighting, the smell of the old wooden staircase were the same as long ago. Yes, it had all been a dream, felt Long-whiskers as Heliadora stepped at last into the old, familiar room full of cats, and closed the door behind her.

Every trace of his great adventure now faded out of his consciousness, completely. There was nothing more to remind him of it, save his aching lip — and that was rapidly healing. Not being a Two-legged one, Long-whiskers did not connect the occasional pain with his whole recent past, but merely with the rat that had bitten him. And even that rat was becoming more and more shadowy, more and more remote, and was soon to vanish into oblivion . . . while old sensations and old habits set in again.

Chapter 5

PEACEFUL DEATH AND REBIRTH

There were many more cats than before in Heliadora's room: some of the old ones (among which, Long-whiskers' mother) had had kittens; and there were a number of new ones — outsiders. Many were sick. Many had died, owing to a recent epidemic of "feline distemper," soon to be replaced by the newcomers rescued from the streets.

Long-whiskers was soon a happy cat once more. His lip had entirely healed, thanks to some ointment that Heliadora had applied upon it, and he now ate without difficulty. And he was more than ever attached to the woman. She only needed to look at him for him to start purring, and to jump into her lap, if he was not already lying there. Then she would stroke his emaciated back, and he would purr louder. Something within him told him that wherever "she" was, there was safety, good food and gentle care; that all fear could not but disappear at her touch. He worshipped her, — without knowing and without caring who she was in that mysterious world of the Two-legged mammals, with its problems, its wars and its ideologies, all as far beyond his understanding as angels' and gods' affairs are beyond human speculation, if angels and gods there be.

And yet he was not destined to live long at her side. In spite of good food, his coat was not getting back its former shine. His body remained thin. Then his appetite decreased and his nose started running. And Heliadora recognised in him the well-known first symptoms of "feline distemper" — the incurable disease that had carried away already so many of her cats. Whether Long-whiskers had caught the germs of that disease during his wanderings or just now, from other sick cats to which she had given shelter, she did not know. But she knew what was the matter with him, and knew also that there was nothing to be done: the "vet" had told her so, on so many other occasions. The medicine he gave could at most postpone the animal's end. And Long-whiskers did not like taking medicine. However — in order to feel that she had done "all she could" — Heliadora forced the prescribed dose down his throat at the prescribed intervals, until the little bottle was finished. Every time, the cat would struggle himself out of her grip

and run into some corner (generally under the book-case) until the taste of the potion had vanished from his mouth. But as, after a week or so, she gave him the last spoonful, he did not run away. Instead, he looked at her with entreating eyes, so as to say: "Why do you torment me with this stuff that I don't like? Can't you let me die in peace?" And Heliadora understood.

She gave him no more medicine. It could not have saved him, anyhow. But she gave him all her love, till the end. And this made his cat's life worth living, even in its decline. And it bound him to her — as a spark of the One divine Life to another more brilliant spark of the same; a spark more aware of its divinity; more *awake*, but by no means more divine than he — forever.

Long-whiskers ate less and less, and soon lost the little weight he had, at first, put on. His nose and throat, continually stuffed, tormented him. And so did the loathsome digestive troubles that are another of the features of "feline distemper." Yet he was happier, much happier than in the days of constant fear. He had become too weak to jump into Heliadora's lap, but he only had to look up to her and faintly mew: she knew what it meant, and would at once take him up as gently as she could, and let him lie in her arms or upon her knees, and stroke him. A feeble purr, which often brought tears into the woman's eyes, was the cat's answer.

At last, one day, as the poor beast was lying as usual upon a cushion in a basket — and the other cats here and there, all about the room, — Heliadora thought she had heard a disquieting sound: something like a smothered groan. She got up and went to the basket. She lay her hands upon the once so sleek, now so emaciated creature, in whose body she had noticed a slight stir. Was it the beginning of the end? — Already? The soft, silky paws were already cold; and Long-whiskers was breathing heavily. With infinite care, fearing that the slightest jerk might hurt him, Heliadora picked him up, cushion and all, lay him upon her lap, and let one hand rest upon his head while she stroked him with the other. The head made an effort to turn itself towards her; the large, yellowish-green eyes gazed at her with a yearning that she had never seen in them before, and she felt the familiar purr — the answer to her love — under the neck that was already stretching itself in the struggle of coming death. Then the legs started moving, as the head kept turning from one side to the other. Tears welled up to the woman's eyes: "My poor, dear cat," she whispered, "you are at least dying in my arms: happy — loved till the end, and beyond the end!"

She thought of the millions of stray animals that die in the streets of towns and villages without ever having experienced the touch of human love; she thought of the hunted or trapped creatures, and of those that die in torture for the sake of man's criminal lust of sacrilegious research, and of those that are slaughtered every day to become butcher's meat. And that atrocious feeling of powerlessness beyond all hope that had oppressed her so many times in the course of her life, overwhelmed her once more. The one State in which vivisection was treated as a crime was now struggling for its life against the whole world. What could *she*, Heliadora, do besides helping that State in its war-effort, directly or indirectly, by any means she could think of, and . . . helping a few cats and dogs to live outside the hell of fear, and to end their lives in peace?

Her warm hands gently rested upon the furry body, gradually getting colder and colder in the throes of death. "My poor cat," thought the Friend of animals, "*if* it be within my power to influence that Unknown which comes afterwards — if anything comes, — may you have, this time, a better incarnation!"

As for Long-whiskers, it is, without the *experience* of death, difficult to say what he felt, as life slowly ebbed out of him. It seemed to Heliadora as though his eyes, already dim, tried a last time to gaze at her through the cloud that was setting down upon them. His last yearning, his last expression of consciousness before all sense of "separate" existence — still outside the great Ocean of Sleep — left him, was: "Oh! to see" her"! To see "her" — and feel "her" touch once more!"

And thus he died, in the old peaceful home that had welcomed him as a helpless kitten; in the loving arms of the woman who had brought him there for the second time, out of the hell of hunger and fear. Heliadora buried him at night, at the foot of a tree, in Wellington Square.

* * *

He took birth again as a most lovely, stripy, ginger-coloured kitten, in London, near Waterloo Station, among kind and good English people: father, mother and four-year-old little girl. He had a ginger-and-white brother, and a tortoise-shell coloured sister. His mother lay in a large basket, upon an old pillow, purring as the human mother stroked her and as her three silky babies sucked her, their front paws moving regularly, as their tiny round heads hung at her paps.

“We can’t keep all three; — unfortunately we *can’t*, in such times as these,” the woman was saying. “But we shall keep one and try to find good homes for the other two. Aunty Rose told me she wants one, anyhow . . .”

“*I* want that one!” cried little Elsie, pointing out to the young stripy tom. I want him for my Christmas present. And I’ll call him Sandy.”

And so, Sandy remained, while his brother and sister were given, in course of time, to Aunty Rose and to another cat-loving friend of the Harrington family. Loved, well-fed in spite of the food restrictions (he was born in December 1943), pampered by everyone in the house, especially by little Elsie, who insisted upon his sleeping in (or at least upon) her bed, he grew into an enormous cat, as beautiful as Long-whiskers had ever been, and nearly twice as big. As the Harringtons had no garden, but lived on the ground floor, he was allowed to take a stroll once a day, in the late evening, when passersby were few. The rest of the time he spent upon a cushion in the drawing room, or in Mrs. Harrington’s lap, or in little Elsie’s arms — or in the kitchen when it was food time. He was as happy as a “doctored” cat can be.

PART II

GINGER

Chapter 6

HELIODORA'S HOMEWARD JOURNEY

The Sun was slowly going down. The steamer had not yet started. Heliadora stood upon the deck, leaning against the railing and looking over the port of Bombay that she was soon to leave.

Never had there been such an overcrowded ship. It was carrying over six thousand British soldiers with their officers, apart from its civilian passengers, — all first class ones by compulsion, as all other classes were requisitioned for the home-bound troops.

People were coming and going on the deck: members of the crew, walking past in a hurry; passengers and passengers' friends, standing, sitting, talking; members of the British forces in uniform, — swarms of them! — porters, carrying luggage upon their heads or upon their backs. But Heliadora was more alone than she would have been in the midst of a desert. She stood, immobile, her elbows upon the railing, her head in her hands, lost in her thoughts. And these thoughts of hers had nothing in common with those of any of the men or women that were standing or sitting all round her, or that passed by, like shadows.

Her mind wandered back to the time she had first landed in India, some fourteen years before, full of the lure of the land that “worships Aryan Gods to this very day”; full of juvenile enthusiasm, in spite of the fact that she was then already twenty-six; full of tremendous hopes and illusions. She remembered herself watching the Vaishakha Purnima procession in the endless torch-lit corridors of the Rameshwaram temple, or gazing, from the Rock of Trichinopoli, at the Kauveri valley, with the twenty-eight “gopurams” of the Srirangam Temple merging out of the tropical vegetation; she remembered herself wandering all over India, from the extreme south to the Himalayas and from Punjab and Kashmir to the eastern border of Assam, addressing crowds in the open, — before vast expanses of rice fields and coconut palms or desert-like, almost Central Asian landscapes, — and telling them, over and over again: “The message of Aryan pride and of dutiful, passionless

warlike action, which the seers and bards of old have handed down to you, — the message of Lord Krishna in the sublime Song,¹ — *that is our message,*” and quoting *Mein Kampf* and the *Myth of the Twentieth Century* along with the eternal words of the Sanskrit Writ. And she remembered how, every time the dusky crowds had cheered her, — those dusky crowds in the midst of which a few fairer faces with perfect Aryan features always bore witness to the blood of the immemorial Northern invaders, builders of Sanskrit-speaking India — the grand German song “*and to-morrow the whole World*”² had come back to her mind, and how she had felt proud to contribute, in her own strange way, to the fulfilment of the dream it implied.

Now the glorious dream had proved to be but a dream, — or at least, she *then* thought so. She was about to sail towards a continent in ruins and, which is more, towards a continent in which the Dark Forces were to remain in power for God alone knew how long.

She recalled the peaceful home where she had spent so many years — her cats, lying in the huge flower-pots in the shade, on the verandah, or upon the cool floor of her room, under the fan, or in her lap, or upon her bed. Where were they all, now, those loving felines that she had picked up from the streets of Calcutta, and fed and pampered? Most of them were dead, (there had been two consecutive epidemics of “feline distemper” before she had left); two — velvety Sadhu, and Lalu, a big stripy yellow cat, — were still in the two rooms, in the care of Heliadora’s most trusted friend and collaborator; the remainder, some twenty of them, had had to be given away. Heliadora had been assured that they would be taken good care of. But who could ever love them as *she* had? Would she ever see any of them again, if she one day came back? Something deep within her bosom told her definitely: “No.”

Then *why* was she going away, leaving everything that had been part and parcel of her life for so many years? What was she planning to do, among the ruins of Europe? What was she expecting to find there, which was worth while her leaving everything in order to seek it? Heliadora could not have answered that question. Her conscious self did not know *what* was urging her to go. She only knew the urge did not come from her, but sprang from Something by far greater than she, Something of which she was but a *part*, and which compelled her, as the brain compels the finger, the elbow or the foot, parts of the body. It

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita.

² “. . . und morgen, die ganze Welt . . .”

came from the great collective Self into which she had merged her tiny individuality years and years before; from that great collective Self with which she stood or fell, whatever she did. She could not even have chosen to disobey — for the great collective Self *was* her own self. She was sailing in order to *live* the horror of defeat along with the others, with all the unknown comrades who still shared her Hitler faith, she who had never seen them at the height of glory, nor even seen the hallowed Leader who was also *hers*. And nothing — not even the peaceful home; not even loving Sadhu and the other cats that used to lie and purr in her lap, — nothing, I say, could hold her back.

The siren started and Heliadora shuddered. So, she really *was going!* Going where? The headlines of a newspaper that had caught her glance in a railway carriage, some six months before, “Berlin is an inferno,” suddenly came back to her mind, with all the bitterness of the lost war. And she felt tears welling up to her eyes: tears of utter despair. But she had to go.

The Sun was now setting, and the waters of the bay lay in a splendour of golden light. The siren resounded once more over their length and breadth. And the ship started moving. Heliadora remained on the upper deck, her eyes fixed upon the receding coastline. The wind shuffled her auburn locks, which took on shades of fiery reddish-yellow in the evening glow.

* * *

As she came downstairs, she was given a form to fill. In late 1945, filling forms was as tiresome and necessary an occupation as eating and drinking. Heliadora glanced through the usual words in their usual order: name, surname, date and place of birth, profession . . . religion, etc. . . . She did not know, did not ask, did not care to know why one wanted all this information about her. But at the item “religion,” she started. *That* was an opportunity of defiance, — and the first one officially given her within months and months. That was a challenge to her own fighting spirit, in spite of collective defeat! Opposite the word “religion” she boldly wrote in black and white, the words “National Socialist,” and after having filled the form completely, handed it over with a smile of bitter satisfaction.

An hour later, she was summoned to an office, and stood there before an uniformed Englishman. And the dialogue began:

“*You* filled that form?” the man asked, after having addressed the woman by her name and surname.

“I did.”

“And what is this joke?” he added, pointing to the unutterable profession of faith.

“It is no joke at all,” answered she, with the brazenness of those who have nothing to lose; “this is in fact my religion.”

“It is no religion at all, but the most sinister association of criminals that ever existed under the Sun!”

“In that case, look upon me also as a ‘sinister criminal’, for I am proud of being the least of Adolf Hitler’s disciples, whatever be the outcome of this damned war,” replied Heliadora with the firmness of unshakable conviction.

“I could get you into serious trouble, but I shall not,” answered the purser, or whoever the uniformed man was; “You are not even a German, and you were not in Europe all these years: you don’t know what you are saying.”

The man did not hear, or pretended not to hear, the dedicated woman burst out: “Oh! Yes I do! And I wish I had the power to prove it.” He tore her form in two and then in four, threw the bits into the waste-paper basket, and, handing her a new one, said

“Now, write it over again, please. And leave out that word . . . Put down whatever you like, but not that . . .”

“Well,” replied she defiantly, “I’ll write ‘Sun-worshipper’, this time, that is to say: worshipper of Life. *In my eyes, it means the same.* It is not for nothing that our Sign is the eternal Swastika, the Wheel of the Sun.”

After leaving the office, she went back to the deck. And again the thought of the lost war haunted her.

* * *

The ship was crowded with people glad to have won the war and glad to be going home: comfortable Englishmen with their families, and British troopers from India and from the Burma and Malaya front. There were some Indians, too. But these were as ready as anyone to speak against dictators in general and Adolf Hitler in particular: a defeated Germany, which they could no longer consider as a handy ally in their struggle against “British imperialism,” seemed no longer to interest them. Heliadora recalled the enthusiasm that had, in glorious 1940, greeted in India the news of the march on Dunkirk; and she felt nauseated at the idea of the average human being who always sides with the victors, always swallows their propaganda as

though it were the truth, for no other reason that they happen to be the victors. Would she find such people in Europe also — even in Germany, if she managed to get there? Even among those who had once acclaimed her Führer at the great Party rallies? Was it for *them* that she had left everything, including her cats?

She felt depressed. She hardly spoke to anybody. In the daytime, seated in a corner of the hall, she busied herself with a book she had begun to write in defence of animals. Nothing shocked her so much as the contrast between that interminable fuss made over so-called “war crimes” and “war criminals” and the indifference of the bulk of “decent people” to the daily horrors perpetrated upon dumb four-legged creatures, in the name of food, luxury, sport, scientific research, etc. . . . If thousands of beautiful, healthy animals could be made to suffer and to die for the sake of “saving human beings” (and diseased ones at that), then surely a few thousands or even millions of dangerous saboteurs, or sympathisers of such ones, could be wiped out for the defence of better mankind, fighting, during this war, for its very survival, against the coalesced fury of the whole world. She hated that world that dared beg for her sympathy in favour of the “poor” Jews, and that had not yet been able to do away with vivisection and with slaughterhouses. And as she thought of the only State that had suppressed the first of these abominations and whose inspired Ruler had also dreamed of abolishing the second — had been, at least, the only vegetarian ruler in the West — she felt bitter. That State now lay in ruins, and the god-like Leader was dead.

Then somebody would switch on the radio, and out would come either some jazz music, or some silly American love song — the standard expression of that ugly, boring world, into which Heliadora was being plunged, after all those years of vain struggle and vain hopes, — *or* . . . even worse: some Allied-sponsored emission in which such sentences as “systematic de-Nazification and re-education of the German people,” the “awakening in them of a sense of shame at the thought of the unheard-of crimes which they tolerated,” and “the gradual re-integration of Germany into the community of Christian and democratic nations . . .” came back over and over again, as *leitmotifs*. And each and every fibre in Heliadora’s being was tense with revolt at the sound of those words.

Until late in the night, while the other passengers remained in the sitting room playing cards, listening to music, or talking, the woman whom the Calcutta cats had called, in their mysterious language, “the Two-legged

goddess,” would keep leaning against the railing, on the upper-deck, alone, the wind in her face, her eyes fixed upon the starry sky and the deep dark sea without end:

*“Les deux gouffres ne font qu’un abîme sans bornes
do tristesse, de paix, et d’éblouissement . . .”*¹

The verses of the French poet² rang in her memory as she breathed the solemnity of infinite space. And she longed for a world without man — a world in which desert and jungle, and the elder mammals, birds and reptiles that dwell therein, would have reconquered the expanses once usurped by so-called “civilisation”; a world in which big stripy felines would come and drink out of rivers and lakes reflecting palms and enormous ferns, under the moonlight, and in which the whole of human history would be a thing gone forever, a thing without a trace.

*“Tels le ciel éclatant et les eaux vénérables
dorment dans la lumière et dans la majesté,
comme si la rumeur des vivants misérables
n’avait jamais troublé leur rêve illimité . . .”*³

But it was not “the living,” it was only man that Heliadora would gladly have seen disappear from the surface of our planet. “The living” as a whole, she loved. *They* were not responsible for the Second World War, nor for the Allied “re-education” schemes. But the destruction of the human species, — under the stars, the voice of the sea; the voice of the wind; the voice of the trees in the storm; the voice of the tigress calling for her mate in the high grasses . . . *and nothing else!* — appeared to her as the only tolerable alternative, after the destruction of the Third German Reich “stronghold and hope of Aryan mankind in the West,” as she used to call it. She was totally devoid of the spirit of compromise.

But the sea and the stars and the far-away deserts and jungles, and the howling wind pushing clouds of dust over the ruins of human cities — of those of the Allied Nations as well as of those which the bombers of the Allied Nations had reduced to ashes, — were not yet, alas, the only realities. Even if the wireless had remained silent, and even if there had been, on board the ship, neither British troopers to be seen, nor any passengers to discuss current events in her presence, still Heliadora would have known what to expect in post-war Europe. Of course, nobody could “re-educate” *her*, who had come to the Hitler faith of her own free will, with her eyes wide open, in

¹ “The two gulfs make but one fathomless abyss, of sadness, of peace, and of sparkling light . . .”

² Leconte de Lisle, “Poèmes Tragiques.” (*Le Requin*).

³ “Thus the resplendent sky and the sacred waters are lying asleep in brightness and in majesty, as though the noise of wretched living creatures had never disturbed their endless dream.”

full consciousness of what she had been doing. But she would now have to witness the slow falling back of thousands of others into the dreary faith centred round “man” — dull, average *man* — and “suffering humanity”: the faith she so utterly despised; to witness that gradual sinking of what *could have been*, one day, a continent of supermen; and to witness it, powerless!

She lived on the brink of despair. The faint hope of seeing, one day, the men of Yalta and their supporters, and all those who were then, in 1945, so happy over their “victory,” in a worse plight than herself, was the only feeling that prevented her from throwing herself into the sea.

* * *

But despair was not all: heresy was worse. And day after day Heliodora felt herself drifting away from the straight, simple path of National Socialist orthodoxy, one of the fundamental traits of which consists in never criticising anything the Führer ever did, said or wrote. To her own horror she was, be it only in the secrecy of her solitary thinking, asking such questions as should not enter the mind of a good disciple, specially of a rank and file one as she was (“not even a German,” as the uniformed Englishman had told her, when he had torn up her written profession of faith).

As she leaned, hours long, against the railing of the upper deck, — as far away as she possibly could from jazz music and from B.B.C. comments upon the Allied efforts at “uprooting Nazism,” — problems would worry her; problems to which there seemed to be no solution, as soon as one ceased to accept Adolf Hitler’s will without arguing. “Why,” for instance, had the Führer attacked Russia, knowing fully well how difficult it was for Germany to fight on two fronts at the time? In answer to this, she remembered that British secret envoys had successfully been intriguing with Stalin against Germany. She had gathered this information from some article she had read. And it was as simple an explanation as could be: Stalin had a Jewish wife, whose brothers played an important part in Soviet policy; how could he have resisted the suggestions of the servants of World Jewry in wartime? If Germany had not attacked him, he would have attacked Germany, sooner or later . . . Molotoff’s demands, during the Berlin talks of November, 1940, had been exorbitant anyhow . . . and war with Russia unavoidable . . . But then, mercilessly, another question arose! “Why had the Führer not ordered a few thousands of his parachutists to land in England at

the opportune moment, immediately after the Dunkirk retreat? Why had he during that retreat, ordered his advancing troops to allow a distance of ten kilometres between their vanguard and the fleeing British army? Obviously, the best thing to do would have been to kill off the whole British Expeditionary Corps, wouldn't it? Heliadora was no strategist, but she knew *that*, as everybody did. Why had the Führer not taken the easiest, — the only — course to victory? In vain, she would wrack her brains in order to find out, or to invent, a suitable justification for every decision of his which she could not understand. And then, suddenly, she would realise how far she had gone on the path of rebellion. And she would hate herself for no longer being able to accept the Führer's will and word with all the confidence she once used to, *during* and before the war, — before that defeat which now was, or seemed, a fact forever.

“Have these slaves of the Jews succeeded in making a bad National Socialist of *me*, of all people?” thought she, in horror. “For what am I doing just now, but arguing in spirit with our beloved Leader! — I, who was not even in Europe at the time he needed all of us the most!”

She would also hate the destroyers of the Third German Reich, and especially the British, to whom Adolf Hitler had stretched out his hand so many times and so sincerely, in a genuine effort at peace-making; hate them all the more wildly, as the enormity of her Führer's sacrifice haunted her more and more.

She remained in that bitter mood as the ship entered Southampton harbour, and as she, Heliadora, mechanically followed the stream of passengers down the gangway and through the Customs, and into the “boat-train” that carried her to London.

She reached the great city on a cold November night.

Chapter 7

THE CAT'S TEACHING

Heliadora shivered as she stepped out of the railway carriage and walked along the platform, alone amidst the indifferent crowd. It was not merely the cold, which bit through her inadequate clothing, that sent that strange, icy sensation along her spine. The cold was nothing; she had hardly noticed it. It was not merely sadness at the knowledge that nobody was waiting for her: *that* had no importance; and she was used to it, anyhow. It was a deep-seated feeling of utter powerlessness at the same time as of total revolt that caught hold of her once more, stronger than ever. She knew she was now in London. And that city, that she had visited several times long before, and that she had loved, now appeared to her as nothing more and nothing less than the centre from which destruction had descended upon all that had meant anything to her: the starting point of the thousands of bombers which had broken the resistance of the State of her dreams (already before the double wave of converging invaders had closed itself over its smoking ruins). And she loathed the monstrous nest of hypocrisy, blind hatred and stupidity.

Had the finest of those proud S.S. men, whom she looked upon as more-than-human beings, suddenly stood before her and asked her to love the English in spite of all — for the sake of the love which Adolf Hitler had shown them to the very end; for the sake of the yet unborn generations of theirs, that would, one day (never mind *when*), join the rest of Europe in the tardy exaltation of all he had said and done; — had he, nay, ordered her to love them in her dear Führer's name, she doubtless would have *tried to* obey (for she valued nothing as much as discipline) but probably would have failed to do so. The bitterness that filled her heart would have silenced every other feeling. It already threw a shadow even upon her unconditional faith in the Man she worshipped: as she stepped out of Waterloo Station into the street, she could not help seeing, in every one of the rare passersby, a person who was *glad* that National Socialist Germany was now crushed. And she would keep on thinking of the soldiers of the British Expeditionary Corps of 1940, and wondering, for the thousandth

time, against her better sense: “Why didn’t he have them all killed off on their way to Dunkirk, and land, and end the war victoriously, then and there?”

No, not even the finest of her German comrades would have succeeded in delivering her from that obsessing, heretical question.

* * *

But there were no German National Socialists in England in 1945, save prisoners of war, all of them away from London, — and no English ones, save a handful of “18Bs,” nearly all in internment. It was not a person that suddenly walked out of the night, straight up to the life-long fighter for Aryan racialism, but . . . an enormous, ginger-coloured cat — Sandy!

Stately, and supremely graceful, his brushy tail erect, up he came, as though something had been drawing him to that apparently unknown woman. He did not himself realise what was attracting him: human beings do not remember their former lives, let alone cats! But one thing he did realise, and that was that the attraction was irresistible. He started purring as he came nearer the one in whose lap he had so often lain, in days bygone; in whose arms he had died his latest death, nearly two years before. Not that he remembered. I repeat: cats don’t. He merely felt as though enchanted at the sight of her, and happier and happier as he entered her field of radiance, and drew nearer and nearer to her.

She caught sight of him and halted in the middle of the lonely footpath; put down her suitcase and travelling bag and spoke to the magnificent creature: “My puss! My stripy velvet!” He was now at her feet, looking up to her, rubbing his round silky head, with amber-coloured eyes, against her legs. She stooped and stroked him; at the contact of her hand his supple back undulated. She picked him up carefully and held him against her breast. “My purring fur!” she whispered, as she continued caressing him. He stretched out a powerful paw, and began clawing for pleasure into the wool of her scarf.

How heavy he was! And how thick and glossy was his coat! Heliadora suddenly recalled the hundreds of poor, emaciated cats she had been seeing for so many years in the streets of Calcutta and of every Indian town, — and even more so in every town of the Near and Middle East that she knew and in the South of Europe; poor emaciated cats that used to run away at the approach of a human being, and that it used to take days, often weeks to tame,

so deep was the terror of man within their blood. This one was obviously well-fed and well-loved. He seemed accustomed to human caresses . . . And a fact dawned upon the woman's mind — a simple, trivial fact which at once appeared to her as all-important and full of meaning: *this cat belonged to English people, and they were kind to him.*

And what the best among her brothers in faith, what even those whom she revered as her superiors could probably not have achieved at that time, — November, 1945, — the innocent beast, utterly unaware of human affairs, did without difficulty: through the mere contrast between his fine condition and that of animals in countries in which Aryan blood is absent, or less pure than in Northern Europe, he gave Heliadora back her *sincere* consciousness of the oneness of the Nordic race, in spite of all the horrors of recent fratricidal war. In a flash, she recalled the godlike Man whose decisions she had dared question, in the secrecy of her mind; whose wisdom she had been on the brink of criticising. “My beloved Führer,” thought she, as a tear rolled down her cheek into the cat's warm winter fur, “you were a hundred thousand times right in sparing them at Dunkirk; you were right in holding out your hand to them to the last. Forgive me my folly. Forgive me my rebellion! Great One, you were right — always right!”

And she held Sandy tighter in her arms, and stroked him more lovingly. A sort of silent dialogue took place, on that cold London night, between the dedicated woman and the feline, who had nothing but the testimony of his beauty to oppose to the heaviest accusations against the people among whom he had grown up.

“It is true that *they* started the war,” Heliadora could not help thinking, even after her first impulse of reconciliation, for hatred, and especially righteous hatred, is difficult to kill.

“Prrr, prrr, prrr,” purred the cat; “but they fed me. They fed me well, in spite of the rationing: see how sleek I am, and what a splendid coat I have! Prrr, prrr, prrr . . . They deprived themselves to feed me. They are good people, I tell you . . .”

“It is true that they hate all we love,” thought the woman. “They hate our Leader; they hate his beloved Germany and her gospel of health, pride and power . . .”

“Prrr, prrr, prrr,” purred back the cat; “but they love me; they love us; they are good and kind to us. Prrr, prrr, prrr, you mustn't hate them, *you cannot hate them, if you love us.*”

“It is true that *they* have destroyed Europe” . . . That thought would keep on coming back to Adolf Hitler's disciple.

“They have poured streams of fire over Germany; betrayed their own race; identified themselves with its worst enemies . . .”

“Prrr, prrr, prrr,” purred back the cat; “that is because they had been (as they are still being) misled, deceived. But one day they shall wake up from their delusion, turn against their bad shepherds, and help the people of their own blood to build up a new Europe — the very Europe of your dreams, in which we creatures will all be happy — for they are good people at heart; good people like Aryans generally are, taken as a whole. Prrr, prrr, prrr . . . The proof of it is that they have taken such good care of me! Prrrrrrrr . . .”

“O Cat, you are right,” agreed at last the tough old racialist. “Deeper and more everlasting than what people ‘do’ is what people are: the quality of their blood, which manifests itself in little actions of everyday life. You are right: propagandas come and go; the virtues of the blood remain. “They” were deceived into waging war upon their brothers, but you, my beauty, you they loved spontaneously, without being induced to — because men of their race are naturally inclined to kindness.”

And the woman stooped down, laid the cat in her lap, and softly took his big round head in both her hands. And the cat purred and purred, and drew his claws in and out, in and out, and nestled against her, as though he had never known any other caresses but hers. Time flew, and passersby became scarcer and scarcer.

Then, on the ground floor of a neighbouring house, a door was opened. And in the light that flooded the footpath, Heliadora saw a kind-looking young woman and a six or seven-year old golden-haired little girl. The mother called: “Sandy, Sandy, where are you my pet?” And the child, pointing to the cat in the stranger’s lap, across the street, cried out: “There he is, mummy! The lady has taken him . . .” and ran to fetch him. Heliadora, leaving her things where they were, stood up with Sandy in her arms, and carried him back to his owners.

“He is so beautiful that I could not help picking him up and stroking him,” she said. “I love cats.”

“And so do we,” answered the kind-looking woman. This one was born at our fireside some two years ago. He is a beauty, isn’t he?”

“He is my cat,” said the child. “He sleeps with me. And his mother sleeps on a cushion in her basket.”

The door was closed again. And Heliadora went her way with her suitcase and travelling bag. The night was cold; the future uncertain. She did not even know where she

would sleep, just then, let alone how and where she would manage to settle down — and how she would then find an opportunity of going to Germany. But that meeting with the cat that she knew so well, and yet that she could not recognise, had filled her with renewed self-confidence. She was grateful — *so* grateful — to the lovely and loving beast for having been the instrument of her regaining her old, rigid, National Socialist orthodoxy: that unquestioning acceptance of anything the Führer had said, done or ordered. Thanks to that cat, she now felt sure her Leader was infallible; infallible in spite of defeat; in spite of hundreds of miles of ruins and millions of “displaced persons,” not to speak of the dead. Generations of blond, blue-eyed children, as good and kind as the little girl she had just met, would honour him as their invisible Leader, in times yet to come, times without end .

..

“O Cat,” thought she; “had I to learn that from *you*?” And she felt small — but strong in spite of all, in the consciousness of unshaken faith.

Chapter 8

DREARY YEARS

Sandy could not sleep, that night.

He was a thousand miles away from suspecting that he had just met the mistress he had loved in a former birth. Still less did he realise all that their meeting had meant *to her*. (How could he, poor beast? He had no idea of the war which had caused the death of millions of Two-legged ones and of so many creatures like himself, also. All the inconvenience it had given *him* had consisted in a certain number of trips to the cellar and back, in a basket — in which he had remained fairly quiet in spite of the noise. And as for Heliadora's struggle with herself for the sake of ideological orthodoxy, that was something as far above his comprehension as angels' psychology is beyond that of human beings, — if, of course, there be any such creatures as angels). But he knew that the adventure he had just lived had been the great event of his life. This woman was definitely not like any of the Two-legged ones whom he had known up till then. There was something powerful in her radiance, something irresistible in her touch; her caresses were not like those of the others: they were more-than-physical; they brought into one's fur, and through the fur into one's nerves, magnetic energies from an unknown world; they plunged one into a paradise of fervour and of tenderness beyond all expression — into an ocean of delight in which one lost all sense of time and place, and could only purr and purr, and stretch out one's paws and push out and pull in one's claws rhythmically . . . as in the far-gone days one had been a fluffy kitten nestling against one's mother's warm coat and sucking her milk; in which one could only purr and claw, purr and claw, and forget everything save the certitude of being alive, and of life being the same as pleasure. And when one half-awoke from one's rapture, and saw those large dark eyes looking down into one's own — those eyes in which there was such fire and, at the same time, such a depth of sadness, — one felt as though one wanted nothing else but to lose one's self in their light. Sandy dimly remembered how those eloquent eyes had, at one time, let go two great liquid diamonds, like drops of dew, that had slowly fallen into his fur. He

remembered how the woman had then pressed him more lovingly in her arms, and rubbed her cheek against his silky round head.

He had known more about human kindness than most cats do, even in England; and as much about human beings' coddlings as very few cats ever did in the world. But that more-than-feline and more-than-physical bliss in human arms, he had never yet known, and could never forget. *That* — the touch of a woman who was at the same time a cat-lover and a dedicated fighter for a more-than-human Idea — had no common measure with his former experiences.

So the familiar pleasures became dull, to him, and life dreary.

* * *

Everyone in the house used to pet him, above all little Elsie, in whose bed he used to sleep, but also Elsie's mother and father and nearly every friend who came to pay them a visit. The ladies would pick him up and stroke him, and those who happened to see him for the first time could not help exclaiming, no sooner he walked into the sitting room "Oh, Mrs. Harrington, what a splendid cat you have!" One even added, one day: "You should exhibit him at the coming cat show. Surely he would get a prize."

But Mrs. Harrington resented the idea.

"I'd rather him go without one than have him staying three days in a cage, poor Sandy," said she. "Cats are not made to become exhibits — especially not this one!" And, smoothing down the feline's thick, stripy coat, she asked jokingly: "Isn't it so, my pet?"

Sandy looked up to her with eyes full of unaccountable sadness and yearning, and rubbed his head against her legs. She stroked him once more and asked him in a soft voice: "Well, my beauty, what is it? What *do* you want?" — for it was obvious to her that he wanted *something*, although she could not make out what . . . or *whom*.

"Miao!" answered the cat, as he glanced back at her with the same strange, sad look. And this meant: "I want . . . the one who stroked me six months ago; the . . . Two-legged goddess (what else can I call her? I don't know her name). I want to lie in her arms once more!"

But Mrs. Harrington did not understand the subtleties of feline speech. She interpreted that "Miao!" to the best of her capacity, and thought it meant: "I want something more to eat." So she went and gave Sandy an extra saucerful of fish. Sandy was not hungry. He smelt the fish and turned aside. Again he rubbed his head against his

mistress' legs and said "Miao!" But again Mrs. Harrington could not understand him. Nor could little Elsie, who imagined the cat wanted to be fondled. Sandy loosened himself from the child's embrace, and quietly walked out of the room.

A peculiar feeling of loneliness crept into him. The old hearth was still a warm place to lie by, curled up upon a cushion, on a chair, from which nobody would disturb him. And little Elsie's bed was still as soft and comfortable as ever. But *something* was not the same. The strange woman with ardent dark eyes and long, white, pleasure-rousing hands — the Two-legged goddess — had crossed his life like a shadow. And nothing could, afterwards, be exactly the same. Everything was more or less dreary in the light of the unforgettable hour in Heliadora's arms, or rather in that of the yearning which that hour had left.

* * *

Sometimes, Sandy would dream of *her*, and give out different sorts of mews in his sleep — smothered mews of contentment, when he dreamt he was in her lap, comfortably curled up, wild mews that sounded like mews of anguish, when he dreamt that she had gone away and left him and that he was roaming in search of her.

Kind Mrs. Harrington was at a loss to understand what to make out of those mews. To her, and to little Elsie, — who was growing up, as pretty as ever, — they were just the sign that the cat was dreaming. And what do human beings know about cats' dreams? Half the time, they cannot even interpret their own properly. Mother and daughter often watched their sleeping pet. Little Elsie would put out her arms as though to comfort him, if the occasional mews happened to sound too doleful. But Mrs. Harrington would prevent her and say: "Don't disturb him! How would you like to be disturbed when *you* are asleep?"

"But mummy, he's having a bad dream, I tell you!" replied the young girl. And she would stroke the cat gently.

Sandy sometimes imagined it was the beloved and never forgotten hand, and felt so happy that he suddenly woke up . . . soon to fall back into his slumber, as though he wanted to escape the simple, serene, dreary reality; the kind, familiar faces without passion in their eyes; the familiar laps, that were comfortable enough, but not so full of such particular magnetism as felines alone are able to detect; the familiar caresses which, sweet as they were, lacked the indefinable vibrations to which he had once, and once only, responded, as that Two-legged one had held him

an hour long, in her arms, and stroked him, on the cold, lonely footpath, on that memorable, cold, lonely November night — that Two-legged one who, in him, had loved and caressed everlasting Catdom and who, apart from him and from it, used to love things not merely more-than-catlike but more-than-human, things in which, however, be it indirectly, he, the Cat, had his place . . .

Sandy was really happy — in spite of his dimmer and dimmer, yet, ever-persistent recollections, — only when he was busy picking out the pieces of liver in the portion of mashed liver and bread that Elsie or Mrs. Harrington used to serve out to him three times a day, or . . . chasing and catching black beetles in the scullery; or, when he had just come home after Smut — old Miss Tyrell's pitch-black tom, who lived on the third floor, — had given him a proper "thrashing," and chased him right down the staircase. Otherwise . . . — by the Big Cat, Lord of Destiny! — life was as dull as dull can be.

And yet it went on for years . . .

Many things changed in the house and in the neighbourhood — and no doubt also in the wide world beyond —: Sandy's beautiful tortoise-shell coloured mother had died of old age, in spite of all the care both the "vet" and the Harringtons had given her; two of his brothers, whom Elsie had insisted on keeping, were now in the house: one white and yellow, one all yellow, but without stripes. And lately, a Two-legged one had brought in yet another cat: a strange thing with blue eyes and a creamy-coloured fur and dark-brown paws, head and tail (a Siamese) whom Sandy did not like. Would to God the creature had only come for a holiday! — for everyone used to make a fuss of him, and leave poor Sandy to feel lonelier than ever. Mrs. Harrington had even hit her old pet with the back of her hand — not too hard, admittedly; but it was the humiliation, not the slap, that was so painful — for having deliberately scratched the newcomer's face.

And then, one day, the newcomer went away: the same Two-legged one who had brought him came to fetch him with a basket. He *had*, indeed, only come for a holiday (but why for such a long one? Sandy wondered. Anyhow, he was pleased the cat had gone). Then Smut got run over by a motorcar. And so did one of the young ginger brothers, a few days later; only the half-white one remained.

Little Elsie was now grown-up, — or seemed so to Sandy, who was not good at detecting how old two-legged creatures could be. Sandy himself was slowly ageing: he was beginning to feel somewhat stiff in the joints, and jumping

upon the mantelpiece or upon a shelf, was no longer such an easy job for him: nor was catching black beetles such an exciting pastime as before. Ordained by the rhythm of regular meals and sleep, and dreamy dozing by the fireside in winter, and Elsie's and Mrs. Harrington's occasional caresses, life passed peacefully — but without much interest, not to speak of adventure. Foggier and foggier as years rolled by, and yet, at times, suddenly so vivid, the memory of that hour of bliss in the arms of that strange woman persisted in the cat's nerves.

* * *

Then came a time when Sandy had grown too weak to move, and lay upon a cushion, in what had once been his mother's basket, — or upon Elsie's bed, but not unless she would carry him there, for he could no longer jump. And he gradually lost his appetite, and would only lie quietly, his large amber eyes sometimes wide open, as though they were gazing at some dream-scenery, invisible to all save himself, sometimes completely closed. He still purred, when stroked; and that purr used to break kind Mrs. Harrington's heart:

“Poor Sandy,” she would say: “he is getting thinner and thinner. It looks as though he won't remain with us for long.”

And she called for the “vet.” But the “vet” diagnosed “old age,” and could do no more.

In November, 1955, exactly ten years after that night of bliss that he never could really forget, Sandy gave out an unusual mew, and stretched his paws convulsively just as he had twelve years before, on the verandah in Calcutta, in Heliadora's lap. And before Mrs. Harrington had time to lift him up, he was dead. His amber eyes still looked as though they were staring at things invisible.

“My poor, poor Sandy!” cried Mrs. Harrington. And she wept. And so did Elsie, who had now become a beautiful damsel of sixteen springs. Even Mr. Harrington's eyes grew moist as he helped to bury the cat's body in the tiny courtyard behind the house, which they called “the garden.”

But Sandy's soul, which was Long-whiskers' soul and that of so many other cats (nay, that of millions of other creatures in the infinity of times bygone), went and wandered there where souls await their destiny.

Chapter 9

SANDY'S CHOICE

Cats do not know any more about death, and what might or might not come afterwards, than human beings do. The only difference is that most men and women work themselves into believing that they have an opinion concerning this mysterious matter, while cats generally do not bother their glossy heads about it at all. Maybe a few particularly wise felines do have some sort of hazy intuition of a link between now and tomorrow and some vague feeling concerning their souls, in other words, concerning themselves beyond their last breath. It is difficult for us to assert whether they have or not, as they cannot speak, and as we can neither detect nor even conceive such feelings apart from their expression through speech.

At any rate, it would seem that Sandy was one of those privileged cats, if such there be. For he retained to the very end that one burning desire and that one hope against all hope which had sustained him, in doubtless comfort but actual dreariness, throughout the ten long years that now stretched between him and *the* great event of his life. And, strange as this may seem, the yearning, instead of continuing to grow vaguer and feebler, became at once more precise and more intense, as death drew nigh. As the cat felt his convulsive paws growing colder and heavier every second, nothing more existed for him but one longing which, translated into human speech, could have been summed up: "Oh, to see *her* again, be it only once! And to die in her arms!" (As *he* had already died, nearly twelve years before.) And as he experienced the ice and inertia of death gradually gaining his whole body, and as he struggled until his heart grew cold and still and until his head fell back upon the cushion like a block of stone, he hung on to the memory of the far-gone rapturous hour, now — for a fraction of a second, — more vivid than ever: "Oh, . . . *Her*. Her once more! I want *Her*: the everlasting Great Feline Mother in human disguise; the Two-legged goddess!" This desperate yearning expressed the last spark of consciousness in the poor dying beast; the last glaring ray of light that crossed his hardening brain, even though his heart had ceased beating.

And as the subtler, interpenetrating, invisible selves left the stone-like body, they retained that active spark, and it kept them together, and it guided their wandering aggregate — what one would call Sandy's *soul* — along the way of its destiny; for desire is the ferment which maintains that differentiation that is at the root of individual life and causes birth and rebirth (even some of the Two-legged ones know *that*).

* * *

Precisely because of that yearning after her whom he too called “the Two-legged goddess,” it had, to the very end, seemed to Sandy as though he could not *really* die; as though the mysterious link between moment and morrow *had to* remain unbroken, be it only to allow him to fulfill that overwhelming, unconditional total longing. And so did it remain. And Sandy — or what had worn the flesh and bones and splendid yellow stripy fur that people called “Sandy” — knew that “life continued.”

It was, to begin with, a strange experience for him to feel himself *outside* his own body, floating above it, looking down upon it, as though it had not been “his.” It was not the first time, of course, but perhaps the millionth or perhaps the billionth. But, as creatures' memories are extremely short — confined to one birth only, — it seemed to him strange, utterly strange, as though it had been the first time.

The new state of existence had its advantages, one of which consisted in being able to move with extraordinary speed, without being hampered by such obstacles as walls and closed doors, so that one could go straight wherever one wanted to. Sandy wanted to see the “Two-legged goddess” again; and, curiously enough, in the wink of an eye, there he was, above her bed, gazing at her asleep. He had travelled all the way from London to Germany — where she was — without even noticing it, as light (and thought) travel. He was there, with her, on her pillow, while the yellow, furry body, that had up till then been his, still lay motionless and heavy, in the same place, in Elsie Harrington's room. He would have liked to rub his head against Heliadora's sleeping face, and nestle comfortably at her side, and have her stroke him, — as on *that* night. But he had forgotten that he no longer *had* any head to rub; nor any body to curl up as a ball of fur, upon the sleeper's arm. The new state of existence had also its inconveniences, one of which was that it allowed no further contact with such gross matter as physical bodies are made of.

Sandy, or rather the subtle creature that had been Sandy and Long-whiskers, and many thousands of cats before them, longed to make the woman feel his presence; he longed to, with all his might; he tried to purr — and *did*, in fact; but it was a subtle, unearthly, dreamlike purr that he produced; a purr that no cat and no human being could hear, unless he or she were tuned to the finer Realm. And yet Heliadora heard it distinctly, and even felt upon her cheek like the touch of a thick, warm, cat's fur. And she woke up at the familiar sensation, and got up to see whether the beautiful black and white cat she then possessed had not come in from his nightly wandering, and greeted her in his own fashion, as he often used to do. But no: there was no cat to be *seen* anywhere. The black and white one *had* come in, but was fast asleep in the depth of the eiderdown. It was not he that had touched her face with his furry head and purred so lovingly. Which cat could it be?

The disincarnated feline saw the large dark eyes that had poured their love into his, on *that* night. He saw them glance from place to place in search of him, without being able to give further signs of his presence. He knew that, had he but been endowed with a visible body, the woman would have pulled him to her breast, and cuddled him, and stroked him, and put her lips to his silky forehead. And he longed for a body of flesh and bones, and fur; a body that other material bodies could touch, — for the abyss between subtler matter and gross matter (he had just found out, for the millionth time) is practically unbridgeable.

And as time passed, the longing became more and more intense. It was bound to lead to Sandy's rebirth as another cat. But where? And under which circumstances? And with what a destiny?

* * *

“I want to feel myself once more lying in her arms — nothing else!”

“And you are prepared to suffer for that privilege? — For nothing is for nothing, and suffering is the price.”

“I am ready to suffer, — to suffer *anything* — provided I can lie in her arms for five minutes . . .”

Is such a dialogue but the expression, in human speech, of a struggle within the cat-soul that had been Sandy's and Long-whiskers' and that of many more cats? Or did it actually take place, — as some saintly cats would doubtless maintain, if they could speak — between that same cat-soul and He-and-She: the Great Tom Cat and the Great

Feline Mother, two and yet One; Lord and Lady of all beings, Master and Mistress of the Spark of Life? This question is too deep and difficult for Two-legged creatures to answer. But one thing is certain, and that is that, on the twenty-first of January 1957, while Heliadora was admiring an exceptional, blood-red *aurora borealis* in the sky above her little house in Oberricklingen, near Hanover, Sandy — Long-whiskers — was reborn as a tabby kitten, in a miserable back-yard in Teheran.

The invisible Powers of Life had answered his yearning.

PART III

TABBY AND OTHERS

Chapter 10

BLACK VELVET

Heliodora could no more forget the animals, and especially the cats, that had come into her life, than Sandy had been able to forget her. There was, of course, a great difference: she had been *the* great event in Sandy's life, as in Long-whiskers', and in Sadhu's, and in that of so many other cats (and dogs) that she had saved from misery. In her life, the great thing was the struggle for the defence of the Third German Reich and, beyond the Reich, for the defence of Aryan man. It exceeded by far the boundaries of the feline world, however much she loved the latter. And yet . . . One would not remain in keeping with actual facts, were one not to point out what an enormous part animals had played in the shaping of the woman's whole outlook: her love for them had been — coupled with her natural propensity to go to extremes — the main origin of her wholehearted acceptance of the National Socialist values *as well as of the methods* which the enemies of the régime called "inhuman." It had, first and foremost, been her main protection against every sort of anti-Nazi and even — long before the nineteen-thirties, during the *first* World War, — against every sort of anti-German propaganda. When people had told her, as a child, that the Germans were "monsters" who used to "chop off children's hands," she had simply answered that it "served the children right" — for she had seen many of them tormenting living creatures, especially insects, or pinning live butterflies upon pieces of cardboard. Her early knowledge of the horrors of vivisection and, even before that, the everyday sight of quarters of meat hanging before butchers' shops, had set her definitely against any exaltation of "man" and the "rights of the human person," and made her indifferent, nay, ostentatiously, provocatively indifferent, to any tortures inflicted upon what she called "two-legged mammals," save when these happened to be people she particularly admired, individually or collectively, mostly people who shared her ideas.

Not only had she never felt the slightest sympathy for the "poor Jews" and other alleged "victims of Nazi tyranny," as we have already stated in the beginning of

this story, but she had, from the very start, taken pride in proclaiming to whomever cared to hear her, that this attitude of hers did not proceed merely from the fact that she considered Jews as a dangerous lot. She admitted that, taken individually, they were not all necessarily dangerous, — unless one believed (as she in fact did) in the power of thought, in which case *every* anti-Nazi, even the apparently most harmless, was to be considered dangerous. And yet, she had no sympathy for them. And she told people so. It pleased her to fling into their faces that boisterous denial of human solidarity, as a life-long protest against man's almost universal indifference to the daily crimes against *life* perpetrated all over the world by slaughterers, trappers, hunters, circus men and vivisectors.

“As long as the thought of slaughterhouses and vivisection chambers does not keep *you* awake all night,” she told whomever cared to speak to her, “concentration camps and ‘Gestapo methods’ of cross-examination shall not disturb *me* — on the contrary!”

And when some interlocutor would dare point out that “the victims, here, were human beings,” she would merely answer: “Of course. And why not? Human beings are or can become dangerous to our Cause; animals, never.”

Such was the attitude Heliodora had kept before and throughout the war. After the war, she became, in her bitterness, still more aggressive, more defiant. To every item of post-war anti-Nazi propaganda, she had an answer. To an English woman who had ventured to mention before her Ilse Koch's alleged “lampshades made out of human skins,” she replied: “And what? I'll condescend to listen to you when I hear you have broken the windows of all the fur shops in London, and helped to lynch the fur traders, — not before! In that lampshade story, the victims, — if they ever existed, — are not said to have been captured *just for* their skins, as far as I know.”

In Iceland, in Norway, in Sweden, in England, in France, wherever she went, she stood up for the German doctors tried and hanged for having practiced euthanasia upon incurable patients or for having performed experiments upon inmates of concentration camps. “A world that censures such actions and that, on the other hand, encourages vivisection and glorifies such fellows as Pasteur, does not deserve to live,” declared she. And she fully meant whatever she said. She defied “public opinion” — or rather the opinion dictated to the public by newspapers, films and wireless alike, and backed by what she called “the Christian superstition.” Defiance was, in her case, the most obvious consequence of repeated self-assertion. And

repeated self-assertion was the only pleasure left to her in the dreary, post-war world; the world of Germany's "re-education."

In Germany itself, she found oral defiance was not enough, and resorted to open counter-propaganda in defence of National Socialism. She would have resorted to direct, violent action against the "re-educators," had it been materially possible: nothing short of that could really have expressed all her contempt for them and their "human values." But oral and *written* provocation, several months long, was enough to land her into trouble. On one fine February night, in 1949, she was arrested and ushered into a dark, damp cell, and left there to wait for the sweet will of the authorities and to meditate upon the price one must pay for the pleasure of supporting, with all its implications, a life-centred faith of political import, in a world ruled according to man-centred principles.

* * *

Heliodora was quite happy in her dark, damp cell. Never had she indeed been so happy, since the day she had, in Calcutta, heard hopeful news of the war for the last time. Her coming trial was to give her an opportunity of defying, before a real audience, those man-centred principles which she hated, and of glorifying in public the one great Man who, like herself, had placed a beautiful, healthy police dog high above a degenerate human being.

In the far-away old room in Calcutta, however, the room with the broad, sunny verandah, full of green plants, thirteen-year-old Sadhu, the last of her cats, was dying — dying of feline distemper, as so many cats do, in India; dying also of dreariness, of loneliness, now that his companion, Lalu, had gone, two years before, never to come back; dying of despair, after having waited some three-and-a-half years for that which his poor ageing cat's head could not clearly define, but which his whole being longed for: the old, loving presence about the room; the old lap, in which he used to lie and purr; the hands that used to smooth down his glossy coat; *her* — the "Two-legged goddess." The friend in whose care she had left him was kind to him: he used to feed him; and stroke him, occasionally. But it was not the same as "her" caresses. So poor Sadhu died — as Sandy was to die some years later — with the persistent yearning for her. And his loving cat-soul came and tried to make her feel its presence in the dark cell. She was too absorbed by other thoughts to become aware of anything such as a furry contact or a purr, but she *did*

suddenly think of the cats she had left in Calcutta, and in particular of Sadhu. “Where can they be, now?” she thought. “And where can he be?” She imagined him basking in the sunshine, on the verandah, with Lalu, of whose loss nobody had informed her. And something told her that she would never see either — or, in fact, any, — of them again.

Several months later, in jail, it so happened that she was, after a search in her cell, brought before the British governor of the prison who — to her utmost pleasure and pride — declared her to be “the most objectionable type of Nazi” he “had ever come across.” Had she remained “natural,” she would have turned to him a beaming face — for this was, in her eyes, the greatest compliment an opponent could pay her. But she had to “put up a show” in order not to rouse the Governor’s anger, for upon *his* decision depended the conservation or destruction of certain papers found in her cell. In order to bring for a second, tears into her own eyes, she thought of Sadhu — not knowing that he was dead.

* * *

Time passed . . . And thanks to the shallowness of the Western Allies, who do not take the hostility of sincere enemies too seriously, when these are poor and powerless, Heliadora was released.

In early 1954, she was living in the outskirts of a little Westphalian town, in a tiny room on the first floor, the window of which opened upon a landscape of bushes and fields. In front of her door ran a passage, at the end of which was the staircase. Her next-door neighbour generally used to leave her baby’s perambulator on the landing.

One evening, as Heliadora came home, she found a young black cat comfortably curled up upon the cushions in the “pram.” She knew her neighbour had no cats, and wondered wherefrom this one had come. She could not help stroking him. He purred in response. She picked him up. He purred louder. She carried him into her room; warmed a little milk for him, which he lapped. She had no meat to give him, as she ate none herself, but she gave him some cheese, which he seemed to enjoy.

She examined him as she stroked him. He was a pitch-black young tom, with already powerful paws and a round, tigerish head. On his chest, like on Sadhu’s, there was one tiny white spot — the only one on his whole body. He strongly reminded her of Sadhu. “Are you really he, come back to me?” wondered she, as she put a kiss upon his

head. (She had been told in a letter, after her release, that Sadhu had died). The loving creature purred, so as to say: “I am; — and I have already spent a short cat’s life in search of you. Now I was born again, less than three months ago. And at last, here you are! Don’t abandon me! Keep me! Prrr, prrr, prrr . . .”

Heliodora kept him and called him “Schwarzer Samt” — “Black Velvet” — for that is what he was: a supple, black velvet body, with golden eyes. His instinct had told him at once that this two-legged creature wanted him; that she was the one he had, all the time, vaguely felt he had been seeking, before, between, and after two deaths at least. He jumped upon the woman’s bed and nestled against her body, with his head and two front paws upon her arm. And he purred himself to sleep as she stroked him.

The next day, she bought him some pork liver, which he gulped down greedily. She also put in a corner a big flat tin full of fresh, clean sand, the purpose of which Black Velvet immediately understood. In the afternoon, she left the room. And the cat made himself comfortable upon a cushion by the fire and dozed until she returned. He now knew that he had nothing to fear; that he was her cat and that she would always come back to him — never abandon him; never give him away save (if ever necessity be) to a second herself.

* * *

And he was not mistaken. In the evening, she came back with another piece of pork liver, and another pint of creamy milk for him: ready to receive him in her arms when he had eaten and drunk; and willing to smooth him down and make him purr. And the following day, and every day that came afterwards, it was the same. Black Velvet, who lived in the passing instant, was supremely happy. And so was Heliodora when she did not happen to think of the future.

Black Velvet loved jumping upon her writing table and lying his whole length, flat upon her papers; and also putting out his paw, and trying to catch her pen when she was writing. She would never turn him down; never show him any sign of impatience. At the most, she would softly pull her paper from under him, in order to continue writing, — and at the same time, pass her long white hand over his fur. Or she would stop writing for a while, and tenderly look into his large yellow eyes, as she once used to into Sadhu’s. She did not know that he was Sadhu himself,

reborn for the second time since his death in Calcutta. But she loved him just as much as if she had known. She loved him as she loved all felines, big and small — the creatures she felt herself the most attracted to, after her human brothers in faith. (In fact, she was more unconditionally attracted to the former, as, in their case, no ideological considerations were at the root of her love.)

* * *

One fine winter morning, on the 16th of December, 1954, there was a hard knock at the door. Black Velvet, who scented danger, jumped from the bed to the table and from the table to the top of the wardrobe and into an old tin which had once contained some twenty kilos of marmalade, but which now lay empty and useless in that high place, looking over the whole room. The tin was just wide enough to hold Black Velvet, curled into a ball of fur, his legs folded under him. But it was deep; and the cat felt safe at the bottom of it.

From that dark, metallic shelter, he heard his mistress get up, throw a dressing gown over her shoulders, and open the door. Then he heard footsteps upon the floor — footsteps that sounded heavy, and many. And the door was closed again. Then there were voices: Heliadora's, and three others: men's voices. Black Velvet was surprised not to hear more than three: from the noise of the footsteps, — to which he was not accustomed — it had seemed to him as though a whole battalion had entered the room.

He listened. Through the resounding walls of his hiding place, the voices reached him, amplified. But they were not *angry* voices; apparently, the newcomers were not intent on doing Heliadora any harm — at least, so it appeared to Black Velvet, from his exalted post of observation.

After a while, the cat decided to look and see for himself what was going on — since it now seemed quite clear that he had been mistaken in presuming danger, and since it was, anyhow, beginning to get too hot in his shelter, at the bottom of which there were old papers. So he raised himself upon his hind-legs, put his front-paws on the border of the tin, and “looked out,” — looked *down* upon the happenings in the room. There was his mistress in her blue dressing gown, sitting on the bed opposite him; two men were seated, each one on one of the only two chairs available, while a third man — a stout, round-headed

blond, — was standing in front of the wardrobe, exactly below Black Velvet's jam tin.

The men, who were policemen, were putting questions to Heliadora. One of them was pointing to Adolf Hitler's picture upon her night table, — in fact, to the only picture in the room, — as to a proof that the "ominous reports" against the woman — the reports describing her as a "dangerous underground fighter for Nazism," — were all-too-accurate. Heliadora was answering with the detachment of those who have nothing to lose: "Of course I am *His* disciple! I have never denied I was. Only . . . I am not 'dangerous', much as I would *like* to be: most unfortunately, I have not the slightest power."

From the normal, not unfriendly tone of the voices, Black Velvet surmised that there could be no objection to his coming down, and curling himself up once more in the depth of the eiderdown — so much more comfortable than the bottom of the jam tin, even lined with newspapers. His usual landing place, when springing from the top of the wardrobe, was Heliadora's writing table. But now, the stout, blond man's powerful skull provided a convenient intermediary landmark along the downward trajectory. The stately representative of re-educated Germany's coercive forces was suddenly shaken by an altogether unexpected bulk, falling, with strange elasticity, upon his head, and jumping off again, while Heliadora could not repress a fleeting smile.

"Ai, ai! *Was ist das?*" shouted the man, not even noticing, in his amazement, that the cat, that had been among the papers on the table half a second before, had now leaped onto the eiderdown.

"Nothing but a 'black panther'," replied the unrepenting fighter. "But," she added, knowing that this name was often (symbolically) used to designate S.S. men, "no fear! It is only a four-legged one!"

The three men had to admire the magnificent cat, now gracefully nestling in the depth of the feather cushion. One of them asked Heliadora whether he was hers.

"Yes, of course," said she.

"And what do you feed him on, that he is so sleek and glossy?" asked another.

"Pork liver, and milk. He won't touch anything else," was the reply.

It was an accurate statement, but an undiplomatic one, — for after that Heliadora had all the trouble in the world to convince the three policemen — average men, like policemen generally are, all over the earth — that she was merely telling the truth when she declared not having any other

income but the ninety marks which a kind soul used to send her every month from India.

“You could not possibly spend so much money on your cat’s food, if you only had *that!*” they told her. And as the truth does not always *sound* true, they had great difficulty in believing that she actually fed herself on potatoes and macaroni, and was none the worse for it.

* * *

After thoroughly searching the little room, — which did not take long, — the three men bade Heliadora follow them in their car. She was to undergo a ten hours’ cross-examination. For the first time, Black Velvet was all alone the whole day.

At first, he slept. Then, he sat upon the windowsill, and busied himself watching the landlord’s lovely white turtledoves, that stood in a row, on the border of the roof. It was not their beauty that roused his interest, but the atavistic propensity of the feline to catch birds. Unfortunately (for him) the window was closed. He could at most follow the doves’ movements through the glass pane, making unusual, quivering noises with his mouth, while his whiskers stood out straight. Then the birds disappeared within their shelter, and there was a change in the quality of daylight: the Sun was getting low. Black Velvet now started watching the street below. It was at such a time, more or less, that she generally used to come and bring him his food. He waited and waited to see her on the opposite footpath, to hear her footsteps in the staircase, and the noise of the key in the keyhole. But he heard nothing. And she did not come.

At nightfall, Black Velvet stirred. Was it *she*, at last? The door was flung open; but it was not *she*. It was Henny, one of the landlady’s daughters, who had come in with a dish of pork liver and a cup full of milk for the cat. Heliadora, before going, had requested her to feed him and left her the keys of the room.

Henny loved Black Velvet. And of all people she was, after Heliadora, the one Black Velvet loved the most. She stooped to pick him up in her arms, and she stroked him until she felt, under the thick, warm, glossy coat, the vibration of a responsive purr. When the cat had eaten his food and drunk his milk, she seated herself upon a chair in the midst of heaps of papers and books — the room was topsy-turvy after the policemen’s search — and for a long time, kept him upon her lap. When he had finally

purred himself to sleep, she softly placed him upon the eiderdown, and discreetly went away.

He was still fast asleep when Heliadora came back, at 10 p.m. or so. She put down another saucer full of liver — the rest of the cat's daily ration, which the landlady had kept for him in her "fridge" — and went straight to him. She did not pick him up, not wanting to disturb him. But she lay her cheek upon his fur, — deep down, in the warmth of the eiderdown, where he had curled himself up, — and stroked him. Slowly, from the soft, living cushion, rose a purr; then, the golden eyes half-opened, gazed lovingly into her black eyes, and closed themselves again, while a velvet paw stretched towards her, drawing its claws in and out, rhythmically. Then the whole cushion moved into a new position — head upside down, and front paws across the chin — and the purr became more subdued and more regular. Now that he knew she was back, now that he had seen her and felt her, Black Velvet could safely sink into the delight of a peaceful sleep. He had nothing to fear. For him, life would continue as before.

* * *

It continued: in the eiderdown (or in Heliadora's lap, when she was home) practically the whole day long; in the vastness of the world beyond house and street — over expanses covered with snow, or, soon, with grass and flowers, or growing corn; in the mysterious shade of hedge and bush; up tree trunks and, occasionally, up some smooth, vertical, telegraph post, from the top of which Black Velvet mewed and mewed before he could make up his mind to come down again — all night, till four or five in the morning.

Heliadora used to write at night, as everything was calm and quiet, and congenial to thought, — but she would interrupt her work once, twice, or more, and go down into the garden behind the house, and often into the field beyond the garden, to see what Black Velvet was doing. She would call him. But he was far too happy, frolicking in the moonlight, to wish to come so soon. He would merely rush towards her, until he was within her sight, and then give out a strange mew, as though to say "Here I am!", and rush back into freedom; or he would lie down somewhere, be it in the shadow of a huge cabbage, be it on the branch of some tree — and look at her mischievously, but not stir. At last, — when daybreak was drawing nigh, and she would come for the third or fourth time, — he would run to her, climb up her body, and seat himself

upon her shoulders for her to carry him home. There, after eating the food she had cooked for him, he would wait till she had put out the light and gone to bed, and jump up, and work himself into the warm nest, under the quilts, and lie at her side, purring and purring. And he would place his icy-cold paws one after the other into her loving hands, for her to hold them and warm them.

He was as happy as he could be, and his mistress also — to the extent there still could be any “happiness” for her after the disaster of 1945.

Then came a change: the landlord needed Heliadora’s little room, and asked her to leave. She found nobody willing to lodge her with Black Velvet and was thus compelled to part from him. But she would at least give him as good a home as she possibly could. She wrote to all the cat lovers she could think of, in and outside Germany, and waited anxiously for their suggestions. The best reply came from an old friend of hers, who lived in the centre of France, who had a garden, and who was prepared to take charge of Black Velvet completely, in case of need. Heliadora knew that nowhere on earth her pet would be as well loved and cared for as in that woman’s home. So she laid the cat upon a cushion, in a basket more than big enough for him, and carried him to France. It broke her heart to leave the little room where she had been living so happily with him, for over two years, and the peaceful little township to which she had become accustomed. But there was nothing else she could do.

And thus, — after a long train journey, during which he was “as good as gold” — Black Velvet became the finest tom-cat in a lovely French village nearly three thousand feet above sea level, surrounded with fragrant fir tree woods. After entrusting him to the kind friend who was henceforth to take care of him, Heliadora stooped down before the bed upon which he had stretched himself as naturally as if he had known the house for years. She put her arms round him, and kissed his black, soft, thick fur. He purred in response, as he always had. And she, with tears in her eyes, — yet, released, at heart, knowing she was leaving her pet in good hands, — went back to the land of her dreams; the land of her comrades and superiors who were keeping alive the flame of National Socialist faith, and who would one day (she hoped), seize power once more and rule the West.

She did not know she was never to hold Black Velvet in her arms again.

Chapter 11

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

Heliodora went and lived in a garden house amidst the woods, not far from Hanover, where she had, at last, secured herself a job.

It was a lovely little house; two rooms and a verandah. Through the open windows came, in the spring, the fragrance of lilacs and of fir trees. The place was silent, save for occasional children's laughter along the narrow grassy path that led from the main road to other garden houses further within the thicket. There were no radios and no gramophones within audible distance, — and no loud-speaking people either. And therefore Heliodora was happy; outside her working hours, she could look into her own soul; think, and write. Sometimes, on Sundays, she would hear a friendly voice calling her by her name, and would rush to the garden gate. And there would stand Herr and Frau S. or one of their daughters, come to ask her to spend the late afternoon with them, in the good old atmosphere she loved — the one she had feared she would never again find in Germany, until . . . she had come to live there and seen for herself. Now and then, she thought of Black Velvet, and felt sad she had not heard of this garden house earlier, and been able to bring him with her, straightaway. But she had good news of him, and realised how thoroughly he had become accustomed to his second home, in France. She did not want to go and uproot him once more. Nor did she think of taking another cat, for she knew she would one day have to undertake a long journey — for there were things that one could not do, in post-war Europe, especially in post-war Germany, and that she felt it her duty to do. She contented herself with placing a bowl of milk and some fish upon her window sill, for any wandering cats that might care to come at night. And she soon was glad to see that the food was no longer there in the morning.

And thus days passed, filled partly with her professional work — teaching languages, to earn her living, and her *real work*: work for the holy Cause, and (whenever she could) for beautiful four-legged creatures.

* * *

One morning, as she was closing the door of her room — and making haste, so as not to miss the bus and have to wait half an hour for the next one — Heliadora saw a woman standing before the garden gate, with a cat in her arms.

She hurriedly walked towards her, feeling somewhat anxious (what could be the matter with that cat?).

“I am sorry to disturb you,” said the woman — whom Heliadora had perhaps seen before, but never yet spoken to; — “I was wondering whether you could not find a home for this cat. It is used to being loved and well cared for, and wants a really good home. Its mistress, who lives in that two-storied house round the corner, would be glad to keep it, but her husband will have it no longer because it went and did its business . . . in his shoes! He threatens to have it destroyed if he sees it in the house again.” And she handed the cat over to Heliadora through the bars of the gate.

It was a more-than-half-grown, lovely black and white tom-cat, much like poor Long-whiskers had once been. As soon as he was in Heliadora’s arms, he felt himself absolutely secure: he *knew* no harm could ever happen to him as long as he lay there. And he started a long purr as she stroked his glossy coat, and kissed him on the head, between his short, velvety ears.

“Poor puss!” whispered the Friend of Felines, — the one the starving cats of India used to call “the Two-legged goddess” — “I’ll keep you, since nobody wants you; since your own mistress hasn’t the guts to stick up for you!” And turning to the woman who had brought the cat:

“How utterly senseless!” said she. “Surely they had forgotten to change his sawdust. Cats hate using a dirty pan. Fancy threatening to get rid of such a beautiful creature *for that!*” And she added, referring to the cat’s former mistress:

“*I* would have taken the cat with me and left that fellow straightaway, and for good, after such a threat!” She was shivering with indignation.

“Frau P. has three young children,” replied the woman.

“You are right: that makes things more difficult,” admitted Heliadora. “Anyhow, I thank you for coming to me: I’ll keep the cat.”

“Frau P. said you would: that is why I came. Mind you: it is not that her husband is so bad as all that; maybe, he would have cooled down and forgotten all about the incident. But one never knows. Frau P. was afraid. Now

she will feel released. Oh dear, how released she will feel!”

Heliadora wanted to take leave of the woman. She would miss the next bus as she had already missed the first. Yet, something prompted her to make an enquiry. “Tell me,” said she, “by the way: what work does Frau P.’s husband do?”

“What work he does? . . . But he *does* not work. Don’t you know? . . .”

“No, I don’t. What do they live on, then, if he does not work?”

The neighbour put her face against the railing and whispered: “Don’t you know? He had done something in the Hitler days and landed himself in a concentration camp for several years; so now he has a government pension as a “victim of Nazi tyranny,” and never was so well off . . . !”

Heliadora repressed an impulse to say something bitter and perhaps rash. She cast down her eyes and continued stroking the cat, so that the woman might not notice the expression upon her face. She put her a last question, however:

“And you really don’t know what he had done?” asked she. “Something political, surely, for him to be looked upon, today, as that which you said . . .”

“Not necessarily. Anyone who has been interned in a camp is a ‘victim of Nazi tyranny’, nowadays. In fact, in his case, it was *not* something ‘political’ if I remember well. It was, I believe, some forgery. Of course, he was *also* against the régime, but that had nothing to do with his trial whatsoever.”

And she quickly put in, as though to “explain” the whole shadowy business to herself and to whomever cared to accept the explanation:

“He is half Czech, anyhow.”

Heliadora bade her goodbye and went back to her house to give the cat some milk (she had nothing else) and shut him in until she would return, in the evening. She then ran to catch her bus.

* * *

When she came back, the cat was sitting behind the windowpane, waiting for her. He rubbed himself against her legs, purring, as she came in, — and purred louder still when he smelt the fish she had brought for him.

She lit the fire and cooked the food, and he ate greedily. Then, as she settled down to her writing work, he jumped

upon the table among her papers, rubbed his beautiful head against her cheek and said: “Miao! — I want you to caress me. I know you love us felines: I knew it at your first touch, by the way you held me. Miao! Now I want to lie in your lap while you stroke my fur. See how lovely I am! Miao! Your writing can wait . . .”

Heliadora might not have understood the cat-speech. But she understood the gestures: the movement of the glossy head that pushed itself against her cheek, and purred so invitingly. She pulled her chair backwards, so as to leave enough space for the cat to step down from the table into her lap, and softly said: “Come, my silky tiger! Come, my purring velvet!”

How many times had she not uttered those words, — or similar ones — ever since the far-gone day she had, for the first time, held a fluffy black kitten in her arms, when she was two or perhaps less than two, and carried it home, while her mother had kept on telling her: “Be very careful not to hurt him! Hold him gently!” How many times had she not let her cheek rest upon a cat’s supple body, and enjoyed the feeling of the thick, warm coat, and the regular vibration of the purr, against her skin!

There had been times when she had not been able to keep a cat; times during which her own life had been too unstable, too precarious for her to dare take charge of any creature for the duration of its existence. Such periods that had sometimes extended over years, appeared to her as particularly gloomy, whichever might have been their pleasant features in other respects. In fact, she dreaded their return. And she took to wondering what she would do with *this* cat of hers a year or so later, when she would have to travel, perhaps a long distance, to find someone willing to print her writings. But the cat had nestled in her lap and was softly purring himself to sleep — absolutely unaware of her problems. She stroked the electric fur, as thick and glossy as plush, and a louder purr was the answer to her touch.

She worked at her writing table, every evening, as before, while the cat slept. Every time she would let her hand rest upon him, the same purr arose out of the living furry cushion. Once or twice the “cushion” would move turn its head right upside down, and surround it with a large velvet paw — or with *two* large velvet paws, quaintly crossed in a gesture familiar to all felines. Heliadora admired the creature’s confidence. “He is accustomed to be loved and knows I shall love him, too,” thought she. “Poor, beautiful cat! How could anyone *not* love him? In fact, all creatures have that same confidence in man’s

kindness until they learn, through bitter — sometimes atrocious — experience, what a treacherous beast the two-legged mammal often is.” Suddenly, in a flash, she recalled the brown dog she had seen in France, years and years before, tied with a chain to the handle of a door in a room of the Science Section of the Lyons University, waiting to be handed over to some vivisector. She recalled the friendly expression in that dog’s face; the way he had wagged his tail and tried to leap towards her. He, too, had had confidence in man . . . until torture had actually begun at the monster’s hands. She recalled her own powerless indignation; her curse on all men whose hearts the sufferings of dumb beasts do not move: “A so-called civilisation that takes experiments upon animals as a matter of course deserves to be wiped out. May I see this one blown to pieces within my lifetime!” She recalled the fact that vivisection had been abolished at Adolf Hitler’s orders, and pictured herself the German army, the victorious army of glorious ’40 marching towards her native town, and the horrors that had all her life filled her with hatred for man ceasing at the command of those forerunners of a higher, better humanity — of the only humanity that she could respect. And tears came to her eyes at the idea that those builders of the world of her dreams had been defeated (and the materialisation of her dreams postponed) through the power of Jewish money.

The cat, who was beginning to feel too hot in her lap, got up, stretched himself, jumped upon the table and lay himself down flat in the midst of Heliadora’s papers. She had stopped writing. She stroked him without interrupting the course of her reflections. His silky coat was that of every beast, his loving eyes, the eyes of all life, fixed upon man: ready, at every new generation, to forget the past in the expectation of a new Golden Age — a world in which man no longer would be “the enemy”: the senseless exploiter, the killer, the torturer of all living beings. At the further side of the table, against the wall, was a portrait of Adolf Hitler. And Heliadora’s gaze went from the purring feline, lazily stretched upon her manuscript, to the stern and tragic Face of him whom every word of her writing justified and exalted. “O, my hallowed Leader,” thought she, “many, so many even among the best of my brothers in faith don’t know — could not understand — the secret of my allegiance to Thee and to the German Reich. But you would have understood, had I been able to approach you; I am sure you would have . . . I hail in you, my Leader, the Avenger of Creatures: the One who treated hated man as he treats them; the Chosen One of

divine retribution, Sword of Justice, Whom Life had been awaiting millions and millions of years! Of all the nations of the world that condone cruelty to dumb beasts “in the interest of man,” every one is as bad as the other, and there is not one of them that I should not gladly betray and destroy, if I could. But, oh my sacred Third German Reich, for you whose laws put a full stop to the agony of vivisected beasts, and for you alone, — for your resurrection, now that the evil Forces have won for the time being, — I live, and should be glad to die. May I see your armies of liberation again overrun the world! I never did care, and still don’t care, how your enemies were treated. *They* had never raised their voices in favour of the dumb creatures tortured in the name of criminal curiosity, gluttony or sport. Why should *I* raise my voice in their favour? Nothing bad enough could happen to them, since they stood in your way . . .”

* * *

It was late when Heliodora retired. The cat followed her into the neat little room and jumped upon the bed, quite sure she would not turn him off.

The fire had gone out. It was cold. The woman stroked the cat that had curled up in the depth of the eiderdown — just as Black Velvet once used to do. But soon she lifted the blankets for him to be able to get inside, if he cared to. And she called him as she did so: “Come, my puss! Come, my dark tiger! . . .” And he understood the inviting voice and stepped in, and lay down against her, purring as she continued to stroke him. He finally went to sleep, his round, glossy head resting upon her shoulder, and one paw stretched out upon the pillow.

Days passed — and weeks. Heliodora and her cat — which she had started calling “Miu,” — were happy. Miu had forgotten his former mistress. Heliodora never forgot Black Velvet. But she had excellent news of him: after a period of extensive wanderings, during which he had been busy pursuing the she-cats of all the neighbouring hamlets, he had settled down in his new home and become as sleek as ever before. His coat, in the harsh climate of the mountain village, had become extraordinarily thick. And because of that good news, Heliodora did not regret having taken him there. And she loved Miu as much as she continued to love him — as much, in fact, as she loved all cats, nay, all felines.

For thus was her nature: she did not really love *individuals*

of any species, — not even two-legged ones like her own self; not even those whom she admired as “samples of higher humanity.” She caressed the intangible Essence of Catdom — feline grace, mystery, and sensuous affection — in *any* cat, just as she sought, in every healthy, pureblooded Aryan, and especially in every better type of German or Northern European, her ever-receding ideal of human perfection: the intangible Essence of her own race. She had done so all her life. This was perhaps one of the reasons why she had always felt herself so much more at ease with animals than with most human beings: an animal expresses more faithfully the collective Self of his species than most individual men or women do that of their respective nations or races. And yet, she was deeply conscious of the fact that every individual living creature, man, woman, cat, dog, bird, fish or insect, nay, even every leaf of a tree, is unique and irreplaceable; that the divine collective Soul of the species shines in him, her or it, as it could not, cannot and never shall again be able to, in any other finite body. And that is why, without attaching herself exclusively to any, she considered every individual so earnestly: as a fleeting shimmer upon the ocean of endless Time, and still, a shimmer reflecting Eternity.

And that is how she loved Miu — Catdom at hand; the Essence of all felines, including the royal tiger, too far away and too wild to stroke — purring in her arms. Knowing she was one day to part with him, she attached herself to him as though every day had been the last one she was allowed to spend at his side in the peaceful little house in the woods.

* * *

Heliodora had a young pupil, a German, a little over twenty-two, whom she loved dearly because of his manly beauty, his wisdom, far beyond his years, his unshakable faith in their common Leader, Adolf Hitler, and all he stands for, and . . . his kindness to animals, especially his solicitude towards cats.

She had discovered him at the language school where she was a teacher. A casual remark of his had sufficed: she had grown accustomed to detecting other National Socialists, comrades of hers, amidst the dumb crowds of people all “uninterested in politics,” whom she daily came in touch with. And the young man had started coming to spend his evenings at the little house in the woods — to improve his French, and to talk freely of his grievances against post-war society in general and Dr. Adenauer’s

government in particular; of his National Socialist convictions, which were also Heliadora's; and of his dreams, less unpractical than hers.

He lived not far away from her, in a room without heating, which was cheap, for he had to save money and finish paying as fast as he could for the tape-recorder that he had bought on credit to repeat his French lessons over and over again. He used to work in an office and take his midday meals on the spot, with the other clerks. In the evenings, he often used to go without a meal. When Heliadora came to know that, she bade him share her supper whenever she herself *had* anything to share.

As soon as she came home from her work, sometimes at 9 p.m., sometimes at 10, she would first light the stove and prepare the cat's food. Miu, who was glad to see that she was back, — and glad to smell the promising fish she had brought him — kept rubbing his head against her legs and purring as loud as he could. Then the sound of a bicycle would be heard along the narrow, dark path, beyond the hedge bordering the garden, and a bell would ring before the gate. Heliadora knew it was her young comrade, for nobody else would ever come so late. And she would let him in, return his "Heil Hitler!" (they never exchanged any other salutation) and nearly always add the words of caution: "Be careful! Mind the cat does not go out!"

"Right, quite right," would reply the young man, and close the door speedily, and go and make himself comfortable in a corner of the little room, by the window.

While she was watching the cat's food, so that it might not boil over, he generally asked her something, or told her some news, as for instance: "Did you read the latest issue of *Der Weg*?" or, "I met Herr S. He gave me an invitation for our next meeting. Naturally, you are coming, aren't you?"

Heliadora answered without taking her eyes away from her saucepan: "Of course I am! I'll be a little late, no doubt: I shall be working at the school till nine o'clock. But I'll come. You don't imagine me missing a 9th of November meeting if I can possibly help it, do you?"

"As for *Der Weg*, I have it here, if you have time to read it. Frau M. has just given it back to me. There is, in it, a heart-rending article about the fate of Mussolini's eagles after the fall of the Fascist régime: how the anti-Fascist mob left them, — one dead, the other more dead than alive — after poking out their eyes, breaking their wings and legs, torturing them in the most abominable fashion, poor royal birds; and how a kind soul, the eagles' former keeper, rescued the living one, blind and maimed,

and gave it shelter in his own house until it died, only the other day, — nearly ten years after the scene of torment. It seems that he had taken care of it so well that it had become able to stand once more upon a stick, and that it had grown touchingly attached to him. This article has profoundly upset me. There is nothing so cowardly, nothing so degrading as to take revenge upon a beast. The thought of those eagles, and of the human fiends who tortured them, haunts me. Not that I am in any way astonished to read of our enemies doing such things — it is not the first time I hear of similar atrocities. Yet, they always haunt me . . . One thing is at least certain: none of us could ever commit such crimes as those . . .”

“I should think not!” exclaimed the young National Socialist vehemently.

“I know I am right,” said Heliadora. “Once, at Frau W’s, I met a man who had himself taken an active part in the well-known ‘*Kristall Nacht*’. We had coffee together. I asked him whether he or any of his comrades had ever molested any cats, dogs or other beasts because they happened to belong to Jews. He told me quite emphatically that neither he nor any of the raiders had ever done anything of the kind, nay, that *they had definite orders to spare and protect dumb creatures . . .*”

Miu, the cat, after eating his fish, went and jumped into the young man’s lap and remained there, curled up, regularly purring, till the end of the evening, as he always used to. And the conversation would continue between Heliadora and her pupil, until the latter would at last leave the house, at about 12 p.m., or sometimes one o’clock in the morning. Apart from his uncompromising National Socialist orthodoxy, the woman admired in him the virtues of the everlasting German soul: patient energy, endless day to day courage, readiness to total sacrifice, warrior-like pride *and* — along with that — kindness; a sincere and intelligent love of animals, of trees, of all beautiful, innocent life. She set great hopes upon his youth — she, who was more than twice his age — and imagined him one day playing a leading part in the management of a grand National Socialist Europe; helping to reorganise the whole continent according to her own cherished dreams, when he would be as old as she was then, and she, dead. Gladly she would have accepted to lose a limb if, at that price, through some extraordinary magic, the young man could have become her son.

The cat loved him, too, in his own way, and for his own reasons.

There was a sweet, homely atmosphere in the little cottage,

by the lamp side, whenever the three were there together, — a restfulness that Heliadora deeply appreciated, she whose life had been a ceaseless struggle. She sometimes wondered how it was, in spite of all, possible for her to be so happy, even then, in that atrocious post-war world, nearly twelve years after the disaster of 1945; so happy, between the handsome and ascetic young idealist who shared her Hitler faith so completely, and the cat, who lay either upon his lap or in her arms, and whose voluptuous gracefulness was that of all cats, of all felines, the divine gracefulness which she valued far more than the alleged “reason” of the vast majority of two-legged mammals.

She knew that the picture of the young man — future Germany — sitting at her working table, would forever remain in her memory linked with that of the cat. And she remembered that the hero Horst Wessel had been, he too, a great cat lover. (His own aunt, Fräulein Richter, had told her so, and even shown her a photograph of him amidst a dozen cats of the neighbourhood.)

At night, once his friend had gone, Miu, the splendid black-and-white tom, so like Long-whiskers, (although he was *not* he), would often mew at the door, which meant “*Do let me out! It is so lovely to take a stroll in the snow, under the bright moon, shining through the bare treetops . . . Don’t fear: I’ll come back all right!*”

And Heliadora used to let him out. But, in spite of the bitter cold, she would leave the window partly open lest he should return during her sleep and wait and wait in the snow, without being able to come in. In the very early morning, before dawn, she would generally feel something soft and warm against her cheek, and wake up to see Miu trying to push himself into her bed. She would then slightly lift the blankets and let him in, and hold his icy-cold paws, one after the other, in her hands, to warm them, — as she once used to hold Black Velvet’s — while he lay purring at her side.

* * *

Spring returned, and the little house in the woods again became more delightful than ever. Again lilacs flowered and the old cherry tree blossomed in the garden, and the whole place was alive with birds’ twittering and joyous sunshine. Days grew longer and longer. And there was nothing so peaceful as the slow twilights.

Whenever Heliadora had not to go out, — whenever she

had no lessons at the language school — she would sit in a deckchair before her house, on the verandah, or in the garden among the lilacs, with the cat in her lap, and watch the day gradually fade into darkness. Had she followed her inclination without thinking any further, she would have bought the poor dear cottage (she *could* have: she had saved enough money by now) and remained there for good. The beauty and quietness of the surroundings; the comrades she had in the town nearby and all over Germany, only a few hours' journey away; the devoted young fighter, one of the best of them all, who still used to come regularly and spend nearly every evening with her in fiery evocations of the glorious recent past and of the ever-nearing future, everything tended to retain her. The cat himself, so comfortably curled up in her lap, relaxed, absolutely sure of her love — happy — seemed to tell her, as he softly purred: 'Surely you'll never abandon me!'

She did not *want* to part from him — or from her German surroundings and from the German people, to whom she had grown more and more attached.

And yet . . . there was a call — an irresistible duty or what appeared to her as such — which mercilessly drew her away from all that. She had written a few books and she felt that time had come for her to have them printed — if only to tell her German comrades that, even though the whole world frantically growled abuse against them, *someone* stood, in spite of all, and would always stand on their side and on Adolf Hitler's — on their side precisely *because* of Adolf Hitler and his Gospel of pan-Aryan pride, in keeping with the aristocratic spirit of Nature. But she would have to go far in order to find somebody willing to tint such a tribute to the persecuted Nation and her everlasting Leader. No one in Europe would dare to . . . So she would again have to go to the East — to tolerant India where people don't care and will print anything. The kind old friend who had taken Black Velvet would also take Miu: she had just written, telling Heliadora that she could bring him whenever she pleased.

And so, one evening, the woman finally left . . .

The fair young man came for the last time to help her carry her things — and the cat — to the railway station, and to see her off. He closed the garden gate behind her and walked ahead. Holding the traveling bag at the bottom of which lay Miu, as comfortable as ever and half-asleep, she slowly followed the narrow, grassy path that led to the main road. And then, before leaving it forever, she looked back and gazed at the little house, now empty, — the house she loved, and where she *could have* remained; — at the

lilacs, the fragrance of which she deeply inhaled; at the old cherry tree whose branches seemed to her as loving arms, stretched out to her in the darkness. And tears welled up to her eyes.

In the train, she kept the bag on her lap. Miu soon put his head out and looked all round him, as though he wondered where he was. Then, as his mistress stroked him as usual, he felt himself in safety, and went to sleep, to the regular noise of the wheels that carried him nearer and nearer to his new home.

Chapter 12

HELL ON EARTH

“Nothing is for nothing, and suffering is the price.” And one will remember that, at the time his everlasting Self had left its furry abode and faced the critical moment that was to determine his next birth, Sandy had chosen the way of suffering: — a life of misery for the sake of lying once more, for a few minutes, in the arms of the one he could not forget.

So he came back into the world as one of the five kittens of a poor emaciated mother-cat — an ordinary black-and-white street cat, like Long-whiskers’ mother had once been. But instead of a cowshed in a Calcutta lane, his birthplace was, this time, a garage at the back of a courtyard in Teheran. He came into the world upon a dirty rag, — the remnant of what had once been a sack — under a motorcar that was standing there, with several others, awaiting repair. He was tabby, with nice, regular stripes, and a better fur than his mother’s, for his father was “angora” — or half-angora. He had one black-and-white brother and three sisters: one also black-and-white and two tabby-and-white.

His mother purred as she lay upon the scrap of cloth with her five little ones hanging at her breast. She would lick him from time to time. And for a few hours, perhaps a few days, he was as happy as any newly-born creature could be: it was not so cold inside the garage as out of doors, and not so cold under that car, in the very corner near the wall, as it was elsewhere in the garage; not so cold, also, upon that torn and tattered piece of rag as upon the bare dusty earth.

At times, generally at night, the mother-cat would leave her kittens and go and wander round the refuse heaps in search of fishes’ heads, chicken bones, (or intestines), an occasional bit of meat or skin — any scrap fit to still her hunger — or, when she was lucky, catch a couple of gutter mice. She used to come back early in the morning to find her little ones crying for her. And she would “talk” to them in soft, subdued little mews — “Rrrrmiao! Rrrrmiao! Rrrrm! Rrrrm!” — and lick them lovingly as all mother-cats have been doing ever since the origin of catdom. The

two-legged creatures that worked in the garage, changing tires and repairing motorcar engines all day long, did not seem to take any notice of her and of her progeny.

But one day the car under which the little family was rapidly growing was removed. It was in the morning, but the mother, that had apparently wandered further than usual in search of food, had not yet come back. The five kittens, huddled against one another in the “bed” in which they had been born, were desperately calling her, in tiny, high-pitched voices. A boy roughly pushed the rag away with his foot, and them with it, as though they had not existed; a lorry came rolling in and placed itself in the empty corner. There was a squeal from one of the baby cats, a tragic cry of pain immediately drowned in the noise of the engine. Nobody even noticed that a living tabby-and-white fluffy ball, a creature of beauty that had opened its large bluish eyes to the daylight less than a fortnight before, had just been crushed under the monstrous tires.

* * *

The mother-cat came back, nursed the four kittens that were left . . . and days passed. As the young cats grew, they became bolder, and started wandering a yard or two away from their headquarters. The little tabby tom, that had been Sandy and Long-whiskers, was the boldest of the four; he would sometimes wander out of the shady space under motor-cars and lorries, into the open sunshine-and sometimes even across the courtyard into the street. It is true that he had always shamelessly taken more than his share of the little milk the poor mother had been able to give, pushing aside his weaker brother and sisters with all the brutality of a confirmed believer in the rights of the strong in the universal struggle for survival. The other unfortunate kittens were half his size.

Nobody seemed to be aware of their presence or of that of the bold young tom, or of the skeleton-like mother, whose bones jutted out under her thin fur. Nobody fed them — nobody even thought of putting aside, for them, a few crumbs from one’s midday meal. Nobody loved them. But nobody also did any positive harm to them until, one day, the owner of the garage — a Jew from Russia who, in 1943, had fled to Iran for fear of being deported by the Germans; who had become rich within the following six months and embraced Bahatism, or pretended to, for reasons better known to himself, — happened to notice one of the little ones answering the call of nature in a shady passage between two cars. Turning to his Persian manager, he said:

“Those cats are a nuisance. I wish you’d get rid of them.” “Most certainly,” answered the Persian manager, always on the lookout to please the boss, as long as this did not imply any inconvenience to himself.

So the next day, one of the apprentices was told to pitch the kittens into a bag and to go and throw them wherever he liked, — “sufficiently far away for them not to come back.” The boy found the young tabby’s brother and his two remaining sisters, flung them into an old oily duster, and, on his way home, dropped them as a matter of course into a gutter on the side of the road — to die of hunger and misery after mewing for their mother for days and nights, without a single one of the two-legged passersby even giving them a thought.

The young tabby tom, however, was not thrown away to die with them, for it happened that he was not there when the others were collected, and that the boy — who had been told to take them *all* away — was too lazy to search for him.

It was later than usual when the mother-cat came back to the garage. She called her little ones as she did every day, in soft, loving mews, again and again, but no kittens’ voices were heard in reply to hers. The poor baby-cats *were* calling her — calling her desperately, in hunger and distress, at the bottom of the murky ditch into which the boy had thrown them. They were to keep on calling her all day and all night, and all the next day and following night, till their tiny throats, parched with thirst, could call no longer; till their exhausted bodies grew weaker and weaker . . . But they were too far away for her to hear them. So she mewed and mewed in vain, pitifully, for a time that seemed endless to her, feeling as one does when one has lost everything.

At last, a faint kitten’s mew *did* answer hers — or was it an illusion? Hope, mixed with anxiety, suddenly filled her heart. She ran to the place the feeble voice had come from: a narrow space between a huge case full of iron spare parts and the wall; the place into which the tabby kitten had rushed for shelter, as one of the workmen, knowing (as they all did, by now), that the boss did not want the cats, had kicked him away from the doorstep.

“Rmiao! Rrrrmiao!” mewed the mother.

“Mee-u! Mee-u! Mee-u” answered the baby-cat, as he struggled out of his hiding place the best he could, — and not without difficulty.

The mother-cat licked him, purring for joy. Then she roamed about the garage, sniffing under every car and every lorry, and calling her other little ones from one

corner of the place to the other. If she had found *that* one, the others could not be far away, felt she, unaware as she was (in spite of repeated experience) of the senseless cruelty of man. She called them and called them, with growing restlessness, amidst the two-legged creatures, busy with their own affairs, who paid no attention to her or to the kitten running at her side. Even the boy who had thrown away the wretched baby-cats did not seem to hear the mother's mews as she passed near him, while he was putting a new tire to a wheel. Or if he heard them, he did not care. He was ignorant, coarse and heartless, as in fact many are, who have gone to school longer than he ever had, and was at most capable of swallowing propaganda about a dream world in which the poor would divide among themselves the wealth wrung through violence from the rich. He had no feelings for creatures other than human beings, and had not given as much as a thought to the kittens he had flung into the ditch to mew until they would become too weak to utter a sound, and finally to die of hunger. And he would have been amazed, nay indignant, had anybody told him that he well deserved the very fate he had imposed upon them. So the distressed mother-cat went by with her tabby son, thoroughly unnoticed.

The garage manager was the first one to become aware of her presence and of that of the kitten. He was not a hater of cats. Yet, dreading what his boss might say, were he suddenly to turn up and see that his orders had not been strictly carried out, he stamped, and pretended to fling a stone so as to frighten the cats away — out of the garage, across the courtyard and right into the street. There, some despicable children pursued the mother and kitten with actual stones — “for fun” — until they both found shelter behind a pile of empty cardboard boxes, in front of a shop. The shop-keeper chased away the children for having caused one of his boxes to roll into the gutter; and so, the cats were safe — for the time being. Fear kept them in their hiding place as long as there were two-legged ones going up and down the footpath, and in and out the shop. At night, the mother went back to the old garage, mewing, in search of her three lost little ones. All night she mewed for them in vain . . . while they, poor things, were still calling her — in vain, also — at the bottom of the ditch where they were slowly dying. Then, gradually, the haunting feeling of them grew less vivid in her: hunger, and the care of the remaining tabby kitten, that needed her, pushed aside all other worries . . .

The next day, the two starving beasts managed to fill

their bellies with scraps of meat and chicken bones, fished out of a refuse heap, in the back yard behind a restaurant. And they slept well — unseen, upon a bundle of dusters, under the counter of the same restaurant. And the kitten hung to his mother's breast, purring, before he fell asleep. These were his last happy hours. On the following day, the mother-cat was killed: — run over by a motor-bicycle as she was trying to cross Takke Avenue in a hurry. She lay all day dead, a streak of blood pouring from her mouth, upon the asphalt of the broad, modern way, under the bright spring sunshine. As usual, nobody seemed to take any more notice of her than if she had been a scrap of paper.

* * *

The poor tabby kitten, a little over two months old, for whom she had been everything, was now all alone in the wide world.

He had already experienced the pangs of hunger, the occasional brutality of a dog running after him, and the permanent indifference or cruelty of the two-legged mammal. But he had had his mother's love: her purr, in answer to his, when he slowly used to go to sleep at her breast; her soft little mews of love — the only kind voice he knew — calling him, when he had wandered a few yards too far away; the familiar feeling of her rough tongue against his young fur. Henceforth he was alone in that huge underworld of desperate struggle and of misery: the cat world of Teheran, as far below the human realm and as thoroughly cut off from it as the latter is, itself, below the invisible realm of spirits, good and evil, and incapable of coming in touch with it, save exceptionally.

Poor tabby kitten! — that had been proud Long-whiskers, and had once known happiness in Heliodora's heaven-like Calcutta home; that had been majestic Sandy and lived twelve years among people who had loved him, and whose life he had shared! What made things worse was that the River of Oblivion — what the ancient Greeks called Lethe — runs between every life and the same individual's following one, for cats just as for other four-legged or two-legged creatures, and therefore that the young tabby tom-kitten *did not know* that it was he himself who had chosen to be reborn into a world of suffering, nor *why* he had made such a choice. He did not remember the woman who had appeared to him as to so many hundreds of felines and other creatures as the "two-legged goddess." Nay, ever since he had been frightened out of the garage,

he had not pictured himself the two-legged mammal as anything else but a cruel giant that one had to run away from, as from the worst type of dogs, which are nearly as nasty.

And yet, how many a child of a nobler and kindlier humanity — a child like little Elsie or, in fact, Heliodora herself, had once been — would have been delighted to hold the young tabby in her arms! For he *was* a pretty kitten, with a sweet little round face full of the usual mischievous expression. He had lovely eyes, which had been bluish-grey and were now slowly turning greenish-yellow. And his fur was long and silky, and his velvet paws big for his size, showing that he was to become a powerful tomcat, if only he was allowed to live long enough.

He would have been the finest kitten in the world, had he regularly had enough to eat. And even so, thin but fluffy as he was, he would have been the joy of any lover of feline beauty.

The tragedy was that very few of these were ever likely to come across him.

* * *

At first, he mewed for his mother, not realising that she had been run over. Then, as he wandered back to the spot and saw her body lying in a pool of blood, it dawned upon him that she would never move again — never purr again; never call him, never feed him, never lick him again. And he mewed, this time out of distress. He felt abandoned. He felt like a child would feel if a car dropped him in a desert place and drove off; or if a ship landed him upon a lonely island and sailed away. “Mee-u! Mee-u!” shouted he, as he stood, a tiny dark speck in the midst of broad Takke Avenue. Had a friendly hand come at that moment and taken him up and stroked him, how he would have purred, for sheer joy of experiencing a little love. But no kind person happened to pass that way, or to notice the slender, fluffy spot of life in the vastness of the asphalt desert. Several cars rushed past — one, so near him that the kitten was actually flung off his feet through sheer strength of the wind that the vehicle roused on its way. And before he had time to get up and come to his senses, another huge thing on wheels was following the first, at full speed — this time a lorry, that made a terrific noise. The tiny creature was panic-stricken. He threw himself across the avenue at the risk of his life, and finally found himself projected by a last gush of wind into a ditch.

The place was cool, compared with the asphalt of the

avenue; cool and safe. In spite of the noise they made, motorcars and lorries seemed to roll past far away, over one's head. And one neither saw them nor felt the wind they provoked. The little tabby kitten wandered in what appeared to him as a shady valley, until he discovered a road leading upwards: a way along which he climbed, over a heap of pebbles and crumbling earth, up to the level ground on one side of the avenue. He found himself at the foot of a hedge and finally, — after he had managed to struggle through the latter, — in an open, grassy expanse a lawn in the garden surrounding the American Embassy, in which he frolicked about, running after beetles and butterflies until he grew tired. There, too, nobody noticed him: the garden was broad; the gardener was not there that afternoon; and the offices were too far away for anyone who walked in or came out to become aware of his presence.

Then, all of a sudden, the air became cooler. Daylight was different. The Sun was setting. And soon night came; night, with all its stars. And the poor little tabby kitten wandered in that well-kept garden as he once had — fifteen years before — in the back-lanes of Calcutta between Dharmatala Street and Corporation Street, before he got himself, by mistake, shut in that “go-down,” out of which Heliodora had rescued him. But then, he had at least had his mother. Now, he was all alone — and more and more hungry.

He mewed. And just as then, the repeated high-pitched cries of distress — “Mee-u! Meee-u! Meeee-u!” — marred the solemn majesty of the starry night. But this time there was nobody to hear them. The one who had come, then, in answer to his despair, was now some five thousand miles away. She would come, but not yet. “Nothing is for nothing; and suffering is the price.” Such is the decree of an implacable and universal Destiny; the law of Creation.

For the poor tabby kitten, a life of suffering had begun. It was to become worse and worse-till the end . . . and the long-forgotten reward.

* * *

Until the day before, he had often known hunger. But he had had his mother's love. When the thin, miserable she-cat that she was had no milk, still she would lick him; still she would “talk” to him in such undertoned, caressing little mews that he used to feel protected, nearly happy, in spite of all. Now he was hungry, and had no mother's love. He mewed and mewed till the first light of

dawn; till his little throat was sore. Then, he fell asleep out of sheer exhaustion . . . only to wake up suddenly, two or three hours later, completely drenched — for the gardener watering the lawn had not seen him; or not cared, and directed the jet of his hose right upon him.

The kitten got up, terrified, and ran away as fast as he could, out of the wide-open gate and across Takke Avenue, where his mother still lay dead. Traffic was not so intense, then, as later on in the morning, so no accident happened to him before he reached Roosevelt Avenue, just opposite the Greek Orthodox Church. But from some courtyard near that church, he then heard a dog bark. And although the sound came from so far away that, reasonably speaking, he had nothing to fear, he ran faster . . . until he found a passage — the narrow space between the side wall of a house and some big case full of rubbish that was there, before it — to rush and hide into.

There he remained long hours, hungry, but too afraid of the thousand-and-one unusual shapes that he saw passing by, and of the various sounds that reached him, to dare put his nose out. In the end, however, as evening came, the persistent smell of roasted meat that the breeze brought to him from a neighbouring restaurant, incited him to muster his courage and walk towards the place, for he was by nature carnivorous, as all felines. For his good luck, just at that moment, a customer who was eating inside the shop a portion of chicken with some rice, flung on to the footpath a bone with a little flesh and a long bit of skin hanging to it. The kitten rushed and picked it up, and, after dragging it to his secret “corridor” between case and wall, greedily ate the skin and whatever scraps of flesh he could find to gnaw. But as he came out once more, and hesitatingly made for the entrance of the shop from which the smell of food was coming, a nasty child threw a stone at him. Quickly, the poor kitten ran back to his precarious shelter, and remained there too frightened even to thrust his head forwards.

At night, as the pangs of hunger became more and more unbearable, he cautiously crept along the wall and finally into the shop, the door of which was still open, and managed to eat a few scraps: bits of skin and bits of hard meat fallen from the customers’ tables, and an occasional bit of soft bread that he took a long time to chew with his sharp, but tiny little newly-grown teeth. He fell asleep at last under a stool in a corner, where nobody had noticed him.

But the next morning, as he woke up and started walking

about, a servant stamped and shouted (as the garage manager had once done) and chased him away. He ran to his former hiding place, behind the case in the side street. But it was, alas, no longer there: — the case had been removed. The poor kitten looked up pitifully and uttered a feeble mew: a mew of distress; the mew of a baby-cat abandoned among men. Then, he followed the wall. Where to? He did not know. He only knew — and that was the result of his first two days of lonely struggle — that the foot of the wall was, after the gutter, the least dangerous place in the street. The gutter being, then, full of water, he followed the wall. He had begun that awful life which is that of all stray animals in the towns and villages of the East; that hellish life which very few cats indeed are able to endure to an advanced age.

He wandered and wandered: to the junction of Roosevelt Avenue and of the next great artery of Teheran: and along the latter, to the right, for fear of crossing it. He wandered and wandered, and did not find anything to eat apart from a spoonful of rice pudding that he discovered near the foot of a customer's chair, in front of a tea shop. And when his legs were unable to carry him any longer, he lay down upon a heap of planks, in a courtyard into which he had rushed for shelter, to avoid falling into the hands of some cruel children, and slept like a log. The following morning he was abruptly thrown — still asleep — from his plank on to the hard cement floor, and woke up as in a bad dream, feeling sore from top to toe. Limping, and more hungry than ever, again he wandered and wandered, finally coming back to the crossing of Roosevelt Avenue, where he had been two days before — thus roughly fixing the limits of the area which was henceforth to be “his,” i.e., over which he was to wander for the rest of his life (save if exceptional events forced him to change his habits) and every nook and corner of which he was to get acquainted with.

* * *

Days passed. Weeks and weeks passed. In spite of terrible hardships — permanent hunger, fear and misery, and occasional human cruelty — the tabby kitten grew. And he quickly learnt from experience a few useful things: *first*, that it is preferable to be out at night than in the daytime, if one possibly can: for not only is it, then, easier to hunt for food, but one does not come across so many two-legged creatures, most of which are devils that throw stones at one, or water (nay, sometimes boiling water) or

best dust (that gets into one's eyes) when they happen to very young and not strong enough to throw anything else; second that, notwithstanding the better scraps that one sometimes finds there, one should avoid places where two-legged creatures are seated: one runs the risk, there, of getting kicked, or perhaps even crushed. *If* one spots on the floor anything that really looks appetising, one should rush and snatch it away in the wink of an eye, and go and eat it in a safe corner — *not* among the tables and chairs and two-legged creatures' feet, where the worst may occur. *Third*, that it is advisable never to go into the places in which the two-legged creatures prepare food. One might, of course, have there the exceptional good luck of getting at a really big and fresh chunk of meat, or of lapping up any amount of milk, undisturbed, provided one creeps in when the place is empty and takes care not to stay there too long. But it is very risky; dangerous, one should say. One can never tell what the monsters might do if they catch one before a saucepan of milk, a joint of meat, or even a heap of poultry intestines (which, by the way, they *don't* eat themselves). It is much safer to go, at night, and scratch and sniffle into the malodorous hillocks (generally twice or three times as high as an average cat) that are to be found along the streets, sometimes in courtyards, or into the bins, also full of foul-smelling refuse, that most of the time stand nearby. In the beginning, one has, of course, to overcome the nauseating smell of decaying vegetables, flesh and fish. But one grows less sensitive to it, bit by bit. And in the end, when one has not had anything to eat for three days, and can find nothing else, one is glad to pull a knot of chicken's entrails of the day before, from under a disgusting heap of ashes, curds gone sour, bones, and half-putrid rice and vegetables. It stills one's hunger; it is better than nothing at all!

And finally . . . avoid those big, noisy box-like things that move about on four or two wheels; those that purr, but much louder than cats, and in a vulgar, ostentatious manner, releasing a breath that stinks like poison. And . . . avoid the two-legged creatures. I mean the two-legged *mammals* (for birds do not do one any harm and are good to eat, when one is clever enough to catch them).

The tabby kitten's one direct contact with the human species had been exceedingly nasty: half-a-dozen evil-smelling and yelling boys had cornered the poor young beast at the end of a blind alley where, dead with fright, he still had courageously faced them all: claws drawn out, and spitting at them as much as he could. Then, one of

them had managed to grip him by the tail and, after whizzing him around several times, had brutally flung him to the floor, head downwards, causing his nose to bang against the stones. The kitten had run away from them, stunned and bleeding, and, for two days, could not eat, on account of his sore, swollen lips and aching body. The episode left him a terror of the two-legged mammal in general, and of the younger ones of the species in particular. He would run for his life at the approach of any human being, especially at any movement of a human hand towards him. And there existed in his little head a sort of loose association between the two-legged enemy and those huge boxes that went about upon wheels, at terrifying speed, with so much noise and such smells: he had often noticed one of the devils step into or out of such “boxes,” and had seen many sitting in them.

However, in spite of that miserable life, he slowly became a half-grown cat — and a beautiful one, whose thinness was partly hidden by a soft and well-kept angora fur (well-kept, not through the use of any brush and comb, of course, but through the ever-repeated and thorough licking of the animal’s rough tongue. Whenever the cat was at rest — neither afraid nor too hungry — he would take care of his fluffy coat). And he would have been amazed, had one been able to let him somehow know that he was enduring all his hardships in order to obtain, one day, the supreme joy of meeting once more a two-legged creature who was not a devil; one who had loved him, and whom he had loved, not long before. For not even in his wildest dreams did a fleeting memory of her enter his dim consciousness. It was — or seemed — as though she had never crossed his path.

Fortunately for him, the merciless struggle for life — the daily search of some twenty dust heaps for scraps of skinny meat or, maybe, just one or two bits of dry bread, lost under kitchen ashes; the nightly hunt for mice or crawling creatures, black beetles and such, fit to eat, failing anything better, — did not leave him time to become aware of any “aspirations” or even of desires beyond that of stilling his hunger, of avoiding pain, and of sleeping, whenever too tired to go on hunting for food. He was not quite old enough yet to appreciate the presence of female cats. And had he been, like the two-legged ones, gifted with the power of speech, his definition of “happiness” would have been a negative one. “Not to be hungry; not to be frightened; not to be in pain, *that is* to be happy,” he would have said. For he knew nothing better.

And yet *she* was coming; *she*, the Friend of Creatures,

especially the Friend of Felines. She was crossing the sea and she was crossing a continent to hold him once more in her arms, — although she did not know it herself. Among the many forces that drove her on and on was, along with her own will to serve her sacred Cause to the utmost of her capacity . . . a cat's destiny.

Chapter 13

THE STRENUOUS WAY

She was coming . . .

The miserable young cat that had once been Long-whiskers, and then, Sandy, was not yet six months old, and she was already sailing across the Mediterranean.

It was night: a warm, moonlit night, through which the eye distinguished very few stars and hardly any horizon. Heliadora was standing on the front deck, her face to the wind — absorbed in the splendour of her surroundings and in the thrill of feeling herself “on her way,” in the service of the one Cause she had always lived for. It seemed to her as though she was progressing into an infinity of light, — over the shining silver sea, into the shining, phosphorescent sky which prolonged it, and was one with it . . .

*“Les deux gouffres ne font qu’un abîme sans borne
De tristesse, de paix, et d’éblouissement . . .”*¹

Again, like on her desperate journey to Europe, nearly twelve years before, she recalled the verses of Leconte de Lisle, one of her favourite poets, and let her spirit merge into the double abyss.

Far, far away, beyond hundreds of miles of water and land, the cat was scratching in the refuse, next to an overturned dustbin; scratching and scratching in search of some scrap, for he had had practically nothing to eat since the day before. He did not know that “she” existed. His only concern was — something to eat!

She was coming . . .

On the shining sea, she was gliding — still very far away, yet, nearer and nearer every minute.

Before embarking, she had left Miu in the care of the kind old friend who had already taken charge of Black Velvet. (She had seen Black Velvet again, healthy and happy. But she had not been able to stroke him, for he would not condescend to come down from the tree, on a branch of which he lay, watching birds.)

Until she had got on board the ship, she sometimes had been sad at the thought of all she was leaving, and had wondered when she would come back again. Her heart had

¹ “The two abysses make but one fathomless depth of sadness, of peace and of radiant light.”

ached every time she had recalled the peaceful little house in the woods, the lamp upon the table full of books, the faithful young comrade seated in his usual corner, with Miu purring on his lap. But now that she was on the sea, she thought of the purpose for which she was travelling: to reach India — a free land; freer than Europe, at any rate — and have some of her writings printed there. It was all she could do, just now, for her persecuted comrades and for the everlasting National Socialist faith. She would stop some time in Egypt on her way, and visit a few people; then, sail to Beirut, and go to India overland.

Round her, the sea gleamed under the moon, and the luminous sky prolonged the sea. Deep below her feet she could hear the noise the water made as the ship cut its way through it. The next morning, she would be in Alexandria, and a few hours later in Cairo, greeted by people she had long wished to meet. Every moment brought her nearer.

Separated from her by some two thousand miles of desert land, the cat finally managed to dig a chicken's gizzard out of a heap of mixed stale rice and ashes, and started gnawing at it greedily . . .

* * *

Nearly a month later Heliodora was still in Cairo, in a Greek hotel of Soliman Pasha Street, ill in bed, and wondering when she would be able to get up and continue her journey.

This is how it had happened: she had gone to spend a day or two at Tell-el-Amarna, and wandered from sunrise to sunset from the scattered ruins of the City of the Sun, ancient Akhetaton, to the twenty-five rock tombs in the neighbouring hills, and to the boundary stones that mark the limits of the consecrated territory, and back again to the ruins. She had pictured herself the Only-One-of-the-Sun, Living in Truth, seated in glory amidst gardens and artificial lakes there where she then stood in burning, barren sand, and telling his disciples of the mystery of matter and power, — of the Sun-Disc and of the energy within the Sun-rays, — which are the same. And she had imagined him lifting his hands before the altar of the Sun, in the open court of that temple of Aton of which nothing remains, and praising Him and His creation in words that foreshadowed the spirit of her own modern faith:

*“Thou hast set every man in his place;
Thou hast made them different
in shape, in the colour of their skins and in speech.
As a Divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people
from one another . . .”*¹

And from the torrid desert, the reverberation of which penetrated her and nearly made her faint, her mind had rushed back to the Leader, whose Sign she boldly wore. Had he not written of the basic tenets of his Teaching: “Our new ideas, which are entirely in keeping with the original meaning of things . . .”²

And at the thought of the everlastingness of his doctrine of Life, of which the very best hymns of the world’s hazy past appeared to her as an echo, and which the future would continue proclaiming from age to age, forever, she had felt as though she had been lifted beyond herself with joy.

But she had exhausted herself in her struggle to face the flame of the sky and the burning breath of the sands, and had, again after many years, known the torture of thirst. And at sunset, as she had walked back, leaving the purple cliffs behind her, and seen from a distance, under the palms, amidst the first cultivated tracks of land, the first irrigation furrows reflecting the glory of fleeting twilight, she had run as to a feast and, as soon as she had reached the first liquid ribbon, thrown herself flat upon the ground, thrust her lips forwards and sucked up the muddy water with delight.

She had felt ill in the train, on her way back to Cairo, and remained immobilised in bed ever since, with fever and swollen legs. She was now just beginning to get better, and was trying to brush aside all worries and all questions and to “think of nothing,” when she heard a knock at the door. “Come in!” said she.

The person who stepped into the room was an elderly woman with bright blue eyes and silver-white hair, — a German woman, whom she had met in Egypt.

Heliadora’s face brightened. “Do sit down! I’m *so* glad you came!” exclaimed she, with the unmistakable accent of sincerity. “I’m so happy to see you again!”

She knew that woman was not a fanatical disciple of Adolf Hitler, but she did not mind. Her visitor was, at any rate, not *against* him (anything *but* that!) and she was a German — his compatriot. Heliadora loved all Germans except the downright enemies of National Socialism,

¹ Akhnaton’s “Longer Hymn to the sun.”

² “. . . unsere neue Auffassung, die ganz dem Ursinn der Dinge entspricht . . .” (*Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 440).

whom she regarded as the enemies of Germany and of Life itself.

After inquiring about her health, the visitor put her a question: "Would you not rather go back to Germany than continue your journey in the state you are?"

The words had an alluring effect upon Heliadora's mind. In a flash, she recalled her peaceful little house in the woods; the beauty of dawn and sunset; the fragrance of lilacs and of fir trees; the young National Socialist who used to speak inspiring words to her, at the fireside; the cats that used to come at night and eat the food she would put for them upon the windowsill. All that was still waiting for her. And the thought of it brought tears into her eyes. But she reflected and said:

"However much I may be longing to go back, I can't. For then, how can I have my books printed? That can be done only in a free land."

And she added, as though to strengthen herself in her resolution to continue travelling eastwards: "It is better to be serving Germany than to be *in* Germany. My writings are, as you know, all I can possibly give the Cause just now."

The visitor remained a while talking of things of everyday life, giving news of her husband and family, of neighbours and friends; and then, she left.

A few days later, Heliadora was again on her way. She knew she was going to try to have her books printed. But what she did not know was that . . . a cat was calling her from the depth of misery; a cat that she had held in her arms in two at least of his former births, and that had come into the world again and was suffering, precisely so that he might lie in her arms once more, be it only once; and that she *had to be* in Teheran on the day appointed by Destiny, and at the appointed hour.

She was coming . . . coming in spite of herself.

* * *

She was coming . . . Seated near the window, in the railway carriage, and gazing at the plain over which the Sun was rising in glory, she was on her way to Alexandria. She was thinking to herself that all would, in the end, turn to the advantage of the Cause of life — for the sight of the rising Sun always gave her the elation of future triumph.

She spent two days in Alexandria, putting up at a cheap Greek hotel and wandering for hours along the quays of one of the most splendid harbours in the world, watching the passersby, deploring the racial characteristics of many

of them, imagining the dreadful melting pot which the city had been, already in Antiquity — and still is — and recalling by contrast, within her heart, her Leader's eternal words: "The State which, at the epoch of race-mixing, devotes itself to the care of its best racial elements is bound one day to become the ruler of the earth."¹ She pictured herself future S.S. regiments of a great Aryan Reich, master of the world, marching along those quays to the rhythm of harsh, aggressive music, in front of the last generation of mongrels, as though these did not exist. And she could not repress the joyous feeling: "*I shall have, in my humble way, contributed to that — whenever it comes!*" But a deeper voice within her bade her sternly brush aside that movement of conceit!" It is not you, silly fool! It is the irresistible Life-force, that Power Whom they call God, Who will bring about *that*. Bow down and thank its inscrutable wisdom if It cares at all to use you for the edification of those who believe in Adolf Hitler, the Chosen One!"

At last, she sat upon a bench on the jetty and started eating, out of a paper bag, some black olives which she had bought, for she had taken no food all day. She ate a little of her bread with them and gave the remainder of it to a starving dog.

The next day she was lying upon a rug, on the deck, aboard the Greek steamer "Lydia," on her way to Beirut — lying upon a rug on the deck, facing the immensity of the sky, in which a couple of seagulls were flying majestically, like she had done so many times across the Mediterranean, from West to East and East to West, over thirty years before, on board the "Andros" and the "Patris" and many more Greek ships, always "fourth class without food," free, happy, alone with her great dreams and tremendous ambitions. The dreams had changed — broadened and become more rational; become "Aryandom" instead of "Hellenism," and the "Greater Reich that has no boundaries": — Adolf Hitler's faithful ones inspiring the regeneration of all Aryan nations, and Germany, revered as "Holy Land of the West," — instead of the "Great Idea" (Megale Idea) of all Hellenes, united into one large Greek State stretching all round the Aegean Sea on all sides. And the ambitions had become more and more staggering, and even defeat had not crushed them, but fanned them, on the contrary, into something immense "beyond Germany and beyond our times." She recalled the books she was planning to have printed. It occurred to her that the

¹ "Ein Staat der im Zeitalter der Rassenvergiftung sich der Pflege seiner besten raasischen Elemente widmet, muss eines Tages zum Herrn der Erde werden." (*Mein Kampf*, edit. 1935, p. 782).

words she had written in praise of her Führer and of his doctrine would still be true in millions of years to come — true forever — even though nobody should know they were hers; even though nobody should know of them at *all*. And that certitude poured unshakable serenity into her heart. She felt as happy, as free and as young as she had in the days she had lain upon a rug on the deck of the “Andros” or of the “Patris,” reading Palamas’ “Legend of the One-who-never-wept”¹ or Nietzsche’s *Will to Power*, when she was seventeen.

But she did not know that a task was awaiting her, already appointed to her by Destiny; a task as unique as any written creation, if not more so, although it was apparently very simple: that of picking up a dying cat that had, without having, himself, the slightest recollection of it, been born in misery and suffered all his life in order to meet her again.

* * *

She was coming . . . Leaning over the railing of the ship, in the port of Beirut, she was now enumerating, to a young Syrian who had spent more than a year in Cairo and who seemed intelligent, the different reasons that the Moslem world and the European disciples of Adolf Hitler had to stand together in the struggle against Jewry. She knew, no doubt, that the Arabs’ hostility to the Jews had very little in common with that of her German and English comrades and with her own. But she cleverly put stress upon their apparent similarity and, the conversation being carried on in French, she summed up her point of view with a quotation out of Racine’s *Andromaque*:

*“Nos ennemis communs devraient nous réunir.”*²

(she had learnt the whole play by heart, for her own pleasure, at the age of twelve, and still remembered parts of it fairly well).

She was pleased when the young Syrian admitted to her that he looked upon Adolf Hitler as “the greatest of all Europeans”; but that satisfaction could not outweigh her sadness at the sudden thought that so many Aryans refuse to accept even that much.

She remained two days in Beirut, and two days in Damascus where she spent the best of her time in the quiet coolness of the Omayyad Mosque, meditating upon all that a prominent German National Socialist had told her in Egypt about the necessity of using the forces of

¹ “To Paramythi tou Adakrytou,” out of that modern Greek poet’s “Dodekalogue tou gyftou” (“The twelve discourses of the Gypsy”), edit. 1902.

² Our common enemies should bring us together” (“Adromaque,” Act 1, Scene IV).

the non-Aryan world in the double struggle — against Jew-ridden parliamentary Democracy, on one hand, and Communism on the other. She remembered the tragic words: “Now, after the defeat of 1945, we can no longer do it *by ourselves*; we need powerful allies . . .” Heliadora would have much preferred her comrades to be able to carry on the fight alone. She was wondering why the East, that she had loved, years and years before, now appeared to her so indifferent, so *foreign*. Was it (by contrast) because of her prolonged close contact with *real* Europe, especially with real German National Socialists? And yet . . . it would be in the broad-minded East, — freer than post-war Europe a thousand times — that she would, if at all, have her writings printed. How? With what means? She did not know. But on she went, untiringly. The heavenly Powers would help her for the sake of the divine Cause . . .

She was coming . . . — now rolling through the burning wilderness of Iraq in a bus.

Vague shapes and pale colours — patches of watery light blue that seemed to change places at the limit of the immense expanse of dust and gravel; hazy greyish hills that turned out to be just waves of whirling sand — or dust — that the torrid wind pushed ever and ever further; shimmering outlines that looked, from a distance, like moving clouds and finally turned out to be hills, — appeared and disappeared at the horizon, while Heliadora wondered how the driver could find his way through that endless, flat, barren country, in which she could distinguish no landmarks.

The bus rolled all day and, at nightfall, reached a sort of settlement: warehouses, Customs offices, and other such official buildings; modern refreshment rooms and, side by side, a few primitive sheds and huts.

It was not the first time Heliadora was following the desert route between Damascus and Baghdad: she had done so twenty years before, on her return to India from the Middle East (with the only difference that she had then *sailed* back from Basra, through the Persian Gulf). She remembered a halt in the midst of the desert — an old fort upon a hillock; a picturesquely-dressed man of the purest Arab type standing in the arched doorway, like an evocation of another age; a primitive little inn nearby, where a Greek fellow-traveller had treated her to a cup of coffee; and an old gramophone that had been playing Arabic songs . . . She vividly recalled the beauty of those nostalgic melodies under the first stars; the wilderness all round the tiny group of travellers; and the name of the

spot: Rutbaj. Was *this* brand new seat of trade and of officialdom the *same spot*? She asked someone: “Is this Rutbaj?” And as the man said “yes,” she felt depressed.

She was coming, however. Whatever changes the East might have undergone within the past ten or twenty years, she was coming. It was, this time, neither the “picturesque East” of her adolescent dreams, nor the East full of memories of Aryan Antiquity — hallowed old “Aryavarta,” which could be coaxed into adding “the latest great Aryan Incarnation” to its time-honoured heroes and gods — that attracted her now. She knew it would take long years for the “great Aryan Incarnation” of our times to receive world-wide divine honours *in spite of defeat in war*. No; all she now sought was the East of freedom and of toleration — of freedom, because of apathy; of toleration, because of indifference, — the East in which one could print whatever one liked, provided one paid. She knew she never again would have a home: nor the one in which she had spent her early youth; nor the one in Calcutta, with more cats purring round her; nor the one in the heart of Germany, the little house in the woods that she had loved so much and yet forsaken. And she did not really care. Her brothers in faith were her only family, the future Great Reich, of which she longed to become an honorary citizen, her only home, and the echo (if any) of a few sentences of hers in her comrades’ minds, her only immortality.

She did not know that one of the creatures she had loved the most in Calcutta, in the great days of victory and of staggering hopes, had been reborn for her sake, and was now bleeding upon a dust heap in Teheran, after a nasty child had flung him a stone — bleeding, and waiting for her (he too, without knowing it).

The bus was starting again. She felt the vibrations of the machinery under her seat, then saw the surrounding lights and shadows and lines change places as she went by. Within two minutes she was again rolling through the night towards Baghdad, breathing the breath of the desert.

She was coming . . .

* * *

She watched the Sun rise in majesty over the flat, dry, grey landscape — the same Sun that she used to greet with her arm outstretched, in the cool morning, before her little house in Germany, as His rays reached her through the high trees.

She gazed at Him and whispered, in the language of her Leader,, which had become a sacred language to her:

“*Heil Dir, Lichtvater allwaltende!*” And she added in Sanskrit, as though wishing to re-link all that her Aryan faith meant to her with a whole world of thought and fervour that had also been partly hers: “*Aum Suryam! Namah, namah!*”

After stopping for a short time at a last inhabited spot, the bus at last reached Baghdad, at about ten o’clock in the morning.

Heliodora would have liked to spend a few days in the old city of the Abbasid Caliphs — to seek and meet once more the kind Hindu friends whose hospitality she had enjoyed on her first trip; to revisit the ruins of Babylon, so nearby. She had ample time, apparently. Her books had waited so long for the printing-press, that they could afford to wait another week. But *something* was urging her not to stop; causing her to feel as though she had been in a hurry. What was it? The fact that she had very little money? However little she had, she *could have* managed to remain at least a day or two. The fact that there were no organised excursions to Babylon in July, and that she really could not afford to take a taxi all to herself, there and back? But she could have wandered about Baghdad without revisiting Babylon. It was not that which drove her on. It was something of which she did not know: a poor, half-grown tabby cat — that could have been beautiful, had it not been so miserable — limping from one dustbin to another in search of scraps of decaying food, a thousand miles away from her; a cat whose Destiny was to bring him to see her, or *feel* her, once more, after twelve years of separation and whose deeper, unconscious self was calling her: “Come! Come! Don’t waste a minute lest you should not reach me in time. I have lived a life of misery so that I might die in your arms. Come!”

She was coming . . . She left Baghdad the very same day, a little before sunset, in a small, overcrowded bus, in which she had been given a seat near the window, on the last wooden bench but one, at the back. She had been waiting the whole afternoon in a primitive, overcrowded “office”, in one of the poorest, noisiest (and dirtiest) localities of the rapidly expanding city, to get that uncomfortable seat.

* * *

She was coming . . . The bus was rushing through the golden evening, full-speed, along the road to Kermancha.

The road was dusty, and extremely uneven. At every depression, the bus would suddenly sink, and come up

again with a powerful jerk, which meant that Heliadora was bluntly projected four or five inches above her seat, only to fall back immediately upon the hard wood, getting bruised every time, yet thanking her stars that she had not being flung straight out of the window, which had neither a glass pane nor any bars for protection.

At first, she tried to grin and bear it without complaining. Nobody complained. Was not she, a National Socialist, to prove herself at least as tough as any of her co-travellers, none of whom had (apart from one or two Iranians, with exceptionally classical features) the slightest physical relationship with Aryandom? She made it a point of honour to remain silent and even recalled in her mind the famous motto of the Stoics: “Put up with (suffering) and abstain from (complaining).”¹ It seemed to her as though the old Greek words, faint echo of a world that she had once, long, long before, so enthusiastically accepted as hers, gave her strength. She also thought of her German comrades who had suffered and died for the glorious Faith — theirs *and* hers, — and for the Reich of her dreams, without a word. And she felt small. The very thought of *them* in that darkening wilderness, amidst that rough crowd, so far away from Europe, worked upon her as a spell of pride. She forced herself to concentrate her mind upon the difference that existed between the ethics of the Stoa and those of her own faith, in spite of the stress laid by both upon will-power and indifference to personal sufferings. And she continued to be tossed up and down as the bus rolled on towards the east, towards Iran.

However, as a particularly violent jerk nearly threw her out of the window, she cried out aloud while struggling in vain to catch hold of the wooden frame, too far ahead of her seat. The whole bus burst out laughing. Aching, humiliated, enraged, Heliadora shouted back in Turkish (for she did not know how to say it in Arabic or Persian) “Zemdeme!” — “You go to hell!” Her fellow-travellers laughed all the more. And she hated them for laughing; and felt doubly miserable, doubly ashamed for having lost her temper in front of them.

The bus halted for a few minutes in the night. Heliadora saw a few tents pitched on each side of the track, and one or two huts. Men — some dressed in the picturesque loose robes of the desert folk, others in tattered international shirts and pants, — were sitting or standing about. There were a number of young boys among them. There were donkeys, also — little grey donkeys that stood still, staring blankly before them, listless, worn-out, utterly miserable;

¹ “*Anekhon kai apekhon.*”

— and dogs, quite a number of dogs, all of them skin and bone. Heliadora got down from the bus and started giving the animals the bread she had bought in Baghdad for her journey. A skeleton-like bitch, with hanging paps, heavy with milk, was just thrusting herself forward to seize a chunk of bread that the woman had thrown to her, when she suddenly ran, howling, into the wilderness: one of the boys had flung a sharp stone at her and hit her right upon her belly. The same boy then stood grinning before Heliadora, begging for “baksheesh.” But she turned away from him in indignation: “Baksheesh? Not for you, dirty coward!” she cried, even though she thought no one could understand her. (She would have beaten him, scratched him, trampled him, till he, too, would have howled with pain, had she not known beforehand that the whole crowd would have taken his defence, and that it is useless to try to fight with bare fists, alone against fifty or more.)

She was going back to the bus when a dark, frizzy-haired young man in well-cut European clothes addressed her in English:

“You are angry because the child hit that poor bitch?” he said.

“Of course I am. He hit her so hard that one can still hear her howling. But if he thinks he will get any money from me he makes a mistake. Money, indeed! A beating — a beating till he is more than half dead — that is all the slimy coward deserves!”

“You see,” pursued the would-be humanitarian, who had learnt oil technology and democratic principles somewhere in the U.S.A., “you must try to understand these people: they are poor, very poor; and they don’t like dogs. Nobody likes dogs here. They are a nuisance.”

“And *I*,” replied Heliadora, shivering with passion; “I hate people who have no regard for living creatures. I look upon *them* as a nuisance, and hold that they should be destroyed.”

The well-dressed defender of human priority walked away. From the hostile glances of her fellow-travellers, Heliadora gathered that he had translated to them what she had said. Only an old, very old and kind-looking desert dweller, seated at the entrance of a tent on the roadside, shook his head and muttered something which, from the expression of his face, seemed to suggest, if not wholehearted approval, at least understanding. She looked back and faintly smiled at him. She imagined him to be a devout Moslem and, for a minute, recalled the Prophet of Islam — a man who hated cruelty, as all true warriors do, and who, although he had a very definite predilection

for cats, and looked upon dogs as “unclean” and had forbidden his followers to “touch” them, had certainly never urged anybody to *hit* or hurt any creature.

She wrapped up her remaining bread for “another time” — when she could give it to some dog without any jealous child noticing her — and went and took back her seat in the bus, more alone than ever. The howling of the wounded bitch had ceased under the stars. The bus rolled on, full-speed. At every jerk, Heliadora felt as though she would faint and fall. But she did not.

The border between Iraq and Iran was crossed. Late in the night, the bus reached Kermancha and halted at the entrance of a broad, open courtyard with an arched gallery along one side of it.

* * *

All the passengers got down. Heliadora, if only for the sake of relaxation, went and took a stroll and had a look at the surroundings. At first, she had intended to remain a couple of days in Kermancha: she knew the famous rock-reliefs and inscriptions of Behistun are not far from there, and she had always longed to see them. It would have been easy: she would only have had to go and tell the man seated at what could have been called the “office” — a little room containing a table and a bench, not far from the bus stop — to reserve a seat for her in one of the northbound buses that were to pass, perhaps the next day, perhaps the day after. *Somebody* in the office would understand English — or Greek, or Turkish, or Hindustani, or perhaps German, or some other language she could speak, (there always are polyglots to be found in the East). And there would be some corner where she would be able to keep her luggage, and some other corner in which she would be able to spend the night — or perhaps there would be a guest house near the rocks of Behistun? It did not make the slightest difference whether she reached India in three weeks’ time or in three weeks and three days.

And yet . . . some intuition, or some telepathic call, at any rate something stronger than any logical thinking, was holding her back and urging her, as insistently as ever, along the road to Teheran. It was the miserable, hungry, wounded cat, beautiful in spite of all in his long, stripy fur, — Sandy; Long-whiskers, reborn in suffering only to feel the touch of her hands once more — that was calling her over miles and hundreds of miles of wilderness, from the other end of Iran: “Come! Come for my sake! The rocks of Behistun can wait; I can’t.”

She thought, without realising *why*: “Let it be on another occasion! The reliefs and inscriptions are not going to run away, and I shall revisit Iran, although I don’t know *when*.” And, just as she had in Baghdad, she decided to continue her journey without a break.

But she did not like the crowded caravanserai — and especially not the loud-speaker, transmitting radio music to the many travellers. Most of the latter had started eating chicken pilau that was being served to them from a nearby kitchen, or food that they had brought with them. Some were preparing their meal upon open fires, in the courtyard. The women and children were seated, most of them, with their brightly coloured metal suitcases and enormous bundles, in a huge hall that opened into the arched gallery. Their quarters were the noisiest of all, and Heliadora shuddered at the prospect of spending the night there. It would be at least an hour or two before everybody had finished eating and gone to sleep — and she was longing to rest. In addition to that she pictured herself babies crying, and the anxious mothers constantly switching on the light to see what the matter was, and she remaining awake all night. (She had always resented the presence of so many babies in the buses, trains and waiting-rooms of the East.) So she inquired whether she could not spend the night in the empty bus. There was no objection, save that one imagined that she would not be comfortable.

“I shall sleep far better there alone than in the dormitory,” said she.

“But there is a place reserved for women and children . . .”

“I know,” replied she, somewhat embarrassed, for she knew it was useless to express the reasons of her reluctance: nobody would understand them. “I know; still, I’d rather be in the bus, alone.”

She was locked in — for safety. She then spread a few newspapers upon the floor, between the two rows of seats, and lay upon them, wrapped in her coat, using her handbag as a pillow. And she slept . . . after the accursed loudspeaker had at last become silent.

Far away, in Teheran, the tabby cat was walking along Roosevelt Avenue, crying in the warm starry night” — Mee-u! Meee-u! — like he had fifteen years before, when “she” had heard him, a poor black-and-white kitten, and his distressed mother, and come down to fetch them both. It was not hunger, this time, that caused him to cry: he had gulped down a whole heap of chicken’s entrails that he had found in a dustbin, and then caught and ate a mouse for his “dessert.” It was not lust either: he was

barely six months old. It was some mysterious uneasiness that possessed him, and that even a two-legged one could not have defined — let alone a cat; some unexplainable fear, and, at the same time, some extraordinary, joyous prescience.

O Cat, whose purr had once sufficed to tell her what she needed to know in order to remain herself; Cat, who, without being able to grasp human affairs, had yet saved her from the spirit of rash questioning that leads to heresy, you now dimly felt that *she was coming*; that she was *on her way*; that the time of supreme trial and of supreme fulfillment, which you had accepted before that miserable present birth, was drawing nigh. And your mew was a mew of terror — a call for help — like then, in the dark Calcutta “go-down,” and a mew of welcome to the “Two-legged goddess.”

* * *

She woke up at daybreak, after a short, but sound, dreamless sleep. She gathered her newspapers and folded them up neatly, in order to use them again for the second night in case she did not manage to find clean ones; for she was not to reach Teheran till the evening of the following day — the third day after her departure from Baghdad. She got down as soon as the bus was unlocked, washed her face, arms and legs the best she could, at a tap in the crowded courtyard, drank a glass of tea — which was sweet, and too strong, and which she did not like — only because she had been told that there *was* no coffee, and got back and seated herself in her place in the bus. The other passengers came in after they had finished their breakfast, and the journey continued.

The road was not quite as bad as the day before. And it was morning. There is joy in every landscape, however barren, for some time after sunrise. Heliadora let her eyes rest upon the reddish-brown road, upon the reddish-brown empty expanses on either side of it, and soon, upon the succession of harmoniously shaped hill ranges that appeared at the horizon. She was impressed by the beauty and variety of their colouring: ochre, greyish-yellow, greyish or reddish-brown, in the foreground; pinkish-grey, bluish-grey, and pale violet, as their distance increased. And as one drove nearer, their colours would change, and new hazy blues and purples would appear behind those that had, merged into warmer foreground shades. She was also impressed by the scarcity of people one met along the road, and by the beauty of some of those one

did meet, now and then, at long, long intervals. She automatically interpreted the contrast between the features of those rare passersby and those of most of her co-travellers who, even when Iranians, were town people. “Races are purer in the countryside, in whatever land it be,” thought she, as the bus rolled on.

There were two breaks during the journey, before the long halt on the second night. Wherever the bus stopped, there were always a few trees, sometimes many; and the travellers could sit at a table in some quaint and cool little inn, in the common hall of which there generally was water spouting up from the middle of a fairly large, square or rectangular pool, made of stone or marble (or “imitation”). Customers would sit all round it and eat and drink to the crystalline music of the water-drops. But everywhere Heliadora noticed skeleton-like dogs and famishing cats, afraid to come near a human being, and their sight made her feel indignant, and hardened her heart against man and whomsoever proclaims the “rights of all men.” In her eyes, men who have no love for other living creatures have also no rights. She bought bread and curds for the animals, and saw to it that no two-legged mammal snatched away the food before they dared come and eat it. She gave a few coppers to the beggars in order not to look too partial and thus rouse hostility against herself.

After half an hour spent in a cool, shady spot, the burning, barren land through which she was travelling seemed hotter and dustier than ever. Heliadora, however, was absorbed in her thoughts. She was trying to picture herself what Iran had looked like in the days in which Aryans, brothers of those of Vedic India, had ruled it — and, centuries later, in the time of the Achaemenid Kings, and then, under the successors of Alexander; under the Arsacids and, latest of all, under the Sassanids. The Arab conquest (651 A.D.) and the spreading of Islam had been to Iran what Roman conquest and subsequent Christianisation had been to Europe. Heliadora, who willingly described herself as a “nationalist of every land”, would have welcomed a “back to Aryan Iran” movement, parallel to the great European upheaval of which she herself was such a supporter. But could such a movement ever take place? “Perhaps,” thought she, “if *we* rise again one day in Europe, and if some of these people still have enough Aryan blood and Aryan *virtues* to take the lead of the others.”

She decided to try to find out — indirectly — how far some of the most “Indo-European” looking among her fellow-travellers

could be brought to share her views, if ever they had proper leaders. The woman in front of her had exceptionally fine Aryan features. She was travelling with six children, the eldest of whom might have been ten years old. She did not speak anything else but Persian. But her husband, who had worked in the Oil Company at Abadan, spoke English. When night came and when the travellers got down, Heliadora drew his notice by offering some sweets to the children and asking him what the latter were called — she believed in the magic of names and in the deeper instinct that urges a parent to chose them, whenever rigid custom does not rule out free choice.

“My eldest child, a daughter, is called Farida,” said he; “but the two others have Iranian names: Parivash, and Mahivash.”

“And your sons?” she asked.

“The eldest, — my second child — is called Mohammed Abbas. But I also gave Iranian names — Cyrus and Ardeshir — to the younger ones.”

Heliadora’s face brightened. “You are beginning to wake up to true nationalism,” said she, with a smile. And she added: “We too, in Europe, had started giving our children names in harmony with our blood and soil. Germany, the natural leader of European nations, had stressed that point and set the example. But, of course, since the disaster of 1945 . . .”

The man asked her whether she was German. She spoke the truth, and said: “No, I am not.”

“Then, why do you believe Germany to be ‘the natural leader of European nations’?” asked the Persian.

“Because she gave birth to Adolf Hitler, who laid down for us the principles of eternal wisdom that we had forgotten for centuries,” was Heliadora’s answer.

People gathered around her as they heard the Name that has echoed throughout the world. The man, who had been working in Abadan translated whatever she said. It was, for her, a joy to praise her Führer before that strange audience, in the heart of Iran. It reminded her of the years she had spent in India preaching the fundamental identity of the National Socialist principles and of those on which Hindu civilisation has been conceived, and the caste hierarchy established; also the identity of National Socialist ethics and of those implied in the Teaching of detached violence, written in the Bhagavad-Gita. How she had been happy during those years of apparent increasing influence, when she had, in her easy enthusiasm, imagined herself preparing the way for her Leader’s New World Order! Now, of course, it was “Aryan Iran” of which she spoke;

of Iran, from King Cyrus to King Jezdedjerd, with its cult of Light, still alive among the Parsis of India (and even in Persia itself); with its invincible language, the roots of which are the same as those of Sanskrit and of all the Aryan tongues of the earth. And remembering that, in spite of all, most Persians are Mohammedans since the 7th Century A.D., she cleverly spoke *also* of the Islamic world of today in its length and breadth and with its many races and sub-races, as of the natural ally of all Aryans who are conscious of the Jewish danger.

“Our Adolf Hitler,” said she at last, “came to show all nations — first his own, and then other Aryan nations, but *also the non-Aryan ones*; all *real* nations of the world — the way of true nationalism, i.e., the way of true collective pride and collective virtue, which is the Way of Blood and Soil; the way leading to God, in fact, since man’s blood and the soil of his ancestors are the only things which he can neither acquire nor alter according to his will; that he cannot reject, even if he denies them, even if he becomes unworthy of them — God-given treasures. That is why I say: “He spoke God’s own words, like all true prophets do. That is why I say: “He is a prophet, not a mere politician.” (In India, she would not have said “a prophet” but “an Incarnation of the Divine.” Here, she felt her *language* had to be different, whatever were her personal views).

The dark young man who had expressed such a dislike of dogs the night before, now put in a word:

“Why did he persecute the Jews if he was, as you say, one sent by God?” said he, referring to Adolf Hitler. “And what do you Nazis all mean with your ‘Jewish danger’? Aren’t Jews human beings like any others?”

“Human beings are, when dangerous, precisely more dangerous than any other living creatures,” replied Heliadora. “And these people *are* dangerous *as a whole, as a people*, precisely because they try to teach the rest of mankind, and especially the most gifted and healthiest races, to deny or mock the eternal Doctrine of Blood and Soil, while *they* (although they are anything but pure-blooded) proclaim it for themselves with religious fanaticism, — even when they maintain that they have done away with every religion.”

“That’s all nonsense!” exclaimed the young man. “All Jews are not Zionists. Many believe as I do that there are no races, only human beings, but rich ones and poor ones, exploiters and exploited; and only want that exploitation of man by man to come to an end, and all men to enjoy the riches of the earth to the full.”

On hearing these words Heliadora understood that the young man was a Jewish Communist. He did not speak to her again, deeming it useless. But several of the other listeners put questions to her, or made remarks. A young Arab, who had learnt English in Egypt, told her that he sincerely admired her Führer. So did a young Iranian student who added: "We are a handful in this country who do stand for Aryan regeneration, and honour him as the greatest of all Aryans since Cyrus and Darius the Truthful, best of our kings."

Heliadora pictured herself the Doctrine and the cult of her beloved Leader — and, through it, the cult, or at least the reverence of Germany — conquering the whole world according to her life-long dream, in spite of defeat, in spite of stubborn calumny, in spite of widespread indifference; conquering it slowly and irresistibly, as corn grows, or as fruits ripen. And she recalled the words of a German comrade, addressed to her four years before: "Does one see corn grow? Or hear it? So is our onward march: unseen and silent." "Could this indeed be true?" thought she.

That night, — her last night on the way to Teheran — she took a long time to fall asleep upon her bed of newspapers, in the bus. Not that the hard, wooden floor felt harder than on the night before: she did not feel it. But she was the prey of a strange excitement, as though she were about to *do* something of great importance; she could not make out *what*. Yet she did know that anything she would do, in earnest and with all her heart, would, ultimately, directly or indirectly, serve the National Socialist Cause, for this was, in her eyes, the very Cause of Life itself. And she was happy, for she entirely identified herself with it and thus, in a way, shared its eternity.

From Teheran, like on the night before, came the Cat's feeble mew, calling her desperately; — and calling Fate; — the mew that nobody could hear, not even she, but that had drawn her all these weeks, all these months, as implacably as her tremendous dreams, over land and sea and torrid wilderness; over Europe, Greece and Egypt, and along the highways of Syria, Iraq and Iran.

This was, her last night. *She was coming . . .*

* * *

The next day — 9th of July — was the best day of the journey. Heliadora knew she would not have to spend another night on the way. Some of the passengers had also become friendlier since they had heard her speak on the evening before. Nobody made any remarks when, at

the halting places, she bought bread for the stray dogs, or curds, — which she then poured out upon some scrap of paper and quietly placed under a bench or in some corner — for the cats. Little Mahivash, who had been observing her for a long time, even felt prompted to do the same, and was overjoyed when her father gave her a spoonful of curds upon an old piece of tin, which she carefully went and laid upon the ground before an emaciated cat. The cat ran away at the child's approach, and a dog — a hungry creature, at any rate, — licked up the curds. Heliadora was touched at the little girl's gesture, and was more seriously than ever prepared to believe in the possibility of "Aryan regeneration in Asia," for in her eyes children's love of living creatures was a sign of noble blood.

She also enjoyed more than ever the crystalline coolness of spouting water in the inns, and the palm tree thickets nearby, after the long, burning desert tracks. Even the tea, although much too strong for her taste, and sweet, was beginning to seem tolerable to her.

The bus rolled into Teheran in the late afternoon. Heliadora took leave of the sympathetic family from Abadan as well as from the two young men who had expressed admiration for her Leader on the evening before. She then went and took a room at a hotel owned by Greeks and "not too expensive" — the "Cyrus Hotel" — which someone had recommended to her.

At last, *she had come*.

Chapter 14

10th OF JULY, 1957

The fated hour had come for the unfortunate tabby tomcat. He was, now, about to suffer what his latest forgotten self — dying Sandy — had chosen in a minute of supreme yearning, a few months before. And this is how he met his destiny

Some dogs — or perhaps some nasty children, who are even worse, — had started chasing him along Roosevelt Avenue, half way between Takke Avenue and the next great crossing. And he was running like a mad cat, without knowing where he was going; running, with one overwhelming purpose: to escape the monsters; not to hear them any longer in close pursuit. In fact, he *had* escaped them, and could have gone his way quite peacefully. But he had not escaped the consciousness of their presence; the *fear* of them. It was that fear that maddened him.

As he reached the great crossing, he could have turned to the right and run along the footpath. But no: there were half-a-dozen shouting street urchins at the corner. They stamped their feet, made violent gestures with their arms, and called out louder than ever as soon as they caught sight of him, so that, completely panic-stricken, the poor cat flung himself across the busy avenue right before a car. The car ran over him, dislocating his hind legs, crushing his belly and forcing out of it an inch or two of soiled entrails. He gave a high-pitched shriek and rolled over, shuddering convulsively. The wretched urchins kicked him onto the footpath, where he continued to shudder, while they looked on, laughing and giggling at his plight.

“I am ready to suffer — to suffer anything — provided I may lie in ‘her’ arms for five minutes,” had said dying Sandy, in the silent language of supreme desire, at the crucial moment that decides of rebirth. Now, was it not enough — those six months of misery, and this horrid agony upon the baking-hot asphalt, amidst the jeers of these young sub-men and the total indifference of that crowd of passersby, every one of whom went his way without even giving the poor beast a glance? Had not the one that had been Sandy — and before that, Long-whiskers — yet deserved the ultimate reward of so long and ardent a

yearning? The happiness that such a ransom of suffering was to buy?

He kept on moving his head and front paws convulsively, while his intestines dragged in the dust, and blood and filth clotted his royal fur. His eyes, wide open, had a glassy stare, as though they were already dead, or nearly so.

Then, at last, the wonder took place: "*she*" *was there*; she had come; she was at his side, although he could not see her.

* * *

She was wearing a cream-coloured dress with a large, ornamented border round the bottom, round the sleeves, and on each side of the opening on the breast — Greek style, — which she had bought in Athens, on this very journey of hers. She had bought it because she liked hand-woven material, hand embroidery and local cut, but also and perhaps more so because of the "odal" runes which she had at once noticed among the "ornaments" on the pink, olive-green, light and dark-brown border. She had wondered whether the Greek embroideresses had known what they were doing when they had made those *odal* runes part and parcel of their intricate design. Probably not. But *she* knew their meaning. And apart from that, they reminded her of J. von Leers' famous book *Odal, or the History of German Peasantry* — one of the best books she had ever read. To her, they expressed the survival of Aryan Tradition in Greece today, and were a visible link between real Greece and eternal Germany, nay, the whole hallowed North. And she wore that dress with pride, as a vestment suited to her Aryan faith. On that day, she was also wearing her gold earrings in the shape of swastikas. In Teheran, thought she — in spite of the existence of a "Roosevelt Avenue" (and of a "Churchill Avenue" and of a "Stalin Avenue" also) in commemoration of the sinister meeting of 1943 — nobody would care. And it was such a joy to her to wear them: a gleaming profession of faith. Why not? Other women wore gold crosses, or Jewish stars. Why should she not wear her Sign? She wore it with the usual elation of defiance.

Thus attired, she was crossing the Avenue when that convulsive lump of fur and that circle of noisy urchins, on the opposite footpath, attracted her attention. Scenting some new horror — she had seen so many! — she ran, and was on the spot within a minute. At first, she imagined the boys had half-killed the cat, and her flaming eyes

looked daggers at them. Then she saw the dragging knot of entrails, the motionless, dislocated hind legs . . . “More likely he has been run over,” she thought, picking up the poor creature as softly as she could; supporting his bleeding intestines with her hand. The children watched her and laughed. She cursed them: “You filthy, heartless brats,” cried she (and she was so beyond herself with indignation that it did not come to her mind that the urchins could not understand her speech); “you young cowards! I wish you all perish in the same manner, under the wheels of the first invader’s tanks — and I could not care less *who* the invader be, as long as you suffer, you devils!”

A few people gathered round her and forced the bewildered boys to disperse. A man asked Heliadora in English what she was expecting to do with that dying cat.

“Give him some chloroform, of course, or some ether; anything that will grant him a painless death. What else is there to be done, in the state he is in?”

“They will not give you any” replied the man. You can try and ask, if you like. There is a chemist’s shop just here, and another round the corner. But I doubt it.”

“But why? Why?” cried Heliadora. “I shall pay for it; pay any price they ask . . .”

“They won’t give you any for a cat,” replied the man. “And if you say it is for a human patient, they’ll want a doctor’s prescription. I know these people. But you can always try.”

She tried, and found out that the man was right. With the cat in her arms, she went to three chemist’s shops along the avenue, only to get the same answer every time; “We don’t sell ether or chloroform for cats and dogs.”

She felt disgusted and hated mankind. “Lord of Life and Death, Whoever Thou art,” prayed she within her heart, for the millionth time, “treat them, individually and collectively, always and everywhere, as they treat dumb creatures. And remember me, when it shall please Thee to strike them. Make me an instrument of Thy divine vengeance!”

In a flash, she pictured herself at the head of a concentration camp in the new world of her dreams — a concentration camp full of such two-legged mammals as these, who believe that “man” is everything, and other creatures nothing. (Such ones would surely be Anti-Nazis: all supporters of the “rights” of man, the “dignity” of man, the “endless possibilities” of man, etc. . . , generally are). How she would gladly “take it out of them!” — prove to them how thoroughly she believed man is nothing

and how little she loved him, with the exception, of course, of a minority of real aristocrats of blood and character; supermen in the making . . .

She slowly walked back in the direction of Roosevelt Avenue and turned to her left as she came to the crossing. Blood and filth stained her hands and her dress. But she thought only of the cat. How long would his agony last?

* * *

She held him against her breast with infinite care and infinite love. And she stroked his glossy head, and kissed it, as only she could kiss a cat.

At first, when she had picked him up and taken him in her arms, the poor beast had experienced a feeling of immense relief. He had lived in hell, all his life, and known, from the beginning, all round him, nothing but cruelty — or criminal indifference, nearly as bad. Along with torturing hunger, hardly ever completely stilled, fear had been his main experience — fear of kicks; fear of sharp stones flung at him; fear of boiling water (or be it even cold water); fear of other creatures such as dogs; above all, fear of the two-legged creature, the devil among devils; — fear, hunger and pain; pain, hunger and fear. He had seldom ever purred since he had last sucked his mother and slowly gone to sleep in the warmth of her coat, the night before she had met her death. And then, all of a sudden, he had known a more maddening fear than ever, and fallen into a more appalling hell: — a hell of excruciating pain; of pain that shattered his nerves and made his head whirl. And just as one confusedly continues to hear, beyond the more exacting sounds of one's immediate surroundings, the persistent noise of the street, so did he retain, beyond the torment of agony, the dim awareness of universal cruelty.

But what was that unconceivable power that came down to him and lifted him, as softly and as lovingly as his mother used to, long, long before? — and that turned away the devils that were making fun of his pain? What was that unknown, soothing radiance that penetrated him, and forced the pain in his back, the pain in his squashed belly, the pain in his whirling head to recede, at least for a second? What was that touch? — That arm that supported him? That lap, in which he now lay, as he once had against his mother's fur, in the only happy days he could have remembered, had he been able to remember anything, in his agony? (for Heliadora had stooped down, in order to let him rest more at ease). What was

that hand that caressed him — him, who had never been caressed? Was it the Great Feline Mother, Queen of love, shoreless and fathomless Night, mother of all Life, into which all life is absorbed and all suffering ends — immense projection of his own mother, long dead — who had come to take him away from this world of fear and pain?

But the cool, sweet Presence had a human face — not like that of most two-legged devils, of course, but yet, a face of the same shape as theirs, only loving, earnest, fervent, instead of gleefully cruel or coarsely indifferent: the contrary of theirs. As through a haze, he could now see her two large dark eyes, from which a tear dropped into his fur. And her mouth touched his poor head, still so beautiful — uncrushed.

“My poor stripy puss,” she murmured; “it is for you, for you alone that I came over those hundreds of miles of desert land! I know it now.”

He was resting in her lap. The convulsions of his body gradually ceased. Then, from the depth of an unfailing, mysterious cat memory, that more intellectual creatures can neither grasp nor imagine, an unearthly flash of knowledge came to the dying beast: “*She* — it is *she*; the Two-legged goddess!” And through his silky coat stained with blood, Heliadora felt the vibration of a supreme purr. And that purr meant: “I have been waiting for you twelve years. And I have suffered all this so that I might die in your arms, as I so longed to!”

But Heliadora was praying to the Lord of Creatures, Pasupati, Master of Life and Death, Whom she had learnt in India to revere: “I have done what I could, Great One. Do not allow this cat to suffer for long. Give him a peaceful end, and a better reincarnation!”

And again she kissed the beautiful, glossy head. The large greenish-yellow eyes gazed at her with an expression of unutterable love, and, in a last convulsion, the cat, whose paws were already cold, gave up the ghost.

Heliadora went and buried the body in a ditch, not far from the corner of Takke Avenue.

Thousands of miles away, in distant France, on that same day, *and exactly at the same time*, another cat that had purred in her arms, — Black Velvet — had just died killed on the spot, without the shedding of a single drop of blood, by a motor-lorry into which he had run, on his way home from a riotous night of love in the neighbouring barns. The kind woman who had taken charge of him buried him in her garden. But a long time was to pass before Heliadora was to learn anything about this tragic and amazing coincidence.

Chapter 15

EPILOGUE

FACE TO THE STARS

In the middle of the night, somewhere along the desert track between Mashed and Zahedan, the bus had halted: it needed repair; and it would take quite an hour or two before it could start again. The passengers were requested to get down and wait. They were told that, less than two hundred yards away, there was a cluster of huts, where water was available.

Many started walking in that direction, because they were thirsty; most of the others followed, because they had nothing to do and thought a little exercise would do them no harm, after their long immobility upon the hard seats. One or two men and women, with little children, who had brought food and drink with them, remained near the bus, opened their parcels, and began eating, seated in a circle.

After wandering about for a while, and getting accustomed to the darkness, Heliodora went and chose herself a place sufficiently near the bus for her to be able to hear when it would start, and sufficiently far away for her to be alone. And she lay upon her back in the warm sand, face to the starry sky.

It was a moonless night. And the landscape was rugged. Dark mountain ranges could be seen at the horizon, in all directions but one, and the peculiar light of the sky, that did not shine upon them, made them appear darker and more compact than ever. And one could not distinguish any shades in them. The land was also covered with darkness; one could hardly differentiate sand from rock, save through touch. And although the distance that separated her from them was short, and the land in between, flat, Heliodora could not see the huts from the place where she was lying. But, above black hills and dark earth, the night sky hung and shone in all its glory, each side of the Milky Way. And the dedicated woman let her soul merge into that luminous Infinity, while her body relaxed in the warm sand, like a tired child in its bed. She worshipped the splendour of the Cosmos, aspiring to put herself in tune with it. And in it and through it, she sought the Unattainable

One: the Soul of the Dance of the milliards of nebulae, that no finite being can conceive.

* * *

She was on her way from Mashed, the sacred city of Iran, to Zahedan, on the border of Baluchistan, where she was to take the train to Quetta, from where she would reach Lahore, Delhi, Calcutta.

Would she, at last, manage to have her books printed? She needed money, in order to do so, but had none. Would she find work, in India? An Indian official in Egypt had told her it was “practically impossible.” How would she live, then, and what would she do? In fact, although the country was familiar to her, she did not know where she was going.

But the majesty of the starry sky pervaded her, and she did not care. She forgot the bus, and the passengers, and the journey, and space and time — as though she were to remain forever upon that bed of sand, under the divine light of the galaxies. The thought of the cat that had died in her arms in Teheran, over a fortnight before, crossed her mind. “And even if I never can have my writings printed, it does not matter,” felt she. “That cat, at least, has not died unloved and alone. To comfort him was worth the long strenuous journey. Pasupati, Lord of Creatures, I bless Thee for having guided me in time to the spot; and I adore Thee!” She knew — and the sight of the sky full of stars only helped her to become once more aware of the elation this knowledge gave her — that the same eternal Life that had purred to her in the dying beast, flourished invincibly in countless far-away worlds as on this earth; that death was but a passage to new life; and that, at the root of life, there was Light: Light that had always sprung, always shone, from distance to distance, out of the abysmal womb of shoreless Night, like this dust of stars in the dark sky.

And she recalled the earthly Faith for which she lived . . . In that resplendent sky, there were stars millions and milliards of light years away from our little planet, and away from one another; stars of which the rays, that she now perceived, had started their journey through space at the time this earth was a swamp out of which emerged forests of gigantic ferns, under torrential downpours of warm water, or even long, long before, when it was but a whirling mass of lava — a world in the making. What was this earth — and what was Germany, and all the pride of militant National Socialism, — to that staggering, impersonal

Infinity? Less than a speck of dust! And yet . . . wherever divine Light had given birth to Life within those endless expanses; wherever there were living races of thinking or unthinking creatures upon *any* planet, born of *any* Sun, the principles at the basis of the struggle for survival, the divine laws of racial selection proclaimed by the greatest of all Germans, Adolf Hitler, held good, as they did here; as they always had done, in the history of our tiny Earth. And the implacable ethics that express those eternal Laws of life, *were* the divine ethics of fathomless Space, forever and ever. Glory to Him who proclaimed them — be He, in his latest manifestation as in all others, but a flash in Time without end! — and to those of his disciples, they too, creatures of a second, who lived and died, faithful to his spirit! For He is the One-who-comes-back: the Soul of the starry Dance that takes on, again and again, the garb of mortal frailty, to teach finite beings the Rule of all the worlds.

And Heliodora felt even happier and more certain of victory than she would have at the sight of the most gorgeous display of her comrades' conquering power. "Our definitive defeat would mean the defeat and end of Life itself, *here*," thought she, "it is clearly said so in *Mein Kampf*!¹ But *even then* our struggle carried on by other beings, would continue, wherever Life exists." And she felt invincible, along with all her persecuted comrades. Once more she had integrated the Hitler faith and the cult of Aryan aristocracy into the worship of the starry Sky, Light and Life eternal.

"Lord who art the Essence of this radiant immensity," she prayed, "it is Thee, Thee alone that I have always worshipped, be it in the loveliness of dumb creatures, be it in the pride, intelligence and conquering will-power of my Leader and of those who are nearer to him than I. For Thou shinest in them; *Thou art they*. Guide me wherever I am to go, Everlasting One! And help me to contribute to bind our glorious faith ever more with love and protection of all beautiful, innocent life." And she repeated in German, to the millions of Suns in space and to the great Soul of them all the sacred invocation of the European Aryans of old to our Sun: "*Heil Dir, Lichtvater allwaltende!*"

She closed her eyes for a second, as though even the vision of the glorious Sky would distract her from something invisible, after which she yearned. And suddenly it seemed to her as though the Cat was there, at her side. She heard (or thought she heard) his purr, and felt the

¹ Edit. 1935, p. 316.

touch of his glossy head against her face. Was the poor animal's soul the messenger of the Soul of starry Space? Why not?

But there was noise in the distance; it sounded as though people were gathering; a horn was heard, calling the passengers who were late. The bus was about to start.

Heliodora got up and walked back to her seat, beaming with unearthly joy.

Savitri Devi Mukherji

Joda, near Barajamda, in Orissa (India)

September, 1957.

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OUR RACE IS OUR NATION

Paul of Tarsus, Or Christianity and Jewry

Savitri Devi



If there is a single fact which anyone who seriously studies the history of Christianity cannot help but be struck by, it is the almost complete absence of documents regarding the man whose name this great international religion bears -- Jesus Christ. We know of him only what is told to us in the New Testament gospels, that is, practically nothing; for these

books, though prolix in their descriptions of miraculous facts relating to him, do not give any information about his person and, in particular, about his origins. Oh, we do have, in one of the four canonical gospels, a long genealogy tracing his ancestry from Joseph, the husband of Jesus' mother, all the way back to Adam! But I have always wondered what possible interest this could have for us, given that we are expressly told elsewhere that Joseph had nothing to do with the birth of the Child. One of the many apocryphal gospels -- rejected by the Church -- attributes the paternity of Jesus to a Roman soldier, distinguished for his bravery and accordingly nicknamed "the Panther." This gospel is cited by Heckel in one of his studies on early Christianity. Yet accepting such evidence would not entirely resolve the very significant question of Christ's origins, because we are not told who his mother Mary was. One of the canonical gospels tells us that she was the daughter of Joachim and Anne, although Anne had passed the age of maternity; in other words, she too must have been born miraculously, or could perhaps have been simply a child adopted by Anne and Joachim in their old age, which hardly clarifies matters.

But there is something much more disconcerting. The annals of an important monastery of the Essene sect, located only about twenty miles from Jerusalem, have recently been discovered. These annals deal with a period extending from the beginning of the first century before Jesus Christ to the second half of the first century after him, and they

refer, *seventy years before his birth*, to a great Initiate or spiritual Master -- a "Teacher of Righteousness" -- whose eventual return is expected. Of the extraordinary career of Jesus, of his innumerable miraculous healings, of his teaching during three full years in the midst of the people of Palestine, of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, so brilliantly described in the canonical gospels, of his trial and his crucifixion (accompanied, according to the canonical gospels, by such striking events as an earthquake, the darkening of the sky for three hours, and the rending of the veil of the Temple in two) -- of all this, *not a single word is spoken* in the scrolls of these ascetics, eminently religious men who would surely have taken an interest in such events. It would seem, according to these "Dead Sea Scrolls" -- I recommend, to anyone who is interested, John Allegro's study in English -- either that Jesus did not make any impression on the religious minds of his time, as avid for wisdom and as well informed as the ascetics of the monastery in question appear to have been, or else ... that he, quite simply, never existed! As troubling as this conclusion is, it must be placed before the general public and, in particular, before the Christian public, in light of the recent discoveries.

With regard to the Christian Church, however, and Christianity as an historical phenomenon, and the role it has played in the West and in the world, the question has much less importance than might at first appear. For even if Jesus lived and preached, he was not the true founder of Christianity as it presents itself in the world. If he really lived, Jesus was a man "above Time" whose kingdom -- as he himself, according to gospels, told Pilate -- was "not of this world," a man whose every activity and every teaching aimed to reveal, to those whom this world could not satisfy, a spiritual path by which they could escape from it and could find, in their own internal paradise, in this "Kingdom of God" which is in us, God "in spirit and truth," whom they were seeking without knowing it. If he actually lived, Jesus never dreamed of founding a temporal *organization* -- and especially not a political and financial organization -- such as the Christian Church so quickly became. Politics did not interest him. And he was so determined an enemy of any interference of money in spiritual affairs that some Christians have, rightly or wrongly, seen in his hatred of wealth an argument proving, contrary to the teaching of all the Christian Churches (except, naturally, those, like the Monophysites, that deny his human nature absolutely), that he was not of Jewish blood. The true founder of historical Christianity, of Christianity as we it know in practice, as it has played and still plays a role in the history of the West and of the world, was not Jesus, of whom we know nothing, nor his disciple Peter, of whom we know that he was a Galilean and a simple fisherman by vocation, but rather Paul of Tarsus, who was Jewish by blood, by training and by temperament, and, what is more, was a literate, learned Jew and a "Roman citizen," in the same way that so many Jewish intellectuals today are French, German, Russian, or American citizens.

Historical Christianity -- which is not at all a work "above Time" but well and truly a work "in Time" -- was the work of Saul called Paul, that is, the work of a Jew, just as Marxism would be two thousand years later. So let us examine the career of Paul of Tarsus.

Saul, called Paul, was a Jew and, furthermore, a Jew both orthodox and learned, a Jew imbued with a consciousness of his race and of the role that the "chosen people" must, according to Jehovah's promise, play in the world. He was the pupil of Gamaliel, one of the most famous Jewish theologians of his time, a theologian of the Pharisees, precisely that school which, according to the gospels, the Prophet Jesus, whom the Christian Church would later elevate to the rank of God, most violently combated on account of its pride, its hypocrisy, its practice of theological hair-splitting and of putting the letter of the Jewish Law above its spirit -- above, at least, what *he* believed to be its spirit; on these points we can assume that Saul was a typical Pharisee. Moreover -- and this is crucial -- Saul was a learned and conscious Jew *born and raised outside of Palestine* in one of those cities of Roman Asia Minor that succeeded Hellenistic Asia Minor, while retaining all its essential characteristics: Tarsus, where Greek was everyone's *lingua franca*, where Latin was becoming increasingly familiar, and where one could meet representatives of all the various peoples of the Near East. In other words, he was already a "ghetto" Jew having, in addition to an intimate knowledge of Israelite tradition, an understanding of the world of the *goyim* -- of non-Jews -- which would later prove invaluable to him. Doubtless he thought, like every good Jew, that the *goy* exists only to be dominated and exploited by the "chosen people," but he understood the non-Jewish world infinitely better than did the majority of the Jews in Palestine, the social environment that produced all the earliest believers in the new religious sect which he himself was destined transform into Christianity as we know it today.

We know from the "Acts of the Apostles" that Saul was initially a fierce persecutor of the new sect. After all, did not its adherents scorn the Jewish Law, in a strict sense of the word? Had not the man that they recognized as their leader and that they said had risen from the dead, this Jesus, whom Saul himself had never seen, set an example of non-observance of the Sabbath, of negligence of fast days, and of other highly blameworthy transgressions of the rules of life from which a Jew must never deviate? It was even said that a mystery, which could portend nothing good, surrounded his birth; perhaps he was not entirely of Jewish origin -- who knows? How not to persecute such a sect, if you are an orthodox Jew, a pupil of the great Gamaliel? It was necessary to preserve the observers of the Law from scandal. Saul, who had already shown proof of his zeal by being present at the stoning of Stephen, one of the first preachers of this dangerous sect, continued to defend Jewish Law and tradition against those whom he regarded as heretics, until he recognized, finally, that there was something better --

much better -- to be made of it, precisely *from a Jewish point of view*. This he recognized on the road to Damascus.

History, as the Christian Church tells it, would have us believe that it was there that he suddenly experienced a vision of Jesus -- whom he had never, I repeat, seen in the flesh -- and that he heard the latter's voice saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute me?," a voice he could not resist. He was, moreover, supposedly blinded by a dazzling light and thrown to the ground. Taken to Damascus -- according to the same account in Acts -- he met one of faithful of the sect that he had come there to combat, a man who, after restoring his sight, baptized him and received him into the Christian community.

It is superfluous to say that this miraculous narrative can only be accepted, as it stands, by those who share the Christian faith. Like all narratives of this kind, it has no *historical* value. Anyone who, without preconceived ideas, seeks a plausible explanation -- convincing, natural -- of how events actually transpired, cannot be satisfied with it. And the explanation, to be plausible, must take into account not only the transformation of Saul into Paul -- of the fierce defender of Judaism into the founder of the Christian Church as we know it -- but also of the nature, content and direction of his activity after his conversion, of the internal logic of his career; in other words, of the psychological link, more or less conscious, between his anti-Christian past and his great Christian enterprise. Any conversion implies a link between the convert's past and the remainder of his life, a profound reason, that is, a permanent aspiration within the convert which the act of conversion satisfies; a will, a permanent direction of life and action, of which the act of conversion is the expression and the instrument.

Now, given all that we know of him, and *especially what we know of the rest of his career*, there is only one profound and fundamental will, inseparable from the personality of Paul of Tarsus at *all* stages of his life, that can provide an explanation of his Damascene conversion, and that will is the desire to serve the old Jewish ideal of spiritual domination, itself the complement and crowning culmination of the ideal of economic domination. Saul, an orthodox Jew, a racially conscious Jew, who had fought against the new sect on the assumption that it represented a danger to Jewish orthodoxy, could renounce his orthodoxy and become the soul and the arm precisely of so dangerous a sect only after having recognized that, revised by him, transformed, adapted to the requirements of the wider world of the *goyim* -- the "Gentiles" of the gospels -- and interpreted, if it were necessary, so as to give, as Nietzsche would put it later, "a new meaning to the ancient mysteries," it could become, during the centuries that followed and perhaps even in perpetuity, the most powerful instrument of Israel's spiritual domination, the means that would accomplish, most surely and most definitively, the self-professed "mission" of the Jewish people to reign over other peoples and to subjugate them morally, all the while

exploiting them economically. And the more complete the moral subjugation, it goes without saying, the more the economic exploitation would flourish. Only this prize was worth the painful effort of repudiating the rigidity of the old and venerable Law. Or, to speak in a more mundane language, the sudden conversion of Saul on the road to Damascus can be naturally explained only if it is admitted that he must have had a sudden glimpse into the possibilities that nascent Christianity offered him for the profit and the moral influence of his people, and that he would have thought -- in a stroke of genius, it must be said --: "I was short-sighted in persecuting this sect, instead of making use of it, whatever the cost! I was stupid to stick to forms -- mere details -- instead of seeing the essential issue: the interests of the people of Israel, of the chosen people, of our people, of us Jews!"

The entirety of Paul's later career is an illustration -- a proof, insofar as one can think of "proving" facts of this nature -- of this brilliant reversal, of the victory of an intelligent Jew, a practical man, a diplomat (and whoever says "diplomat" in connection with religious questions really says deceiver) over the orthodox, learned Jew, concerned above all with problems of ritual purity. After his conversion Paul indeed gave himself up to the "Spirit" and went where the "Spirit" suggested, or rather ordered to him to go, and he spoke the words which the "Spirit" inspired in him. Now, where did the Holy Spirit "order" him to go? Was it into Palestine, among the Jews who still shared the "errors" that he had just publicly abjured and who would seem the first to be entitled to his new revelation? Never! That's the one thing he won't do! It is instead in Macedonia, as well as in Greece and among the Greeks of Asia Minor, among the Galatians, and later among the Romans -- in Aryan countries, or at any rate in *non-Jewish countries* -- that the neophyte preaches the theological dogma of original sin and of eternal salvation through the crucified Jesus, and the moral dogma of the equality of all men and all peoples; it is in Athens that he proclaims that God created "all nations, all peoples *of one and the same blood*" (Acts 17.26).

In this denial of the natural differences among the races, the Jews themselves had of course no interest, but it was from their point of view very useful to preach it, to impose it on the *goyim* in order to destroy in them those national values which had, hitherto, formed their strength (or rather simply to hasten their destruction; for, since the fourth century before Christ, they had already been declining under the influence of the "hellenized" Jews of Alexandria). No doubt Paul also preached "in the synagogues," that is, to other Jews, to whom he presented the new doctrine as the outcome of prophecies and messianic expectations; no doubt he said to the sons of his people, as well as to the "fearers of the Lord" -- to the half-Jews, like Timothy, and to the Jewish quarters that abounded in Aegean seaports (as in Rome) -- that Christ crucified and resurrected, whom he announced, was none other than the promised Messiah. He gave new meaning to Jewish prophecies just as he gave new meaning to the immemorial mysteries of Greece, Egypt,

Syria and Asia Minor: a meaning that ascribed to the Jewish people a unique role, a unique place and a unique importance *in the religion of non-Jews*. For him it was simply the means of ensuring for his people spiritual domination in the future. His genius -- not religious, but *political* -- consists in having understood this.

But it is not only in the field of doctrine that he can demonstrate such disconcerting flexibility: "a Greek with the Greeks, and a Jew with the Jews," as he himself says. He has a keen sense of practical necessities, as well as impossibilities. He is himself, although initially so orthodox, the first to oppose any imposition of the Jewish Law on Christian converts of non-Jewish race. He insists -- against Peter and the less conciliatory group of the first Christians in Jerusalem -- that a Christian of non-Jewish origin has no need of circumcision nor of Jewish dietary regulations. In his letters he writes to his new faithful -- half-Jews, half-Greeks, Romans of doubtful origin, Levantines of all the ports of the Mediterranean: to everyone without race, to all those he is in the process of shaping into a link between his immutable people and their traditions, and the vast world to be conquered -- that there does not exist, for them, any distinction between what is "clean" and what is "unclean," that they are permitted eat whatever they please ("whatever is sold in the market"). He knew that, without these concessions, Christianity could not hope to conquer the West, nor could Israel hope to conquer the world, through the intermediary of the converted West.

Peter, who was not at all a "ghetto" Jew and was thus still unfamiliar with conditions in the non-Jewish world, did not see things from the same perspective -- *not yet*, in any case. It is for that reason that we must see in Paul the true founder of historical Christianity: the man who formed, from the purely spiritual teaching of the prophet Jesus, the basis of a militant organization "in Time" whose goal was, in the deep consciousness of the Apostle, nothing less than the domination of his own people over a world morally emasculated and physically bastardized, a world wherein a misunderstood love of "man" leads directly to the indiscriminate mixture of the races and the suppression of all national pride -- in a word, to human degeneration.

It is time that the non-Jewish nations finally open their eyes to this reality of two thousand years, that they grasp all its poignant topicality, and that they react accordingly.

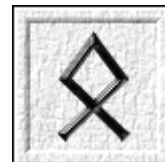
Written at Méadi (near Cairo) on June 18, 1957.

First published as *Paul de Tarse, ou Christianisme et juiverie* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958). Trans. Irmin. The original French text is also [available](#). Savitri, almost certainly writing from memory, makes two small factual errors in the preceding essay: (1) the account of Mary's parents to which she refers appears in the apocryphal Gospel of James, not in the New Testament; (2) the rumor that Jesus' father was a

Roman legionary nicknamed Panthera was reported by the pagan philosopher Celsus in his anti-Christian polemic *True Doctrine*. It does not appear in any of the apocryphal gospels, as Savitri mistakenly suggests. Variations on the story can be found in the Jewish Talmud.



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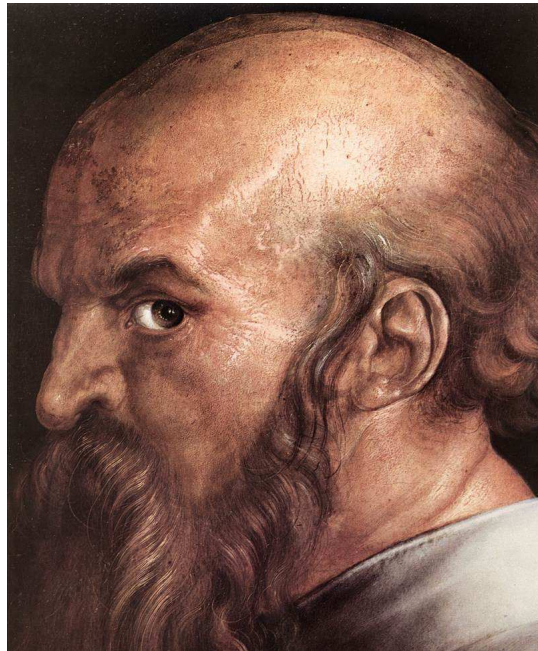


[Return to Savitri Devi](#)

Paul of Tarsus, or Christianity and Jewry¹

by *Savitri Devi*

Translated by *R.G. Fowler*



If there is a fact that cannot fail to impress all persons who seriously study the history of Christianity, it is the almost complete absence of documents regarding the man whose name the great international religion bears, namely Jesus Christ.

We only know of him from what is told to us in the gospels, i.e., practically nothing, for these miscellanies, if prolix in their descriptions of the miraculous facts they concern, give no information at all about his person, and, in particular, about his origins. Oh, we have in the four canonical gospels a long genealogy going back from Joseph, the husband of the mother of Jesus, as far as Adam! But I always ask myself what interest this can have for us, given that elsewhere we are expressly told that Joseph has nothing to do with the birth of the child. One of the numerous “apocryphal” gospels—rejected by the church—attributes the paternity of Jesus to a Roman soldier distinguished for his bravery and thus nicknamed “The Panther.” This gospel is cited by Heckel in one of his studies of early Christianity.² The acceptance of this point of view, however, does not entirely resolve the very important question of the origins of Christ, for it does not tell us who was Mary his mother. One of the four canonical gospels tells us that she was the daughter of Joachim and Anne when Anne was past the age of maternity; in other words, she was herself born miraculously—or she was quite simply a child adopted by Anne and Joachim in their old age—which does not clarify matters.

But there is something much more troubling. They have recently discovered the records of an important monastery of the Essene sect, situated scarcely thirty kilometers from Jerusalem. These records deal with a period extending from the beginning of the first century *before* Jesus Christ to the second half of the first century *after* him. There is already talk, *seventy years before him*, of a great Initiate, or a Spiritual Master—the “Master of Justice”—whose return one day is awaited. Of the extraordinary career of Jesus, of his innumerable miraculous healings, of his teaching during three whole years in the midst of the people of Palestine, of his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, so brilliantly described in the canonical gospels, of his trial and crucifixion (accompanied according to the canonical gospels by events as impressive as an earthquake, the darkening of the sky for three hours in the afternoon, and the veil of the temple rending itself in two), *not one word is said* in the scrolls of these ascetics—eminently religious men, whom such events would have to interest. It seems, according to these “Dead Sea Scrolls”—I recommend to those who take interest in this matter to read the study which has been published by John Allegro in the English language³—or else Jesus did not produce *any* impression on the religious minds of his time, as avid for wisdom and also as well informed as the ascetics of the monastery in question appear to have been, or else . . . he simply did not exist at all! As troubling as it may be, these findings should be placed before the world public, and in particular the Christian public, after these recent discoveries.

In that which concerns the Christian church, however, and Christianity as an historical phenomenon, and the role that it plays in the West and in the world, the question has much less importance than it would seem at first. For even if Jesus *had* lived and preached, it is not he who is the true founder of Christianity as he is presented to the world. If he truly lived, Jesus was a man “above Time” whose kingdom—as he himself said to Pilate, according to the gospels—is “not of this world,” whose entire activity, entire teaching, tended to show, to those whom the world did not satisfy, a spiritual path by which they can escape, and find, in their interior paradise, in this “Kingdom of God” which is in us, the God “in spirit and in truth” whom they seek without knowing.⁴ If he had lived, Jesus would never have dreamed of founding a temporal *organization*—and, above all, not a political and financial organization—such as the Christian Church so quickly became. Politics did not interest him. And, detesting riches, he was a determined enemy of any mixture of money in spiritual affairs, which certain Christians have, rightly or wrongly, seen as an argument that proves that, contrary to the teaching of all Christian Churches (except those which absolutely negate his human nature [For example, the sect of the Monophysites]), he did not have Jewish blood. The true founder of historical Christianity, of Christianity that we know in practice, which has played and will play a role in the history of the West and the world, is neither Jesus, whom we know not at all, nor his disciple Peter, whom we know was Galilean and a simple fisherman in station, but Paul of Tarsus, whom we know was 100% Jewish in blood, in disposition, and in his heart, and, what is more, Jewish in education and a “Roman citizen,” as so many Jewish intellectuals today are French, German, Russian, or American citizens.

Historical Christianity—which is not at all a work “above Time,” but altogether a work “in Time”—is the work of Saul, called Paul, that is to say, the work of a Jew, as Marxism came to be more than two thousand years later. Let us examine the career of Paul of Tarsus.

Saul, called Paul, was a Jew and, what is more, an orthodox Jew at the same time as he was educated, a Jew imbued with the consciousness of his race and the role the “chosen people”—which they became according to the covenant of Jaweh—play in the world. He was a student of Gamaliel, one of the most reputed Jewish theologians of his time—theologian of the school of Pharisees, precisely the one which, according to the gospels, the prophet Jesus, whom the Christian church later on elevated to the rank of God, had quite violently combated for its arrogance, its hypocrisy, its habit of splitting hairs and putting the letter of the Jewish law before its spirit—before, at least, what *he* believed to be its spirit; it is not said whether Saul had not had, on this subject, a different idea than him. Moreover—and this is very important—Saul was an educated and self-conscious Jew *born and raised outside of Palestine*, in one of those cities of Roman Asia Minor that had succeeded Hellenistic Asia Minor and had retained all its characteristics: Tarsus, where Greek was the “lingua franca” of everyone and where Latin became, likewise, more and more familiar, and where one recognized representatives of all the peoples of the Near East. In other words, he was already a “ghetto” Jew, possessing, beyond a profound knowledge of the Israelite tradition, an understanding of the world of the “Goyim”—the non-Jews—which later on became of great value for him. He thought, without any doubt, like every good Jew, that the “Goy” is only to be dominated and exploited by the “chosen people.” But he knew their world infinitely better than the Jews of Palestine, in the midst of whom had emerged all the first believers of the new religious sect from which he was destined to form Christianity such as we see it.

It is said in the “Acts of the Apostles” that there was at first a ferocious persecution of the new sect. Did the adherents of the latter not scorn the Jewish Law in the strict sense of the word? Did the man who is recognized as the founder, and who is said to have returned from the dead, this Jew whom Saul himself had never seen, not give the example of his non-observance of the Sabbath, of his neglect of the days of fasting, and other strongly blameworthy transgressions of the rules of life from which a Jew should not depart at all? One may say the same of a mystery that bodes nothing good, hovering over the story of his birth, that he was perhaps not at all of Jewish origin—who knows? Why not persecute any such sect, when one is an orthodox Jew, student of the great Gamaliel? He had to preserve from scandal the observers of the Law. Saul, who had already given proof of zeal in being present at the stoning of Saint Stephen—one of the first preachers of the dangerous sect—continued to defend the Jewish Law and the tradition against those he considered to be heretics, until it finally dawned on him that there was a better—a much better—way of operating, precisely *from the Jewish point of view*. This he recognized on the road to Damascus.

The story, as the Christian church wishes it to be told, is that he suddenly had a vision of Jesus—whom he had not, I repeat, ever seen “in the flesh”—whose voice he finally heard say to him: “Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?,” which voice he could not resist. He had, moreover, been blinded by a dazzling light, and he felt himself thrown to the ground. Transported to Damascus—at least according to the same account in “Acts of the Apostles”—he was recognized by one of the faithful of the sect which he had come to combat, the man who, after restoring Saul’s eyesight, baptized him and received him into the Christian community.

It is superfluous to say that this miraculous account cannot be accepted as it is told except by those who share the Christian faith. It does not have, like all accounts of its type, any *historical* value. Those who, without preconceived ideas, seek a plausible explanation—probable, natural—of the manner in which these things have happened, cannot be content. And the explanation, to be plausible, must give an account not only of the transformation of Saul into Paul—of the implacable defender of Judaism into the founder of the Christian church as we know it—but also of the nature, the content, and the direction of his activity after his conversion, of the internal logic of his career; otherwise put, the psychological connection, more or less conscious, between his past anti-Christianity and his great Christian work. Every conversion implies a connection between the past of the convert and the rest of his life, a deep reason, that is to say, a permanent aspiration of the convert that the act of conversion satisfies, a will, a permanent direction of life and action, of which the act of conversion is the expression and the instrument.

Now, given all we know of him *and above all of the course of his career*, there is only one profoundly fundamental will, inseparable from the personality of Paul of Tarsus in *all* the stages of his life, which can furnish the explanation for his “road to Damascus,” and this will is the one that serves the old Jewish ideal of spiritual domination, complementing and crowning that of economic domination. Saul, orthodox Jew, self-conscious Jew, who had combated the new sect insofar as it constituted a danger to orthodox Jewry, could only renounce his orthodoxy and become the soul and the arm precisely of this dangerous sect, after having understood that, recast by him, transformed, adapted to the exigencies of the vast world of the “Goyim”—the “Gentiles” of the gospels—interpreted, as he did, in the manner of giving, as said later on by Nietzsche, “a new meaning to the ancient mysteries,” it could become for centuries, if not forever, the most powerful instrument of the spiritual domination of Israel, the way by which it realizes, the most certainly and in the most definitive manner, the “mission” of the Jewish people, which was, according to him, as according to every good Israelite, that of ruling over the other peoples, subjecting them to a complete moral enslavement while exploiting them economically. And the more moral enslavement is complete, the more economic exploitation—it goes without saying—flourishes. It is only this prize that merits the pain of repudiating the rigidity of the ancient and venerable Law. Or, to speak a more trivial language, the sudden conversion of Saul along the road to Damascus is explicable in a completely natural manner solely if one allows that he suddenly appreciated the possibilities which nascent

Christianity offered him for profit in the moral domination of his people, and which he had thought—in a stroke of genius, it might be said—“How I have taken the short view in persecuting this sect instead of serving mine come what may! How foolish I have been to attach myself to the forms—the details—instead of seeing the essential: the interest of the people of Israel, of the chosen people, of our people, of us Jews!”

The whole subsequent career of Paul is an illustration—a proof, to the extent that one may propose to “prove” facts of this nature—of this ingenious change of course, of this victory of an intelligent Jew, a practical man, a diplomat (and when “diplomat” is said in connection with religious questions, deception is meant) over the orthodoxly educated Jew preoccupied above all with the problems of ritual purity. From the day of his conversion, Paul, in effect, abandoned himself to the “Spirit,” and went where the “Spirit” suggested, or rather ordered, him to go, and spoke, in every circumstance, the words that the “Spirit” inspired in him. But where did the “Spirit” “order” him to go? To Palestine, among the Jews who still took part in the “errors” which he had publicly abjured, and who seemed to be the first to have title to the new revelation? Not on your life! He was quite careful! It was in Macedonia, as it was in Greece and among the Greeks of Asia Minor, among the Galatians, and later among the Romans—in Aryan lands: on the whole, in *non-Jewish* lands—that the neophyte went forth to preach the theological dogmas of original sin and eternal salvation through Jesus crucified, and the moral dogma of the equality of all men and of all peoples: it was in Athens where he proclaimed that God had created “all the nations, all the peoples, *of one and the same blood*” (“Acts of the Apostles,” chapter 17, verse 26). With this negation of the natural hierarchy of races, the Jews, had nothing to do—they who have, at all times, in their conception of the world, overturned this hierarchy to their profit. But it was (from the Jewish point of view) very useful to preach, to impose on the “Goyim,” to destroy their national values that had, up to that point, made them strong (or, rather, to simply hasten their destruction; for since the fourth century before Jesus Christ, they were already crumbling under the influence of the “hellenized” Jews of Alexandria). Without a doubt, Paul *also* preached it “in the Synagogues,” that is to say, *to Jews*, to whom he presented the new doctrine as the fulfillment of the prophecies and the messianic expectation; without a doubt, he said to these sons of his people, as to the “God fearers”—to semi-Jews, like Timothy, and to the Jewish quarters which were abundant in the Aegean seaports (the same as in Rome)—that Christ crucified and resurrected, whom he announced, was none other than the promised messiah. He gave a new meaning to the Jewish prophets, just as he gave a new meaning to the immemorial mysteries of Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor: a meaning that attributes a unique role, a unique place, a unique importance to the Jewish people *in the religion of non-Jews*. It was for him nothing but a means to the end of assuring for his people the spiritual domination of future ages. His genius—not religious, but *political*—consists in having understood this.

But it is not solely in the plan of the doctrine where he can show a disconcerting suppleness—“Greek with the Greeks, and Jew with the Jews,” as he himself said. He has a sense of practical necessities—and *impossibilities*. He who was at first so orthodox, is the first to oppose completely the imposition of the Jewish Law on Christian converts of non-Jewish races. He insists—against Peter and the least conciliatory group of the first Christians of Jerusalem—on the fact that a Christian of non-Jewish origin does not at all require circumcision or the Jewish laws concerning diet. He wrote for these new converts—half-Jews, half-Greeks, Romans of dubious origin, Levantines from all the parts of the Mediterranean: for all of this world without race, with which he served as the intermediary with his Jewish people, immutable in their tradition, and the vast world to conquer—where there does not exist, for them, the distinction between that which is “pure” and that which is “impure,” where they are permitted to eat anything (“all that which can be found in the market-place”). He knew that, without these concessions, Christianity could not expect to conquer the West—nor the Jews expect to conquer the world by means of the conversion of the West.

Peter, who was not at all a Jew of the “ghetto,” still did not understand at all the conditions of a non-Jewish world and did not see things from the same point of view—not *yet* anyway. It is because of this that it is necessary to see in Paul the true founder of historical Christianity: the man who made the purely spiritual teaching of the prophet Jesus the basis of a militant organization in Time, the goal of which is nothing but the domination of the Jews over a morally emasculated and physically debased world, a world where the mistaken love of “man” leads straight to the indiscriminate mixing of races, to the suppression of every national pride, and, in a word, to the degeneration of man.

It is time that all the non-Jewish nations finally open their eyes to this reality of two thousand years. May they understand the striking present day situation and react accordingly.

Written in Méadi (near Cairo), 18 June 1957⁵

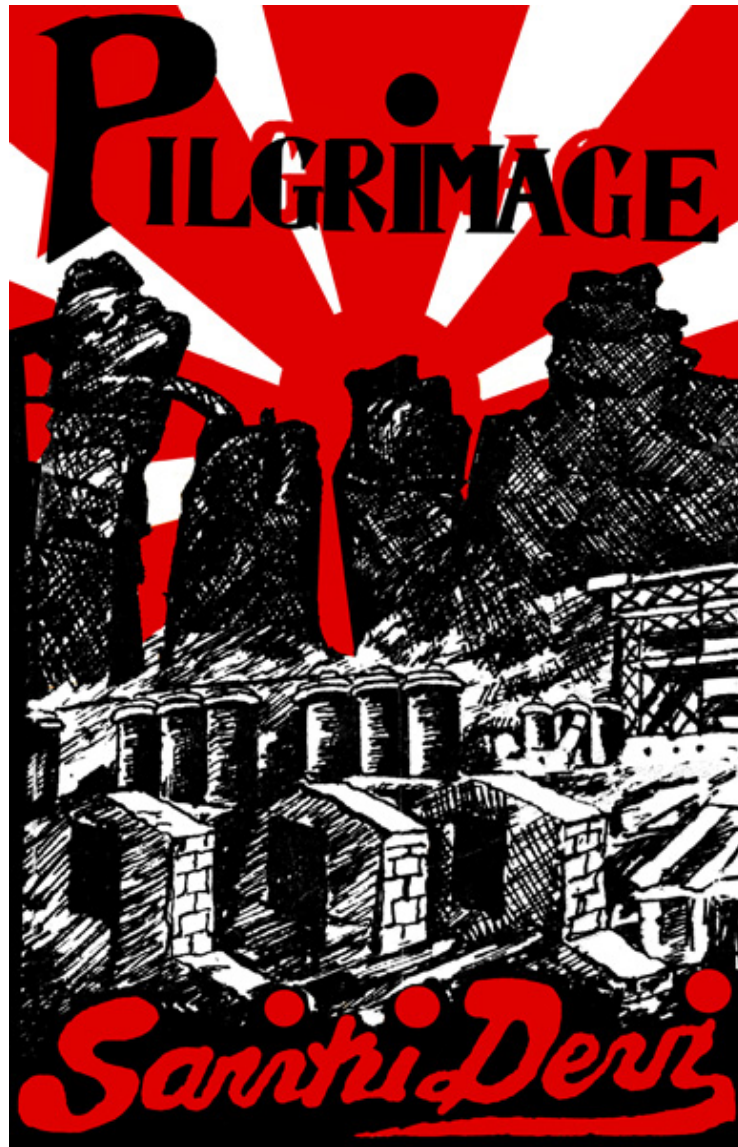
¹ Originally published as *Paul de Tarse, ou Christianisme et juiverie* (Calcutta: Savitri Dêvi Mukherji, 1958). Translated from the French by R.G. Fowler, with thanks to M.L., J.P., and D.O.

² Savitri may be referring to Ernst Haeckel, who mentions Pandera in his chapter on “Science and Christianity” in his *The Riddle of the Universe at the Close of the Nineteenth Century*, trans. Joseph McCabe (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1900), 328-9.

³ Savitri may be referring to any one of the following volumes by John Allegro: *The Dead Sea Scrolls* (Harmondsworth, England: Penguin, 1956), *The Mystery of the Dead Sea Scrolls Revealed* (New York: Gramercy, 1956), or, if it was published by the time of the essay’s composition, *The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Origins of Christianity* (New York: Criterion, 1957). In *Pilgrimage*, Savitri refers to another book on early Christianity by Gerald Massey, *The Historical Jesus and the Mythical Christ* (Springfield: Star Publishing Company, n.d.). See Savitri Devi, *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958), 332.

⁴ In *The Lightning and the Sun* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958), Savitri makes a threefold distinction between men “above Time,” “in Time,” and “against Time.” Men above Time are visionaries and prophets who orient themselves by truths that transcend the present world. They are, therefore, impractical when it comes to changing the present world. Men in Time are entirely creatures of the present world. Therefore, they are more capable of attaining worldly success. Men against Time orient themselves by truths that transcend the present, yet they are capable of operating within the world to advance the cause of truth. Savitri offers the Pharaoh Akhnaton as the paradigm of the man above Time, Genghis Khan as the paradigm of the man in Time, and Hitler as the paradigm of the man against Time.

⁵ In May of 1957, Savitri sailed to Egypt en route to India. She stayed in the Cairo suburb of El-Maâdi in the home of Mahmoud Saleh, a Palestinian Arab and Nazi sympathizer. Saleh was a friend and neighbor of Nazi exile Johannes von Leers (1902-1963), a former German university professor and member of the SS who had been employed by Goebbels’ Ministry of Propaganda and was later employed by the Nasser government as a specialist in Zionist affairs. Savitri spent a good deal of her time in Egypt in Leers’ company. See Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, *Hitler’s Priestess: Savitri Devi, The Hindu-Aryan Myth, and Neo-Nazism* (New York: New York University Press, 1998), 176-9. Savitri relates some of the events of her stay in Egypt in *Long-Whiskers and the Two-Legged Goddess: or the true story of a “most objectionable Nazi” and . . . half-a-dozen cats* (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, n.d. [actually published in England circa 1965]), 97-99.



PILGRIMAGE

by

Savitri Devi

Calcutta
1958

TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE

*“When justice is crushed, when evil is triumphant, then I come back.
For the protection of the good, for the destruction of evildoers, for the
establishment of the Reign of Righteousness, I am born again and again, age
after age.”*

The Bhagavad-Gita
IV, Verses 7 and 3.

“I am the Oblation; I am the Sacrifice . . .”

The Bhagavad-Gita,
IX. Verse 16.

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PREFACE

These pages — written in English only because I did not, yet, feel myself in a position to produce a *book* in German — relate my first actual pilgrimage to places which have a great name in the history of the National Socialist Movement and in that of Germany in general. They are incomplete, because that pilgrimage itself was — had to be, on account of personal financial difficulties — a rather hasty one; one from which I had to leave out even such important landmarks as Vienna and Berlin.

For the sake of faithfulness to fact, I purposely did not try to fill the gaps with memories of these and other places, gathered during more recent tours of mine. For every successive pilgrimage is a whole in itself, endowed with its own organic unity. And the *first* one has a special character for the sole reason that it is the first.

Many statements in this book — many reactions of comrades of mine or of myself — will shock those who are not definite devotees of the Hitler faith — and perhaps even *some* of those who are, or profess to be, such ones. Yet, again for the sake of faithfulness to fact, I have not cut out the corresponding passages. I wanted at least the psychological *atmosphere* which I have *lived* in 1953 to be rendered as I have experienced it.

The book is, anyhow, *not* intended for indiscriminate circulation. It is a series of personal episodes, laid down in black and white in exactly the same style as I would relate them to the only people these pages are for, namely, to the most conscious and consistent among my German comrades and superiors.

Savitri Devi Mukherji

Calcutta, 12 December 1958

INTRODUCTION

There is one thing that many Germans (and practically *all* non-Germans) seem to forget, when venturing forecasts about the evolution of the West, and that is the fact that National Socialism is infinitely more than a mere political creed; the fact that it is a way of life; a faith, in the fullest sense of the word — one could say *a religion*, however different it may, at first sight, appear, from every existing system thus labelled in current speech. Religions are not as easy to uproot as mere political creeds. And a religion that expresses, both in collective — in “political” — *and* in individual life (in life as an organic whole) the lasting aspirations of the noblest section of mankind, can never be uprooted. That is what we, National Socialists, intend to prove, in the long run. That is what we are already proving by our day to day stand — our silent, but inexorable refusal to deny our scale of values — after these eight long years of trial.¹ And this story of my visit to several places connected with the birth, growth and persecution of our Movement, and these episodes of my life in Germany (after my return there *in spite of* the decree of expulsion issued against me by the Occupation Authorities) merely stress once more, as glaringly as ever, that nothing can “de-Nazify” us. While the apparently strange title I have given this book — “Pilgrimage” — illustrates, as accurately as human speech possibly can, my attitude towards Germany, my spiritual home.

“Adolf Hitler has raised Germany to the status of a holy Land in the eyes of every worthy Aryan of the world.” I have written these words in other books of mine. And they were not, — and they *are not* — a metaphor, but the very expression of the truth as I feel it in the depth of my heart. And I have visited these places forever famous: Linz, Leonding, Braunan am Inn, Berchtesgaden, Obersalzberg, Munich, Landsberg am Lech, Nuremberg (to mention only the main ones) neither on account of their natural beauty, nor for the sake of

¹ These lines were written in 1953.

their importance in the eyes of the student of history, but in a pious mood — as real Christians visit Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem; as true Mohammedans go to Mecca and to Medina from the ends of the earth. I have visited them solely because they are, to me, — to *us* — sacred places; spots of holy Land, inseparable from the early history of that modern form of the perennial Religion of Life: the Hitler Faith; *my* faith; — our faith.

* * *

Such an attitude to a system that has played — and that is (I hope) again to play, — a very definite part in the *political* life of the West, needs a few words of explanation. It is surely not the attitude of the world at large, to our creed. It is, nay, — unfortunately, — anything but the attitude of *all* Germans. Still, it is that of a conscious and active, and particularly intelligent minority of German National Socialists, of whom I have the honour of knowing several personally. And I can honestly feel no difference whatsoever between their approach and mine to our common faith in the Swastika and in the Greater German Reich. And, to the extent they know me, I do not believe that *they* feel any such difference either.

Loyalty to Adolf Hitler, alive forever; loyalty to Aryan blood; loyalty to Greater Germany as to the natural Leader of all people of Aryan blood, binds me to them, and them to me, above ever-changing manmade frontiers.

Certain people outside our Movement insist, however, that there must be an irreducible difference between our attitudes: a difference due to the fact that I am not a German. That fact — which I have so spontaneously forgotten, both in the pride of the great days and (perhaps even more) in the mental agony which I have lived in and after 1945, and in the constant service of the great Reich of our common dreams, — can possibly stand in my way in connection with material advantages in a future National Socialist Germany. It could not, — and it can never — prevent me from linking my destiny to that of future Germany, in the name of my pan-Aryan faith, regardless of all imaginable administrative hindrances. While limiting my “rights” during the short span of years I yet have to tread this earth, — while making me a second class,

or perhaps even a third class citizen in the glorious new world for the establishment of which I have striven all my life, — it has forced me to live and to fight with greater detachment, greater selflessness, remembering that I had — and have — nothing to expect, and that I did, and do, not count. It has forced me to live and fight with impersonal enthusiasm, exclusively for the eternal goal of our Movement: *not* for the “happiness” of any individual; not for the salvation of *the* Individual, but for the strengthening, defence and expansion of the godlike élite of mankind, here and now, and forever, feeling that this lofty goal is mine in spite of all; mine, as much as any German’s; mine, because I want it to be attained at any cost; mine, because I love Germany, my Führer’s beloved country and the first Aryan Nation wide-awake in our times.

* * *

“Loyalty to Adolf Hitler, alive forever; loyalty to Aryan blood, and to Greater Germany as to the natural Leader of all people of Aryan blood,” that is, I repeat, the substance of National Socialism — our faith. It is, no doubt, an essentially German faith, and an essentially earthly one, too, — a faith that has nothing to do with those metaphysical problems that worry people for whom our living world is not sufficient. It is, however, a faith that transcends Germany, and this earth itself, and our times, as I once declared before the Military Tribunal in Düsseldorf, and already in Cologne, before those who first cross-examined me after my arrest in 1949.

We National Socialists have no opinion about and no interest in questions that cannot be answered with absolute certainty and which have, moreover, no bearing upon our lives. We speak only of that which we know. We worship that which we can see and feel — or at least, that of which we can see and feel the day to day expression. We do not know whether we can expect or not, after death, any sort of conscious, personal immortality (any sort of immortality of the kind so many people crave for). But we *do* know that those who have children of the same blood as themselves live in their children. And we believe in the immortality of those races that keep their blood pure, conscious of the Godhead

that lies within them. We believe in the immortality of our own Aryan race as it has survived in its purest representatives, in Germany in particular and in the North of Europe at large, and wherever else in the world it has retained both its physical and moral characteristics. And we *do* know, also, that those who leave useful or beautiful works live in their works. We believe in impersonal, selfless immortality through creative work — in the immortality of the anonymous artist who chiseled a perfect detail in the decoration of a building; in that of the anonymous labourer who helped to pave a road; of the man who planted a tree or composed a popular tune; and especially of all those who lived and fought and suffered to enable Germany to bring about the materialisation of Adolf Hitler's programme; of all those who, now, in absolute effacement, are keeping our faith alive within their hearts, thus enabling it to reassert itself, one day, at the first opportunity. That immortality, — of which we are *sure*, — is sufficient for us.

We do not know whether there exists such a thing as a God endowed with personality. But we *do* know that life exists. And we *do* know that Order, and Rhythm, which is the essence of Order, are inherent in Life. And we find Order and Rhythm essentially beautiful. And we worship Life on account of that inherent beauty of Order and Rhythm, which displays itself in the Laws of Life. We worship Life with its inexorable Laws, expressions of inner Order; with its inexorable Rhythm of birth and death, creation and destruction, love and hate — its everlasting interaction of opposites; its everlasting, merciless, sinless, impersonal Struggle, which is also Order. We accept the fact that we are part and parcel of the Cosmic Dance, instruments of its rhythm. We accept the Law of Struggle, which is inseparable from existence in Time; we say "yes" to Life, because we are healthy beings, well-adapted to our destiny as creators and fighters; because *we like* the everlasting Struggle — and would, doubtless, find the world boring, without it. Our God is Life Itself — Life as it emerges, purified and strengthened, again and again, out of the everlasting Struggle against the forces of disintegration.

We love all forms of life . . . *in their place*. But our own eyes, our own experience compel us to assert that there exists nothing higher, nothing more valuable on earth, than the natural

aristocracy of the Aryan race, which is, at the same time, the natural aristocracy of mankind. We do not *hate* the men who stand in the way of the free development of that élite, but we fight them, with merciless detachment, and we destroy them — when we can, — with all the thoroughness of our hearts, as the enemies of higher Creation — our natural opponents in the Cosmic Play of Forces.

That is our creed — philosophically speaking. It is a cosmic creed, with its roots in this earth.

* * *

But that is not all.

One cannot say that representatives of the God-ordained aristocracy of mankind are to be found in Germany alone. Sven Hedin, Knut Hamsun, Vidkun Quisling, were not Germans, and yet, who would deny them a place in the very first ranks of the Aryan élite? Members of that natural élite are to be found in all lands — including Persia and India, — where there are to be found a few racially conscious men and women of unmixed Aryan blood.

Yet, it is a fact that, among all nations of Aryan blood, Germany alone has made herself, in our times, the champion of those everlasting Aryan values for which we stand; the promoter of that joyous and merciless faith in health and physical perfection as well, as in manly ideals, in opposition to the sickly philosophy, centred around the so-called “dignity” of fallen mankind, which is the gift of the Jew to the Western world. It is a fact that, whether in Hermann, who cut the Roman legions to pieces, or in Wittukind and his Saxons, defenders of Germanic Heathendom against the Christian faith, or in her great Emperors of the Middle Ages, in constant conflict with the popes; or in the kings and statesmen of Prussia, with their one-pointed organising genius and political insight, put to the service of a unified Reich; or in thinkers such as Fichte, Nietzsche, or, nearer to us, Friedrich Lange,¹ and, always and everywhere, in her people, with their

¹ The leader of the “Deutsches Bund” whose Manifesto, issued in Heidelberg on the 9th of May 1894, could be signed by any true National Socialist.

invincible will to live, Germany has been, throughout her history, *the* healthy force in the West, — *the* force that has, stubbornly, stood against all forms of internationalism, whether political, religious or philosophical; against all forces of decadence, whether imperial Rome (no longer an Aryan power in the days of Augustus) or Christianity, that oldest and most successful invention of the Jew to emasculate the Aryan race, or the French Revolution, that grand-scale achievement of Freemasonry, or Napoleon, (that warlord whose dream was to unite all Europe, *not* under the rule of the best, in the name of any higher wisdom, but simply under the government of a large Corsican family, in the name of his personal ambition.)

It is a fact that the interest of the German Reich is, — and, which is more, always was, — the interest of Western Aryandom, and that, in particular, every Aryan who, during the Second World War, fought of his own free will against Germany, is a traitor to his own race. For the Second World War was not a war between rival States, but a war between incompatible faiths, — between the age-old Aryan scale of values and the Judeo-Christian one; both a religious and a racial war.

And it is also a fact that there is no hope for Western Aryandom save in the resurrection of the German Reich in Adolf Hitler's spirit (if not under his personal leadership, if he still be alive) and in the unification of Europe — first step towards the unification of the Aryan race as a whole — under Germany's leadership, according to National Socialist principles.

It matters little to what extent the "rights" of the non-German Aryans will be taken into consideration in that future West, — nay, in that future world, — for the establishment of which we are struggling. We are not struggling so that a few men and women, relatively better than most non-German Aryans inasmuch as they remained faithful to Adolf Hitler and to Germany in defeat, might acquire definite advantages after Germany's revenge. We are struggling unconditionally for the coming of that revenge — for the resurrection and domination of Greater National Socialist Germany, — because we ardently believe in the justice of the German Cause; because we find it *right* that the Nation who staked her all, and underwent the actual experience of mass-martyrdom and death for

the defence of the Aryan race at large and of the true Aryan ideals, should rise and take the lead of that race, and impose those ideals upon future generations forevermore. *I* at least am struggling unconditionally for that impersonal goal, whatever be my official nationality.

I am struggling for that goal because I believe in the new *Mythos* of Salvation, which the heavenly Powers are slowly and patiently evolving out of the unprecedented sufferings of the privileged Nation: the *Mythos* upon which, one day, — I hope, — the new faith of Europe will be founded; the *Mythos* of world-redemption (in the natural, earthly sense of the word) through the voluntary sacrifice and martyrdom of the German people during these last ten years (and who knows how many years more?).

For the first time in the history of religions, the perennial Saviour Who comes again, age after age, “to reinstall the reign of Righteousness,”¹ has offered not only Himself but His beloved people in sacrifice, for the fulfillment of the highest purpose of Creation: the survival of superior mankind.

And for the first time also, salvation is looked upon not as an escape from this earthly life, but as its full realisation in health, strength and beauty; in visible, godlike perfection. For the first time salvation means achievement of perfection on the physical plane *and then*, through the development of the natural capacities and virtues of the race, on other planes also; attainment of supermanhood deeply rooted in the earth — faithful both to this earth and to the Sun, Principle of earthly life and power. And the privileged Nation — Germany — conscious of her mission as ever before; purified in spirit through these long years of persecution, is to teach the racial élite of the world (her blood-brothers, and also her noblest allies of other races) the message of the Doctrine of Life in health and joy and honour; the Law of blood-purity; the duty of obedience to that immanent Godhead — Life-Energy — which abides in the Sun and in living Nature and in us, and which “has put every man in his place” and “divided the foreign peoples from one another.”²

¹ The *Bhagawad-Gita*, IV, verse 8.

² *Longer Hymn to the Sun*, composed by Akhnaton, King of Egypt, early 14th century B.C.

And just as all India reveres to this day the descendants of the Aryan invaders of old — the Brahmins — as “gods on earth”¹) so will the Aryan world as a whole, one day, — we hope — revere the pure-blooded descendants of the modern Germans: the children of those millions who, along with Adolf Hitler and for the love of Him, laid down, in our times, the foundations of the new civilisation of the West, and who suffered and died for Aryandom to flourish.

* * *

And thus, through Adolf Hitler, — the first Man to integrate traditional Pan-Germanism into a deeper, worldwide Pan-Aryanism, — the perennial Religion of Light and Life and of superior mankind as the culmination of Life’s creative effort upon this planet, has found its expression in the cult of Germany.

This explains and justifies, as I have already said, the title of this book. This explains and justifies also my whole attitude to my German comrades and superiors, with whom I have identified myself in this struggle for the resurrection of the Greater German Reich. This foreshadows also — I hope, — the feelings of those racially-conscious Aryans of the future who will come to this Land as to a place of pilgrimage — the Holy Land of the West, — in the same spirit as myself, while continuing to work for the strengthening and expansion of that Greater Reich of our dreams which, in my own very words, “has no boundaries.”² This foreshadows the slow but steady formation of a true brotherhood of Aryan blood and of Nietzschean faith, forever loyal to its natural leaders: Nietzsche’s countrymen and disciples; Adolf Hitler’s everlasting people.

Heil Hitler!

Emsdetten in Westfalen (Germany)

3 June 1953

¹ Bhudêva (in Sanskrit).

² “Defiance,” p. 578.

Chapter 1

LINZ; LEONDING

So, this clean and pretty town that now welcomed me was Linz — the place where “he” had spent the early years of his life! I could hardly believe it.

And yet . . . how vivid was the consciousness of “him” in connection with this place, not only in *me* but in his people at large! I recalled in my mind the remark of an elderly gentleman who had been sitting next to me, in the railway-carriage on my way: “Linz!” had he said, looking enigmatically at me as soon as I had answered the usual question and told him where I was going, “that is the town where Adolf Hitler used to live when he was a boy!” And he had added, even more enigmatically: “Is *that* why you are going there?”

I had blushed at the hearing of the beloved Name, and more so at the idea that the man had seen through me. But I had merely smiled, without replying a word: two Frenchmen in uniform — two members of the hated Occupation forces — were seated opposite us. One should be cautious in presence of those creatures: *say* nothing that might be interpreted as an offence in the light of this or that paragraph of the Occupation Statute. (But smiling, of course, and blushing, however more eloquent they be than any spoken words, can never be held against one as an offence! . . .)

I also recalled the strange way in which the man sitting at the desk in the “Enquiry Office concerning rooms,” — *Zimmer Nachweis* — at the station, had looked at me when I had told him that I had come from Athens, somehow as though he had wanted to say: “All the way from Athens to see the place where ‘he’ has spent his childhood! . . . So, . . . you too are one of ‘his’ followers . . . and presumably a good one!” Oh, he had not uttered — doubtless not dared to utter — those words! But I had felt pretty sure that he had thought them. And he had spoken to me for over an hour about his memories as an officer in the

German Army in Greece, during the war, and had smiled most sympathetically when I had declared that *I* had never stood against Germany, whether during this war or before, or afterwards, but that I had, on the contrary, fought on her side “against the international money-Power, arch-enemy of the Aryan race.”

Yes, although one was hardly given a chance of speaking about “him,” one felt, here, that many, very many people think of “him” every day of their lives. The air one breathed was full of “his” presence.

And his presence attracted people — from far away, sometimes.

I remembered a conversation I had had in London, in 1947, with an Indian — a fair-complexioned Brahmin from Delhi — who, during a business journey across Central Europe, had gone out of his way to visit Linz solely for the sake of the memories of the Führer’s boyhood that the town evokes. And as I had told him how refreshing it was for me to hear of such a thing from a man from far-away India, he had asked me:

“Have you not visited Ayodhya and Brindaban, when you were in far-away India?”

I had acknowledged that I had indeed.

“And why, not being yourself an Indian, have you especially wished to see those old towns, both of little appeal to the eye in quest of ‘picturesque’?” had then inquired my interlocutor.

“Because I am an Aryan,” had I replied, “and because Rama, the miraculous Conqueror of the South, who lived and ruled in Ayodhya, and Krishna, the immortal Teacher of the Doctrine of Violence with detachment, who spent his early years in Brindaban, personify in my eyes both the warlike wisdom and the territorial expansion of my hallowed race, and start each of them a new epoch in the history of the awakening of Aryan consciousness in Antiquity.”

“And does not Adolf Hitler also personify, today, both the warlike wisdom and the will to expansion of the Aryan race? And has he not, *in spite of Germany’s temporary defeat*, started a new era? I have visited Linz because I too am an Aryan,” had answered the descendant of those who carried the Nordic culture of old to the Tropics.

I had been too moved to reply. And the idea of a new,

racially conscious Aryandom, extending to the four corners of the world — the idea of the real Greater Reich of my dreams, united, above all conventional frontiers, in the veneration of the common Race-Saviour, Adolf Hitler, — had brought tears into my eyes.

I thought of that episode, — and of that tremendous idea — as I now myself sat in Linz, before a table on the first-floor landing of the hotel that the man at the *Zimmer Nachweis* Office at the station had recommended to me, filling a form (Christian name, surname, permanent address etc. . . .) while the hotel-maid was preparing my room for me.

* * *

I had come from Athens, as I said already. And I was travelling under my maiden name. I had, under my actual name, been expelled from occupied Germany after my release from Werl. But I was determined to go back, and would, this time, be careful not to get caught, even if I did, once more, indulge in activities “intended to keep alive the military and the Nazi spirit.”¹ I had, with the help of the immortal Gods, managed to secure myself a Greek passport, on the ground that my marriage, which had not taken place in any Christian church, was therefore not recognised in Greece.

I recalled my beautiful journey — first, that rush through transparent space, from the Phaleron Airport to that of Campini, over mountains, isles and sea, and clouds that shone like snow under the Sun, and through which one could catch, now and then, a glimpse of violet-blue water or grey rocky, earth, ten thousand feet below; and then, that rapid vision of Rome for the tenth or twelfth time; my wandering along the “Via dell’ Impero,” full of memories of our great days; my conversation with an old friend who had been a State minister under Mussolini after having been Consul for fascist Italy in Calcutta, where I had made his acquaintance and then, the railway journey northwards, towards Germany.

I recalled the feeling I had experienced at the Brenner Pass — the frontier. Our Führer had met there, number of

¹ Occupation Statute: Law 8, Article 7.

times, the Italian Leader whom Dr. Goebbels has so tragically — and so accurately — characterised as “the last of the Romans.” There lay the actual spot of contact — and of separation — between the two portions of Western Aryandom: Greater Germany and the Mediterranean countries. “To which of these two worlds do *I* really belong?” had I thought, as the train had rolled, technically, into Austria, in fact, into what was, is and always will be Germanic land. In my youth, I had felt proud of my half-Mediterranean descent. Now that I had learnt how useless it was to expect any lastingly wholehearted, unconditional collaboration from Greece in particular and from Southern Europe as a whole, in the struggle for the reassertion of the Aryan values, I had felt grateful to my mother for the Viking blood she has given me. It had even occurred to me that, whatever Italian blood I had, from my father’s side, all came from Lombardy, i.e., was more Nordic than Mediterranean. And I had been pleased at this thought, as though this fact strengthened my right to claim a place in the future Nordic civilisation of my dreams. And I had crossed the frontier as one crosses the threshold of home. And the words in which the best English National Socialist I knew had once characterised Germany, in a letter to me, came back to my mind: *our spiritual home*. “The spiritual home of all racially conscious modern Aryans,” thought I.

I recalled my impression at my first renewed contact with this Germanic land: an impression of silent, methodical, perseverant work, coupled with intelligent organisation; an impression of cleanliness, of order and self-respect; of health, and will to live. Not yet the boisterous enthusiasm of the great days, surely; but the solid virtues that will make that boisterous enthusiasm irresistible, when it does come back. (And my conversation with a couple of Bavarian women in the train had been more than sufficient to convince me — in supposing that I needed to be convinced that it *will* come back.)

I recalled the wooded slopes and snowy peaks that I had admired on each side of the railway track, between Innsbruck and Salzburg, — and the two representatives of the French Occupation forces travelling in the same carriage as I. These would go, one day. But the gorgeous landscape — and the people — would remain to greet the resurrection of all I loved,

never mind after how many further years of struggle, and after what further upheavals.

I recalled my feeling as I had walked out of the station, across a square, and then, through a public park, to a fairly broad, well-lighted street, — the main street in the town, I had been told, — and then, along a side street on the right, to this hotel, thinking all the time: “Can it be true that I am in Linz, the town in which our Führer has lived?” It had all seemed to me — and it still seemed to me — like a dream. Of course, I would have to find out in which house “he” had lived. It was now too late anyhow to go asking people. But the next day I would ask. And I was bound to find somebody willing to tell me . . .

* * *

In the meantime the hotel maid had come back to inform me that my room was ready. She was a girl of about twenty-eight or thirty, with a sympathetic face, large, light blue, sad eyes, — too sad for her age. She took the form I had just filled and read it: Maximiani Portas, domiciled in Athens . . . It had seemed strange to me to write down that name instead of Savitri Devi Mukherji — the name under which I was known to all my German comrades. But what is there in a name? I was the same person, anyhow; the same disciple of Adolf Hitler, the same Aryan Heathen I had always been already long before I had started writing under the pen name of Savitri Devi (let alone before I had become Mrs. Mukherji). The girl did not, of course, know my real identity or the story of my life. Yet, something in her subconscious mind must have told her that she could trust me. She obviously liked the look of me, and wished to talk. And I felt that I could perhaps ask *her* where Adolf Hitler’s house stood, without running the risk of getting into trouble. But I let her speak first.

“Athens!” exclaimed she, repeating what she remembered of my “permanent address,” that she had just read upon the form. “You come from far away. You must be tired.”

“Not a bit,” said I. “I have stopped in Rome on my way. Moreover, I am too excited to feel tired.”

“Are you staying here long?”

“Tonight and tomorrow night. On the day after tomorrow — the twentieth — I am going to Braunau.” (I blushed as I uttered those words. For years I had been longing to spend the Führer’s birthday in his very birthplace. The materialisation of that dream now appeared to me as something miraculous.)

The girl looked at me intently. The date, apparently, stirred in her familiar memories. And she had noticed how moved I was . . . Her sad eyes suddenly brightened, and she smiled — as only one of us can smile when recognising a comrade.

“You came from Athens to see the place where Adolf Hitler was born and the place in which he lived,” said she with enthusiasm, in a low voice “Can it be true? Now! — eight years after the disaster!”

“Eight hundred years after this disaster and after many further upheavals, people will come to see these places in the same spirit as I, today,” replied I. “But should I . . .”

I hesitated to say more, although I had already spoken more than enough for anyone to guess what I was. The girl interrupted me:

“You need not be afraid to talk to *me*,” said she. “I have suffered for the love of ‘him’ and of the Greater Reich. My husband — an S.S. man — has died for ‘him.’ You need not be afraid to tell me how ardently you revere ‘him.’ I know it already: I can read it in your eyes.”

I felt sure she spoke the truth. “I belong to ‘him,’” said I; — “to ‘him’ and to those who love ‘him’ and whom ‘he’ loves.”

The girl’s eyes were full of tears. And she uttered the selfsame words which a young German had uttered over four years before, on that cold February night, after I had given him, at the Cologne station, a few samples of the dangerous posters that were, soon after, to cause his arrest and mine; the selfsame words, with the selfsame passionate devotion: “Our Hitler! — our beloved Führer!” — the cry of Germany’s heart for all times to come.

Then, after a pause, she took a further glance at the form I had filled, and said: “Excuse me, if I am being indiscreet; but are you *really* Greek?”

It was queer. Already in Rome, in several shops, and once in the street, people had taken me for a German in spite of my dark eyes and hair. What was there in my “aura” which proclaimed my allegiance to Adolf Hitler’s people?

I could have answered: “Half Greek and half English.” But no; it did not occur to me. Instead of that simple — and technically accurate — reply, I gave her spontaneously an unexpected, but in fact infinitely more accurate one — the same one I had given my young friend in Cologne, on that memorable night, four years before; the one that justified both the history of my life and my presence in Linz: “*Ich bin Indo-Germanin*” — “I am Indo-European, — Aryan,” said I with a smile.

“I can understand you,” replied the girl, rather to my surprise. Apparently, she remembered — and had assimilated — the knowledge of the world she had been given under the third Reich.

And she added: “It is late. But tomorrow is Sunday; I have more time. I shall come to your room, and we shall talk.”

“Could you, tomorrow, show me the house where the Führer lived, here in Linz?”

“I am sorry to have to say that I do not yet myself know where it is,” answered the girl. “I have come to Linz but recently, and have started working at once. Had no chance to see the town. But I can show you where you should take the bus for Leonding, if you like; you also want to go there, naturally?”

“I do.”

She explained me where I was to take the bus: only a few yards away from the hotel. She also told me her name Luise K. We parted with the ritual salute and the two now forbidden words: “Heil Hitler!”

It was a long time before I fell asleep.

* * *

“Is this Leonding?” asked I, as the bus halted.

“Yes, Leonding.”

I stepped out. My heart was beating. Before me, on the

border of the road, stood the little church behind which — I knew — was the cemetery where the Führer's parents are buried.

I walked into the church. It was empty. Sunshine poured in from the narrow windows of plain glass, and stressed every curve or surface of polished wood upon which it fell, and every detail of chiseled metal upon the altar.

This was a pretty little village church like any other, with white-washed walls, a few artless pictures and plaster statues, and benches on which generations of pious folk had knelt and prayed. Perfect silence. It must have been about one o'clock in the afternoon. And an atmosphere of serene restfulness; of inexpressible peace.

I imagined a young, fair woman kneeling by one of those benches over fifty years before, with a thoughtful, blue-eyed child at her side — a child in whose face the light of boundless love and the flame of genius already radiated: her son, Adolf Hitler, the Chosen One of the Invisible Powers. And an overwhelming emotion caught hold of me at that thought. I knelt, and crossed myself automatically, — I, the Heathen, — as though that age-old gesture brought me nearer to the Christian mother of my Leader. And I wept for a long time.

Perfect silence; perfect peace. Frau Clara Hitler, the predestined Mother, had doubtless many times come here, when the church was empty — like it was today — to seek communion with God after her household work was finished. She was a simple-hearted and pious woman, who had found in the one religion she knew — Roman Christianity — a frame within which she could give expression to her inborn longing for Perfection and Infinity. One can read that longing in her eyes, on the pictures one has of her. Her only surviving son was to inherit both those magnificent, star-like eyes, and the more-than-human yearning of her ardent soul. He loved her, and — which is more, — understood her; *knew* that her serene Christian piety meant, to her, the very same thing which his own merciless Struggle against the dark Forces of disintegration meant to him: boundless aspiration to perfection without end. And therefore, he respected her faith, — he, the detached, far-sighted Exponent of the more positive faith in Blood and Soil; of the faith in everlasting Life rooted in this earth. “Were my mother still alive, I would be the last man to try to

prevent her from going to church . . .”¹; “. . . but until some substitute, manifestly better than it, appears, only fools and criminals will destroy the religion that is there, on the spot.”² His own words came back to me. And I acknowledged in my heart that they were words of wisdom, all the more impressive, all the more significant, while coming from one who has fought to the bitter end, as few men in history, not only “the Church” — the Churches — but the Christian scale of values, the very essence of the Christian doctrine as it has come down to us.

And I felt as though my loving intuition of his mother had bound me more intimately to him, during this hour, than had, hitherto, two and a half decades of enthusiasm.

* * *

Through the side door of the church, I stepped directly into the cemetery, and slowly walked along one alley and then along the next one. The graves, upon which I read in turn the names of the dead, were all relatively new; the one I was seeking was doubtless further away — nearer the wall; among the older ones. I followed the last alley, parallel to the wall. And there I suddenly stopped before a grave covered with overgrown creeper, upon which lay a wreath of fir tree twigs, utterly dried up and falling to pieces. Some pious hand had recently added a few fresh flowers in a tin can. At the back, a slab of black marble, inserted in a rough block of stone, bore in gilded letters the inscription:

Here rest in God
Alois Hitler,
who passed away on the 7th January, 1903, aged 67, and his wife
Clara Hitler,
who passed away on the 21st December, 1907, aged 47.

Alois and Clara Hitler — our Führer’s parents; the last link in that endless chain of privileged generations destined to give Germany the greatest of all her sons, and the Western world, the one Saviour of its own blood.

¹ Quoted from the “*Goebbels Diaries*,” published after the war.

² *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 293-294.

I knelt before the grave.

All round me, like in the little church, there was peace, perfect peace. But a peace of a different quality: not the meditative serenity of the house of prayer, away from the turmoil of life; still less, the peace of death; but that of smiling Nature seething with impersonal life, — of Nature that has no memory and no history. High above me, the leaves of a nearby tree rustled. On the ground before me, a pretty brown insect, — a speck of life — crawled across half a foot of earth and sand, into the thick forest of creeper that covered the grave. A ray of sunshine fell straight upon the lovely pink and white double-daisies that one of “his” faithful followers, no doubt, — one of us — had laid upon the ground under which the Führer’s parents lie.

I imagined “him” laying flowers here, before a reverent crowd of people — his closest friends, and the officials (and population) of Leonding, — during the great days. Where was “he” now, if still alive? Would he ever come back, and stand once more before this grave, in silence, surrounded by his new collaborators? And if he was dead, was it yet possible that he might know — that he might feel — how ardently we love him? Or was the life of those who have passed into eternity impersonal and without memory, like that of Nature?

I had brought no flowers with me, for the shops were all closed in Linz, as it was Sunday. (And the day before, I had arrived at 9 o’clock at night or so, — after working hours.) My intention had been to try to find some here, in Leonding, and *then* to come to the cemetery. But when I had seen the church, I had walked in. And I had not been able to go out without stepping into the cemetery and seeing the grave. Now I would go and see whether I could get any flowers, and I would then come back.

* * *

I was soon talking to the owner of the one garden in Leonding where — I had just been told, — I should be likely to find the greatest variety of flowers.

“Forget-me-nots? Have you not got anything better?” said I. I had been picturing to myself a magnificent mass of

dark red roses. And I was ready to give any price for the joy of placing such a wreath upon the desolate grave.

“I am sorry I have nothing else,” replied the young woman. And she added sadly: “Don’t you like forget-me-nots? They are pretty — all flowers are — and they last a long time. I shall give you as many as you want, roots and all, so that you can plant them.”

She was most sympathetic, — and pretty, too: blonde, with regular features, and bright, sincere eyes. Moreover, she was right. Her words moved me, as though she had known for whose sake I had come, and had wished to tell me — indirectly — that “he” would surely not disapprove of forget-me-nots. And I felt guilty for having despised the humble sky-blue flowers.

“It is all right,” said I. “Give me twelve forget-me-not plants with their roots. Of course I like them. As you say, all flowers are beautiful.”

The young woman dug out the forget-me-nots and wrapped them up for me in a piece of newspaper. “I’ll also lend you a shovel and a watering can,” said she.

Her friendliness touched me. I wanted to know more about her. “Excuse me if I have spoken in a haste,” said I, recasting the way I had let her see my disappointment at the lack of variety in her garden. But it is only because I would so much have liked dark red roses! . . . If you could guess which grave the flowers are for, perhaps you would understand me.”

The woman gazed at me, a ray of sunshine in her blond hair, and the expression of comradeship — like Luise K. — in her bright eyes.

“I think I *can* guess,” answered she. “But in that case I must warn you: take care nobody sees you; for it is forbidden to adorn *that* grave.”

“Forbidden! It is just like ‘them’!” replied I, meaning both the Occupation Authorities and the docile puppets whom they put in power to impose their hated Democracy: — our persecutors. “But I shall not get caught. I am accustomed to do whatever ‘they’ forbid. And if by chance ‘they’ do lay hands upon me, I don’t care: I have nothing to lose; and it will not be the first time. Only I would, of course, *rather* fall

into their clutches *after* my visit to the rest of Germany: I have several people to meet there.”

The young woman stretched out her hand to me and smiled. “I congratulate you,” said she, “I too am one of those who do not forget, and who are waiting for better times — for the second Seizure of power, never mind how and when. My husband also belongs to the Movement: he was an S.S. man.”

“It looks as though I have the knack of meeting people connected with S.S. men,” thought I, remembering Luise K’s sweet face. I felt happy. There is nothing so lovely as to discover one’s unsuspected comrades wherever one goes.

“I live in that house you can see there,” continued my new friend. “Come upstairs and have a cup of coffee with me. I have just been baking a cake.”

I walked by her side, holding my forget-me-nots. She asked me where I had come from.

“From Athens.”

The name of the glorious ancient city, here, in this garden where I had come to buy flowers for our Führer’s parents’ grave, sounded to me like a magical spell. And I felt once more — as I so often had — as though I were the inspired agent of a tremendous Destiny, just now beginning to work itself out.

“Athens!” repeated the young woman, as if she had suddenly become aware of the symbolical meaning of my presence. “And you were there also during the great days?”

“During the great days, and all through the war, I was in India,” replied I.

“India!” repeated she, in the same tone as she had said “Athens,” only with perhaps even greater interest. “And you intend to go back there?”

“One day, yes; but for a time only. I wish to settle in Germany — if I can manage to,” said I. And for the second time I felt as though I had been uttering a spell — two more words that had to be uttered, along with the name of the violet-crowned City, to give my presence in this place its full significance.

“Yes,” thought I, as we walked up a wooden staircase to my new friend’s room, and as I sat there alone while she

prepared the coffee; “yes, Greece, India, Germany: these are the three visible landmarks in the history of my life. Just as other women love several men in turn, so have I loved the essence of several cultures, the soul of at least three nations. But in all three and above all three, it is the essential perfection of Aryandom which I have sought and worshipped all my life. I have sought God — the Absolute — in the living beauty and in the manly virtues of my own godlike Race, as other women seek Him in their lovers’ eyes, and given everything for the joy of adoring Him in them; not in heaven, but here on earth.”

With the one, brilliant exception of my husband, I had met extremely few Indian Aryans that could stand the test, when compared with the German National Socialists, my comrades. No *collectivity* embodied, as the latter did today, the living, immanent Godhead of Aryandom. I had admired them from the beginning, no doubt. But I had needed to live all these years and to go through countless disappointments both in Greece and India, before I had turned my back to all mankind — nay to all Aryans, — save to them; before I had learnt to live less for their world order (that the silly world has rejected) than for *them* alone.

Words apparently unconnected with my trend of thoughts — words that a French author¹ has put into the mouth of a temple courtesan of old, speaking to her last lover — came back to my memory: “Love is a difficult art, in which young girls are not well-versed. *I have learnt it all my life to give it to thee — my last lover.*” Devotional nationalism — absolute consecration to the Godhead of one’s own Race, through absolute identification with and service of the collective Soul of a Nation: the only form of human love that I had ever really lived, *experienced* — was also, perhaps, “a difficult art” which I had learnt all my life to give it, in all its perfection, to the only ones among my Aryan brothers whom I deemed collectively worthy of it: my Führer’s people. I recalled the end of the French writer’s short prose poem — the meaning of it, at least, if not the actual wording: “I shall destroy for thy sake even my remembrances. I shall give thee the treasures that still

¹ Pierre Louÿs, “Les Chanson, de Bilitis.”

bind me to my dearest lovers . . .”¹ And I thought, with the feeling that the whole poem could be, symbolically, applied to me; “I shall give you, German National Socialists, children of Light, forever young, all that which the old outside world has given me: the lasting mark of the Grecian landscape and of the Indian temple — love of this earth *and* yearning for the Absolute — in all my works, in all my gestures. If anything foreign to your spirit has ever passed through my life, it has already been so completely destroyed that I do not myself remember it.” And I could not help adding within my heart: “But *you* will not disappoint me, as the old outside world has! Or will you — you too, one day?”

But the young woman had come back from the kitchen with the coffee. She laid a most appetising cake upon the table, and was now talking to me as she filled my cup

“Many did not, *then*, grasp the full significance of our Movement,” said she; — “or they grasped it too well and did not like it, because their religious prejudices stood between them and the spirit of the Hitler doctrine. But now, — now that they have had a taste of Democracy and of revived Christianity, and know that neither the present-day State nor the Churches can give them the equivalent of what they have lost, — they are slowly turning round and coming to us. I honestly tell you: never were there, perhaps, so many sincere National Socialists, at least here in Austria, as now. Even those Austrians who, in 1945, were ready to betray the Greater Reich, — when they did not actually do so, — are now more conscious than ever of the fact that they are part and parcel of it, whatever they might do.”

But it looked as though she had read my silent question and was answering it: “The Church is, of course, more powerful than this puppet government,” added she; “yet, in spite of all, — even of the enormous effort of the priests to win us back, — we are freer than ever from Christian influences; more National Socialist than ever.” She did not say, but her answer was as good as though she had said: “No; *we* shall never disappoint you!”

“People of the same blood should come under a common

¹ “Les Chansons de Bilitis,” same poem as quoted above.

State”¹ quoted I out of the first page of *Mein Kampf*, in reply to what she had just told me of the awakening of National Socialist consciousness in our Führer’s own home, after the war. “I don’t believe in such a thing as a separate Austria.”

I paused to help myself to a cube of sugar and a slice of cake, and continued: “I don’t believe in it, and never did. As a child and as a young girl I lived for that which one then called in Greek the ‘Great Idea’²: the idea of all Greeks (those of Asia Minor as well as those on this side of the Aegean sea) gathered into one State in the name of their common Hellenic origin. I applied the same principle to all nations as soon as I was aware of the historical injustices that caused their grievances, and when I first read *Mein Kampf* I was amazed and inspired by the wonderful logic with which Adolf Hitler expresses his views — and *mine* — about artificial frontiers. I say: not only those of what they call ‘Austria,’ but *all* such frontiers should be abolished. No State that is not, at the same time, a *nation* — a collectivity with a definite *racial* personality; *a people* — should exist.”

“We all think the same. But the so-called ‘free’ world does not. And we are powerless — for the time being,” replied my new friend.

“Let the so-called ‘free’ world and its former ‘glorious allies,’ the Communists, both go to hell — as they *are* going, anyhow, — and let us rise and rule upon their ruins!” said I, with the conviction of one who, day and night, for eight years, had been thinking of nothing, wishing for nothing, praying for nothing, — willing nothing — but Germany’s revenge, and the definitive establishment of a National Socialist order.

“May it be as you say!” exclaimed the young woman, — Germany’s mouthpiece. And once more, as in 1948 and 1949, I felt that I was not alone.

* * *

“I shall take you to see the Führer’s old tutor, and also one of his school comrades, who lives nearby,” said Frau J. — my new friend. “Leave your forget-me-nots here: the earth

¹ “Gemeinsames Blut gehört in ein gemeinames Reich” (*Mein Kampf*, 1, p. 1).

² “*e Megalee Idea*”.

around their roots is damp, and you need not fear they will get faded so quickly. You can take them and go and plant them on your way back.”

We walked along a sunny country road and soon reached a garden, in which a man, who looked about fifty, but who must have been much older if he were Adolf Hitler’s classmate, was sitting under the trees with his wife. My new friend called the woman by her name: “Frau H., here is a person who has just come from Greece to spend a few minutes of silence before the Führer’s parents’ grave. I am taking her to ‘his’ tutor’s, and from there she will come by herself to see you and Herr H. Absolutely ‘in order’ — I don’t need to stress *that*: you will see for yourself!” And she explained to me that she could not wait for me and accompany me, as she had somewhere to go — some Sunday afternoon visit that she was expected to pay. Frau H. told us that she and her husband would be glad to make my acquaintance. (The husband greeted us also.) And we parted for half an hour. Frau J. took me a few footsteps further, to the house where Adolf Hitler’s tutor lives, and left me there after introducing me and bidding me good bye.

The Führer’s tutor — a man over eighty — was sitting at his doorstep, before an open space in the midst of which grew a beautiful big tree. He received me with utmost friendliness; bade me sit down at his side. I felt moved beyond words at the thought that his eyes — that shone, still so young, in his old face — had seen every day, as a matter of course, a fourteen year-old Adolf Hitler, whose coming glory no one yet suspected, but whose outstanding virtues — boundless, disinterested love for his people, coupled with extraordinary intuition, iron willpower and practical genius — were already those that were to carry him to power, to martyrdom (even if he be alive, his life, during the last part of the war and *after* the war, must have been a constant torture) and to everlasting leadership; at the thought that he had spoken to him as one speaks to a son.

“Tell me something about our Führer, you who have had the privilege of knowing him in his youth,” said I. “I have never seen him.”

“What can I tell you?” replied the old man. “He was a healthy, clean-minded, loving and lovable child — the most

lovable I have ever met. All I have to say is contained within these few words. The grown man retained the child's goodness, honesty, love of truth. The world hates him only because it does not know him."

"The world — the ugly, Jew-ridden world of today — hates him because it is, itself, congenitally sick and corrupt; decadent; and full of spite against all that is healthy, pure and strong — godlike — within the born-to-rule, whether superior individuals or superior nations," answered I. "I hate this world which has waged war upon 'his' people!" . . .

Before I had time to finish my sentence, a cat, which I had not seen, had jumped unto my lap and was now settling down, making itself comfortable, in the absolute certitude — the intuitive knowledge — that I would not turn it away. I smoothed down the glossy white-and-grey fur, as the feline purred, and I recalled in my mind the starving cats I had once fed in India, and the thin, half-wild ones — afraid of man, all of them, — that I had, years before and again just now, seen in Greece. Here, in my Führer's Land, along with "his" faithful followers, a homely, well-fed cat was welcoming me, forerunner of happy animalkind in our world to come.

"It looks as though she knows you," remarked Adolf Hitler's former tutor. "Practically all animals, and specially all cats 'know' me," replied I. And I put him the question of which I could myself foretell what the answer could be — perhaps for the pleasure of hearing that answer from one of the few people who had known our Führer as a child

"Did 'he' love animals?" asked I.

"He loved every living creature that God has made: animals, surely, and trees too; everything that lives and that is beautiful. And he never did any harm to a living creature, even as a child."

The words brought tears into my eyes. Never perhaps was I more vividly conscious of the injustice of the world's verdict on the Man who is not only the best German, but also the best European of all ages. And oh, how I hated the ugly, stupid world! But here, all was so peaceful and so beautiful: this old man with childlike blue eyes, who loved our Hitler as his own son; those friendly homes nearby, in which — I now knew — people also loved him; this stately tree before the house;

and the sunlit, softly hilly landscape all round in the distance; and this glossy, comfortable cat, rolled up and purring upon my lap. Here I was away from the hostile world — for some time at least.

“Tell me more about ‘him,’” said I to the old man.

“I can remember ‘him’ as though it were but yesterday, going in and coming out of this door, greeting us with his frank face and his bright loving eyes,” replied he, thoughtfully. “It was fifty years ago. How many things have taken place during these fifty years!” And his voice was full of infinite sadness. He repeated, speaking of Adolf Hitler: “We all loved him. The wide world that has brought ruin on us would have loved him too, if only it had known him as he really was.”

He also spoke of the Führer’s parents: “His father was a hard-working man of few words; a man devoted to his family and to his land, but who had little leisure to exteriorise his feelings. His mother was the embodiment of selfless, unnoticed love, that gives everything and expects nothing. And she was pretty! Peace radiated from her large eyes, and one felt happy in her presence without understanding why. He was much like her, but of a more militant bearing, being a boy. And he adored her, — and she him.”

Words from the seventh Chapter of *Mein Kampf* came back to my memory: the description of Adolf Hitler’s feelings at the news of the end of the First World War: “I had never wept since the day I had stood by my mother’s grave . . . I had born my fate without a word of complaint. Now I could bear it no longer. Now I was aware how completely all personal sorrow fades away before one’s Fatherland’s misfortune.”¹ “There is only one thing in the world which he loved even more than her,” thought I; “and that is Germany.”

I asked the old man: “Do you believe, as many do, that ‘he’ is still alive?”

He answered: “I do not. Not that I have any proof of his death: *nobody* has *seen* him dead. But I cannot picture him surviving the destruction of his life’s work and the defeat of all he loved.”

“Not even if someone had managed to convince him that

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 223.

it was the interest of the German people that he should live and carry on the struggle?” asked I.

“In *that* case, of course, he would have been willing to live in spite of all . . . But was anyone able to convince him? I don’t think so.”

For the first time since that memorable moment, five years before, when I had started believing once more in the possibility of seeing ‘him’ one day, I felt my heart sink within my breast and an unutterable gloom — the same horrible old consciousness of uselessness and of emptiness that I had experienced for so long in and after 1945 — overpower me for a minute. I questioned myself, — as *then*: “What is there to live for, if I am *never* to see ‘him’ in flesh and blood? — never; *never!*” The feeling was physically painful to me. But it did not last more than a minute, if that. There sat before me the old man, who loved ‘him.’ There stood before me the tree under which ‘he’ had played as a boy. There purred upon my lap a well-fed, friendly cat, living instance of that most eloquent of all marks of superiority in Germanic mankind: spontaneous kindness to creatures. There lived in the neighbourhood and far away, in every town and village of ‘his’ Reich, worthy men and women, in whose consciousness the service of their Fatherland and the service of ‘his’ ideals remain the same thing. From the depth of my heart, the voice of my better self — the voice of the woman I *am* beyond and in spite of all my weaknesses and failures, — cried out to me, as tears filled my eyes: “And even if ‘he’ he dead in the flesh, *still there is Germany to live for*, — ‘his’ Germany; the one great Being that he loved even more than his mother.”

Never had the old words: “Adolf Hitler is Germany; Germany *is* Adolf Hitler,” seemed to me so glaringly true. And never also, perhaps, had they in fact *become* so true as they had now, through me.

* * *

After taking leave of the old man — and thanking him for the hour I had lived in his company — I went and paid my visit to Herr H., Adolf Hitler’s classmate.

He kindly bade me sit down in a garden chair between him

and his wife, under his fruit trees, as though I were an old friend. He showed me photographs of the Führer: one which had been taken while he was laying a wreath of flowers upon his parents' grave; another, in which he was seen shaking hands with Herr H. from a car, on one of his visits to Leonding.

"I envy you for having such memories," said I, moved as I always am at the sight of such tangible reminders of the great days. "*I have never seen 'him' — save on the screen, in the 'newsreels' of the time; — and never heard 'his' voice — save on the radio. I envy you indeed.*" And the insurmountable regret, and the feeling of inexpiable guilt for not having come years before, tortured me once more, for the millionth time.

"Yes, it *was* a privilege," said Herr H. "You cannot imagine the enthusiastic happiness of those splendid years! Shall we ever again live anything like them? And even if we do . . . ; without 'him,' it will never be the same!"

"Do you really believe that 'he' is dead?" asked I.

"To tell you the truth," replied Herr H., "*I don't know. Nobody knows,* — save a handful of people: those who saw him die (if he be dead), or those who are now with him, if he be alive. Time alone will answer the question."

"I cannot bring myself to believe that he will never come back," put in Frau H.

"Even if he be today dead in the flesh, Germany lives forever, and he lives in her," said I, expressing aloud the very certitude that had so strongly imposed itself upon me only half an hour before. And I added, as though speaking to myself: "And even if he be dead, He will come back, sooner or later. He is eternal."

In my consciousness, the beloved features of my Leader had suddenly merged into the impersonal Essence of the many-featured One Who he was — Who he is — and Who has said, thousands of years ago: "When justice is crushed, when evil rules supreme, then I come. For the protection of the good, for the destruction of the evildoers, for the sake of firmly establishing righteousness, I am born age after age."¹

But Herr H. had got up to get some other treasured remembrances of the glorious days. And Frau H. was intensely absorbed in the contemplation of a photograph that I had just

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verses 7 and 8.

handed over to her — one of the two best ones I possess, taken on the 22nd June, 1930; a photograph representing Adolf Hitler surrounded by eight of his earliest followers.

“Here is Hermann Göring. My God, how handsome he was, when he was young!” exclaimed she. “And there is Dr. Goebbels; and there, Ritter von Epp; Frick; Heinrich Himmler; Martin Bormann. But who is this one at the back of the picture? I have seen his face, but still I cannot make him out.”

“It is Muschmann, the former *Gauleiter* of Saxony,” replied I.

“Yes, Muschmann; that is right!” And she added, after looking at the date of the photograph: “Those years immediately before the Seizure of power were also great years — years of intense enthusiasm and of unforgettable comradeship.”

I was thinking: “What judgement will one pass, in times to come, — after our second Seizure of power — upon these present years of silent, stubborn, unnoticed day-to-day opposition to all the forces that stand against our Hitler faith? The bitterness of defeat is still too great in us, and the way out of this long-drawn humiliation still too indistinct, to allow us enthusiasm. But we too have experienced, — and are experiencing — in this phase of the Struggle, the meaning of broad-scale, indestructible comradeship.” And I remembered my comrades in Werl — in particular H. E., now eight years a prisoner for the sake of our ideals. When would they all be free? When would *they* enjoy at last the power that they have so deserved? I felt myself bound to them forever.

Herr H. came back with a heap of books, photographs and papers — publications from the glorious days; letters of the Führer, addressed to him; pictures on which he appeared at his side. With intense emotion, I handled and read and considered those remembrances of the heroic period of that new Western civilisation slowly emerging out of and in reaction against nearly two thousand years of Jewish influence. “Oh, why had *I* been so far away throughout all these years?” thought I once more. But something within me said: “Still you have played your small part in the unrecorded history of the tremendous *epos* — *even ‘then.’* And you have come, at last. And the heroic period is not yet over.”

“What do people think, here, in this part of the country?” asked I. “Do they see the possibility of the return of our régime?”

“It is difficult to say what *possibilities* there are in the near future,” replied Herr H. “But one thing is certain: *if* the German people could have their own way — if, here as well as elsewhere, they had a say in the matter, — our régime would be back within six months. Even the fools who fought against it are everyday admitting that they were fools. They are now ready to support it . . .”

In a flash I recalled the description of “Austrian” freedom under present-day Democracy, so eloquently given me but the day before by one of the two French Occupation fellows in the train: “People are . . . ‘completely free’; we don’t interfere with them in the least: ‘all parties are allowed’ — except, of course, the Nazi Party (this goes without saying).” The man had made this pronouncement without the slightest awareness of irony, as though it were the most natural thing. And as I had pointed out that “to exclude *any* party was to destroy the very idea of ‘free’ expression,” he had shown such indignation that I had carefully dropped the topic.

Herr H. summed up his point of view — Germany’s point of view — in a sentence: “We have nothing to choose between the persecutors of National Socialism, be they of the eastern or of the western brand,” said he. “Alone reasons of practical expediency — and *not* ideological ones — can and will determine our attitude to each of them in the unavoidable coming conflict between them.”

“And which do *you* think we are likely to support against the other — for the time being?” asked I.

“I don’t know,” answered Herr H. “It depends entirely upon circumstances at the time the conflict breaks out. The right attitude, — ours, — will be that which will the most efficiently forward the interest of the Reich. What forwards the interest of the Reich is always right.”

“And what do *you* think?” enquired his wife, addressing me. “How would you yourself act, if left to do so according to your own initiative?”

“Thank goodness, I shall *not* have to act according to my own initiative!” exclaimed I. “I know too little, and am

also too much of a fool to understand where lies the real interest of the Reich. I shall blindly do whatever my superiors will tell me. By 'my superiors' I mean those who want the triumph of our principles and the resurrection of Greater Germany as ardently as I do, but who are cleverer, more farsighted, and better informed than I."

Frau H. bade me have a cup of coffee with her and her husband. Their house was on the opposite side of the road. We got up, walked across the lovely garden in which the Sun, shining through the trees, projected patterns of light upon the grass. Frau H. walked ahead of me, showing me the way. She opened a door, and I stepped into a room in which "he" had doubtless sat many a time. The room was full of the most tempting smell of coffee. Frau H. brought out cakes and biscuits. And I found myself — I, who had not known the H.s two hours before, — spending the late afternoon with the Führer's closest friends as a matter of course; as though I too had been a personal friend of his for years. The thought of this brought tears into my eyes. "But am I not *also* 'His' friend, regardless of the fact whether 'he' knows it or not?" reflected I. "Have I not sought Him for centuries, life after life, and all through this present life, until I realised that 'he' — the Founder of the Third Reich — is none other than He — the One Who comes back, whenever He should, 'to establish the reign of Righteousness'?"

And it occurred to me that I was, perhaps, as near to him in spirit as — or, in fact, nearer to him than, — many of those who had had the privilege of seeing him in the flesh. Still I wondered: "Would I ever have that privilege?"

As we parted at last, the H.s greeted me — and I them — with the ritual salute and the two mystical words of power: "Heil Hitler!"

* * *

The Sun was setting when I reached the cemetery once more, carrying my forget-me-nots, a spade and a watering can that I had gone to fetch at Frau J's house, as she had told me, after taking leave of Herr and Frau H. On the slab of black marble inserted in the rough block of stone upon the grave,

again — in a different light — I read the golden letters: “*Hier ruht in Gott . . .*” — “Here rest in God . . . Alois Hitler . . . and his wife: Clara Hitler . . .”

“It is forbidden to adorn that grave . . .” I recalled the words which Frau J. had spoken to me in the garden where I had bought my flowers. So, that was the reason why the poor grave looked so neglected! — practically the only neglected one in the whole cemetery. Once more I regretted I had not been able to bring the impressive wreath of expensive roses that I had intended: the meaning of my gesture — love, and defiance — would have been more glaring. But it mattered little: my humble forget-me-nots were also pretty; perfect, in their way, as all flowers are. They would take root in the good earth. They would be there, alive, in weeks, in months to come.

Thus were my thoughts as I pulled out the weeds, and carefully put every plant in turn into the hole I had dug for it, and covered its roots well, and watered it . . . I did not remove the faded wreath, still less the double-daisies in their tin can, both gifts of other pious disciples of Adolf Hitler like myself, no doubt. I just pushed them a little aside to make place for my forget-me-nots. And when this was finished, I knelt in the glow of sunset before the grave.

Alive within my mind was the Face of him whose father’s and mother’s dust lay under the dark stone and the sky-blue flowers; the Face that had beamed in the joy and pride of victory, in glorious ’40, and that had, also, more and more, reflected agony at the daily sight of Germany’s martyrdom. “Were are you *now*, on the surface of the wide earth, my beloved Führer?” thought I. “Will you ever know how much I have loved you?”

One of those everlasting words of wisdom — doubtless older than Christianity — that are to be found here and there in the Christian Gospels, came back to my memory: “Blessed are those who believe, although they have not seen.” And it seemed to me as if, from a distance, the nature of which I could not define — whether the distance from the realm of Time to that of Eternity, or that from one place of this earth to another, — the superhuman Face spoke to me and said “Live for my Germany! And you shall never part from Me, wherever I be.”

I pictured to myself the dismembered Land. (I had, only

a few hours before, on the very morning of that day, seen the American frontier posts and the Russian frontier posts at each end of the bridge over the Danube, in Linz itself: detested guardians of the division wrought at the criminal meetings of Yalta and Potsdam). The political unity of Germany was no doubt the first goal to attain. But what could *I* do, in order to bring it about more speedily? “Just contribute to the strengthening of the National Socialist spirit among my faithful people,” said our Führer’s voice as I heard it through my own heart. And I felt that he himself would not — could not — have told me anything more. For in this — the strengthening and expansion of our spirit *first of all in Germany*, — lies indeed the condition upon which depends the fulfilment of all he has ever striven for.

And I thought of the long stretch of land from the Brenner Pass to the Baltic Sea — that German world into which the old officer at the railway station, and Luise K. had welcomed me the day before. And I did not want to go away — although I wondered *how* (with what material means) I could stay. But I brushed aside all worries and gazed at the pure sky, already darkening. And I was overwhelmed by the peace that poured down from its infinity. “May the invisible Powers that rule the stars according to those laws which we call divine, guide my life!” thought I. “They know better than I do.” And I renewed my daily prayer to those unknown heavenly Powers — to the “Almighty Father-of-Light” of the ancient Germans; to the “Shining Ones” of the Aryans who once conquered India; the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” of King Akhnaton, Living-in-Truth: “Send me, or maintain me, there where I shall be the most useful in the service of the sacred Aryan Cause! — the Cause of Truth.”

As I got up, I noticed that three other people were standing at a little distance behind me, in silent reverence, by the hallowed grave.

I walked out of the cemetery by the back door, and found myself right before the little house that had been described to me as the one in which Adolf Hitler’s parents had lived in Leonding. There was light behind the closed windows. Other people were now living there. That fact — so natural, so simple, — appeared strange to me. I saw the garden around the

house — the garden in which “he” had probably sat and played, and read, as a boy. And a profound sadness filled my heart — until I felt for the second time sure that my Leader would tell me, if only I could hear him: “Live for those for whom I live, wherever I be: my people. And you shall never part from Me.” Sadness then gave way to serenity.

* * *

Herr H. had given me the address of the house in which Adolf Hitler had lived, in Linz itself, as well as that of the old school to which he used to go. I saw both on that evening, after coming back from Leonding.

I did not enter the school, naturally. (It would not have been possible at such a time of the day.) But I walked into the house — which is quite near the hotel where I was staying — and went up the stairs, to the third floor. (Herr H. had told me that the flat which Adolf Hitler’s parents had occupied was there.) And again it seemed strange to me that a different name was now to be read upon the door; that different people were now living in the flat. Were they at least on “his” side? I wondered. I could not bear to think that perhaps, after all, they were not. Most people, however, appeared to be on “his” side — or was it that *I* had the good luck of meeting only such ones as were?

The space at the back of the house was occupied by a garden full of fruit trees in blossom. Leaning against the windowsill in the staircase, between the third and the second floor, I let my eyes rest upon the sight before me: that garden, and, beyond it, dark against the limpid spring sky, other houses, and, in the distance, the spire of a church. The atmosphere was peaceful, soothing. Had “he” sometimes leaned against his windowsill, and looked at this selfsame landscape on his way downstairs? He probably had — and “she” too; “she,” his sweet, pious, dutiful mother, in whose eyes one read the same aspiration to infinity as in his. In fact, here, just as in Leonding, “he” and “she” were inseparable.

As I came back to the hotel, I found Luise K. waiting for me.

“I have kept something for you: a cup of coffee, some

buns with butter and a slice of apple tart, as you don't eat meat," said she, placing a tray upon the table in my room. "I am sure you had nothing to eat all day."

I had been munching all the afternoon. Nevertheless, this humble chambermaid's kind attention touched me as much as — if not even more than — all the marks of affection of which I had been the object. I could not help asking her "why" she was so good to me: was it mainly because she had guessed that I was travelling with very little money (as I was indeed) or was there . . . another reason?

"It is because I love you," said she. "And I love you because you are one of us."

The answer brought tears into my eyes. It was Germany's welcome to me after three years of absence — and after nearly thirty years of silent allegiance to the greatest of all her sons.

It was past midnight when Luise K. left my room. I had shown her the one sample I possessed of the posters I had stuck up in Germany in early 1949: "German people, what have the Democracies brought you? . . ." She had shown me the photograph of her husband, who had died for the Führer and for the Greater Reich.

Having nothing better to give her, I gave her a box of raisins that I had brought from Greece. "Do you know what I would like from you?" said she, after thanking me.

"What?"

"A postcard from Braunau, where you are going tomorrow; a postcard showing the house in which our Führer was born."

"I shall send you one if I can find one," replied I.

"The spirit of the great days lives in, you," added she as she got up. "I shall never forget you! Heil Hitler!"

I lifted my right arm, conscious that I was accomplishing a rite, and greeted her in my turn: "Heil Hitler!"

These were the last words I exchanged in Linz.

Chapter 2

BRAUNAU AM INN

“May I ask you where you are going?”

A man put me the usual question in the morning train now carrying me from Linz to Braunau.

I named the place, and the familiar syllables sounded unreal to me, as though I could not, even yet, convince myself that I actually *was* going there — going to spend the 20th of April, “his” birthday, in “his” birthplace, according to my wish.

“Braunau am Inn,” repeated the man. And he suddenly became as inquisitive as any fellow from the Mediterranean shores. “You have relations there?” asked he.

“I have none.”

“Then, what are you going there for?”

“To see the place,” replied I — which was, of course, true. The man looked straight into my eyes and smiled to me.

“Going, on the 20th of April, to see the place where Adolf Hitler was born, eh!”

I blushed, as I had, two days before, in the train between Salzburg and Linz. The man stretched out his hand to me and added: “I congratulate you.”

Was he one of us, whose instinct had told him who I was, or was he just someone trying to find out about me? I shall never know. He got down at the first station in which the train halted, leaving me to my thoughts.

The train was going through a landscape of woods and meadows, in which a few slanting roofs — red or grey — could be seen here and there; a landscape much like that around Linz. The atmosphere was also much the same: an atmosphere of sunlit restfulness. “Sixty-four years ago, in a small town that is part and parcel of this peaceful landscape, a child was born . . . ,” I kept thinking. “And it is for the love of him that I am sitting here — on my way to “his” birthplace. And it is for the love of “him” that I shall be, to night, going further

on, to places where “he” lived and struggled; to his people, who are waiting for me without knowing me — on my way to the fulfilment of a destiny that I do not know; a destiny inseparably linked with that of “his” Doctrine and of “his” Movement . . .”

At every station in which the train halted, a few travellers got down, while none — or hardly any — got in. The railway carriage was becoming more and more empty as we were getting nearer the frontier town. (The train did not go any further.) In the end, I found myself alone with a group of five or six workmen who had been busy talking and joking among themselves all along the way.

“The next stop is Braunau — terminus!” said at last one of them, standing up to reach a bag full of iron instruments that he had put into the net above his seat. And suddenly noticing me in my corner, he shouted to me over the wooden separation that half isolated me: “Going to Braunau, also?” And without giving me time to answer, he added: “A nice place, Braunau. Staying there long?”

“Only spending the day there,” replied I. The young man smiled.

“Where do you come from?” asked he.

“From Linz.”

“You live in Linz?”

“No.”

“Where do you live?”

“In Athens,” answered I.

“Athens . . . the capital of Greece! A fine city! I was there for a time during the war,” put in another of the workmen, who had also got up to take his things. “And you have come all that way to spend a day in Braunau?” added he, with a significant smile.

He was handsome: tall, well built, blond, and not more than thirty-five. I pictured him in uniform upon the Acropolis, between two columns of the Parthenon, ten years before: the living embodiment of that Nordic beauty that the builders of the Parthenon had striven to express; also the living embodiment of those ideals that were both those of the “godlike heroes” of the Trojan War and those of the fighters of the Third Reich.

My first impulse was to say: “Exactly! I have come to spend the 20th of April in our Führer’s birthplace.” I felt sure he would understand me. Yet I dared not speak so hastily: one can never *be* sure . . . It is one of the other workmen who answered his question.

“Yes, my friend. Don’t you know that it is Adolf Hitler’s birthday today?” And turning to me — who had blushed — he said, as he helped me to carry my heavy suitcase (full of books) to the door:

“You will find plenty people to show you the house where ‘he’ was born. We would gladly take you there ourselves. But we are not free: we are working on the railway. When coming out of the station, follow the road on your right, which leads straight to the town; and then, ask anybody . . .”

“I thank you,” answered I simply.

I did not ask him how he had felt — nay, how they all seemed to feel — why I had come to Braunau. As in Linz, the air one breathed, here, was full of the invisible presence of the Leader born sixty-four years before. The stones themselves knew, within their dim, matter-consciousness, that I had come for the love of “him.” Moreover, one of the workmen, — the one who had gone to Greece during the war — answered the question which I had not uttered: “We understand you, you know!” said he. “It may be that we hold our tongues, as everybody else — including yourself — nowadays. But we remember. We remember, and we wait . . . For ‘he’ is not dead. You probably know *that*, don’t you?”

I gazed at the perfect features of the strong, blond man — Adolf Hitler’s soldier — who had stood upon the Acropolis of Athens, a living symbol of the everlasting southward march of the Aryan.

“I know that ‘he’ can never die,” answered I.

The train halted. We all stepped out. And the men greeted me and wished me “a beautiful journey.”

The porter who took my luggage to the cloakroom was also a tall, strong, handsome blond, with a frank and friendly face — one of those typical specimens of Germanic mankind of whom I think, every time I meet one, that *he* — or *she* — could not possibly be anything else but one of Adolf Hitler’s followers (specially if *he* — or *she* — happens to be between forty

and fifty, that is to say, if he or she be old enough to have experienced all the enthusiasm of the early days of the Struggle.) I ventured to ask him whether he could not tell me, a little more clearly than the other men had, how I could find the house in which the Führer was born.

“Most easy!” replied he, with genuine amiability. “This road here, (on your right as you step out of the station) takes you straight to the square in the middle of the town. There, at the opposite end of the square, you will see an arch. Go through it, and over the little bridge that you will find on the other side. The house is just there: one of the first ones of the “Vorstadt.” Anybody will show it to you.”

“And . . . can I go in?”

“And see the actual room in which ‘he’ was born? Why not? It is on the second floor. You only have to go upstairs and ask the first person you meet.”

“And . . . nobody will take objection to my question? I am asking because . . . I have already, four years ago, got myself into trouble on account of my allegiance to the Idea, and I would not like, now that I have come back . . .”

“Rest assured; nobody will say a thing. We were all persecuted on account of our allegiance to the Idea and to ‘him.’ But things are changing . . . Now our persecutors are beginning to believe that they need us.”

These words, here in the Braunau station, had the effect of stirring up all the hatred stored in my heart since 1939, nay since 1935 — since ’33, the time the great wave of anti-Nazi propaganda in the name of the detested Judeo-Christian values had reached India, where I was then living, — against our enemies.

“I wish to goodness they *do* need us!” replied I vehemently. “And I wish we properly let them down, nay, turn against them, just at the time they need us the most! I wish *we* — and *I*, with the rest of us — become *their* persecutors, more ruthless than ever before, in the nearest possible future!”

I spoke to that German porter as though I were speaking to the German people.

He gazed at me with a happy expression of comradeship upon his rough and regular face.

“*Ganz richtig!* — Perfectly right! That is what we all

wish!” replied he, as though he were indeed the German people — the German workers, faithful to Adolf Hitler, their Saviour and their Friend — speaking to me. “And do not worry we shall take good care that it happens exactly as you say!”

He refused the money I wanted to give him for carrying my heavy suitcase to the cloakroom.

* * *

I walked along the pleasant, sunny road, bordered with meadows, low houses and gardens, and reached the square, as I had been told. A large square, all round which stood fairly high, picturesque old houses, and on one side of which I immediately noticed the arch leading out of it to the *Vorstadt* — the “suburb” — where I was to seek the house for the sake of which I had come. The four-storied building through which the arch led was also picturesque, and looked old. Had I come “sight seeing,” I would have liked to study it. But I had eyes only for one particular building: “his” house; and for the town as a whole, — the pretty little provincial town, Braunau am Inn, where “he” had come into the world, exactly sixty-four years before, and in which he had spent the first years of his life.

I passed under the arch and slowly walked half way across the small bridge that lay beyond it; leaned over the stone parapet, for a while, to look at the little stream — some tributary of the Inn, — flow below, amidst bushes and high grass, rocks and gravel, between the back walls of the bordering houses; then moved on, and crossed the first street, parallel to the stream. On the corner, on my right, was a café-pastry cook’s, and on, or rather near the opposite footpath, on my left, a splendid chestnut tree, taller than the two-storied houses before which it stood. The *Café-Konditorei* was attractive; looked homey. I felt urged to walk in, as though something told me that I would find there the person who would show me “his” house.

I sat in a corner, near the window, from which I could see the street and the beautiful tree, and ordered a cup of coffee. The girl who took my order had a sympathetic face. “I should ask *her*,” thought I. She soon came back with my

coffee, milk and sugar upon a tray. And she seemed willing to talk.

“Fine weather, today,” said I, as I smiled to her, taking the coffee from her hands. And seeing that I had opened my mouth to speak, but that I was hesitating, she asked me “Would you like to have something else? Something to eat with your coffee?”

“I would like to know whether you could tell me where is the house in which the Führer was born,” said I, in a low voice.

“That! Of course!” replied she, in the most friendly manner. “And you need not go very far. You can see it from this window: it is not the house behind that big tree, but the very *next*, also two-storied, newly whitewashed one, on the first floor of which you can see two flag staves.”

“So, I have come and sat right opposite it without knowing! I thank you; I *do* thank you for telling me! I have come here today on purpose to see it . . .”

“Today, on the 20th of April — ‘his’ birthday,” said she. She too, knew; she too, remembered; she too was thinking of “him,” on this sacred day. They *all* were, apparently. At least, all those whom I had met seemed to be.

I sat and sipped my coffee, after ordering a slice of apple tart to eat with it. Other customers came in, mostly women, for it was Monday — a working day. Some of them had children with them: pretty, clean, well-behaved children, that ate decently and made no noise. The wireless was transmitting some solemn, classical music, in keeping with my mood. (“Thank goodness, no jazz!” thought I.)

I left my mind wander back to the Day of Destiny: the 20th of April 1889, at 6:18 in the afternoon. (Someone had also told me the exact time, once, years before; and I remembered it.) “A spring day like today,” I reflected. And the little town, with its broad, open square, its picturesque side streets, its houses built over the stream, that sent back their images like a mirror; its neat and homey shops, cannot have looked much different from what it does now. The old houses were already old. And the magnificent chestnut tree, now taller than a two-storied building, was, — unless I be

mistaken — already there: young, and, just as now, in all its spring-like splendour; covered with blossoms. Alois Hitler, a customs officer well over fifty, and twice a widower, lived in that house that I had been shown five minutes before — “not the one behind the chestnut tree, but the next one” — with his third wife, Clara, who was then twenty-nine. The child to which the latter was about to give birth was neither her first one nor her last one. Just another baby in the family . . . But the unseen Powers, Whose inscrutable Play lies behind the mystery of heredity, had ordained that all the intelligence and intuition, and all the willpower and heroism of generations and generations, — all the virtues and genius of the privileged Race, fated to rule — should find in that Child their highest expression; that the Babe should be a godlike one: whose consciousness was, one day, to be none other than the deeper consciousness of his people and of the Race at large, for all times to come, and whose dream was to inspire a new civilisation. And far beyond the clear blue sky of the little town and the thin atmosphere of this little planet, in the cold, dark realm of fathomless Void, the unseen stars had very definite positions; significant positions, such as they take only once within hundreds of years in relation to any particular spot on earth. And at the appointed time — 6:18 in the afternoon — the Child came into the world, unnoticed masterpiece of a twofold cosmic Play: of the mysterious artistry of Aryan blood in infinite time; of the mysterious influence of distant worlds in infinite space. Apparently, just another baby in the family. In reality, after centuries, — a new divine Child on this planet; the first one in the West after the legendary Baldur the Fair and, like He, a Child of the Sun; a predestined Fighter against the forces of death and a Saviour of men, marked out for leadership, for victory, for agony and for immortality.

Around me, women chatted in a low voice and children ate cakes in silence. “German mothers and German children — “his” people,” thought I. “The agents of the forces of death now forbid them to praise his name. Many of the little ones probably have never even heard of him . . . But that is only for a time; only until the next war rids us of our persecutors. After that . . .” After that, I expected this place would become,

for thousands and hundreds of thousands, what it already was for me: a place of pilgrimage.

* * *

It was not far from twelve o'clock. I would, in the afternoon (if not exactly between six and half past six) visit the house and see the room in which "he" was born. In the meantime, I would see something of the town.

I walked back over the small bridge and, through the arch, once more across the large square full of sunshine — but this time in the opposite direction. There was, at the other end of the square, an opening beyond which the horizon was limited not by a further perspective of houses, but by green hills. I walked towards it, and soon reached a wide, swift, bluish-green river: the Inn, tributary of the Danube.

"Braunau *am Inn*," thought I. The name of Adolf Hitler's birthplace had always been linked in my mind with that of this beautiful river. The river now took shape in my eyes; became, to me, a reality: a stream of bluish-green, foamy, noisy water, rapidly flowing in the sunshine through a broad, green, hilly landscape, under a large, modern stone and concrete bridge; no longer a mere name on the map, but a living thing of light and colour, sound and speed, the picture of which would now remain forever in my memory, side by side with that of the main square of Braunau, with its old fountain and old houses; with that of the arch, and of the bridge over the tiny, quiet stream; with that of the chestnut tree and of the hospitable café, and of the two-storied house opposite — of the house in which "he" — my Leader — was born.

I walked along the bridge over the Inn. On each side of it, at the other end, I noticed a tiny house — a mere "ground-floor," that looked as though it could not have had more than a room or two. A light iron railing, something like those that bar the road at a level-crossing before the passage of a train, ran from one footpath to the other between the two little buildings, as though cutting off the bridge (and all that stood on this side of the Inn) from the rest of the landscape. And suddenly the meaning of these two insignificant-looking ground-floor houses and of that railing dawned upon me: "The frontier!"

thought I, — the hated artificial frontier between German land and German land; the shame that “he” — our Hitler — had fought to abolish; *that* is what now stood before my sight.

I recalled the immortal words in which Adolf Hitler has forever connected the sense of his mission with the fact that he came into the world but a few hundred yards away from this artificial frontier: the very first words of *Mein Kampf*: “It appears to me today a lucky sign that Destiny should have appointed me Braunau am Inn as a birthplace. This little town is indeed situated on the border of the two German States, the re-unification of which seems, to us young men at least, the purpose of our lives, to be carried out at all costs. German Austria must go back to the great German Motherland, and not on account of any sort of economic considerations. No, no; even if, considered from the economic standpoint, this re-unification were a matter of indifference, nay, even if it were harmful, it would still have to take place. People of the same blood should come under the same State . . .”¹

And tears came to my eyes at the idea that the frontier — that had not existed, as long as “he” still was in power — now stood there once more: the tangible sign of the victory of the dark forces over “him” and over Germany, for the time being at least.

“But,” thought I, “Adolf Hitler has not fought only to abolish all artificial boundaries on the map, — to create a German State that would enclose ‘all Germans to the last one’ and no foreign elements, within its borders; — he has also fought to abolish *classes*, and all manner of artificial divisions among people of the same pure race; all manner of divisions which lie in things *that one can acquire*, and which hide and pretend to suppress that one real, God-ordained bond among men — that one bond that man can neither buy nor earn nor create —: the bond of the *same blood*. Today, after the defeat of his people, the Jew-ridden Democracies have not only set up, once more, the old frontier-posts that “he” had done away with, but they erected new and equally shocking ones that had not existed,

¹ “Gleiches Blut gehört in ein gemeinsames Reich,” (*Mein Kampf*, I, p. 1).

even before the expansion of the Reich. They have cut Germany in two, if not in four — or in ten.¹ And this is merely the external sign of their whole distorted, mad policy, — of their policy against Nature, monstrous outcome of their monstrously artificial outlook on life and on man. It is merely the external sign of their lasting war, in the name of silly, sickly fantasies, against all that is God-ordained.

In a mood of defiance, I walked up to one of the frontier posts, and found myself before a fairly large room with a glass separation — or at least a transparent separation — in the middle of it. On one side of the separation sat the German frontier-guard, on the other, the “Austrian” one, i.e., another German, in a slightly different uniform. (In fact, in *this* particular instance, the “Austrian” looked — outwardly — more “Germanic” than his colleague.)

People came and went, on foot and on bicycle, showed the men in the double office a card — something like a permanent pass; a permit to cross the artificial border any number of times a day — and walked or rode further on. I had no such thing as a permit to cross the border any number of times a day, but only a Greek passport bearing a transit visa for Austria and an entrance visa for Germany, valid until the 31st of May 1953. (I could, of course, cross the frontier at Braunau. But I intended to spend the next day, or days, at Berchtesgaden, and therefore would cross it at Salzburg. Moreover, I had left all my luggage at the station.) I tried my chance, and asked the man in the first compartment of the room — the “Austrian,” apparently, — whether I could not, with my passport, take a stroll along the street that went up past the frontier, between two rows of houses and gardens, and come back within half an hour or so.

“You have an entrance visa for Germany?” enquired the man.

“Naturally,” replied I.

“Where was it issued?”

“In Athens, by the German Embassy.”

The man looked carefully at my passport, and then, with

¹ If one counts, apart from the two main “Zones,” the different German territories under Russian, Polish, Czech administration etc. and the Saar, still detached from Germany at the time this book was written.

curiosity — and not without what appeared to me to be sympathetic interest — at me.

“You have a Greek passport, I see.”

“I have.”

The man called his colleague — the lucky German who, being born five hundred yards away from him, on the other side of the arbitrary line, (and despite the fact that, as I already said, he looked definitely less “Germanic” than the former) had retained the right to call himself a German, even after the disaster of 1945.

“Unfortunately,” said the latter, “this visa allows you to enter German territory only once. It is not valid for *several* journeys. I can let you go, and come back. But then you will not be permitted to enter Germany again . . .”

I was thinking to myself: “What a farce! Oh, if only we had not lost this war! There would be, then, no frontier here, anyhow; and I . . . would not be travelling clandestinely under my maiden name with a Greek passport — even if a Democratic Indian Government *had* refused to renew my Indian one.”

“It is all right,” said I to the two men. “Of course I am not sacrificing my possibility of entering Germany, for the pleasure of walking up that street and back. But here, among ourselves, may I speak quite frankly — even if my frankness verges on cheek? May I tell you what I think of this frontier of yours?”

The two men — the two Germans — smiled: the same sympathetic smile.

“To *us*, you can say whatever you please.”

“Yes,” replied I, ironically; “good Democrats, I suppose . . . In which case you *should* encourage freedom of expression that is the democratic creed — men *say*.”

The two frontier-guards smiled even more heartily than they had at first.

“Less good Democrats than you seem to think; that is precisely why we are glad to hear you,” said the lucky German (the one who had retained the right to call himself one, openly).

Will, then I shall speak all the more according to my heart . . .” answered I. “Listen. First, I find this frontier perfectly ridiculous. You speak of my ‘entering Germany.’ But I *am*, here, in Germany. This is German land, whether the

big bosses of this Jew-ridden post-war world care to admit it or not! Look at the landscape on either side of the Inn — that German river —: the same landscape. Look at the people: the same people. Look at yourselves; question your hearts in all sincerity. Your hearts will echo the undying words: “People of the same blood should come under the same State.” (The words are not mine; I need not tell you — I hope — *whose* they are.) A ridiculous thing, this artificial frontier between Germany and Germany. Ridiculous . . . and criminal, also: a standing lie, and a standing shame. And this is my second point: this border is by no means less objectionable than that which separates the Eastern Zone from the Western Zone. It marks, likewise, a vivisection of the living Reich. But the Western Allies — who speak of German unity, now that they have found out that they cannot resist their former partners without Germany’s help — will not admit it — the vile liars!

“And third I detest *all* man-made frontiers; *all* ‘borders’ between people of the same blood; all States comprising, as ‘citizens,’ people who, in accordance with their race, should belong to a different State. Not only so-called ‘sovereign’ Austria, not only the Saar, and Silesia and Danzig and East and West Prussia, and all the provinces torn away from it by the Russians, Czechs, Poles or French, but also the Flemish half of Belgium, the whole of Holland, Denmark, Scandinavia, etc. . . . *all lands in which the Germanic race prevails*, should one day be integrated into the Greater German Reich . . . That is what I believe.”

“That is exactly what *we* believe,” answered the so-called “Austrian,” to my amazement. “Do you imagine we have had a say in the matter, when this frontier was once more set up? Do you believe *we* want it? But we are powerless. What can we do about it?”

“Think of revenge day and night, and wait — like I do!” replied I.

“*That is exactly what we also do,*” declared the other man.

“Good for you, if it be so! *Auf Wiedersehen!*” said I, as I walked away. I dared not say: “Heil Hitler!” in such a public place.

It was nevertheless refreshing to hear these two men’s reaction to my profession of faith with regard to frontiers, on

this sixty-fourth birthday of him who said: “*Gleiches Blut gehört in ein gemeinsames Reich.*”

* * *

I spent the rest of my time wandering about the little town, observing things and people. I entered a baker’s shop to buy a few buns to eat in the train; I went and posted a card to Luise K. (I was lucky enough to find one with a picture of the house in which Adolf Hitler was born) and a letter to India; I sat for a while upon a bench in a public garden and watched the children play — as “his” mother had probably watched “him” play, sitting, perhaps (who knows?) in the selfsame place, sixty years before. In a side street, — through the back door that happened to be open — I took a glance at a workshop. On a stool, near a machine, the nature and use of which I could not make out, was sitting a big black cat, its green eyes half-shut, its front-paws stretched out, its body in that restful, sphinx-like position, which is one of the outward signs of feline happiness. I stroked the creature of beauty and of mystery. It thrust its round head forwards, shut its eyes completely, and purred. One of the workmen, who had just caught sight of me, smiled to me and greeted me: “Guten Tag!” I returned his greeting. Then, seeing that the cat was apparently enjoying the attention I paid it, he added: “It looks as if he fancies *you*. He does not allow each and every person to stroke him,” — nearly the selfsame words that Adolf Hitler’s old tutor had spoken to me on the day before, at the sight of the favour shown to me by another specimen of the feline family.

“It looks indeed as though he does,” replied I.

I reflected that this workman probably would have made the same remark to me during the great days, with the only difference that he would have said: “Heil Hitler!” instead of saying: “Guten Tag!” Did he know, — did he remember — that it was today the Führer’s birthday? He doubtless did: he was old enough to have been educated in the Hitler *Youth*. He too, probably, looked back with nostalgia to the; bygone years when one greeted anybody with the glorious words, as a matter of course. But he could *say* nothing. I had not spoken a word that could have encouraged him to do so. For a second, I

felt as if I would have liked to give him a hint — to mention, for instance, that I had been in Leonding on the day before. But I did not. I merely smiled sadly; and, after a common place, harmless “Auf Wiedersehen!,” I went my way.

A little further, I stopped to admire a garden full of flowers. A kind looking old woman could be seen at the open window, on the first floor of the neighbouring house. At her side, upon the windowsill, was seated . . . another well-fed, happy cat — a yellow one, this time; but too far away for me to stroke it! I noticed a bee fly out of a flower in which it had been gathering honey. The atmosphere of the whole town was peaceful, sunny, homely. “It must have looked like that when ‘he’ was a child,” thought I, once more.

The earliest picture I have ever seen of our Führer is one taken in Braunau when he was about a year old. I recalled that picture — in which the extraordinary eyes already draw one’s attention — and again I imagined “him” with his mother — in her arms or at her side — in those far-gone days of which he says himself that “only a little remains of them within his memory.”¹ Peaceful years; years without history; years of slow life, the type of which most people in Braunau apparently live still today; years that interest us *only* because “he” has lived them.

“In fact,” reflected I, as I wandered along another picturesque, neat and quiet street, “if I am at all so moved at the evocation of the one year old and two year old child that Adolf Hitler has once been, it is only because that child was already “*he*” — the Man destined to fight alone against the downward rush of Time; the Man destined to raise Germany out of the dust, to power, and to show every Aryan of the world the way he can free himself from the unseen tyranny of Jewish lies: our Führer. It is just the same with all children: I see in them that which I presume they are likely to become; the forces that they are likely to help — and those against which they are likely to fight — in the future. And I love them (as I do my comrades’ children) or dislike them, or remain perfectly indifferent to them, in consequence. In “his” case *I know* what the child was to become; what *he became*, to the knowledge of everybody. But . . . *who could, then, have presumed it?* Who could have presumed what Josef Goebbels — also born in a Catholic environment — was likely to become? Who could have

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 2.

guessed the evolution of most of the prominent — and even of the non-prominent — early fighters of the National Socialist Movement, when they were children? And (although I be the most insignificant of all) who could have foreseen, in the Greek nationalist that I was as a child and as a young girl, the future wholehearted disciple of the German Leader, Adolf Hitler? Watching a person's evolution is like watching a tapestry pattern take shape under the artisan's fingers: one has to wait till its main features have come to light before one can grasp the guiding idea, the hidden inner logic, that underlies the whole of it.

But of course, there exist certain glaring probabilities, and also certain down-right impossibilities. One can be practically sure that my comrades' children will grow into fighters on our side. And it is absolutely certain that a young Jew, if let to live, will become a grownup Jew, and a young half-Jew, quarter-Jew, or eighth-Jew etc. . . . something no better.

And just as I love the predestined Babe on account of the Superman that he has become, so do I love this little town, with its quiet, slow, smiling life, for the sake of the grand life of faith and struggle, song and pride and resistance, and triumph — triumph in spite of all, yes, *even now*, — that the son of Alois and Clara Hitler, born here, has brought us.

I imagined the enthusiasm that must have prevailed, here in Braunau, on a day like this, when Adolf Hitler was at the height of his power. How I would have a hundred times preferred *that* atmosphere of boisterous collective joy, to this slow life, unfolding itself day after day, in peace! I recalled the words in which Robert d'Harcourt, a French Academy writer and an enemy of our faith, had once characterised our régime, in an article I had read in a literary magazine: "In the Third Reich, there was place only for two feelings: enthusiasm . . . or terror." "Yes, my dear Sir," reflected I, reacting to the memory of those words; "that is exactly what *I* want: enthusiasm in our hearts; terror in those of our enemies; proud and beautiful National Socialist youths marching through the streets and singing, in the intoxication of re-acquired power: 'We are the Storm Columns, ready for the racial Struggle'¹ . . ."; and the Jews and the slaves of Jewry trembling behind their closed windows and barricaded doors, conscious of the fate awaiting them! *Yes, by all means, give us back*

¹ "Wir sind die Sturmkolonnen, zum Rassenkampf bereit . . ."

that, invisible Powers of Light, Aryan Gods Who are but the magnified Projection of the latent possibilities of our own Race! Give us back *that*, instead of this so-called ‘better world,’ as dull as a provincial Sunday afternoon, that both the Christian Churches and the servants of international Freemasonry would like to impose upon us!” The French Academician doubtless thought he was running us down — he *wanted to* run us down — when he wrote that wonderful sentence. I wish I could tell him to his face that, on the contrary, his sentence describes my own most cherished aspiration. I wish I could tell him: ‘It is precisely *because* he gave us *that*, — instead of the commonplace, meaningless life, free from warlike joy, which *you* probably like, — that we adore our Führer!’”

And I also recalled something that I had myself told an English gentlewoman (much to her disgust) a year or so before “I find peace dull . . .”

And again I wondered: would I ever be granted to see that merciless revolutionary joy that abides in us, again express itself on a scale of millions, in our Führer’s name? Would I be there, when the day really comes for it to express itself? Would I have the pleasure — and the honour — of kindling it?

Something in the depth of my heart answered: “Why not?” Was I not already in Braunau am Inn on Adolf Hitler’s birthday, as I had so long wished to be? This was a sign from Heaven.

* * *

I found myself again not far from the main square — wandering somewhere behind those houses that form the left side of it when one is looking towards the Inn. Before me stood a church. It occurred to me that it was quite possibly there that Adolf Hitler had been christened, as it was not far from the house in which his parents lived. I was of course not sure, and might have been entirely mistaken. But I stepped in.

It was a very old church, much larger and much more richly decorated than the one I had visited in Leonding. A few elderly women — and one very young girl — were kneeling here and there in prayer. *I* also knelt; but in quite a different mood from that in which I had been in Leonding. I knelt and reflected, and became intensely aware of the one reality that has been, throughout my life, the centre of all my speculations, the theme of nearly all my conversations, the motive of all my actions:

the standing — unavoidable — conflict between the Aryan and the Christian spirit, in which I have, from the beginning, fought on the Aryan side. Then, I recalled a few episodes of German history. And I marvelled at the fact that not merely *I* — the lonely, powerless individual, that will die and leave no trace, — but Germany as a whole, *Germany as a historical force*, has also, from the beginning, fought on the Aryan side. And the birth of Adolf Hitler in this town, in a Catholic family, on a day like this, sixty-four years before, — that miracle — appeared to me as Germany's long-deserved and final victory over the international Teaching that places "man" at the centre of all things and proclaims that the soul of a Jew or of a Negro is worth that of the purest Aryan, in God's eyes.

Whether in this church or in another (it makes no difference) the divine Child was christened a Catholic; forced, through the power of the traditional rites and, priestly spell, into that international brotherhood in Christ, that thinks itself above blood and soil and all bonds of this earth. But in him, stronger than the sacramental Words, and stronger than the centuries of Christian influence that those words implied, lived the hitherto half-conscious Germanic Soul, ready to reassert itself at the appointed time, in the appointed manner. By the decree of the "All-powerful Father-of-Light" — the mysterious Life-Force within the Sun, worshipped in the forests and at the hearths of immemorial Germany — and of all the Aryan Gods, he was to be the living Incarnation of the Consciousness of Blood and Soil in our times. He was already the One Who comes back, when the truth of Blood and Soil — and the truth of War as a duty, for the natural aristocracy of this earth — is forgotten; the tardy but irresistible Avenger that many a German warrior had called in vain, as he had heard the sacred Oak crack, and seen it fall, under Boniface's axe, a thousand years before. And therefore the spell of Christian baptism remained without effect.

Yet, the happy mother walked out of the church with the white-clad Babe in her arms. The father, and guests, stood at her side. And there was a feast in the home. But not one of those who sat around the well-decked table on that day was ever, perhaps, to realise — even in the course of following years — *Who* that predestined Babe was.

And suddenly, it dawned upon me that *I* had realised it;

that *I knew Who* my Führer was — Who he *is* — I, who have never seen him. “Would you forsake this privilege for that of having seen him?” asked a still voice within me. And I answered definitely: “No!” I was — for a while — filled with immense satisfaction. I felt nearer to my Leader than all those who have seen him, but not understood . . . Still . . . Why had I not seen him *also*? Would I ever see him? wondered I, for the hundred thousandth time, as I got up and walked into the street.

* * *

I went back to the two-storied house not far from the chestnut tree — the house in which “he” was born. It is now a library and a school. I went upstairs, walked along the passage on the first floor; had a look, through the massive, whitewashed stone arches that ran along a part of that passage, on my right hand side, at the courtyard, trees and other houses at the back of the house. The passage was paved with crude bricks. The arches shone, dazzling white, against the deep blue spring sky. The view one had was a broad, open one, the houses in the immediate neighbourhood being fairly low. I went up to the second floor; followed the corridor, partly bordered with massive, whitewashed arches exactly like the ones below, and took another glance at the courtyard and low roofs; walked back to the staircase, and then once more along the corridor, wondering whom I could possibly ask to show me the particular room that I had come to see — for there *was* nobody to ask.

The doors that opened into the passage were all closed save one, behind which I could hear somebody displacing furniture — putting the place in order, apparently. I gently knocked, once, and then again. A woman peeped out, without opening the door completely. “*Guten Tag!*” said I. But something in her bearing made me hesitate.

“*Guten Tag,*” replied she. “What do you want?”

“Excuse me if I am disturbing you,” answered I, rather shyly. “I am a visitor. I would like to know whether you could be kind enough to show me . . .”

I did not say *what* I wanted her to show me. I had no time to, for she interrupted me bluntly: “There is nothing to see, here,” said she: “nothing at all but schoolrooms, and

a library downstairs. Surely you did not come to see that.” And she closed the door in my face.

Was she against us — against Adolf Hitler? Could there really be anybody against him, here in Braunau, where he came into the world? thought I, — and immediately I myself judged the question silly. Even in Braunau, evidently, there *could be* such people, and this woman could be one. Or was she, on the contrary, so fanatically conscious of the sacredness of the place that she did not wish foreigners to see it? I shall never know. I was bitterly disappointed, anyhow.

“I wanted to see the room in which our Führer was born. Who knows? It is perhaps that very one,” reflected I, feeling tears well up to my eyes. “And an angry fate forbids that I should see it; forbids even that I should know behind which door it lies!” But I thought after a second: “It is not worse, anyhow, than the angry fate that has forbidden that I should see *him* at the height of his glory . . .”

I walked once more up to the arch at the end of the passage, and looked out at the blue sky — so pure, so blue!

“Adolf Hitler has, no doubt, walked along this corridor, and gazed at the sky through this arch any number of times during those uneventful years of his early childhood — those years in which there was little for him to remember” — thought I.

And again the idea that I had never seen him — that it might be that I shall never see him — oppressed me. But the still voice of my better Self, as distant and as serene as the blue sky, rose within my heart and said: “True, you have never seen him, but you have realised Who he is; true, you were not at his side, — not even among his people — during the great days, but you belong to him. And the words you have uttered or written in praise of him and of his people are true for all times to come; true outside the moving realm of Time. And Time that reduces worlds to dust, cannot tear you away from Him!”

And I felt the peace of the Sky, which is above and beyond all struggles — even ours — descend into me.

I slowly walked downstairs, took a last glance at the house, and went back to the station.

Less than an hour later, I was in the train on my way to Berchtesgaden — my next landmark in the pilgrimage I had undertaken.

Chapter 3

BERCHTESGADEN; OBERSALZBERG; KÖNIGSSEE

Salzburg — another artificial frontier between Germany and Germany. “Until when?” thought I, as I entered the Customs’ Office, carrying as much as I could of my luggage, while the porter followed me, holding my heavy suitcase.

A Customs’ officer in uniform addressed me: “Leave your things here: the men who will examine them have not yet arrived; you have ample time to go and have a cup of coffee — or change some money, if you need to,” said he. I thanked him for the information, and walked into the Exchange Office.

“How many marks will I get for twenty thousand francs?” asked I. I wanted to get rid of my francs first. (The dollars would be easily changed anywhere, I reflected.)

The girl at the desk calculated . . . “Twenty thousand . . . You will get a little more than two hundred marks. The German mark is worth nearly, if yet not quite, a hundred francs, nowadays. It has gone up.”

My face brightened, and a cry of triumph sprang from my breast: “Oh, how glad I am to hear that!”

Five years before, one had given seventy-five and even sixty-five francs for a mark, and the official rate of exchange had been eighty. In a flash, I recalled those atrocious days, when Germany was hungry; when her factories were every day being dismantled by “*diese Lumpen*,” — as I usually called the Allied Powers, unless I was absolutely compelled to be polite. I repeated, with all the convincing stress of sincere joy: “Oh, how glad I am!”

The girl at the desk gazed at me in surprise: travellers who came to change money did not, generally, express their feelings so vehemently. Moreover, from the point of view of the average tourist, who wishes to buy as much enjoyment as he can with as little money as possible, there was, in the steady rise of the German mark, nothing to be glad about — on the contrary!

“But *you* are losing through the fact that the mark has gone up,” said she. “Don’t you understand it?”

“Of course I do; but I could not care less!” replied I with enthusiasm. “I can see only one thing in what you tell me: the tangible sign that Germany is rising again — economically, at least. Well, it is surely not everything. It is hardly the beginning of that which I am longing to see. But it is *something* — specially when one looks backwards into these eight horrid years. A hundred French francs for a mark. A hundred and ten, in six months’ time. And next year hundred and fifty, — I hope! I remember the days when ‘they’ had put forward that satanical ‘Morgenthau Plan’ of theirs . . . Where is the damned plan *now*? ‘*Gone with the wind!*’ — gone where all their utopian schemes — including the ‘European Army’ under American command, their latest — will go, one after the other (I hope!). Nothing can stop the German people in their forward march — nothing! Oh, I am so glad! — Give me, please, whatever marks you can for twenty thousand francs.”

The girl, who had listened to my half-political half-lyrical tirade with silent pride and quickened interest, took my passport. “But I thought you were German!” said she, as she looked at it.

“I am Greek,” answered I. “Or partly Greek and partly English, to be more precise.”

She gazed at me, more amazed than ever. In her mind, my tirade and my passport could not possibly *both* be genuine. One of the two was necessarily false. She *could not doubt* the sincerity of my tirade any more than the colour of my eyes: *it showed*; it was too evident to be denied. She therefore doubted the authenticity of my passport . . .

“Hum!” muttered she, referring to my nationality; “nobody would have thought so!”

And she added, as though to explain more clearly what she meant: “Both England and Greece fought against us during this war.”

“That may be, but *I* did not!” exclaimed I in protest. “From the other end of the earth, where I was then, I did all I could to help Germany’s war-effort. And I shall always regret I had not the opportunity of doing much more. Don’t lump *me* with those who worked for the victory of the dark forces!

The girl gave me a sympathetic smile. “Far from ‘lumping’ you with our enemies, I am, on the contrary, convinced that you have done, — and, which is more, that you are still today doing — all your duty,” replied she.

“Yes,” reflected I, while she was counting the money; “it was and it is the duty of any racially-conscious Aryan like I to stand or fall with National Socialist Germany.” And turning to her I said: “You are right: I have at least done and am doing my best.”

I wanted to explain my attitude. But just then, another person stepped in, also wishing to change money. And the girl remained under the impression that I was a German travelling with a false passport.

* * *

Five minutes later, at the Customs, where I had gone back, I was feeling a little uneasy as I opened my suitcase. Not that I was, like in 1948, travelling with several thousands of Nazi leaflets. But I had quite a number of copies of my two books *Gold in the Furnace* and *Defiance* — now both printed — as well as of my yet unpublished prose poems *For-Ever and Ever*. And those writings are surely as National Socialistic as any of my former leaflets or posters, and surely as dangerous — if not more so — from the democratic standpoint.

My uneasiness increased as the Customs’ officer lay his hands upon a copy of *Gold in the Furnace*, opened it, read the dedication — “To the Martyrs of Nuremberg” — saw the frontispiece — a photograph of the Werl prison — read the last words of the preface: “Heil Hitler!” and asked me: “You have plenty of these books with you?”

“Just this copy,” replied I, lying with genuine indifference I had suddenly become perfectly calm — inwardly also — as always, in similar circumstances.

“After all, how is this man to guess that I am ‘Savitri Devi,’ the author of the book,” reflected I. “I have re-become ‘Maximiani Portas’ in the eyes of the world.”

But it looked as though the man were not satisfied with my answer. He took another book out of my suitcase, — *Defiance*, this time — and opened it likewise! He saw the frontispiece; my

own photograph, with the author's name, Savitri Devi, written below it; he turned over the page, read the dedication:

*To my beloved comrade and friend
Hertha Ehlert,
and to all those who suffered for the love of our Führer,
for the greatness of his people,
and for the triumph of those everlasting truths
for which he and they fought to the bitter end.*

I had not thought of *this* possibility . . .

Once more the man looked intently at me and then . . . at the photograph.

I was planning with calm: "If there be trouble, I shall tell these people that the books were written by my twin sister who uses the pen name of 'Savitri Devi.' Maybe they will believe me and not make any further enquiry . . ."

But I did not need to put the practicability of my plan to test. For the man gave me the unmistakable smile of comradeship — the same that had brightened Luise K.'s face, and Frau J.'s; the smile that meant as much as a hand stretched out to me and the words "I congratulate you!" And without uttering a syllable, he put the book back, shut my suitcase himself, and applied upon it, with chalk, the cross indicating that I was free to continue my journey, — free to carry my written tribute of allegiance to my German comrades and superiors.

* * *

The Sun was already high when I woke up on the following morning in Berchtesgaden.

I went to the window, pulled aside the blinds, and gaped for ravishment at the sight of the landscape: behind the slanting roofs of the houses that faced my hotel, steep hills, covered with woods; and behind these: other hills, of a darker, bluer green; and still further, and still higher: snowy peaks that shone like silver against the radiant blue sky. The river — the Salzach, a greyish-blue mountain torrent, — rushed passed, noisy and full of foam, under the bridge that I had crossed the night before, when coming from the station to this hotel situated right opposite.

I opened the window and breathed deeply, I felt light and

young; invigorated with cosmic life; for once, unaware of all my past omissions, weaknesses and failures, as though I were reborn. The fragrance of pine woods and the keen air from the snowy peaks, and their resplendent, dreamlike whiteness welcomed me in the hallowed mountain resort, the name of which is forever linked with that of Adolf Hitler: Berchtesgaden.

But how quiet it all was! — how unlike what it had probably been during the great days! And “he” was no longer there. At this thought, I forgot the splendour of the woods and of the shining mountain range, and was again seized by the old feeling of irreparable failure, of inexpressible guilt. Had I only been able to come ten years before, I could have seen “him”; perhaps heard his voice address me personally (who knows?). And when disaster came, I would have disappeared with him, died with him, or died for him — one of the three. While *now*? . . . Now, everything was so silent — on the surface at least. Now, of all I loved, everything looked dead — save the pine woods in their spring-like loveliness, and the emerald-green meadows, full of daisies and buttercups, and the distant white peaks, so white against the pure sky, so blue. But I recalled Luise K. and Frau J. and the Führer’s old tutor and the H. family; and the young workman in the train, on my way to Braunau, and the guards at the false frontier, awaiting with me the resurrection of the Greater Reich, and the Customs’ officer at Salzburg who had given me the smile of comradeship and allowed me to take my books into the country, fully knowing what they are and what I am. And it seemed to me as though they all said: “Are we not also alive, although it may be that, at first sight, we look dead? Have you already forgotten how ready we all are to open our arms to you who love ‘him’ as we do? You will find us everywhere in this silent, occupied, enslaved land — us, ‘his’ people.”

And at the thought of them — and of the comrades I was expecting to meet very soon, — I felt ashamed of having, be it for a second, questioned the growing hold of our faith upon the German people. And I was sure that, no less than in Linz and Braunau, I would find here, along with the evocative remnants of the recent past, unmistakable signs of the triumph of our spirit in a future without end.

I washed and dressed speedily, went downstairs and had a cup of coffee, and, after asking my way to Obersalzberg, walked out into the sunshine.

I followed the road along the riverside, as I had been told. More wooded slopes, behind which rose further snow-clad ranges, faced me on the opposite side. I admired them as I walked on. I also admired the beauty of the houses and gardens along both the roads bordering the river, or, here and there, upon the slopes, in the midst of trees; the neatness of the little town (much larger, by the way, than I had thought) and the river itself, the roaring bluish-grey river that ran its way on my right.

My attention was, however, soon attracted by some mooing of cattle. It seemed strange to me, as I could see no farms in the neighbourhood, no cattle grazing in any meadows nearby. It sounded as if it came from somewhere on the side of the road. I walked a few steps further and found myself before an open courtyard at the back of which stood a rectangular building, neither attractive nor ugly in appearance: a building that could have been *anything*. But as I read the notice upon one of the open doors that led into the courtyard — the harmless, casual (definitely “non-political”!) notice, that ninety-nine per cent of the “reasonable” two-legged creatures of this earth would have read as a matter of course and forgotten a minute later, — I shuddered. The notice ran: “The entrance of the slaughterhouse is forbidden to all those who are not working within its enclosure.”

So, *that* is what this building was! And *that* is what the lowing meant: the reaction of instinctive fear before impending death; death as sudden as painless as possible — at least, I hoped so, — but still: death. *That* within this town, that Adolf Hitler’s presence has sanctified for all times to come! I recalled in my mind a passage from the famous *Goebbels Diaries* referring to the Führer’s respect of animal life and his definite objection to flesh eating: “He” (Adolf Hitler) “is more than ever convinced that meat eating is wrong. He knows, of course, that he cannot upset our whole food economy during this struggle. *But after the war, he seriously intends to tackle*

that problem also."¹ The mere fact that the notice I had just read was worded in German, in "his" language — natural as this was — appeared to me as a sacrilege; and the existence of this house of death at the foot of those hills in which he chose his abode, as a still greater one. For he had not wanted *that*. He had wanted a Germany, a Europe — a world — without slaughterhouses. And "after the war," he intended to set himself also to the task of bringing about such a world. Oh, had we — had *he* — but won this war!

I recalled that series of laws against any form of cruelty to animals, which had always been, in my eyes, one of the greatest moral achievements of the Third Reich: I recalled the fact that certain standing horrors in the way of experimentation upon live animals, in certain foreign universities, of which I knew, had been forbidden, during this war, by order of the German Occupation authorities; I recalled also that commandment of our glorious National Socialist creed, contained in a booklet compiled by Alfred Rosenberg, and alluded to by his accusers at the Nuremberg Trial. "Thou shalt believe in the presence of God in all living creatures, animals and plants."²

No régime in the West has ever done as much as ours to impose upon people the conviction that animals have rights. No faith in the West or in the East has ever proclaimed as clearly as ours the priority of animals over potentially dangerous human beings — let alone over actually dangerous ones. No state has ever acted tip to this particular scale of values — *my* scale of values — with such absolute consistency as the German National Socialist State.

It occurred to me that it was, perhaps, this particular and thoroughly heathen scale of values which had, more than anything else, cut me off from my environment, and made me what I am, *before* I even knew what to call myself. My oldest grievance against the Jews, and the one thing that had indeed made me beforehand impervious to any sort of sympathy for them, was the "kosher" slaughter-house. And in my heart I had always despised any meat eater who talks of "humanity" and of "universal

¹ *The Goebbels Diaries*, New York edit. 1948, p. 188 (Entry of the 26th of April, 1942).

² Quoted by M. Bardèche in his book *Nuremberg II, ou les Fauxmonnayeurs*, p. 88.

love,” and considered any founder of a new era, who happens to be of that description, as thoroughly inferior to our Führer.

“*He*” not only ate no flesh, and tolerated no “kosher” slaughterhouses in his Aryan land; but he was, “after the war” — after victory; after Germany would have controlled the West, and become in a position to acquire the foodstuffs of the whole world at cheap rates — planning to suppress, gradually but thoroughly, once and for all, that standing dishonour of so-called civilisation: the slaughterhouse in general, however “perfected” it be. He was planning to do away with that industry of death, not only out of respect for animal life, but also because he saw something definitely ugly and unhealthy in the fact of higher mankind feeding upon corpses of slaughtered beasts when other food is available; and also — above all, perhaps — because he realised, more keenly than anyone, what a thing of horror the life of a professional killer must be, and because he could not bear the thought of any son of his people being urged, through custom and circumstances, into such a life.

And I thought once more, for the millionth time, as I bore all this in mind: “Oh, had we but won this war! Had our beloved Führer but been given the opportunity of carrying out his great plans!”

* * *

I walked on, found the road on the right, of which the girl at the hotel had spoken — the road leading uphill, to Obersalzberg. And I slowly followed that road, deeply inhaling the fragrance of the woods that stretched on both sides of it.

The sun was becoming hotter and hotter. Now and then I stopped and looked back at the landscape below me. The actual valley through which I had come was no longer to be seen; the slopes on the opposite side of it were also now practically hidden from me, for the road was winding through new hills, equally covered with woods. But the higher ranges shone as gorgeous as ever, dazzling white, under the Sun. The further I went up, the better I could see them. And more snowy peaks appeared behind the new green hills through which the road led me. I sat down for a while upon a log on the border of the road and listened to a bird’s twittering, to the rustling of leaves — to the Voice of

Life within the woods. Occasionally a car, or a motorcycle, passed by and disappeared in the direction of Obersalzberg.

I got up and resumed the uphill walk, feeling that every step took me nearer to the place where my Leader had sat in all his glory. I imagined the cars that must have rolled up and down this magnificent road, *then*, in the great days, carrying officials and distinguished visitors to him who was the visible soul of Germany, and the centre of the Western World. How all was calm and quiet, now that “he” was no longer there! And again the one question imposed itself upon my consciousness: Where is “he” *now*, if alive? Shall I ever be granted the honour and joy of seeing him face to face, once more in power? And along with that one question, the one same old regret that has been torturing me since 1945, and that will apparently keep on torturing me till I die, unless I see “him” one day, at the head of the West: “Oh, why have I not come before?” And the one same inexpressible bitterness filled me, as I walked on and on, through the dreamlike landscape.

I crossed a young couple. They greeted me; we exchanged a few commonplace words:

“Lovely weather, isn’t it?”

“Yes, lovely!”

“A little too hot, however. We should have taken the bus.”

“Oh, it makes little difference. At any rate, I prefer to walk.”

“*Aufwiedersehen!* — *Aufwiedersehen!*”

I went my way and they theirs. I was thinking: “Indeed I *do* prefer to walk. In the glorious years, when “he” was here, I might have taken the bus — or a private car — and reached the place an hour earlier. But *now*? To see the ruins of the immortal Dwelling? — its ruins . . . or rather the bare site where its ruins once stood . . . For I knew that the very foundations of the once lovely *Berghof* — Adolf Hitler’s house — had been systematically blown up. *Now*, had I dared, — had I not feared being censured even by my comrades for “pointless exhibitionism,” — I would have walked all the way barefooted, as pilgrims in India walk miles and miles to certain sacred spots. For the place had become, through the seal of martyrdom, twice holy in my eyes.

I walked on and on. It cannot have been, by now, far from eleven o’clock. The Sun was indeed unusually hot, and seemed so even to me, who had just come from Athens. The snowy

peaks, that dominated the scenery on my left as well as behind me, impressed me as the picture of untarnished indifference above all the destructions, persecutions and resistances in the world. But I had not come to seek divine Indifference.

I caught up another couple, and this time, it was I who spoke first: “*Guten Tag!* Can you be so kind as to tell me whether it is still a long way to the Hitler house?”

“The Hitler house?” replied the man, “It is just around the corner; on your right, after the first turning of the road. But there is nothing to be seen there; ‘they’ have not only blown up the very ruins, but ‘they’ have poured tons and tons of earth over the site, so that nothing might show, not even the plan of the house!”

That clear reference to the irreparable deed stirred all my hatred against those who perpetrated it. “I have not come to examine details of architecture,” I burst out; “I have come to sit upon the spot till sunset, and to think of the coming revenge. *Auf Wiedersehen!*” (I nearly said: “Heil Hitler!”)

And I went on, hastening my footsteps, without noticing whether the apparently bewildered man and woman had returned my words of farewell or not.

* * *

There were now hardly any trees on either side of the road or on the slopes that I could see at some distance before me. These, as well as the whole space that led downwards to the depression on my left, were covered with grass. Woods could be seen below, and above: in the depression itself; on the slopes that faced me on the opposite side of it; and, on my right, beyond the masses of earth, gravel and stones that formed like a wall along the border of the road.

But suddenly I halted and held my breath, meanwhile an icy sensation ran along my spine and throughout my body: I had just noticed what looked like the cornerstone of a wall, emerging, along with a few withered treetops, out of the enormous heap of sand, gravel and pulverised blocks of mortar that towered before me. And I had understood: this was the place where the famous *Berghof* — the Hitler house — had once stood in all its loveliness, in the midst of lawns and flowerbeds and trees;

this was what “they” had reduced it to, so that no trace of it should be left; so that men should forget! . . .

I felt tears well up to my eyes, and my mouth quivered. I crossed the road to see the devastated site from a few yards’ distance. Yes, it was the site of the *Berghof*, unmistakably! Above it — at the edge of the wood that extended from there to the top of the hill — ran, parallel to the road along which I was walking, a whole foundation wall that had withstood both the power of dynamite and the power of hate. And another wall that formed with it a right angle could also be detected, although it was entirely buried under earth and gravel, save for one end of it the, block that had first attracted my attention. That; and withered branches, sticking out of the general desolation — tops of trees or bushes that had apparently grown upon the ruins, and that had been buried alive by those who had set out to kill the very ruins themselves. I shuddered before the enormity of the hatred that had urged men to work out this systematical destruction seven years after the end of the war. How long would it last, that relentless execration of our Führer, of us, of all we stand for; that savage and methodical will to erase whatever reminds the world of him, of us, of all that he and we have created together? wondered I, as I gazed at the pure blue sky — so blue! — at the green meadows full of buttercups, at the woods and the bright mountain ranges in the distance, and then again at the place where the *Berghof* had stood. How long would the world persecute us?

And from the depth of centuries — through my intuition of history: about the only form of intuition which I possess — came the answer: “Forever!”

In a flash, I recalled the yellowish desert covered with scattered ruins under the burning sun of Egypt: all that now remains of the proud City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk, seat of King Akhnaton’s New Order — which lasted twelve years like ours — mercilessly torn down stone by stone by his enemies, over three thousand three hundred years ago — another historic instance of the untiring persecution of all that which is godlike.

And in a loud voice, as though speaking to myself, I recited with bitterness the first lines of the hymn of hate intoned by the priests of Amon — the embodiment of the Money Power in Egypt at the time — after the destruction of the sacred city:

“Woe to thine enemies, O Amon! . . .
Thy city endures, but he who assails thee falls . . .”

And with still greater bitterness I paraphrased the words of old, adapting them to present-day circumstances:

“Woe to thine enemies, O Israel! . . .
Thy unseen rule endures, but he who assails thee falls . . .”

The persecution of that which is godlike — and of those who are godlike; of those whom the dark forces, in possession of money, can neither buy nor frighten — appeared to me to be a perennial feature of human history. It would last as long as the world.

“But we too will last to resist it, and to crush it in the end!” thought I. “Our faith is rooted in truth. And we have the Powers of Light — the Shining Ones, as the Aryans of India still call Them to this day — on our side. And I recalled a sentence of one of my own writings: my final verdict on our enemies: “They cannot ‘de-Nazify’ the Gods!”¹

Still, the sight of the desolation of this place, glaring sign of the victory of the evil: forces for the time being, filled me with resentment, with hatred, with grief; once more, with the awful awareness of defeat.

I crossed the road again, walked a few yards further uphill in search of a place from which I could reach the *Berghof* site. I discovered something like a path — a trodden track in the midst of gravel, showing me the way many others had come before me. I followed that track slowly and reverently, feeling myself on holy ground, and sat down upon the bare earth, fairly far away from the road. And there, I sobbed desperately, as I had not for years.

* * *

Exhaustion — and time — gave me back a certain amount of composure, and I was again able to think.

A soft warm breeze brought me the healthy emanation of the woods. Before my eyes spread in the sunshine a mountain scenery, the equivalent in beauty of which I had seen only in Kashmir. I imagined my beloved Leader in one of those moments of relaxation that he must have enjoyed *sometimes*,

¹ *Gold in the Furnace*, edit. 1952, p. 87.

even if it were seldom. I pictured him on a spring day like this, letting his star-like eyes, athirst of infinity, rest upon those meadows and woods, those dark green and violet hills, those shining white ranges, the harmonious outlines of which close the horizon, and, beyond them, — in spirit — upon that luminous bluish valley that one guesses rather than *sees* from here: the valley in which lies Salzburg. I pictured him alone, in tune with the Soul of this land, that he so loved, breathing its power and its beauty, communing with it and, through it, with the Essence of himself and of all things — immanent Godhead — while his magnificent dog, the creature of devotion who was never to betray him, never to forsake him, lay, watchful, at his side. I pictured him, — or rather, I *felt* him — all-loving, all-knowing, above happiness and sorrow, detached in the midst of worldwide action, looking over this dreamlike scenery on the border of that extended Germany, which he had reconquered, into the realm of eternity that was — and *is* — his impregnable realm; into that intangible world in which success and failure fade into nothingness before the one thing that counts: timeless Truth; sure that he was right whatever men might say, whichever events might occur; sure that Germany's mission was — and is — that which he proclaimed; sure that Germany's higher interest was — and is — (in the words of the most ancient Aryan Book of wisdom) “the interest of the universe.” Sure, and therefore serene. Sure, and therefore sinless, — perfect.

And I lost myself in the contemplation of this *real* Adolf Hitler: the one of whom no newspaper has ever spoken, and whom no man (even among those who have seen him, perhaps) ever understood. All the forces of my being embraced him — Him — in an act of adoration, as the only One I had loved, life after life, for millions of years. I felt nearer to him than ever; nearer to him than before his parents' desolate grave; nearer to him than on that most beautiful night in my life — the 20th of February, 1949 — when I had been so happy to be arrested for the love of him and of his people.

But then, as my glance fell bank upon the torn and tortured earth upon which I was sitting, one fact imposed itself upon me: “He” is no longer here; I cannot see him in the flesh, as I would have *then*.” And I sank back into the old unbearable feeling of once possible, nay probable, but now irretrievably lost

happiness; of guilt that nothing can ever wash away, — into hell. For *that* is hell: not a place, but a state of consciousness; the knowledge that one has missed, through one's own fault, the fulfilment of one's real mission, and, that it is henceforth too late . . . There exists no feeling worse than that one.

For the millionth time that feeling caught hold of me, as strong, now, upon the ruins of the *Berghof*, after eight years, as then, in that primitive South Indian café in an out-of-the-way hamlet of the Western Ghats, in which I had, in 1945, three weeks after the fact, first heard the news of Germany's capitulation and been told that Adolf Hitler was dead. For the millionth time, my accusing inner voice rose against me, as merciless and as bitter as ever: "Where were you, all these years? Why did you not come in time? You would have seen 'him,' your Führer, the one Man you worship. You would have seen him in this setting, at the height of his power. What were all the joys you have had, compared with that joy? Now . . . see! Nothing is left of the lovely Dwelling; nothing is left of the great Reich; nothing is left of all that 'he' had built or planned. And you will never see him. It is too late; too late. You came too late. Why did you not come before?"

Oh, those words, which contain the one real torment of everlasting damnation: "too late!"

I started weeping once more as I looked back into my useless life. Yes, where had I been at the time my beloved Leader had risen to power? Somewhere in South India. Where had I been, when he had spoken at that great Nuremberg Party Rally, before five hundred thousand people? In Lucknow: listening to him on the wireless: speaking *of* him . . . instead of being there on the spot, one among the many thousands — the confounded fool that I was!

I remembered details of my life in Lucknow, in September 1935, during those unforgettable days: the dark red silk "sari" that I was wearing, while the aether waves brought me, over six thousand miles of land and sea, the music of the Horst Wessel Song, and then — in the midst of that religious silence of the multitude — Adolf Hitler's voice; the conversation that I had had with my Indian friends about the spirit of National Socialism and that of the age-old Caste system; the song that the fifteen-year-old daughter of the house — a graceful, fair-complexioned

Brahmin girl named Atashi, — had played upon the harmonium after supper:

“Nanda, Nanda, Nanda Rani . . .”

— a Bengali song which had remained ever since, indissolubly associated in my consciousness with the memory of the famous Party Rally. I remembered the gold swastika that I always wore on a chain around my neck — and that I had lost in London in 1947 — and my Indian earrings, also in the shape of swastikas, that I was now wearing. I had wanted to be the link between the Aryan Tradition, kept alive in India, and that great Aryan revival of the West that National Socialism embodies. But who (save one man) had understood what that meant, even among my closest collaborators?

I remembered the words which that exceptional man — destined one day to give me his name — had addressed to me on the very day he had met me: “Go to him, who is truly life and resurrection: to the maker of the Third Reich. Go at once: next year will be too late!”

Why had I, in my incurable conceit, thought myself useful in my far-away field of action, and not listened to him?

And again I imagined Adolf Hitler sitting alone before this dreamlike perspective of wooded hills and valleys and proud snowy peaks. I pictured his stern features, stamped with willpower that nothing can break; his inspired eyes, radiating love that nothing can kill; selfless, boundless, conquering love.

How many thousands of people had seen that extraordinary Face of his, and yet not understood it; not responded to the love that shone in it?

Foreign journalists, writers, ambassadors — some of whom had, afterwards, earned money by slandering him — had seen him; I, never. Opponents of his; enemies of all he stands for, — such as the Communist leader Thälmann — had seen him; I, never. Traitors, who secretly worked against him: traitors, who on the 20th of July, 1944, tried to kill him, had seen him; I, never!

I recalled the most wondrous sights I had admired in journeys over half the surface of the earth: the Bosphorus; the Acropolis of Athens: Delphi; Karnak; the Upper Nile; the temples of South India, of Khajuraho, of Bhubaneshwar; moonlight over the desert of Iraq; moonlight over the Marble Rocks and the Narbada Falls; the Backwaters of Travancore; the

Caves of Ajanta and of Ellora — that marvel among marvels; Ellora, of which I had written, meaning it: “One can die, after having seen this!” — the Midnight Sun; Mount Hekla in eruption; the Himalayas — no end of inspiring beauty; no end of history and legend. People envied me for having such memories . . . And yet . . . I would have renounced them all for the joy of feeling “his” eyes rest upon me — for five minutes, *once* — just once! — for the privilege of greeting him — just once! — with my arm outstretched and the spell-like words expressing on my part centuries of love: “*Heil, meinem Führer! Heil Hitler!*”

The merciless: accusing voice rose within me once more and told me: “You should have thought of that twenty-five years ago, you silly fool! Now it is too late — too late!”

Time passed. The shadows of the trees above the ruined site were slowly turning.

I continued weeping, in the hot silence of the afternoon. I had not moved from the place where I was sitting. A few people — about ten in all — came, one after the other, wandered here and there upon the site, without speaking. One or two of them passed quite close to me — looked at me, greeted me discreetly, and went their way, respecting the solitude that I was obviously seeking.

How long would the accusing voice of self-criticism keep on torturing me? It had been doing so, day and night, for already eight years. I knew it was right. In one of the beautiful rooms of the famous Dwelling; the scattered stones of which lay buried under the tons and tons of earth upon which I now sat, I could have seen the Builder of reborn Aryandom — the Founder of my faith — then, had I come, in time. But I had not. What could I do now, but nothing? It was too late — alas! Would it still be too late if our Hitler be alive, as some say? I wondered. But *was he* really alive? I did not know what to believe.

I lay upon the earth and gravel brought here in order to destroy all trace of his passage, and I sobbed as desperately as before. Then, from within — from far-away; from I do not know where; perhaps from another world — Something spoke to me; soothed me; not my own voice but “his” — or rather some strangely keen awareness of what “he” would tell me if he could reach me, be it from the world of the living or from beyond.

“*It is never too late!* Live for my Germany, and you shall never part from Me!”

And again, as in Leonding before his parents’ grave, I knew with certainty what “he” — “He,” Who can never die — expects of me, in the name of the logic of the National Socialist creed; in the name of the logic of my whole life.

And from the depth of my heart I thought, “*Jawohl, mein Führer!* — I shall. Don’t I already love Thy Land as though it had always been mine, and Thy people as my brothers? Is Thy Land not already mine? — “holy Land in the eyes of every racially awakened Aryan.”

And I felt power in me — more-than-human power, in spite of all my failures.

* * *

The resplendent snowy range beyond the hills that faced me was already changing colour. And the Sun was less hot, and the shadows longer.

I saw three men appear one after the other, coming from the road, along the same track that had guided me. They followed that which had seemed to me like the trace of a wall running perpendicularly to the one which could be detected a few yards behind me, at the edge of the wood. And they halted. One of them, who had probably visited the *Berghof* in the days of its splendour, was explaining its topography to the other two. Sentences that he uttered reached me now and then: “. . . and here was the hall in which the Führer used to hold council . . . ,” “. . . here stood a huge window, some six metres long; a gorgeous window . . . ,” “. . . and here . . .” Gestures accompanied and stressed his words.

I was strangely moved. The little I heard of the man’s description suddenly gave new life to the hallowed site. The Dwelling, seat of beauty, seat of power, seat of my Leader’s communion with the Infinite at his moments of restful solitude, rose in precise outlines out of the past. Had I only come a few years before . . . The bitter thought rushed back to me in a flash. But I had no time to ponder over it. I wanted to hear, to know, from one of those who had *seen*. I got up, wiped my tears on the back of my hand (for I could not find my pocket handkerchief) walked straight to the newcomers and greeted

them: “*Guten Abend!*” And then, addressing the one who had been acting as a guide: “Excuse me,” said I, “if I am so bold as to disturb you. I heard you describing the *Berghof* as it once stood. I understand that you have seen it; that you have probably seen the Führer within these walls now reduced to dust. I was six thousand miles away during the glorious years. I have now come for the first time and have been sitting here from half past ten in the morning, thinking of the past and of the future. Do you mind if I listen to your description?”

The men were all three between thirty-five and forty-five, i.e., old enough to have lived the enthusiasm of the early days of National Socialism.

They considered me with surprise, yet felt they could trust me, for my words rang true — and, after all, who would come and sit a whole day upon the ruined site of the *Berghof* unless he (or she) were a sincere follower of Adolf Hitler? “It is a pity indeed that you were not here before,” said the man whom I had addressed. “No description can give you an accurate idea of the place of beauty that this house was, when you have not seen it yourself. You have seen pictures of it, probably?”

“I have,” said I.

“We are here just above the hall from which one looked out on the surrounding scenery from a huge window, several metres long.”

“I have seen pictures of that window and, if I remember well, a picture of the Führer standing by it. Now, alas! even the stones of the house have been pulverised, and their dust hidden — covered with earth — so that we should forget that this place is holy; so that we should cease coming to it as to a place of pilgrimage. But I shall never forget — never forget, and never forgive, as I already said a hundred thousand times. I only hate the damned Americans all the more for this savage and pointless desecration!”

“The damned Americans are not the authors of this deed,” replied the man, to my astonishment. “It is these gentlemen of the S.P.D.,¹ who compose the present-day Government of Bavaria, who ordered it.”

“Germans?”

“Yes, — unfortunately.”

¹ The “Social Democratic” Party.

This unexpected information brought new tears into my eyes. “I should never have thought it,” said I, with sincere grief. “But surely the American Occupation authorities were behind those who gave such an order, weren’t they?”

“Bitterly as I myself detest the Occupation as a whole and the Americans in particular, I am compelled to say that this is, to my knowledge, entirely the work of our criminal S.P.D. Government.”

I did not know what to say, or to think. There is nothing so painful to me as the awareness of the fact that Aryans, — let alone Germans, his own people, — can, and so often do, hate Adolf Hitler, their Saviour. The idea that *some* Germans hate him to that extent was positively unbearable to me.

“I just do not know what to think,” I kept on saying. “It seems to me too monstrous for one to believe. And yet, I do believe it, for I know hatred has no limits — any more than love. I know that there is nothing that those slaves of the Jews cannot do. But one thing I can say, and that is that I cannot look upon such people as Germans.”

“We look upon them as traitors and scoundrels, — the worst enemies of Germany,” replied the man.

He then asked me where I had spent the time during which our régime had lasted.

“In India,” replied I. And I added, expressing aloud that which I had been thinking with such bitterness half an hour before.

“Few Europeans have seen as much as I have of that ancient and wonderful land; few have *lived* as intensely as I have in connection with all that they have seen — for I approached India in the light of my National Socialist outlook: the only light in which a western Aryan *can* really understand it, strange as this may seem. And yet, I tell you in all sincerity: I would renounce all the joys I have had, for the one joy of having seen Adolf Hitler at the height of his glory, or for the satisfaction of having proved him my loyalty at the hour of disaster.”

“And you have now come from India?” asked one of the other two men.

“No, from Greece. I arrived three days ago. Was yesterday in Braunau; the day before, in Leonding . . .”

“I understand . . . And you say it is the first time you come to Germany?”

“The first time I come to Obersalzberg,” replied I. “I spent a year and some months in Germany in 1948–1949.”

The third man asked me in his turn: “And you intend to remain in Germany?”

“If I can,” answered I; “if the heavenly Powers judge that I should . . .” (As at Leonding, I remembered my daily prayer to the Lord of the invisible Forces, whoever He be: ‘Send me or keep me there where I shall be the most useful in the service of the National Socialist Cause, which is the cause of Truth.’) And I added, summing up in a sentence that which I had been thinking the whole day — that which I had been thinking for eight years —: “My one regret in life is that I did not come long ago; before the war; nay, before the Seizure of power . . . and that I have never seen the Führer.”

“You are right,” said my interlocutor; “there has never been a man like him and there has never been an ideal comparable to his. Unfortunately, he put too much of his confidence in people who were not worthy of it, and who, through their mistakes — not to say their treason — brought about his downfall and that of Germany. In particular, he trusted implicitly whoever had stood by him in the early phase of the struggle. That was his only weakness.”

“Gratitude, appreciation of past services, is no weakness,” thought I; “moreover, the memory of past services *did not* blind him to later realities. Roehm had surely rendered services to the Cause, and yet . . . our Führer did not hesitate to sacrifice him, in June 1934, when he judged it necessary . . .”

I was going to tell the man what I was thinking, but had no time to. Another one of my new friends (for they were, apparently, all three “friends,” i.e., on our side) put further emphasis on that which his comrade had said: “Yes,” stressed he, “you say you so desperately regret not having come to Germany before . . . In one way, it is better that you did not come . . . You are an idealist. You have lived National Socialism through the beautifying perspective of distance. Had you been here, specially *after* the Seizure of power, you would have discovered many things — and many people — to criticise . . . Why, for instance, did the Führer not . . .”

“Our Führer can do no wrong! Don’t criticise *him!*” exclaimed I, interrupting with vehemence. “He can neither order nor allow anything which is not justified. As for his followers — or those who pretended to be such ones — *you* can judge them: you are a German. I have no right to do so. I have never criticised any German — save, of course, the all too obvious, well known traitors. Not that I am incapable of detecting failures — words or deeds out of keeping with the National Socialist doctrine or spirit — but it is, with me, a matter of discipline. It is not my job to pick out faults in other National Socialists, but only to do my best to be, myself, as good a one as I possibly can. And I am sure that, had I had the privilege of coming earlier, all the shortcomings of which you speak would have in no way altered my allegiance to the Führer and to the Reich. You were taught the National Socialist principles; I discovered them within my heart, within my own logic, within that best of all demonstrations of them: the history of all the nations of the world. And, fully knowing what I was doing, I came to Adolf Hitler as to the only Leader in our times who speaks and acts according to those principles, true for all times; as to the only one who (to repeat a very old and exalted expression) ‘lives in Truth.’ Nothing can detach me from him now, and nothing could have done so *then*. The truth of a doctrine is independent of the faults of a few of its real or supposed supporters. And he, — our Hitler — and his régime, are the very embodiment of the National Socialist doctrine.”

The man to whom I had first spoken answered me this time

“All you say is perfectly consistent; could not be more so. The only trouble is that we lost the war. Had we but gained it, rest assured that the Führer would have himself put order in our affairs, and that many Party members who were no National Socialists at all (but only pretending to be) would have got what they deserved. And the promised new era would really have begun.”

“It *has* already begun,” said I with conviction.

The three men gazed at me in bewilderment.

“Our enemies rule the world,” replied one of them. “We are persecuted: — powerless. How can you say: ‘Our era has

already begun'? You know yourself what the post-war world looks like."

"It is twenty years since Adolf Hitler became the master of Germany. And it was yesterday exactly sixty-four years since he was born. Tell me," said I, "what did the Roman world and Europe at large (Europe destined to be the seat of Christian civilisation) look like in year twenty or even in year sixty-four A.D.? Could one have *then* believed in the triumph of the Christian values for two thousand years? Nobody believed in it, in fact, save the early Christians themselves. Christ was dead, and his followers, a persecuted handful lost among the many strange sects of the Roman Empire. And. Yet . . ."

The three men were, for a while, silent; as though overwhelmed by the immensity of the hope that my words implied. *Something* told them that I was right, although they hardly dared to believe it. At last, the one to whom I had first spoken — the eldest of the three — asked me (and there was deep emotion in his voice)

"What makes you have such confidence in us, German people? You have not seen us at our best, in the great days."

"That is true," replied I; "But I have seen you in the dark days of trial: hungry, destitute, uprooted from your homes, persecuted in your own land, slandered by the whole world — vanquished (for the time being, thanks to those slaves of Jewry who, even under the National Socialist régime, had managed to work themselves into responsible posts). And yet . . . I have admired you *then* — even more so, perhaps, than I had in glorious '40; more so than I had in '42, when the Swastika Flag fluttered over the Caspian Sea, over the Libyan Desert, over the Arctic Ocean . . . I shall never forget the emaciated, proud and dignified faces that I met in Germany, then; the sombre glance of those young men who had, to the end, trusted the Führer and believed in the invincibility of the Reich, and waited till the very hour of the Capitulation for the miracle that was to give Germany the mastery of the earth, and who, even then, had forsaken neither that confidence nor that certitude — for they felt within themselves, in their day to day struggle from the bottom of the abyss, the living proof of their own superiority so many times proclaimed. I shall never forget the words I have exchanged with those men of gold and steel (as I called them in a book

of mine); I shall never forget that I have, for months, lived a dangerous life in Germany, and that not a single German has betrayed me — not for any reward: not for the bare necessities of life; not for milk for his starving children. Oh, how I admired you *then*, my comrades, my superiors! And how I admire you *now*, in your silent, stubborn, untiring resistance, to the agents of disintegration and to all their lies! . . .”

The Sun was setting. The gorgeous snowy range facing us was pink. I stretched out my right arm in a broad gesture, as though I were, beyond this barrier of mountains, and beyond this life — this minute in time — speaking to the German Nation of all times; and I continued, after a pause:

“As Alexander the Great lay upon his death bed in Babylon, in 323 B.C., on his way back from India, his generals asked him whom he appointed as ruler of his world empire. He replied: ‘The worthiest!’ I was an admirer of the godlike Macedonian, embodiment of conquering Aryandom, before I became the disciple of the Builder of the new Aryan Age: Adolf Hitler. And today, from this sacred spot on which he stand, I tell you — you three, and you eighty millions — from the depth of my heart (and I wish my persecuted superiors in Spandau, in Werl, in Landsberg, in Wittlich, in Breda, in Stein, in all the prisons and camps of our enemies, in and outside Germany, could hear me): “German people, *you* are the worthiest! I tell you today, remembering the ancient words, true forever — Alexander’s will: — my dearest desire is to see you rise out of this long-drawn humiliation, and rule the world!”

The three men had listened to me in solemn, reverent silence, fully conscious that, through my voice, a mysterious, divine Destiny had uttered its decree. And indeed I was not, in that magical moment, a mere individual, but a symbol. I was remote heathen Aryandom — Alexander’s Hellas; the beautiful primitive Hellas of the Iliad; also the wise and warlike India of the Bhagavad-Gita — acknowledging the existence of its eternal Nordic Soul in present-day pure-blooded Germany. The three men *felt* it — although they could not have, perhaps, just now, analysed that feeling; although they perhaps lacked the historical background that would have enabled them to do so.

I turned my back to the road, gazed at the copper-coloured sky between the trees: the Sun’s glow, after the Sun had

sunk behind the hills. I stretched out my right arm in the age old ritual gesture — the National Socialist salute — in the direction of the hidden Orb.

“As He — the Father-of-Light — will certainly rise, so will you, my German brothers!” said I. “As He is immortal, so are you. *Es lebe Deutschland! Heil Hitler!*”

The three men lifted their right arms in their turn, and the everlasting Words, profession of faith of a new age, resounded loud and clear over the buried blocks of mortar that had been Adolf Hitler’s house, over the dreamlike landscape that *is* and always will be his beloved Germany: “Heil Hitler!”

We stood, for a minute or two, in silence. Then, the eldest of the three men — the one to whom I had first spoken — looked at me intently and said: “You are right — right in spite of this relentless hatred that strives to crush us; right in spite of these ruins: *we are living in year twenty of a new Age*. And whether our Führer be alive or dead, this new age is his, and ours — Germany’s. He has re-given us full consciousness of our mission and of our rights. Nothing can hold us back in our onward march!”

* * *

The three men accompanied me to the spot where I had been sitting, and where I had left my things. They remained there with me for a while. We spoke of the new Age. We spoke of our Führer. “Do you believe he is alive?” my new friends asked me.

“I was practically sure of it,” answered I. “People who seemed to know had told me so. But now other people, who also seem to know, tell me that he is dead. I do not know any longer what to believe. All I know is that, if he be alive, all I want is to see him once more in power; and if he be dead in the flesh, all I want is to see those who love him and who embody his spirit rise to power and control the West — and, with the help of the Gods, the world — in his name, forever. All I know is that, whether he be alive or dead in they flesh, he is immortal. He is Germany.”

“You are right, he is.”

And after a pause, the same man asked me: “And what do you intend too do, now?”

“I have already told you: remain in Germany, if I can possibly find work there (the little money I have will be exhausted within less than a month) and contribute — in what way? I do not know, but in *some* way — to the resurrection of the great Reich as ‘he’ wanted it to be; continue writing books, if I can do nothing better.” (I told my new friends a little about the books I had already written and about my life.)

“You will find plenty of sympathy in Germany, and a lot of people who, for the love of this Idea, will help you to stay,” replied the man. The land is quiet — on the surface. But rest assured: National Socialism is as alive as ever — far more so than those Johnnies of the Occupation and their henchmen, the German time-servers, now in; power, seem to think. You probably know that without us needing to tell you so. And now . . . the air is getting chilly. We should go back to our hotel. We have a car. Would you like us to give you a lift?”

“It is exceedingly kind of you, but I wish to stay here a little while longer,” replied I. “Moreover, I prefer to go down on foot, as I have come.”

They wished me good luck, and I greeted them — and they, me — with the unchanging words of faith: “Heil Hitler!” And they departed.

I had not told them *why* I wished to stay a while longer. I judged it was better not to: it might be that they would have failed to understand my gesture and considered it childish, and despised me within their hearts (who ever knows?). But as I heard their car roll away in the direction of Berchtesgaden, I walked up to the only standing wall, at the edge of the wood, discovered upon it a fairly smooth plastered surface, and wrote upon it, with a pointed stone, the following words:

Einst kommt der Tag der Rache. Heil Hitler!

Then, my right arm outstretched, I sang the old “*Kampflied*” out of which the sentence is taken, and slowly walked down the beaten track, back to the road, feeling that I had done all that I *now* possibly could: accomplished the magical gesture; uttered the irresistible incantation of revenge and awakening, destined to bind free Germany to her Führer, for all times — “free Germany, conscious Germany, stronghold and hope of reborn Aryandom,” thought I.

I walked further uphill, visited more ruins: houses of

different close collaborators of Adolf Hitler, blown to pieces by order . . . of the Americans? . . . or of the S.P.D. Bavaria Government?

The moon now shone in the pure sky. Under its livid light, the ruins took on a ghostly appearance. Towering above them and above the whole landscape (and still covered with snow) stood in the distance the steep rock at the top of which is built the famous “Eagle’s Nest” — another of the Führer’s cherished abodes. This was not destroyed (I had been told) but is today . . . a café, and tea room.

A few steps away from the ruins of the *Berghof*, the house in which the Gestapo officials were formerly lodged has also, been transformed into a tea room and guest house. I stepped in, more for the thrill of feeling myself sitting there where important defenders of our New Order — as uncompromisingly devoted to it as myself — had once sat, than for the sake of a cup of hot coffee. I experienced that thrill, that same feeling of reverence coupled with ever-recurring sadness (bitterness of defeat; sadness for not having come before) that is the keynote of this whole pilgrimage of mine. And I felt even sadder, as the woman who served me told me that, “on account of the snow,” that still lay, over a metre deep, upon the road, my walking up to the Eagle’s Nest on the following day was “out of the question” — *ausgeschlossen*. I had not the money to remain several days more at Berchtesgaden, waiting for the snow to melt. So I had to make up my mind to see the Eagle’s Nest another time.¹

Late in the evening, in bright moonshine, I followed the downward road through the woods, back to Berchtesgaden. Many times, the ever-recurring sadness gripped me. And yet, deeper than it and stronger than it was, the soothing conviction — once more strengthened in me upon the desolate site of the *Berghof*, by the words I had exchanged with those three Germans — that National Socialism will, in the end, impose itself upon the Aryan world.

* * *

Early next morning I walked from Berchtesgaden to Königssee, where I spent the whole day, alone by the lake.

The road is beautiful — running for five kilometres through a hilly track of land covered with emerald green meadows and

¹ I saw it on the 5th of June, 1954, on my second visit to Obersalzberg.

dark woods, with, here and there, a picturesque looking house — guest house or farm — and a few fruit trees, every one of which was now (the twenty-second of April) a mass of pink or white blossoms.

Many cars rolled passed me. I noticed only one: a car running full-speed in the direction of Königssee and bearing in English the hated words: Military Police — reminding me (as though I did not know it!) that Germany is still occupied by the victors of 1945; still now, in 1953, eight years after the disaster. “Until when? Oh, until when?” thought I. I knew the blunt excuse, repeatedly set forth: if the Western Allies, were not here, then the Russians would be. The Western Allies are waiting for the German Federal Parliament — the Bundestag, — to ratify their agreements with the Bonn Government concerning the utopian “European Community” (based upon big business interests) and the “European Army” supposed to defend it (and them). *Then*, once those agreements are ratified, the Allied forces (of which I had just seen and heard a noisy and speedy instrument of action) will no longer be “occupants” but “friends”; friends in the common struggle “for the defence of Western civilisation” against the common foe: Communism. But I still failed to understand what there is for anyone *of us* to choose between Communism and capitalistic Democracy. And I hated the “values” of Western civilisation — those Judeo-Christian values, which I had so bitterly fought, all my life, to uproot — as fiercely as ever. In the name of those unnatural “values” which we deny, which we detest, coalesced Communism and capitalistic Democracy had stirred the fury of a whole world against National Socialist Germany; in defence of those “values” they had waged war on our Führer, on our régime, on our healthy, heathen faith, and staged the all-too-famous, sickening “war crime” trials *after* our defeat, and branded us as “monsters,” “murderers” etc. *Why on earth should we*, now, become the allies of Democracy against Communism rather than those of Communism against Democracy? thought I, for the millionth time. True, Democracy lacks the fanaticism in which lies the strength of all conquering ideas, and I had myself written that, inasmuch as they are more stupid, its votaries are easier to deceive than their ex-allies of the East. “But what if, after crushing their ex-allies and present-day rivals, with Germany’s help,

the Democrats managed to impose their unseen control — the Jews' control — and their hated way of life *permanently* upon Germany?" I now wondered . . . And the mere idea of such a possibility made me shudder from top to toe. I forgot to look at the smiling landscape and walked mechanically, wrapped up in my bitter thoughts; longing for the Third World War whatever it might cost — even if my dearest comrades and I should perish in its flames — provided it be the best opportunity for Germany to free herself from the pressure of *both* the international, man-centred creeds, and to rise and conquer and rule once more, under the sacred Swastika banner.

I walked on, with that intense, one-pointed yearning which has filled every minute of my life, all these years.

Immediately before one reaches the lake, there is, on one's left (there was, at least, in 1953) a railed-off square of American military ground and, in front of it, on one's right, a post guarded by a sentry. I saw, standing there, the first American in uniform whom I was to meet in Germany after three years' absence: a very young, fair-haired man, who looked exceedingly bored. I glanced at him with undisguised contempt and went my way. I walked past an open-air café, also on my right. From somewhere behind the trees, in the shade of which were disposed the many neatly-laid garden tables, came a horrible noise banging and shrieking and squeaking, howling and rattling, that which the "common man" of U.S.A. calls "music" — jazz. It grew louder and louder — more and more horrible — as I neared the lake. When I actually *reached* it, it became unbearable.

I have been tortured by all sorts of noises: by all-night kettledrum and castanet concerts in every part of India, including the half-wild hill districts, and by my neighbours' wireless sets in Europe as well as in Asia. But *this* was something worse than all other noises rolled in one. That which came out of my neighbours' wireless sets was sometimes musical. And the deafening rhythmical brawling and drum beating of the hill tribes of Assam or of the Kohls of Bihar expressed at least *something*: the collective soul of an altogether inferior people, no doubt, but a living soul; something natural; something real. While *this* — if anything — expressed a derivation to boredom on the part of bastardised descendants of once healthy European emigrants, steadily and rapidly sinking to the level of apes in

spite of — nay, with the help of — every manner of ultra-modern technique. Those whom one is used to call “savages” always had been inferior people, or (if the scholars who consider them not as primitives but, on the contrary, as products of decay of better races, be right) they sank to their present-day state slowly, gradually, over centuries of hardly noticeable degeneracy. *They*, at least, were in their place, and had not invented “de-Nazification.” These creatures — unfortunate Germany’s occupants — stretched out in the sunshine on the border of this dreamlike mountain lake, or drinking Coca-Cola before the luxurious café that seemed to be their gathering centre, were people partly, if not entirely, of my own race; some of them, — perhaps — descendants of Germanic emigrants without admixture of South European blood: purer Aryans than myself, strictly speaking. And they were here “to keep the Russians away,” no doubt, but *also* to keep (as long as they could) National Socialism from rising again in Germany. Bastardised Aryans, and pure Aryans in the service of the enemies of their race, trying their best to combat boredom with Coca-Cola and jazz, in this land that they have been oppressing and defiling for eight years! Definitely, I preferred the Kohls!

Thus were my thoughts as I gazed at the steep wooded hills behind which rose further hills, and finally, shining snowy peaks; at the blue sky; and at the gleaming reflection of all that beauty in the smooth waters of the lake — Königssee: the Royal Lake, — that our Führer has loved. The American noise shocked me as a profanation both of Nature and of Germany; sounded to me like a drunkard’s obscene brawl shattering the peace of a cathedral. And the thought that I could do nothing to stop it brought back into my heart the acute consciousness of defeat, so bitter, that it was physically painful to me. I walked as fast as I could along the road that ran parallel to the border of the lake, away from the vulgar noise, away from the silly Yanks — away, away, in the direction of the woods. A series of sheds, under which boats were being built or repaired, hid from me, for a while, the sight of the lovely landscape. An old man was standing before one of them, perhaps waiting for somebody. I could not help speaking to him.

“What a horrible noise!” said I. “Is it every day the same?”

“Yes; every day, or practically so,” answered he. “That is the ‘*Amis*’ — a plague on them!”

“I am glad to see you don’t like them any more than I do!”

“Who likes the damned Occupation forces, be they American, English, French or Russian? Who wants them? We shall welcome anything — any new development — that will force them to leave this land, the accursed lot of them! For they will never go of their own account; they are having too good a time, here, at our expense.”

“*I wish a day comes when they will all find things so changed that they will long to go, but will not be able to . . . I wish not one of them shall come out of Germany alive!*”

“And it might well be so . . . Anyhow, I can tell you one thing: you are not the only person to wish it . . .”

Less than hundred yards from us, the ‘*Amis*’ persevered in their endeavour to combat boredom, unaware of our conversation; unaware of the resentment of the great Nation that they are trying in vain to convert to their idiotic conception of life; — unaware of their impending fate.

I greeted the old man and walked on, — uphill. On my right, a road led to an attractive café looking over the lake. I followed that road, reached a terrace from which the view was gorgeous, sat at one of the garden tables there, and relaxed — to some extent. The jazz noise, although one could still hear it distinctly, was not so loud; no longer unbearable.

* * *

I relaxed — or tried to, — for a while. I let my eyes rest upon the beauty of the lake. But even though it was no longer a positive physical torment, the jazz noise kept on reminding me of the Occupation forces in general and, in this case, more specially of the Americans, in Germany. And I could not think of anything else.

“U.S.A., the nation-killer,” reflected I, my elbow on the table, my chin in my hand, my eyes looking towards the lake without really seeing it, the coffee, that had been brought to me a quarter of an hour before, getting cold; “U.S.A. the nation-killer, that is not itself a nation but merely a federation of interests . . .”

I suppose *that* is the reason why I detested it so fiercely, even before the war . . .”

I remembered a Greek woman who had once come over from America to my native town in France, for her brother’s wedding, bringing with her young son, aged ten or so. I had asked the little boy what he was, and he had replied unhesitatingly: “An American!”

“But how can that be? Your father and mother are both Greeks, as well as your grandparents, uncles and aunts.”

“It makes no difference,” had answered the boy. “*I am born in the U.S.A. I am an American. I want to be one.* What does it matter to you? Am I not free to be what I like?”

“No, Yanaki; one is not free to *be* what one likes. You can love and serve the U.S.A. if it pleases you. But you cannot be an American. Moreover, there is no such thing as an American people: there are only different people of our continent whose fathers went and settled in America. Each one belongs to his own fatherland, — when he is lucky enough to have one, like you, whose whole family is Greek . . .”

“You are like my granny: you must always argue,” had said the lad. “Only with her, it is God; with you, Greece. And call me Johnny, not Yanaki. I tell you I am an American!”

That conversation between a child and myself, nearly thirty years before, now came back to my mind. Yes, *that* — the fact that it makes nearly every European who is born there forget his blood and the land of his blood, — was what had, from the beginning, set me so violently against “Amerika.” *That*, and also the description of the slaughterhouse in Chicago in a famous French book.¹ The former had filled me with indignation, the latter with disgust. And then, — years later — came the war, and Roosevelt, that deficient specimen of humanity, jealous of the healthy world we were creating; Roosevelt, whom his morbid envy, coupled with effective power, had turned into a positive criminal — and America’s intervention: Roosevelt’s achievement, without which National Socialist Germany would have won the war.

But it was only because the Germans and Italians born

¹ *Scènes de la vie future*, by Georges Duhamel, translated into English under the title: *America: The Menace*.

in the U.S.A. held themselves to be “Americans,” that Roosevelt’s policy had been conceivable. The root of the evil — the fact that stamped the U.S.A. as a force of disintegration — lay there, in the Greek child’s answer to me; in the answer that millions of children — and grownup people — descendants of pure-blooded Europeans of all nations, would have given me, had I reminded them of the sacred brotherhood of blood am an American. *I want to be one.*”

And I thought of that sinister “American,” descendant of German emigrants, Eisenhower, the “Crusader to Europe,” who burnt the German people alive in streams of flaming phosphorus, in order to crush National Socialism, the purest expression of the Germanic soul. “And how many descendants of German emigrants, and how many men of Nordic blood are there to be found among the ‘Americans’ responsible for the Nuremberg Trial and other shameful mockeries of justice of the same sort?” reflected I.

I had a sip of coffee — completely cold, by now, — and continued thinking.

What was there at the back of all that? What made little Yanakis and millions of others — young Greeks, young Italians, young Englishmen; young Germans such as Dwight Eisenhower (or his father or grandfather) had once been, — *want to be* “Americans”?

There was, first, the influence of the American school, telling them how “great” the U.S.A. are. Most people believe what they are told. Those who, *already in their childhood*, question the very principles they are asked to accept as basis of all truth, are rare. And then came the material facilities which the U.S.A. offer to clever boys and girls who wish to “get on in life.” It needs not only an adventurous spirit but also a tremendous contempt for the country in which one is born, to refuse deliberately all such facilities, preferring the perspective of a bitter day-to-day material struggle — life-long insecurity — to “a situation” as a citizen of that country. Didn’t I know it! — I who had refused French citizenship! And how should the child born in the U.S.A. feel such contempt, when he has believed what he has been taught at school and when, as it is the fact, in most cases, he does not possess a sufficiently definite

scale of values *of his own* to be shocked to such an extent by the things he sees and hears, that he would rather undergo anything than be “an American”?

I thought of my own childhood in France. What had really set me against France? The knowledge, rather than the actual sight, of hypocrisy, injustice and cruelty on an international scale, and the direct contact with inconsistency and shallowness, and with that detestable French habit of making fun of everything; that entire lack of fanaticism, so contemptible, and so boring, to a born idealist and a born fighter. But how many foreign children born in France had, to my knowledge, waited till they became twenty-one to proclaim, in a spectacular gesture, their refusal of French nationality and of all the material advantages attached to it? How many adolescents, — let alone children, — had been in lasting rebellion against the hypocrisy of the war propaganda inflicted upon us in the French schools, during the First World War (of the tale that the Germans were “monsters” for having marched through defenceless Belgium, while the French, who landed in defenceless Greece a year later, were not . . .)? How many had been upset at the news of the long blockade of Greece by the Allies, in 1917? Or of the French atrocities in the Ruhr, after the war? *I* had been a very peculiar child, in whose heart such things had had a tremendous echo. Such things, and other horrors also: instances of the way man treats dumb animals (I remembered that the little I had then known of slaughterhouses and vivisection chambers had been the great nightmare of my childhood, and my oldest grievance against “civilisation,” for which France was supposed to be fighting).

A new and louder sound-wave rolled over the smiling waters and brought me the banging and shrieking of jazz — the soul of the Africanised U.S.A. And I recalled the words of the Greek emigrants’ child: “I want to be an American. Am I not free to choose?”

“*Free*, after having his head stuffed with nonsense about the ‘greatness of the U.S.A.’ from the age of six!” thought I, bitterly. Then, in contrast with that, the ever-vivid memory of my own rebellion against the values that one had tried to teach me to hold as the highest, filled me with pride. “Free to

choose! . . .” I too, had been told *that*, over and over again, in the course of my democratic education. And that was, in my whole upbringing, the one thing that I had retained — and put to profit! “Free to choose” — free to say — and to do — what my conscience told me . . . The trouble for the Democrats, who had given me that blessed liberal education, was that *my* conscience and theirs did not have the same conception of right and wrong. Mankind’s “universal conscience,” of which they made — and still make — such a fuss, apparently did not exist in *me*. And my conscience had weighed their Christian — their so-called “human” — scale of values, instead of swallowing it unquestioningly as something wonderful, as they had expected. It had weighed it, and found it wanting. It had considered their man-centred morality issued from the Christian teaching, and found its attitude to the animal world repulsive, its attitude to “all men,” silly, and felt for it nothing but contempt, and for the bastardised “civilisation” resting upon it, nothing but hatred. *My* conscience had discovered that I had no better reasons to be loyal to France than I had to support Christianity. And I had chosen to be loyal to my Aryan blood: the one thing pure, the one thing *real* in me, in spite of that blending of *nationalities* that I represent. And I had chosen Adolf Hitler’s life-centred, cosmic, — heathen — scale of values even before I had known of its existence. I had used that “individual freedom,” that “right to choose” that the Democrats so loudly proclaim; used it to identify myself with National Socialism in all its uncompromising aggressiveness, in all its healthy violence, pride and youthful joy, and to expose, in its name, the false idea of a “universal conscience” and the standing lie of “individual freedom.”

“Free to choose anything — even one’s national allegiance” . . . (And how many times have they not repeated it, to this day! They have killed all our martyrs for not having betrayed Germany in the name of that non-existing “universal conscience,” supposed to be present in “all men”). Well and good! Just as many choose the U.S.A., the Dollar-land, in which one “gets on in life,” so had I finally chosen Germany, the Nation that gave her all in defence of the rights of Aryan blood. The French had taught me: “*Tout homme a deux patries: la sienne, et*

puis la France” (every man has two fatherlands: his own, and France). But I was *free* not to believe them. I was *free* to work out my own conclusions, in accordance with my “reason and conscience.” And my “reason and conscience” had told me, more and more clearly, that “every Aryan has two fatherlands: his own, and National Socialist Germany.” Every person goes to that which he or she really loves, really wants. More than to “get on in life” — or to acquire a professorship in France, — I had wanted to feel myself in perfect oneness with Something true and great, and everlasting; Something that I could admire without reservations, and fight for, without the slightest hope of personal gain — for the love of it alone.

A pity, surely, that I could not *yet* go and tell this, on the wireless, to all the Democrats of the world; rub it into their heads until they became sick of hearing me! A pity that I could not gather those clever defenders of the rights of “conscience” who staged the sinister Nuremberg farce, and put before them the question — the puzzle: “What do your Lordships say when they come across an exception to the dull rule of “universal” conscience — like *me*; someone who feels “free to choose,” and who chooses Nazism; someone who has a conscience of her own, which is not universal; and which tells her, as plainly as plain can be, that “right is nothing else but the Führer’s will: that which he orders; that which others order in his name; that which is in accordance with his spirit”?

* * *

The Sun was not unusually hot. And people were having lunch at the neighbouring tables. It was getting late.

I had long drunk my coffee, and would have welcomed something to eat: — a boiled potato and a plate of lettuce salad; or a slice of apple tart, or both. But I had a long way more to go, and would run out of funds if I were not very careful. Since the day I had spent in Braunau I had been living on dry bread and coffee and was none the worse for it. So I decided to continue.

The Americans had at last ceased producing their insane noise. “The monkeys are quiet; feeding time, apparently,” thought I, with relentless hostility towards them and towards the Occupation as a whole. At that moment, an elderly man

came forth, carrying a photographing machine. He stopped at every table where people were eating, spoke a few words — asking everyone whether he should take a picture of him or her — and went away, as nobody seemed interested. He came to me, put me the same question with utmost courtesy and dignity, without insisting in the least. He had a sympathetic face with regular, energetic features; racially irreproachable. I wondered what his convictions were, feeling inclined to believe that, with such a face, he could hardly be anything but an admirer, when not an active follower, of our *Weltanschauung*. But I had no time to start imagining and supposing: I had to decide within a few seconds whether I should have a photo of myself taken or not. “Two marks for three pictures,” said the man; he would send them on to me wherever I pleased . . .

“Two marks . . .” That meant three cups of coffee with three buns — three meals, for me. And I did not require the pictures . . . But nobody had said “yes” to the old photographer. He would leave the place without having earned anything, if I also refused. And it was so pleasant to hear his voice, after that jazz noise — honest German, after the Negroid brawl. And who knew what he had gone through, to be forced to earn his living in that insecure manner, at his age? — poor, dear old man!

I took two marks out of my purse, and asked him to photograph me. It would be, anyhow, a tangible remembrance of the lake which our Führer loved.

When it was finished, we talked. It turned out that the man was, indeed, perfectly “in order” — as much on our side as anyone can be. He took me to his house, a few steps away from the terrace; introduced me to his family; offered me a second cup of coffee with a bun, that I gladly ate. And we spent about an hour praising the Führer and the great Days; deploring the disaster and all its consequences; telling each other the reasons we had to believe in the invincibility of the National Socialist spirit and in Germany’s resurrection.

* * *

I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering in the woods around the lake, in the hot sunshine, in the fragrance of pine trees;

in the contemplation of the shining waters, of the surrounding hills and of the blue sky, and of the inner vision of him, whose thought constantly filled my consciousness. All was silent, save for the usual noises of life in forests: rustling of leaves, birds' voices, humming of insects — noises that never disturb me but, on the contrary, lull me into meditation. Now and then, also, could be heard the motor of a pleasure-boat cutting its way over the luminous water surface.

The perspective of the lake, that stretched out in length between the steep hills (with their upside-down reflection within it) was magnificent. I thought of him — our Leader — who loved Nature so reverently, coming to relax in this abode of radiant peace. And the question rose in my heart, as it had so many times already: *if* he be alive, on what landscape do his eyes now rest? *Where* can he be? Would *I* ever see him Again I envied all those who had once sat with him before this vision of beauty. And again I put myself the practical question: “What can *I* do, *now*, for him and for Germany, apart from writing books?”

“Continue thinking day and night of revenge and resurrection, as you have these last eight years replied my innermost Self. “Thought is also something real, something positive, in the realm of the Invisible. And the realm of the Invisible governs this visible world.”

I was sitting alone at the foot of a pine tree, quite near the border of the lake. For a long time, I watched the ripples on the surface of the water. Then, I threw a pebble into the lake, and followed the transmission of the movement it had stirred, in broader and broader concentric circles, endlessly . . . It is said that the spreading vibration does not stop at the limits of the water that has transmitted it, but prolongs itself, indefinitely, throughout the earth.

“And such are also — probably — the magnetic waves that the power of thought sets in motion in the realm of the Invisible,” reflected I. “Nothing can hold them back. And who can tell what amount of energy they represent when relentlessly produced day after day, hour after hour, for years and years, be it by a lonely, powerless individual like myself? Completely out of the clumsy individual's control, but faithful to the impersonal Purpose of the indefatigable Will that sent them

forth — the individual will, no doubt, but also the collective Will behind it — on and on they go, through limitless space, preparing, maybe at the other end of the earth, that which will, sooner or later, bring about the materialisation of the one Purpose; making the lonely, powerless, clumsy, but conscious and sincere individual *personally responsible* for that materialisation and for every happening that leads to it . . .”

I was raised above myself at this glorious feeling of responsibility.

It was anything but the first time that this idea had come into my head. All through my life, even as a child, I had felt myself personally responsible — and *wished to be* personally responsible — not only for everything which I had (with or without success) tried to do, but also for everything which I had *wanted*; he it for events that were, as such, entirely out of my reach. And I had, later on, proclaimed as loud as I could that I held myself morally responsible for anything that had been, that was, or that would one day be done for the triumph of National Socialism; in particular, for anything that was done in the name of the Third Reich. But seldom had I been so acutely, so tangibly aware of the truth of this statement, as I now was. Now, I watched the concentric circles upon the shining surface of the lake, rising and sinking at calculable distances from one another, further and further away from the common centre where my pebble had disappeared into the depth. And I *knew* that similar waves of unseen magnetic power linked me — and every one of us, who embodies our one-pointed collective Will — to every present and future development which contributes, directly or indirectly, to the triumph of our truth. The waves of burning indignation that I had sent out seven years before, during the dismal Nuremberg Trial, against the four Allies, were *now* in Egypt, in Kenya, in Persia, in Korea, in Indo-China, all over the world, working to bring about *der Tag der Rache* — the Day of Revenge — the downfall of our persecutors.

There is nothing sweeter than to feel oneself personally responsible for the destruction of those who hate all one loves; nothing more elating than the knowledge: “I, *I* shall crush them — and avenge my tortured comrades; *I*, powerless, insignificant as I may seem, shall at least contribute to that end through the uncontrollable working of patiently concentrated

and consciously directed thought! I, — or rather *we* — alone against the power of arms, against the power of money, against the power of lies! We . . . or rather He — the Lord of the unseen Forces, in harmony with Whose divine Will we think and act and live, already preparing in the realm of the Invisible our second Seizure of power on the visible plane . . . !”

Oh, to feel *that*; to know *that*!

Our opponents, Democrats and Communists, can, of course, also produce thought-waves. But the Democrats at least are, in that respect, no match for us, reflected I. They drink Coca-Cola, and dance to the sound of jazz bands, and have love affairs, and worry about their psychological “problems,” while we send out, relentlessly, into impalpable aether, the irresistible magnetic currents that steadily undermine the whole structure of their silly world, opening the way for the future Brown Battalions.

And I sat, with my spine erect, upon the mossy ground, gazed for a long time at the dazzling white peaks that dominated the scenery at the other end of the lake, and then shut my eyes, cutting myself off from all things visible. And while inhaling and exhaling the fragrant air of the woods, I pinned my mind unto the inner vision of the Cosmic Dance at the back of which stand the everlasting laws of being — our hope; our victory, whatever may happen. And I imagined the glorious Figure through which India has expressed the idea of that Play of forces without end: Shiva, Lord of the Dance, Lord of Life and Death, serene, and merciless, surrounded with flames — the supreme, non-human, immanent Godhead Which we all worship, without knowing it, we, heathen Aryans of the West.

And at the back of Him, filling the immensity of limitless Space, I imagined — I *saw*, with the inner eye, — the resplendent Wheel of the Sun; our Sign, older than the world; our eternal Swastika.

And I was filled with ecstatic joy at the feeling that *we are eternal*, and that nothing can destroy us.

It was late when I walked back to Berchtesgaden.

Chapter 4

MUNICH

23 April 1953

Seated in a corner of the railway carriage, by the open window, I breathed the early morning air with delight and admired the scenery, refusing deliberately to think of the inconvenience that I should perhaps have to face at Freilassing. That inconvenience consisted in being compelled to wait an hour and a half for the next train to Munich, in the case I should not have time to collect my heavy suitcase at the cloakroom within the mere eight minutes this “through train,” in which I was travelling, was to halt at the junction station. “Why had I at all left the suitcase there, to avoid the trouble of dragging it with me to Berchtesgaden?” I wondered.

But to bother my head beforehand would not solve the coming difficulty. So I brushed the thought aside. I had rolled along this same track three days before, on my way to Berchtesgaden, but at 10 p.m., or so. So it was the first time that I was seeing the scenery. And it was too beautiful for me to miss a single glimpse of it: woods, and still more woods; then, suddenly, a stretch of gleaming water full of the upside-down reflection of bordering trees, bright, yellowish-green in the sunshine, and of steep dark slopes, at the top of which emerged, now and then, an impressive spur of rock; and, always, always, — above all that, far away — the resplendent outline of snowy ranges against the pure sky: the same Bavarian Alps, of which I had been admiring the splendour from the moment I had opened my eyes in Berchtesgaden; the same, but seen from an ever greater distance.

Freilassing — an abrupt return to practical reality. This time, I brushed aside every thought save that of my suitcase. Eight minutes’ time only! I had to make haste if I wished to catch the *same* train. I had explained my trouble to a tall, handsome, sympathetic young man who had helped me to step

out of the train with the luggage I had with me: a smaller suitcase and a travelling bag, which I could not leave in the railway carriage, as I was not at all sure that I would have time to come back. The young man accompanied me to the cloakroom, carrying half the things for me — thus enabling me to walk faster

The train had halted on platform 3 — as far as possible from the cloakroom. “It would!” thought I in a flash, inwardly acknowledging my bad luck. This meant that I should have to take the underground passage — to go down a flight of steps and then up another one; and then, down again and up once more with my suitcase weighing thirty kilos. And no porter anywhere to be seen! It was clear that I would miss this train and have to wait an hour and a half. Still . . . What could be done?

We reached the cloakroom. I produced my receipt, paid, took my suitcase. But I could not possibly carry it myself *and* be back to my train in time. The young man took it in one hand; held my travelling bag in the other: “Follow me as fast as you can!” cried he, as he walked down the steps, back into the underground passage through which we had come. “You have three minutes more; still time!”

I trotted along as fast as I could at his side. We reached the train within a minute. The young man pushed my things in, helped me to lift my heavy suitcase and place it in the net above my seat. “I *do* thank you!” exclaimed I, overwhelmed at the idea of all the trouble that he had taken for my sake. “It was most kind of you. I *do* thank you!” But it was not only that the man had spared me the inconvenience of waiting for the next train. What really touched me in him was that spontaneous will to help me. He was about thirty. “Twenty-two at the time of the Capitulation,” thought I; “ten, in 1933.” Which meant that he had been brought up in our principles. I was practically sure that he was one of us. (I had met only *one* German of that generation, who was not.) But he did not know me. He had not spoken to me in the train. He could not guess who I was. And yet . . . I felt sure that there existed in him some subconscious certitude concerning me. His subtle self knew who I was, if his conscious self did not. And he probably expressed the certitude of

his subtle self by finding me “extremely sympathetic” (or something of the kind) without knowing why.

In my eyes, he was Germany — Adolf Hitler’s people — responding to my love. And to the extent this was possible, I could not help telling him so.

“Do you know,” said I, leaning out of the window while he stood on the platform; “that I have never been shown such friendly attention — such affection, I can say: the word is not too strong — on the part of *any* people, as I have here in Germany? It looks as though they feel how much I love and admire them. And you have, once more, strengthened in me that impression.”

“Yes,” replied the young man; “you are right: I have felt . . .”

But the train had started, and I shall never know what he was going to say.

* * *

I sat down, and one single thought, one immense expectation filled my consciousness: “I am now really going to Munich, the birthplace of National Socialism.” The mere name of the town had upon my imagination a magical effect. Letting my head rest against the back of the seat, I shut my eyes and thought of the early days of the Struggle, and for the millionth time deplored the fact that I had come to Germany so late, while the oldest, strongest and deepest aspirations of my life should have drawn me there directly, even long before 1933.

We were nearing the hallowed city. Soon I read in large letters, on the side of the railway, the indication of the coming station: München. And tears welled up to my eyes. I recalled the words of one of the oldest and most beautiful songs of the early days of the Struggle for power: the song in honour of the sixteen first Martyrs of National Socialism:

*“In München sind viele gefallen;
In München war’n viele dabei . . .”*

I also remembered Adolf Hitler’s enthusiastic praise of the predestined town: “A German city; what a difference with Vienna!”¹ . . . “What drew me to it more than anything else

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 138.

was that wonderful blending of primitive vital energy and of refined artistic disposition.”¹

I got out of the train, went and left my luggage at the cloakroom, as usual, and wandered for a while in the newly rebuilt station. I remembered the railway stations with gaping walls and no roofs that I had seen five years before all over Germany, and I was elated at the sight of the contrast. And as I had not yet had anything to eat or drink, I sat at a table before the Refreshment room, and ordered a cup of coffee and a bun.

A man came and sat opposite me. I did not much like the look of him. He had none of the external traits that usually induce me to feel that a person is (or at least *might be*) one of us. But I told myself that he was, anyhow, a German. And I was romantic enough to hope that the first German who spoke to me in Munich could hardly be anything else but a sympathiser of National Socialism when not a fanatical supporter of it. But fate is sometimes bitterly ironical.

The fellow, who turned out to be anything but an embodiment of what I call a worthy German, had very definite views about foreigners. And he held, in particular, that a foreigner — and specially a citizen of one of those countries that fought on the side of, the Allies during this stupid war — is necessarily — *must* necessarily be — an Anti-Nazi, and consequently a person full of tenderness towards all “victims of National Socialism.” No sooner had I answered his first question and told him that I had come from Athens and that I was Greek, he imagined he had discovered someone who would not fail to admire him. “You know,” said he, utterly pleased with himself; “I have been interned in a concentration camp . . .”

I despised him. “Another of those confounded ‘victims of the Nazi régime,’” thought I. “And one who, on the top of that, has the impudence of imagining that he is going to stir my sympathy. Whom does he take me for?” But I refrained from letting him notice any sign of my reaction.

“Is it so?” said I, politely. “And in which camp were you?”

“In Dachau. You must have heard of Dachau, surely?”

“Heard of Dachau? I should think so!”

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 139.

And I could not have been more sincere than in this exclamation. I had indeed heard of the horrors that took place there: of the unbelievable tortures inflicted upon S.S. men by Jews in American uniform (and by degenerate Aryans, worse than Jews) in 1945, 1946, 1947 — *after* the all-too-famous camp had been taken over by the defenders of humanity in their “crusade to Europe.”

But the stupid ass took my exclamation for an unmistakable mark of sympathy. “Well, I have been there three years,” declared he, more pleased with himself than ever.

I could not help smiling. Then, I put him a most unexpected question: “Were you there before 1945, or *after*?”

The man looked at me as though he could not understand what I implied. “Before 1945, naturally,” said he.

“And what were you there for?” if it be not too indiscreet to ask you,” pursued I biting, in an icy-cold voice, with a sarcastic smile. “Was it, like so many other internees, for having transgressed against Article 175 of the German penal Code? Or was it for something even worse: for having worked against the National Socialist régime, for example?” (“Violation of Article 175 of the Penal Code” was an euphemistic way of referring to homosexuality — already bad enough, specially in our eyes.)

The “victim of National Socialism” was too abruptly taken aback to speak. I thought he was going to get up and walk away, disgusted by the brutality of my questions. But he did not. He answered me — after a few seconds.

“Oh, for nothing of all that, and surely for nothing connected with politics!” exclaimed he. “Don’t think I was an enemy of the Party, although I never belonged to it. I never was a member of any party . . .”

Now that he had become aware of the enormity of his blunder, he was trying his best to justify himself — at least, to lessen his culpability in my eyes — as though we still were in power, or as though he were sure that we would soon again be. “A good sign!” reflected I. But the man resumed his apology “I had merely punched the mayor’s face, in the course of a discussion, in our village. It was to teach him a lesson, for he had spoken haughtily to me. But he happened to be a Party member while I was not; that is why I was so severely punished.”

“Under any régime one is severely punished, if one assaults representatives of the established authority with one’s fists,” remarked I bluntly. And I got up.

“Another time,” added I, “you should not be in such a hurry to tell your adventures to the first person you meet, be he (or she) a foreigner. Now, of course, it is of little import. But you can never know what consequences it *might* have for you in the future.”

And I went my way, leaving the bewildered man to his thoughts.

I walked out of the station and, turning to my left, — as though some instinct had told me that this was the direction in which I should seek all that I had come to see in Munich — I followed the street. Munich has, during this war, suffered from Allied bombing as much as any German town. The station has been rebuilt, admittedly; and so have also many houses, bearing tangible witness to the peoples will to live. But there are still immense empty spaces to be seen — like gaping wounds — amidst the standing buildings, old and new; whole localities that have not yet come back to life. And there are ruined spaces over which have been built nothing but shops (and an occasional cinema) — no houses . . . I thought of the millions of uprooted Germans who, eight years after the end of the war, are still packed in “temporary” refugee camps or in no less precarious wooden lodgings. More of them are pouring in every day from the Russian Zone, one is told. And I thought of all the money that has been extorted from poor bleeding Germany during these eight years, and spent — wasted — on different useless luxuries for the benefit of the detested Occupants, or on shameful “compensations” granted to Israel as a State, to individual Jews, and to the traitors of Aryan blood, voluntary slaves of Jewry, “victims of National Socialism!”

I recalled a fairly large sign board that I had once noticed against a certain wall in Baden-Baden — somewhere on that avenue leading to what is now the French *Gendarmerie* —: “Office for Relief to the Victims of National Socialism.” With what delight had I, upon a foggy night of January 1949, at 2:30 a.m., stuck up one of my posters in the middle of that sign-board, and then walked past the place three or four times to

enjoy the defiance effect produced by the impressive black Swastika (that occupied one third of the surface of the poster) under the mendacious words: Victims of National Socialism!

I knew who those self-styled “victims” were: fellows of the type of that one whom I had just now met at the station, and worse. *All* the downright criminal elements among the women who, in 1949, composed the bulk of the non-political prisoners in Werl, had spent more or less time in concentration camps under our régime. I now remembered one of these who had remained four years in one for having killed a pig in a cruel manner — and in a flash, I compared that righteous verdict with that of the English tribunal which had, in 1950 or 1951, sentenced a man to a mere month’s imprisonment for having thrown a live cat into a burning oven. And once more I glorified our New Order. Many women who, under the Nazi régime, had been condemned to life-long internment for such crimes as abortion, complicity in murder of infants, etc, were afterwards set free by the champions of the “rights of man” and . . . had begun again. One, — a Czech, whom I had met in Werl, — had been *nineteen times* sentenced for theft and for abortive practices, by democratic judges, *after* we “monsters” had lost all power! And what is true of the women is no less true of the men. Such people were now given pensions; were paid for being criminals, “victims of National Socialism,” thought I bitterly, as I walked on, not having found yet, on the right side of the street at least, a single old building standing, nor a single new *residential* house, but only shops and still more shops, many of them luxurious. And I wondered how many of those shops were finally owned by Jews — Jews who had had them built and equipped with German money, here, upon this martyred earth, in the place of the German homes that *their* bombs, *their* war, *their* hatred of the predestined Aryan Nation, had destroyed!

Oh, until when would last this rule of Mammon, — of the Money Power, — which we came to crush? Until when would Germany be forced to pay those who are responsible for this war and for the disaster of 1945: the Jews of Palestine, the Jews of Europe, the Jews of the whole world, and their friends, — the German traitors and the foreign Occupants?

* * *

I walked straight on to *Marienplatz*, where I was glad to see that at least one side of the square had been spared by the Allied bombs. I wanted to see “the famous *Feldherrenhalle*, the building before which the Sixteen were shot on the 9th of November 1923; and someone had told me that I should first go to *Marienplatz*, and there, ask. But whom to ask? Obviously any “tourist” can wish to see the *Feldherrenhalle*, a historical building. Yet, it seemed to me as though every person would at once guess why *I* wanted to see it, and put me embarrassing questions. And I was determined to avoid questions, now, after my first conversation in Munich, at the railway-station. A young man who, at first sight, struck me as sympathetic, was standing before a shop. I asked him.

“The *Feldherrenhalle*? That is quite near,” said he. “Come with us; we are going in that direction; we shall show you.”

As he had finished his sentence, two other youngsters — for whom he had apparently been waiting stepped out of the shop and joined him. I now understood the meaning of “us,” and followed the three men. I followed then, without saying a word. I did not particularly like the two newcomers: and as I had a further look at him, one of them even struck me as possibly Jewish. It seemed strange to me to be walking to wards the *Feldherrenhalle* in his company. In a flash, I recalled the early Struggle, the sacrifice of the sixteen first blood-witnesses, and then, the clays of triumph, the years of power . . . What must have been the atmosphere of Munich, — cradle of the Hitler faith — *then?*, thought I. Oh, why had I not come *then*? Now, the man I had met at the station and this fellow, here, whose ears (in this connection, far more significant a feature than the nose, whatever most people might think) were placed too high, were the people one came across. The others? Those who had made the great days? Dead; or rotting in Landsberg and other prisons; or leading, as inconspicuously as possible, an eventless, when not hopeless, day-to-day life; faithful, no doubt; as ardently attached to Adolf Hitler as ever — *more* ardently than ever, perhaps, after their direct experience of Democracy, — but powerless and silent. I felt depressed.

But the three young men soon parted from me. “Now, it

is easy for you to find your way,” said the one to whom I had first spoken; “follow this street, straight on, till you come to a square. As you enter the Square — Odeonsplatz — the building on your right is the *Residenz*, the building on your left, the *Feldherrenhalle*. You cannot miss it.”

Indeed I could not. For after I had walked two or three minutes, there it stood, only a few yards away from me, facing, the square, with its three arches (that I had seen on pictures), its bronze group of victory, its two statues, — one on the right, one on the left of the allegorical group — its inscriptions upon two bronze tablets against the wall, and its two stone lions, one on each side, at the top of the flight of steps leading up to the statues and to the victory group. I walked up the steps, read the names of the warlords whom the statues represent: the famous Tilly, and Prince Karl Wrede, Fieldmarshal of Bavaria. I read the inscriptions upon the bronze tablets “During the victorious war 1870–1871, 134,744 Bavarians fought for Germany. Of these, 3,825 were slain upon the battlefield. The Bavarian generals were Ludwig Freiherr von und zu der Tann Rathgarnhausen, and General Jakob Ritter von Hartmann”; and, on the other side: “During the World War 1914–1918, 1,400,000 Bavarians fought for Germany, and 200,000 of them were slain upon the battlefield. Fieldmarshal Crownprince Rupprecht of Bavaria, General Fieldmarshal prince Leopold V of Bavaria, and General Oberst Fieldmarshal Count von Bothmer were in command.”

I was happy to read those words, everlasting testimony to Bavaria’s loyalty to the German Reich. But I had especially come to be silent upon the spot where the Sixteen had died for all that the German Reich means to *me*; to think of them; to think of *him*, full of whose burning faith they had died. I wanted to know *where*, exactly, the tragedy of the 9th of November had taken place.

It was not so easy to ask *that* as it had been to ask where stood the *Feldherrenhalle*: foreign travellers who are nothing more than tourists are not generally interested in such recent history. To them, the “*Putsch*” in Munich — our Führer’s first attempt to seize power in 1923 — and the repression on the part of the so-called German Government of the time, are just episodes of the inner political life of a foreign country.

I stood before the building, seeking among the passersby a sympathetic face — someone of whom I could feel that “he *might be* one of us.” I soon spotted one out. There are plenty of them in Munich after all, — even now.

“Excuse me, if you please . . . May I ask you a question? I hope you will not mind . . .” began I, still a little hesitatingly. “I have come from abroad, and I would like to know . . .”

The man, — a tall, handsome blond of about thirty-five — stopped and considered me with curiosity. “Of course I am glad to help you if I can,” said he most courteously. “What is it?”

“I would like to know . . . where exactly did the Sixteen fall, on the 9th of November 1923. ‘*Vor der Feldherrenhalle*’ says the old song . . . Was it actually there, in the midst of the square?”

The young man’s face suddenly brightened. But he did not at once allow himself to believe that which, in his subconscious mind, he already *knew* to be true, concerning me. He looked at me earnestly and instead of answering my question, questioned me. “You have come from abroad to ask me *that!*” exclaimed he, as though it were something hardly conceivable. “May I know why you are at all interested in the fate of the Sixteen? Is it just . . . from a historical point of view?”

“It is because I look upon them as the first martyrs of my faith,” replied I simply. “They died for Germany to become once more free and powerful. Thereby, they died *also* for my Aryan ideals, which Germany has embodied from the dawn of history onwards — unconsciously or half-consciously, for centuries; in full awareness, since Adolf Hitler’s message . . . I have come from abroad to pay homage to them; to think of them in religious reverence, on the spot.”

The young man gazed at me more earnestly than ever, stretched out ‘his hand to me, in the gesture of comradeship, and said: “Come, I shall show you. You have the right to know . . .”

He took me round the corner and showed me the wall of the *Feldherrenhalle* facing the *Residenz* building. “It was there,” said he, “in this street, before this wall. In the great days, there was there a commemorative board with an inscription

reminding us of the heroes' sacrifice. Look: you can see the mark of it."

He showed me, between the, blocks of stone, bits of iron that had once sustained the commemorative board. "And a Guard used to keep watch here, day and night, like before the sarcophagi of the Sixteen, on *Adolf Hitler Platz*," added he. "S.S. men were permanently stationed in that building, part of the *Residenz*, now being reconstructed, on the other side of the street. But *these people* have taken down the board with the sixteen Names and smashed it to bits, naturally. They have destroyed everything that reminds us of our Struggle and of our martyrs. Never mind! We remember, nevertheless!"

"We do!" exclaimed I. "We shall never forget those first blood-witnesses, nor the others — the more recent ones. Never forget, and never forgive!" stressed I. And as I uttered those words, I remembered my beloved comrade Hertha Ehlert: those words had been my last message to her, before I had left Werl, over three years before. I had been three years free. But she was still there, as far as I knew; still behind bars, while I stood here in the sunshine, in the broad, busy street . . . I felt small before her; small before all those who suffered; before all those who died for our ideals.

I remained silent at the side of the faithful young German who could not have been more than four or five years old in November 1923. Looking straight before me, I thought of the Sixteen.

I recalled their names: Alfarth, Bauriedl, Casella, Ehrlich, Faust, Hechenberger, Körner, Kuhn, Laforce, Neubauer, Pape, Pfordten, Rickmers, Streubner-Richter, Stransky and Wolf. I knew them by heart. For years, on those great anniversaries that remind us of heroism and sacrifice for the love of our Führer, I had, with reverence, repeated those names within my mind. They were, — they are, like those of our other martyrs, — sacred names to me. And I pictured to myself the scene that had taken place on that 9th of November 1923 at 12:30 p.m. I imagined the Sixteen (and along with them, the wounded, among whom was Hermann Göring) lying there in their blood, on that very footpath where I now stood, shot by order of so-called national authorities, because, in Adolf Hitler's

own words, they had “believed in the resurrection of their people.”¹

“Where had I been, then, at that tragic hour?” reflected I. I knew; I remembered; I had been then in Athens — eighteen years old (the two youngest among the Munich blood-witnesses, Karl Laforce and Klaus von Pape, were only nineteen). I was already full of the one same lofty dream for which I had always lived: the dream of a people of my race building *now*, in our times, a civilisation of iron, rooted in truth; a civilisation with all the virtues of the Ancient World, none of its weaknesses, *and* all the technical achievements of the modern age without modern hypocrisy, pettiness and moral squalor. Only I used to speak — *then* — of “Hellenism,” not yet of “Aryandom.” But the dream was the same. And then, just as now. I lived for that dream alone. And I was already beginning to realise for the first time, perhaps, (although I did not *want* to realise it) how few were the modern Greeks who understood “Hellenism” as I did.

I now recalled those days of *my* early snuggle against every aspect of what I then called “the West,” meaning Democratic capitalism dominant by Christian values. I had spent the whole afternoon of the 9th of November upon the Acropolis of Athens, seeking in the sight of the unparalleled ruins, of the aetherial landscape, and of the deep blue sky, the inspiration that would help me to surmount all bitterness. I was living not far from the Acropolis, and had gone up just after lunch. Yes, at 1:30 p.m. — i.e., when it had been 12:30 or so in Munich — I had most probably been there . . .

I had not known what was taking place in Munich. Still less had I suspected the *meaning* of it. But I clearly remembered that, on the next day, one had read in the papers about “unrest” in the capital of Bavaria, where “a certain Hitler” had tried to seize power, and where the “agitator,” who had already given much trouble to the Allies (and to Germany’s own Democratic government) had been arrested with thirteen of his followers, while sixteen had been killed by *Reichswehr* bullets during the “unrest.” The event had been variously commented upon at lunch time, in the boarding house — “International

¹ *Mein Kampf* (dedication).

Home,” 54 Leophoros Amalias — where I was then staying. And although I had been far from connecting the Leader who had (temporarily) failed, with my own dream of an out and out beautiful world of warriors and artists, I had exclaimed in a sincere outburst of sympathy for him: “I wish he *had* been lucky enough to seize power! — whoever he be. That would have taught ‘those swine’ a lesson!”

“May I know whom you call by such a name?” had asked the manageress, Mademoiselle Mauron, a sour Swiss old maid, thoroughly prejudiced in favour of everything French. She had been properly shocked at my vulgar language.

“You mean to say that you wish to know who ‘those swine’ are had I retorted, purposely stressing the objectionable word. “Why, the Allies, of course! I hate them ever since the French landed in Greece, during the war, after blaming the Germans for having marched through Belgium. And I wish they, or their agents, had not been able to lay hands on the German patriot. I wish he does, one day, succeed in tearing up their Versailles Treaty, that monstrosity, if any!”

“Will you please keep your opinions for yourself?” had replied the sour old maid.

“They are not ‘opinions,’ but unshakable convictions and deep-rooted feelings.”

That had been the very first time in my life that I had openly stuck up for Adolf Hitler, without (as I said) yet knowing that he embodied infinitely more than Germany’s will to rid herself of the Versailles Treaty, and surely without suspecting what a place he has to occupy in my life. I had stuck up for Germany during the First World War, — out of sheer indignation at the sight of the Allies’ vile hypocrisy. But this had been my first contact with real National Socialist Germany, six years or so before I had discovered that the Movement *also* aimed at the creation of a world such as I wanted it. I now recalled the whole scene, and for the millionth time I repeated to myself: “Oh, why did I not come *then* and join the Movement? Was I blind? Had I not yet been able to see that my struggle in Greece was a hopeless one? that individualism, the lure of Democracy, and belief in “human values,” were endemic diseases in the old classical land? Could I not have guessed the meaning of the new power that was rising against all I

hated, here, in those fearless men, under the inspiration of their fearless Leader?”

It is easy to say that, now. But how could one guess, *then*? With his extraordinary intuition of historical realities, Adolf Hitler was, doubtless already as early 1923, aware of the fact that the German cause and the cause of Aryandom were one and the same. Many passages in *Mein Kampf* go to prove it. But were even his closest followers aware of it? Did even the hallowed Sixteen themselves *know* for what a lofty Idea “exceeding Germany and exceeding our times” they gave up their lives, here, before that wall before which I now stood, in silence and reverence, in memory of them? They died for Adolf Hitler and for Germany, knowing that Adolf Hitler *was* Germany, and loving Germany because it was their fatherland. But they could not foresee what a significance Germany was soon to take on in the eyes of a racially conscious non-German Aryan élite, thanks to the spirit of Adolf Hitler’s revolution.

“They died for Germany,” said I, breaking the silence at last; “they *also* died, without realising it, perhaps, — for the liberation of the whole Aryan race from the Jewish joke under every form, foreshadowing Germany’s total sacrifice during and after the Second World War. *I am the outer Aryan race*, not as it stands *now*, poisoned by Jewish doctrines, but as it will one day be: wide-awake, conscious of its debt to Adolf Hitler and to Germany; I am Northern Europe, Italy, Greece, Aryan India, come to pay tribute to the Sixteen first Martyrs of National Socialism and to their people. Oh, I wish I could contribute to the resurrection of Germany as *they* wanted it: free; powerful; building, to the music of war songs, a new world in which the worthiest will rule . . . I wish I could contribute to the restoration of National Socialism . . .”

“But you are contributing to it!” said the young man, to my surprise.

“How?”

“By your mere presence here. And by the things you say with the unflinching accent of truth.” And he added: “Where did you come from?”

“From Athens.”

“From the capital of classical Antiquity!” exclaimed he.

“Is it an omen?”

“I hope so.”

Then, after a while, as we were leaving the place, he asked me: “Are there many people in Greece today who feel as you do?”

“To the degree I do, perhaps none. I, at least, do not know any,” replied I. And I added: “In the days of the Trojan War you might have found Hellenes with our outlook on life. But that was more than three thousand years ago. Since then, more and more instances of blood-mixture have slowly made possible the advent of such a levelling creed as Christianity. And Christianity has largely contributed to promote further blood-mixture. There are, of course, still number of real Hellenes. But few among them are sufficiently free of prejudice and sufficiently aware of the world outside Greece to behold our *Weltanschauung* in its real light.”

We walked side by side for a while. I then asked the young man to show me the way to the *Hofbräuhaus*, and after he had done so, we parted. We could not, at the corner of the street, before everybody, greet each other with our ritual salute and the words of faith: “Heil Hitler!” We merely shook hands. But I uttered a formula which *means*: “Heil Hitler!” to those of us who know. My new acquaintance repeated the formula with perfect spontaneousness. He knew, apparently. And he gave me a friendly smile as he walked away.

* * *

I reached the *Hofbräuhaus*. Before walking in, I halted for a moment, not in order to study the architectural effect of the facade with its picturesque old arches, but to imagine the people pouring in through the door leading upstairs, some thirty-three years before, — on the 24th of February 1920, at 7:30 p.m. — to hear Adolf Hitler lay out before them, in an immortal speech, the programme of the new Party.

“In February, at 7:30 p.m., it must have been dark, outdoors,” thought I; “dark, and cold.” But the great festive hall was brightly lighted, and warm. And even if it had not been, it would have made little difference. The people could think of nothing but of the immense hopes that this extraordinary

young man — Adolf Hitler — was to awaken in their hearts; they could feel nothing but the divine magnetism of his leadership. They poured in by hundreds — more than the great hall could contain.

I went upstairs — yes, up *those* stairs, up which “he” had walked, on that historic evening, to tell Germany and the world that, with him and his handful of uncompromising followers, a new era had begun. I stopped on the first landing, on which is the restaurant. Several people, who had walked upstairs behind me, stepped in. It was about twelve o’clock, and they were apparently going to have lunch. But I had no time for such trivialities *now*. All that the restaurant meant to me was that, on *that* evening, many of those who were present at the great meeting had probably had supper there, in order to go straight from there to the hall, before the bulk of the audience would arrive. Would any of the Führer’s earliest close followers also have had something to eat there? I wondered. Maybe, of course, I was mistaken; but my answer to that question was “no; probably not” — for most of Adolf Hitler’s early followers were, at the time, too poor to treat themselves to a meal in such a restaurant as this one. But I would nevertheless go and have a cup of coffee there, after I had seen the historic hall.

I went up another flight of steps and found myself on the second landing. I pushed open the glass door before me, turned to my left, opened another door and entered the place in which the Twenty-five Points of the Party Programme — the basic articles of the National Socialist creed — have been proclaimed; in which Germany was given the new faith, the new principles destined to raise her to the leadership of the Aryan world. The platform from which Adolf Hitler has spoken was at the opposite end of the great vaulted hall, right in front of me.

The hall was empty. All the chairs had been piled up in rows, near the walls. Several workmen were busy decorating the place in view of some festive occasion. They were fixing streamers of variously coloured paper to different spots all round the hall, and to the three bulky clusters of glittering glass and electric bulbs that hung from the ceiling. A frame of brightly painted cardboard ran along the top and sides of the platform and, right above it, a clown’s face grinned against a canary-yellow background, doubtless intended to add a touch

of gaiety to the whole scheme. In a corner was an enormous semi-spherical drum and all the sound-producing instruments of a jazz band. Copper wires intercepted the space between the workmen and myself. There were, from place to place, blue and red bulbs fixed onto them. A huge basket, full of paper flowers, was to be seen under a table, near the workmen.

I stood in the midst of the hall, deeply moved, feeling tears well up to my eyes. I could not help gazing at the platform. I saw the crude decorations, the cheap, gaudy cardboard, the streamers, the paper flowers, the electric wires with their red and blue bulbs, the jazz instruments and the grinning clown: the whole carnival paraphernalia. And yet, I saw nothing of all that. Lost in a nostalgic dream, my eyes looked beyond the vulgar colours and forms — beyond the vulgar world of today — to the glorious meeting held in this hall by my Führer, on the evening of the 24th February 1920. I saw *him* — and heard him — young, and full of ardent certitude, full of confidence in the future — thirty years old — with his voice that could be in turn harsh, ironical, bitter, witty, passionate, prophetic; a voice that drew crowds like a magical spell; with his compelling gestures; his inspired eyes. I heard him develop his theme with crystal-clear logic, and all the burning eloquence of love, hate and despair . . . and *yet* confidence, in spite of all; the confidence of love; also the confidence of youth. I saw him and heard him: the one Man who adored Germany as no one ever has, and whose love prompted him to re-invent, in order to save her, the everlasting Wisdom of the Aryans, and to express it in modern language.

And I saw the crowd gathered in this great festive hall, listening to his message of salvation. To those men and women, — to most of them, at least, — “salvation” meant “freedom and bread”; the immediate possibility for the German people to live; nothing more. But in the new Gospel of Germanic pride that Adolf Hitler proclaimed before them and before the world, on that memorable evening, were implied the principles of cosmic wisdom, outcome of his intuition of perennial, cosmic truth. In order to secure his beloved Germany “freedom and bread” — and honour — for all times, he brushed aside, in one sweeping sentence, two thousand years of untruth, and founded the new Aryan Order, based upon community of blood alone,

irrespective of personal metaphysics, in contrast to the decaying Christian order, based upon community of faith, irrespective of blood. He proclaimed a new — or rather a very old — morality; a morality of this world, centred around the value of blood purity and the duty of racial pride, in contrast to the Christian one, centred around the false idea of the equal dignity of all human “souls.”

The people listened to him — grateful, enthusiastic; won over to him who promised to rid them of the burden of the Versailles Treaty, and to give them “work and bread”; ready to follow him wherever he would lead them. And he was leading them not merely back to being a “great power,” but back to being *themselves*, — the Germans of all times; the proud Aryan Heathens who had, for centuries, defied all spiritual powers based upon human equality, all temporal powers founded upon force of money and force of lies. It mattered little whether they were, at that time, conscious of this or not.

I stood in the middle of the hall, my eyes intently fixed upon the platform from which our Führer had spoken, and I shuddered from top to toe at the awareness of the immensity of the meaning of his ultimatum: “Future, or ruin,” as mercilessly in keeping with fact, today, as it was thirty-three years ago. It mattered little that this ultimatum was, literally speaking, the subject of one of Adolf Hitler’s later speeches, and not that of the one he had delivered for the first time in this hall. His whole career was an untiring proclamation of that tragic dilemma to Germany and to the Aryan race at large. I recalled the unforgettable words. “Future or ruin,” thought I; “yes; either back to the eternal Aryan wisdom of our forefathers, to whom the holy Swastika, the Wheel of the Sun, was sacred, as it is to us National Socialists, or else . . . onward, — and downward, — to slow decay in a boring world, in which the scientific genius of the Aryan and his technical skill, and his sense of organisation, will increasingly be put to the service of petty personal pleasures and personal vices, for the greatest glory of Democracy, and the greatest profit of the international Jew, whose business it is to exploit the weaknesses of the higher races, nay, to create weaknesses in men of the higher races, whenever he can do so. Either back to Aryan wisdom or . . . downward to slow decay in a world in which the warlike virtues of the

best Aryans will increasingly be put to the service of Jewish interests . . . until false doctrines of individualism, “human rights,” and pacifism, coupled with large scale blood mixture, irretrievably destroy the race itself!”

I recalled Adolf Hitler’s words concerning the representatives of the privileged, creative Nordic race: “If they cease to be, the beauty of this earth will sink with them into the grave.”¹

“My beloved Führer, how right you are!” thought I. And remembering how England had, in the interest of the Jews, in whose hands she had given herself up, waged this criminal war on Germany, and remembering the intervention of the U.S.A., and Eisenhower’s “crusade to Europe,” I formulated once more within my heart the judgment that I had so many times expressed during and after the war: “Every Aryan who fights against National Socialist Germany is a traitor to his own race.”

Carefully stepping over the electric wires, I walked up to the platform, remained there for a while, absorbed in my thoughts, and then walked back to my former place. A man came in, holding a ladder. I waited till he had put it down, and then addressed him: “Could you please tell me what are all these preparations for?”

“For the First of May. There will be dancing here, on that occasion. Many people will come, including Americans . . .”

“Americans! . . . I understand,” said I. I had heard enough.

Once more I looked around me at the great festive hall as it was *now* — on the 23rd of April 1953. It struck me as a picture of the clownish world which *they* — our enemies — are trying to build upon the ruins of all we created and all we loved. Once, I knew, there had been, somewhere in this hall, a bronze tablet upon which was related the tremendous event that had taken place here on the 24th of February 1920: the birth of the National Socialist Party. That inscription had been removed, or more probably destroyed. Naturally! People were to forget the 24th of February 1920; they were to forget our Führer, to forget us — or rather, to be taught to hold us for a pack of “monsters”

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 316.

henceforth unable to do any further harm; they were to forget our record of sacrifice and glory, and to dance, to the noise of jazz, with ridiculous paper hats upon their heads and paper flowers in their buttonholes, here, in the very hall where our manly message of salvation had been proclaimed! They were to live and to earn money, and carry on their little amusements and little intrigues, as though Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich had never existed. I lifted my eyes and saw the grinning Clown, — the Symbol of the post-war West — above that platform where our Führer had spoken, and tears filled my eyes; and a bitter hatred filled my heart against that peace-loving, silly, “secure” world that the Democrats would like to establish with the help of a “de-Nazified” Germany. And one desperate yearning sprang from the depth of my being: “If we are not to rise and win and rule, then . . . may the Mongols set fire to all that!” (Forgive me, my millions of comrades, who suffered and died in Russia and far-away Siberia! But, between a world according to the bourgeois ideals of the “Crusaders to Europe” and death, I prefer death.)

Death . . . or, indeed, revenge and resurrection; there was, there is — there can be — no other alternative for us

I went and sat for half an hour in the restaurant, had a cup of coffee, came back, took a last glance at the historic hall. I remembered Adolf Hitler’s own impression of the great meeting: “As, after nearly four hours, the public began to leave the hall in a slow and compact crowd, I was aware that now, in the German people, had been laid the basis of a movement that would last. A fire had been lighted, out of the glow of which a Sword was to emerge, which would give back freedom to the Germanic Siegfried, and life to the German Nation. And, in the coming upheaval, I felt the presence of the Goddess of revenge that nothing can hold back, fighting with us to efface the act of treason of the 9th of November 1918. Thus the hall became gradually empty. And the Movement took its course.”¹

¹ “Als sich, nach fast vier Stunden, der Raum zu leeren begann und die Masse sich Kopf an Kopf wie ein langsamer Strom dem Ausgang zuwälzte, zuschob und zudrängte, da wusste ich, dass nun die Grundsätze einer Bewegung in das deutsche Volk hinauswanderten, die nicht mehr zum Vergessen zu bringen waren. Ein Feuer war entzündet, aus dessen Glut dereinst das Schwert kommen muss, das dem germanischen Siegfried die Freiheit, der deutschen Nation das Leben wiedergewinnen soll. Und neben der kommenden Erhebung, fühlte ich die Göttin der unerbittlichen Rache schreiten für die Meineidstat des 9. November 1918. So leerte sich langsam der Saal. Die Bewegung nahm ihren Lauf. (*Mein Kampf*, edit 1939, p. 406.)

I knew that, in spite of all, he was right; that the German people would never forget — *could* never forget, even after a greater disaster than that of 1918. I had so many times already felt the fire of the tremendous Awakening burn, as ardently as ever, within my comrades' hearts as well as in mine. No, we would not perish in the coming crash; our enemies would, with *both* their man-centred, equalitarian, international creeds of Jewish inspiration; we would rise for the second time upon their ruins. And the humiliation of 1945 would be avenged more thoroughly than that of 1918; not for a few brief years but for all times to come!

“May this be true — oh, may it not be just wishful thinking,” prayed I within my heart, as I left the hall and slowly walked downstairs. And at the same time I remembered that unseen Forces dominate and govern all things visible and tangible, and that the power of intense, one-pointed thought is one among those Forces.

* * *

An hour later, I stood in front of *Bürgerbräukeller*, the famous beer hall in which Adolf Hitler's followers used to gather in the early days; the place in which the unsuccessful *Putsch* of November 1923 was planned. I had walked in the direction of the tramway line until I had reached it, admiring on my way the beautiful foamy river Isar and the gardens near the bridge which I had crossed.

I recognised the well-known entrance that I had so many times seen in pictures. But the Swastika flags that had once proudly fluttered on either side of it were, naturally, no longer there. And above the door bitter, ironical words struck my sight — white against a dark background —: U.S.A. Service Club. The *Amis* had taken over the place for themselves.

The door was open. A passage stretched before me — a

passage at the end of which there was another door. But I did not at once go in. I walked into a fairly broad courtyard planted with trees, into which an iron gate, wide open, gave access. It must have been about half past one or two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was bright — and hot. The shade, pleasant. I walked up and down under the trees in spite of the notice “Loitering forbidden” that was stuck up at the gate. The building rose on my left: first, behind the main entrance on the street, a mere ground floor, which one accessed, from this side, through two doors; and then, above a flight of steps, a series of doors and windows, at a little distance behind which emerged a higher, yellow wall. One of the two first doors on the ground floor was shut. Over the other, that was half-open, one could read, in black letters on a background of light yellow paint, the words: Snack Bar; Service Club. Ultramodern motorcars bearing the words: U.S. Forces in Germany, were to be seen in a row nearby. Now and then an American would come out of the “Snack Bar,” get into a car and drive away. Another American would drive in from the street and, having added his car to the row, walk into the “Snack Bar.” None paid any attention to me. They probably thought I was waiting for one of them. But who cares what they thought? I continued loitering under the trees, in spite of the notice; looking at, what, on my left, seemed to be offices, or perhaps storerooms, and at the high — and obviously older — wall, behind these; at a tall chimney in the distance; and at the Americans in uniform, who came and went.

There is, in unfortunate post-war Germany, nothing which I detest as much as Occupation troops and Occupation officials of any description, unless it be . . . those Germans who have willingly contributed to the downfall of the National Socialist Order, and thereby to the inroad of such creatures into the country. But to see the creatures planted there, upon the very premises of *Bürgerbräukeller* as though they owned the place, is more than flesh and blood can stand. And yet, one is forced to see them, if one at all wishes to visit the historic spot. And even if one did not actually *see* them, one would still know that they are there — that they are everywhere. Until when . . . ?

The *putsch* of the 9th of November 1923 had been prepared somewhere here — somewhere behind those walls . . . My thoughts

rushed back to the *Feldherrenhalle*; to the wall facing the side street, that the young man had shown me in the morning telling me: “It was there that the Sixteen fell.” Had the Sixteen and, after them, our thousands, our millions of martyrs died for nothing? — for *that*? Had our beloved Führer lived and fought and suffered . . . for *that*? And was *that* — the presence of Americans and other varieties of “crusaders” for “humanity” (including Master Roosevelt’s and Master Churchill’s ex-“glorious Allies” the Russians) on Germany’s soil, and the strengthening of confounded Democracy (the strengthening of the Jew’s grip upon the world) — to *remain* the sole outcome of our whole grim and heroic struggle of these last thirty years? Oh, for how long — for how long more?

Just as I was thus thinking, a uniform-wearing specimen of that well-fed, brainless and cultureless humanity that the U.S.A. exports, passed quite close to me, looked at me with eyes in which there was nothing to read but abysmal boredom, and went its way, while its half-open mouth did not stop munching — chewing the cud . . . or its civilised equivalent: “chewing gum.” I suddenly recalled the funny definition that an English friend of mine had once given me of an American: “a mammal that cannot shut its mouth.” And I should have felt inclined to laugh had I been anywhere but in Germany, and nay within the courtyard of the historic beer hall in which the *Putsch* of November 1923 has been planned. But here, all my contempt for the individual uniform wearer as such was overshadowed by my consciousness of the riches and might of the Jew-ridden U.S.A. The ludicrous, blank-faced, chewing creature was nothing. A sheep in a flock. A gramophone in its box, repeating automatically, in private conversations, that which his whole silly education had conditioned him to think and to say. But behind him were those sinister forces which had worked out the programme and spirit of his education and dictated him the values which he was to hold as the right ones. Were *we* — the few, sincere, conscious, selfless National Socialists — in a position to crush those forces?

The fellow had long disappeared into the Snack Bar. I stood by a tree and thought of the formidable money-power of the U.S.A., of the mysterious and frightening kingship of the Dollar Exchange — the power to make any far-away country live

or starve — centralised neither in President Eisenhower, nor in the inhabitants of the U.S.A., nor in the American Army, composed of all races, but in the impersonal fraternity of the big banks. *That* power, what weapons have *we* to strike it to death? wondered I. And I answered my own question: detachment; absolute freedom from the usual ties of this world and from all seductions that money can offer; the freedom of such people as nothing and nobody can either buy or frighten; and, along with that, discipline; devotion to our Leader, visible or invisible, alive in the flesh or alive in spirit only; and the one-pointed, iron will of the believers who, periodically — every two or three thousand years — build new civilisations upon the rock of great new faiths: *these* are our weapons.

I gazed at the blue sky and imagined the map of Europe and the Atlantic Ocean, and the map of America beyond the Ocean. And — although I have never seen them — I tried to picture myself those great offices in which the fate of Europe in general and of Germany in particular is decided from a business standpoint, with businesslike mercilessness and exactitude.

Alone absolute detachment — sustained ascetic action, free from the lure of money and of all that money is able to procure — can match and beat that heartless and intelligent machinery, that far-sighted detachment (worthy of a better cause) which our enemies' unseen General Staff displays in order to acquire more and more power for the Jews "at the top."

I thought of the one-pointed will and dedicated day to day lives of the humblest among my comrades, and I decided that, in the scales of the Invisible, we still are the strongest; the ones who are, sooner or later, (provided our spirit never gives way) *bound to win*. The Jews and slaves of Jewry who, from their luxury offices far away, have now the power to reduce us to starvation, do not suspect the new Force, steadily rising against them, which we represent. But who ever suspects the direction that intangible factors are imposing upon history in one's own times? Save a few exceptional seers — and a few ardent believers, who happen to be right — all are blind to the vision even of an immediate future.

I thought of pre-Columbian America — a sheer "association of ideas," maybe, (one part of the vast double Continent reminding

me of another) or, perhaps, the intuition of some deeper historical parallelism; who can tell? I pictured to myself life in Tenochtitlan in February 1519: the people carrying on their traditional pursuits; the priests busy with their grim rites; the king and nobles absorbed in their usual preoccupations — their tribal wars with Tlascala — while the conquering Spaniards were already sailing across the Atlantic . . . Omens had spoken of the coming twilight of that civilisation of blood and gold which was that of the Aztecs and of their neighbours. But still . . . Who suspected it was to come so suddenly?

“We might not possess, now, over the present rulers of the West, that staggering technical superiority which the Spaniards had over the Aztecs in 1519,” reflected I; “but, as selfless fighters for the noblest goal, conscious of our mission, are we not still much higher above them, in the natural order of beings, than Cortes’ adventurers ever were above Montezuma’s people? The defenders of Tenochtitlan were at least warriors, if not soldiers (disciplined warriors). But these suckers of chewing-gum are neither. As for their masters, the big businessmen, . . . their money is their only weapon — useless against us.”

From a passage facing me — a passage between the houses that limited the courtyard — a motor-lorry was coming. It halted before one of the doors on my left. Three or four men, — German workmen, not Americans, — came out of it. Someone appeared at the door, that was flung wide open. And the men started unloading — dragging cumbrous cardboard boxes out of the lorry and shifting them into the room. I walked up to them and, picking out the one who seemed to me the most likely to be one of us, — the one whose face bore the most definite stamp of health and character — I asked him whether he could tell me which was “the great hall,” and whether I could visit it.

The man looked at me inquiringly so as to make sure that I was “in order,” and then (trusting, no doubt, his intuition, which told him that I was) replied: “You mean the hall in which we used to gather in the great days?”

“Yes,” said I.

“It is that hall, there,” answered he, pointing to the bulk of the building, above the row of new rooms along the flight of steps, near which the lorry had halted. “Unfortunately, you

cannot see it, now . . . And you would not recognise it if you could,” — added he, taking for granted that I had visited the place before the war, —: “the *Amis*, who rebuilt it after their bombs had smashed it, have turned it into a ping-pong room or something. But anyhow, they won’t let you in.”

I gazed at that wall painted in yellow, which I had noticed behind the new part of the building, and above its level, — a wall that looked like any wall in the world. But I now knew that, behind it, was *that* hall. And once more a shadow passed over me, and my heart sunk at the idea of all I had missed, of all I had lost by not coming to Germany in time. And the feeling of utter failure oppressed me. I thought of the solemn gatherings that used to take place in that hall, year after year, in the night of the 8th of November, and of the subsequent processions to the *Feldherrenhalle*, on the morning of the 9th: at the time at which those of 1923 had started on the fateful Day. The Führer himself used to lead those processions; and the old Party members who had stood by him in danger on that day, — the actual comrades of the Sixteen, — marched in honour at his side. I had never seen those processions, but I knew all about them. And I suddenly decided that I too would, today, walk back from here to the *Feldherrenhalle* in remembrance of the First Martyrs of the National Socialist cause, . . . and in the awareness of the second Struggle and of the second Seizure of power, never mind when.

I thanked the man, and after giving a last glance to the walls of the famous beer hall, left the courtyard.

As I came back to the main entrance of the desecrated building — the street entrance — I noticed an American standing there. The desire to see all I possibly could of the place, — even now, after its ruin — was stronger than my disgust at the sight of the occupant. I had never yet, in Germany, addressed a word to a man in Allied uniform, and had sincerely believed I never would. Yet I asked this one — myself astonished at what I was doing —: “May I go in?”

“Why not?” answered he.

I stepped in, without paying further attention to the usurper. A young woman was sitting at a desk, in a tiny room at the end of the passage, where another American was standing. On the left, a door led into a well-furnished hall. I addressed

the young woman in German. “Is it really not possible to see the great hall, — the historic one?” asked I.

She repeated to me what the workman in the courtyard had told me: the historic hall had become a place where the Americans played ping-pong; nobody could see it. “But you can see from these pictures what the hall and the whole building once looked like, and you can if you like read the notice concerning their history,” said she. And she pointed to three picture postcards and to a newspaper photograph, along with a typed notice, that were to be seen within a frame, under a glass covering, against the wall, in a corner. One of the postcards showed the entrance of *Bürgerbräukeller* as one could see it in the great days, — with a Swastika flag each side of it. Another, — also a coloured one —, showed the inside of the famous hall: the platform from which the Führer used to speak; the Flag hanging before it; the many tables at which the faithful used to sit; the balconies between the arches, with wooden railings, from which hung more flags. The third one — a black one — showed an unrecognisable heap of rubble, over which lay broken wooden beams and lumps of plaster: a picture of the hall after an Allied bomb had hit it in 1943 — a picture of Germany after the passage of the “Crusaders to Europe,” slaves and avengers of the Jews. “And yet,” thought I, “this was better — less humiliating — than becoming a ping-pong hall for the *Amis!*” *This* meant destruction. The ping-pong parties in the rebuilt hall meant conquest — worse than destruction, if it lasts long enough to defile a country’s blood and soul.

The typed writing stated that Bürgerbräu Keller was known to have been a beer house ever since the fourteenth century. It mentioned the meetings of the early National Socialists, the *Putsch* of 1923, the missed attempt against the Führer’s life in 1939, the destruction of the hall through a direct hit in 1943. Its comments on the putsch and on the criminal attempt were what one can expect in a place now in Allied hands. The photograph of a sly face, with neither courage nor conviction, had been stuck below the picture of the ruins. “And who is that?” asked I, turning to the girl at the desk, while the American stared at me, doubtless wondering why I was at all so profoundly interested in those pictures of what, to him, was nothing, particularly exciting.

“The man who attempted Hitler’s life, here, in 1939,” said the girl, answering my question.

I further considered the photograph, and then turned once more to her and to the American, and gave my opinion of the picture in a loud voice: “No wonder he looks like a criminal!” The two people gave me a strange glance, but made no comments. And after gazing, for a minute or two more, at the pictures of Bürgerbräu Keller in its splendour and in its ruin, I left the place.

* * *

I followed, in the opposite direction, the road along which I had come. It was this road, — reflected I — that they doubtless used to take, on the yearly commemorative marches to the *Feldherrenhalle*. I was also going back to the *Feldherrenhalle*, — like they, but alone, and in the midst of a dull, sheepish, bourgeois world that looked (on the surface at least) as though it had forgotten them.

The picture of the old hall in all its glory — of the old hall out of which Adolf Hitler had made (in the words of the short notice I had just read) “a shrine of the Nazi Party” — filled my consciousness as I walked on. And I left my mind wander back to those hard and splendid days, when men of great faith and of iron will, most of whom are now dead, sat there, round *him* of whom I have no means of knowing whether he is dead or alive; to the days when *he* — our Führer — was at the beginning of his astounding career. Comrades who have lived the whole history of National Socialism had more than once told me that those early days of the Struggle, those days in which, in the Führer’s own words, “one had all to lose and nothing to gain by joining our Movement,”¹ were indeed the grandest of all. *After* the Seizure of power — and already *before*: as soon as one could be practically sure that Adolf Hitler would soon be the absolute ruler of Germany — all sorts of people, National Socialists *and others*, came and joined the N.S.D.A.P. In the very early days, when the N.S.D.A.P. did not yet count as a political force, those alone who were prepared to give their all for the triumph of its ideals, walked under its banner.

Other words of our Führer came back to my memory: “I

¹ *Tisch Gespräche*, published after the war.

love those who supported us at the time we were weak.” It was in 1941, — at the height of his power, — that he had uttered those words. “. . . Those who supported us at the time we were weak,” thought I; “those who used to gather in this beer hall — a mere handful — immediately after the First World War, determined to rid Germany of the shameful Versailles Treaty and to give her back, under Adolf Hitler’s leadership, the place she deserves in the world; those who cared neither for money, nor “position,” nor “honours,” but solely for the higher interest of their people, which happens to be, also, the higher interest of Aryan mankind, i.e. the higher interest of Creation . . .”

How far away seemed, *now*, those ardent, inspired days! How far away! All was so quiet, so “normal” all round me, as though the Democratic order, re-installed by the victors of 1945, were to last forever; as though the glorious National Socialist revolution had been but an episode in the long history of Germany, a meaningless eccentricity in the history of the Aryan West; as though that Aryan West were definitively, irredeemably, won over to the Christian values and the silly Democratic way of life!

I recalled the judgement passed on Adolf Hitler’s Land at the time of the great Nuremberg Party Rally of 1933, by one of the very few French friends of National Socialism: Robert Brasillach: “This country is strange; more foreign to us than furthestmost India or China . . .”¹ Even he — the sympathiser, destined one day to die at the hands of his own people on account of his connection with National Socialism — even he, thought I, did not feel himself completely at ease under our régime, as *I* doubtless would have, — I who have hated the Christian values all my life. It was precisely *because* National Socialism is the glaring negation of those “values,” precisely *because* the new society built upon it contrasted so violently with that traditional Western civilisation soaked in Judaism — with that man-centred civilisation, which I had always detested — that *I* had loved it so passionately from the beginning. *Because of that; not in spite of that*, as was the case with so many foreign (and perhaps even German) followers of Adolf Hitler.

Now, all looked as though the “traditional values of the West” — the Judeo-Christian moral standards; the Judeo-Christian

¹ Robert Brasillach, *Les Sept Couleurs*, p. 114 and following.

way of life — had prevailed. It looked as though, according to the wish repeatedly expressed on the London wireless by pious parsons and Christ-loving commentators of the Nuremberg Trial, during those horrible months that had followed my return from India, Germany had now “come back to the community of Christian Europe,” from which a “monstrous régime of tyranny” had severed her for a few brief years. It all seemed as though our sacred cause were “a lost cause.” It seemed so . . . at least on the surface.

Yes; on the surface. But . . . , what *seems* to be the most firmly established is not necessarily so; and what *looks* lost is sometimes the very thing destined to triumph and to last. I had myself said in Obersalzberg, upon the ruins of the *Berghof*: Christianity looked like “a lost cause” in year 20 A.D. No doubt we *look* lost. And yet . . . How many people in Germany are simply longing for the return of a National Socialist régime without daring to say so openly? And — in spite of all the efforts of the churches no less than of the foreign-sponsored Federal Government — how many are daily losing faith in those false “values” which we came to destroy, and thus, indirectly, preparing themselves to receive our message? Communism itself — along with the Christian Churches, our greatest enemy — is helping us (indirectly) by undermining, in the minds and hearts of millions of young people, the belief in number of other-worldly superstitions that stand in our way . . . And who knows of the silent, unsuspected activities of responsible National Socialists now busy taking, in Germany and elsewhere, the fullest advantage of the ever-widening split in the enemy camp, for the greatest benefit of the apparently “lost” cause?

I remembered with love the people I had met in Linz and in Obersalzberg; the intelligent German workmen who had spoken to me in the train on my way to Braunau; the young man who had shown me, but a few hours before, the spot where the Sixteen had died. I remembered the comrades that I was soon to meet again in Koblenz, and further up, in Hanover, in Celle, and other places of that faithful *Niedersachsen*, which struck me as *the* German province in which I would like to live, if I could. Where these not all, *now*, what the fighters of the first phase of the struggle were, *then*, after the First World War? And even more so! For the fighters of the early Struggle

had had Adolf Hitler's material presence to sustain them, while these had nothing but their unshakable faith in him and in eternal Germany. Would not our Führer, if he were one day to return in glory, say of *them*: "I love those who stood by me when I was believed dead; those who supported the National Socialist cause when it seemed lost"?

And if we are never to see him, never to hear his voice again, — if he really be dead, as some say — then still . . . there is eternal Germany, even greater than he; there is the Swastika — cosmic Truth, integral Beauty; *his* Truth, more eternal even than Germany, — to be faithful to, and to strive for, without hope, without fear or desire, without any sort of weakness. "Seek not the fruits of action,"¹ thought I, recalling the Words of Aryan wisdom that had given me strength at the most tragic hour of defeat, and during the years of despair; "Without attachment, perform that action which is duty."² One of our latest blood-witnesses, the hero Otto Ohlendorf, is said to have declared to a foreign journalist, a few weeks before the Americans hanged him for having done his duty to the end: "Individual happiness and individual life do not count. All that matters is duty done."³ I remembered these words along with those of the Bhagavad-Gita, and marvelled at their similarity. And I felt that a cause served in such a spirit can never be lost.

* * *

After about half an hour's walk, I reached the *Feldherrenhalle*, and stood there once more, silent, full of the thought of the Sixteen.

The fallen soldiers of the victorious war of 1871, and those of the lost war of 1918, whose memory had been allowed to remain honoured even under present-day Democracy, appeared more vividly than ever, to me, as the forerunners of their brothers slain upon the battlefields of this war, in defence of the new Reich, or killed after the war, as so-called "war criminals" by the enemies of all that the new Reich stood for. All that

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 47.

² Bhagavad-Gita, III, Verse 19.

³ Reported in the French newspaper *Figaro*. Also, in *Samedi Soir* of the 3rd March 1951.

has, in course of history, contributed to exalt the feeling of the greatness of the German Reich and of its mission, has prepared the way for National Socialism. (The despair of a starving nation would not have carried Adolf Hitler to power, had it not been coupled with the consciousness of natural greatness, of God-ordained superiority.) And National Socialism has made the German Reich the leader of regenerate Aryandom in the West, for all times to come. And that is why *I* stood here, at the foot of these pillars, on the spot where the Sixteen had died, — I, the Aryan woman from far away.

I was not alone. Two young men had halted before the place where the commemorative tablet, bearing the names of the Sixteen, had once been. And I heard one say to the other “It was here. Can you see? There are still bits of iron in the wall . . . There was the tablet in honour of *them* . . . And it is here, in this side street, that *they* fell.”

“Yes,” said I, stepping into their conversation without even making excuses for being indiscreet. (I knew I could not be indiscreet in this connection.) “And *this* was the stone against which the tablet rested. I was here this morning. But I have come again to see it. I have come straight from *Bürgerbräukeller* — as the veterans of the Day used to, on every 9th of November. And I am not a German. I am the forerunner of the thousands of men and women of Aryan blood who, in centuries to come, will, like I, visit this spot as a sacred spot, and look upon this Land as holy Land.”

Both young men gazed at me in bewilderment, and then shook hands with me. Then, pointing to me, one of them said to the other: “I told you the National Socialist spirit is more alive than we dare to think. Now, was I not right?”

* * *

I walked to the Brown House (or rather, to the, place, where it once stood) admiring whatever I could of Munich on my way.

This *is* a beautiful city; certainly one of the loveliest I have seen. “A German town,” no doubt, as Adolf Hitler has written. But — thanks to that great artist, Duke Ludwig of Bavaria, of *all* German princes the one, perhaps, who understood and admired Hellenism the most genuinely, — the most Hellenic of all German towns, if one may use such a paradoxical

expression; the one that illustrates the most glaringly, through its own architecture, the fundamental identity of the Germanic and Hellenic conceptions of beauty.

I have seen many, — in fact, far too many, — modern buildings of “Greek style” in Europe and elsewhere. They are nearly all nothing but “imitations” and, *for that very reason*, bad imitations: buildings with Ionic or Corinthian columns, maybe, but surely buildings without any personality (let alone *that* one, which an ancient Greek artist would have given them). Here, in Munich, the colonnaded buildings around the magnificent great square — *Königsplatz*; formerly *Adolf Hitler Platz* — the *Glyptothek*, the *Pinakothek*, the monumental Gate on *Luisenstrasse*, are not mere “imitations.” They are not nameless and soulless international buildings trying to look Greek, but modern German buildings, essentially German — massive; well-inserted into their earthly surroundings; full of the healthy, primaeval strength of a nation that has never lost contact with the earth — who *happen* to have columns in the Greek style simply because the inspiration from which they proceed is deeply akin to that which once evolved Greek architecture.

And it is not only the buildings; it is the general planning of this whole part of the town in which they stand (and which, by a favour of the Gods, has not been quite so thoroughly ruined as some other localities); it is, nay, the atmosphere of the whole beautiful city, smiling in spite of its terrible wounds. Nowhere can one, as strongly as one does here in Munich, feel convinced that modern Germany harmoniously continues the cultural tradition of those Nordic men who, some four thousand years ago, migrated southwards, and produced in course of time, on the warm shores of the Mediterranean, that wonder of Western Antiquity: Hellenic civilisation. It is not the cerebral Hellenism of certain circles of French artists and scholars who *love* Greece; it is something deeper; it is the spontaneous and not necessarily so conscious, but more *real*, affinity of blood brothers separated by two and a half millenniums and more. And no one knew *that* — *felt* that — (with the exception of Friedrich Nietzsche) better than Adolf Hitler himself.

The Sun, although still well above the horizon, was not so hot when I finally reached *Karolinenplatz*.

I had been told that the Brown House was near the corner

of the street leading from *Königsplatz* into that square. I easily discovered the site of it. It was not possible to miss it: like the Site of the *Berghof* in Obersalzberg, it bears the stamp of the relentless hatred that urged our persecutors to raze the building to the ground. It is not a “ruined site”; it is a blank site, upon which there is practically *nothing* left, save, perhaps, in one or two places, (and along the footpath that separates the site from the actual street) traces of foundation walls and, in one corner, the hardly recognisable remnants of a room below the ground level: a cellar or something.

A few steps further, practically looking over the wilfully devastated site, stands a former administrative building now requisitioned by the Americans. From every window of it, the “crusaders to Europe” — more and more bored after eight years of office life in this enslaved land — can see the work of destruction begun by their bombers and perfected by their docile satellites, the German Democrats. The words: U.S. Information Centre, that one can read vertically at the corner of the building, and, above the entrance, the stripes and stars of the American flag, remind every passerby that Germany has lost this war. “Oh, for how long?” thought I, with bitterness, as I saw the detested colours fluttering right before my eyes: “for how long more will all this last?”

I pictured to myself the Brown House as it had once stood on that very spot, now so utterly desolate, and, hanging from its windows, the folds of the German flag of the great Days, — of *that* flag that I had expected to salute, along with the advancing German Army, in the distant East, in 1942, as the emblem of victorious Aryandom: blood red, with the white Disk and the holy Sign of the Sun, black in the midst of it like an almighty Shadow (the Shadow of eternal Reality, projected upon our purified earth: the mystical meaning of our National Socialist World Order). And tears filled my eyes as I turned from that lost vision of power to the sight of the present-day desolation dominated by the flag of capitalistic Democracy.

Years before, I had once stood upon the terrace at the top of the Golden Rock of Trichinopoli, in South India, and admired, beyond the Cauvery River, the twenty-eight monumental Doorways — the *Gopurams* — of Srirangam, emerging from the tropical vegetation, in the four directions of space. Then, as I had

turned my head the other way, I had caught site of the enormous, ugly Jesuit College of Trichinopoli, seat of the Missions that are out to destroy the old Wisdom of the Aryans and the immemorial cults that express it, in all the temples of Brahminical India. And I had thought with rage — and also with the precise determination to *do* all I possibly could to continue my life-long struggle against the Christian Churches and their man-centred values — “They have come, the agents of Jewish power, to try to replace *that*, by *this*! I shall stand in their way, and fight them with tooth and claw to my last breath!”

I now experienced a feeling much akin to that one. And the same relentless aggressiveness with which I had beheld the Christian Missionaries’ Headquarters at the foot of Lord Shiva’s Abode and within sight of Srirangam, now made my eyes blaze as I looked at the American flag, here, in Germany; here in Munich; here, over the foundation ground of the Brown House! Oh, — thought I — to be able to tear it down and trample it in the mud, to the cheers of a stormy crowd, howling with joy at the sight! Oh, to be able to sit and see the U.S.A. ablaze, — be it as an item of the “news reel” in a cinema show, if I cannot expect; to be granted a seat in one of the bombers that will one day avenge Hamburg and Dresden a thousandfold, and to watch the actual flames and smoke!

“. . . The old starry banner, the banner of the free . . .” With bitter irony, I recalled the words of the American song as I kept my cursing glance pinned upon the Flag of Democracy. “Freedom indeed!” thought I. “In the name of ‘freedom,’ you conducted your crusade against us, National Socialists; isn’t it so? In the name of ‘freedom,’ you reviled all that we hold sacred, destroyed or disfigured all that we love. You sit and tell us, in the name of ‘freedom,’ in the name of ‘the rights of human conscience,’ that ‘any man’ is entitled to be what he *is*, and to give his allegiance to whomever he pleases *but* — in the same breath! — that *we* are not to be Nazis (not openly, at least), you most repulsive of all hypocrites; you bastards! Why on earth should we fight the next war on your side? For you to build — or urge your German friends; to build — a ‘Rothschild Foundation Research Laboratory’ or something of the kind, upon the site of the Brown House, and some ‘Home for the incurable’ upon the spot where Adolf Hitler’s *Berghof* once stood? For young Germans

to learn, at your orders, or under your influence, to hold the Nazi régime for a ‘monstrous tyranny,’ our Führer for ‘a criminal’ or ‘a megalomaniac,’ and our immortal S.S. for an ‘association of murderers’? No fear! What is there to choose between you and your ex-‘glorious Allies’ — those who sat at your side in Yalta, in Potsdam, in Nuremberg? Let them crush you, if nobody else now *can*! We shall at least enjoy the pleasure of seeing you being crushed! For we hate you! Even the Jesuits are not so bad as you. They have at least *an* ideal, *a* faith, however detestable a one it may be *to us*. You have nothing; nothing but money put to the service of the silliest of pastimes. Hateful as it is, the presence of the Jesuit College at the foot of the Golden Rock is not such a profanation as that of your Occupation forces and your dirty flag on *this* spot in particular, and in Germany as a whole!”

I kept on pacing the track that runs from one corner of the ground where the Brown House has stood, to the opposite one — the path traced by the footsteps of all those people who cannot be bothered to walk *around* the site, along the regular asphalt footpath. A man, who seemed about forty, was coming towards me. According to my little experience, practically all Germans between thirty and fifty are National Socialists at heart, unless they have, for some reason or other, got into trouble during the great days. And as people who got into trouble with the authorities are, after all, a very small minority, compared with the bulk of the German population, I decided that this man was *probably* on the right side. And I spoke to him, because I was longing to exteriorise my feelings, be it in a sentence.

“Excuse me,” said I, halting as soon as he had come sufficiently near to hear me; “this is the site on which the Brown House once stood, isn’t it?” (I knew perfectly well that it was, but I had to say *something*.)

“Yes, it is,” replied the man. And I caught in his limpid blue eyes a shadow of immeasurable sadness — a feeling he did not wish to show me nor anyone, and which he constantly kept under control.

“And ‘they’ have reduced it to *this*! — ‘they,’ the slaves of the Jews, the swine . . . — just as ‘they’ have destroyed even

the ruins of the *Berghof*, in Obersalzberg, which I saw on the day before yesterday,” commented I.

“Yes; ‘they,’ the traitors . . . ,” answered he. And he considered me with curiosity, convinced, no doubt, that I spoke sincerely, but wondering who I could be, to have the courage to do so.

“Every man or woman of Aryan blood who, for whatever good or bad reason, took position against National Socialism in action, speech or thought, is a traitor — a traitor to our common race — even if he or she be not a German,” declared I, repeating one of the statements which I have made a hundred thousand times. “But, of course, I admit that the German traitors are the worst, for they cannot even pretend to have had the excuse of ignorance.”

The man looked at me with increased interest. “Are *you* a German?” he asked me.

“No,” said I; “I am just one of the rare — very rare — faithful Aryans from the broad outer world, who acknowledge the leadership of Adolf Hitler’s people, and who are waiting with you for the Day of revenge — and resurrection.”

The man held out his hand to me, gazed at me with an inexpressible smile, and said, in a hardly audible voice: “In the name of all those of us who suffered, I thank you! And I am glad to meet you.” He did not ask me my nationality: it had no importance.

I lifted my hand a little — one could not possibly lift it higher, in such an open place — and whispered, with all the devotion of my heart: “Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!” repeated he, also in a whisper, with tears in his eyes. And he went his way speedily.

Alone in the middle of the desert-like site, I looked up once more, with defiance, at the hostile colours fluttering in the wind, and at the many windows, behind every one of which I pictured to myself men in khaki uniform, active instruments of all we hate when not also convinced enemies of all we love. “All the money and all the might of the U.S.A. and of the organised Anti-Nazi world, cannot prevent two National Socialists from asserting their faith in the Führer and in his mission and in his people, here, upon this holy spot, under our persecutors’

noses!” thought I. “Sooner or later, we shall win. *Nothing can prevail against us.*”

And an immense elation — the awareness of irresistible power: the loveliest of all feelings — filled me. And as I slowly walked away, I imagined the Brown House rebuilt and Swastika flags hanging like draperies from its windows, and . . . myself, describing in one of its rooms, to a few of my beloved comrades (then, again in power), how happy I was “at the news of the unconditional surrender of the Democracies.”

And I renewed in my heart my daily prayer of these last eight years to the Lord of the unseen Forces — the daily expression of an untiring yearning for justice, that is in itself an unseen force — “Treat the victors of the Second World War as they have treated National Socialist Germany, and, if possible, a hundred thousand times worse! Avenge my comrades and superiors; and give us back the conquering joy and pride of the great Days!”

* * *

I then sought the remnants of the twin shrines which once contained the bronze sarcophagi of the Sixteen and of a few other heroes of the early National Socialist Movement. I had seen pictures of them: two colonnaded monuments, one each side of the road on the corner of the immense paved square, — *Adolf Hitler Platz*, now *Königsplatz*. And I remembered very distinctly the sarcophagi in a row under the open sky, (the shrines had no roof) and the Guard of honour that kept watch over them day and night, like on the spot by the *Feldherrenhalle*.

I walked back to *Königsplatz*, where I had already been wandering without noticing anything, then back in the direction of the Brown House, and back again. On either side of the street, at the corner of the square — between the street and the “U.S. Information Centre,” and, on the opposite side, between the street and other administrative buildings — *now*, was a space cut off from its surroundings by a high wooden fence. It took me some time to realise that the ruins of the two memorials were behind those fences that they could not possibly be anywhere else. Still, I thought it safer to ask a passerby whether

I was not mistaken. “No,” answered he; “you have guessed right: there once stood the twin shrines, open to the bright blue sky. Nothing is left of them save the massive foundation stones that you can see here and there, wherever a piece of wood is missing in the fences. The rest has been blown up.”

“Blown up by the Americans?” asked I.

“No; by order of the German Social Democrats, now in power in Bavaria. They also wanted to blow up the neighbouring buildings, because these had belonged to the Party; were remainders of . . . other times. But the *Amis* requisitioned them, thus saving them.”

“Why did they not save the twin shrines, while they were about it?”

“Because these were of no practical use to them, while the other buildings were,” replied the man.

“Do you believe these monuments will one day be rebuilt?” asked I. I was used to be bold.

And to my astonishment, the man replied, taking my boldness as a matter of course — apparently, feeling *sure* that he was speaking to a National Socialist like himself — “Yes; when *we* are once more in power. And we shall be, one day!”

“Oh, may you be right!” exclaimed I with conviction. The man went his way.

I walked all round the fences, peering between the planks, trying to see the, foundation stones of the shrines. In one place, a plank was actually missing, so that I did not merely *see* the great, regular stone blocks inside, but stretched out my hand and touched them. I touched them as Christian pilgrims, or Mohammedan pilgrims, or Hindu pilgrims, touch the stones of the tombs of their respective saints. The Sixteen, and all those who, since the now far-gone 9th of November 1923, gave up their lives for the Cause of the Swastika, are *our* saints, whose blood has endowed our earthly faith with the same grandeur of sacrifice as any of the otherworldly ones.

Near the corner of the ruined shrine on the other side of the street, — by the U.S. Information Centre — lay a fairly big, lonely block of stone. I climbed upon it, and tried to look over the fence, but could see nothing. A layer of cement had been laid over the foundations that had withstood the power of dynamite. I could barely see the square opening of the inner

court under the pillars of which the sarcophagi once lay. The steps that led to the building from outside were still to be seen; but the underground entrance was blocked. And I was now aware that tons of earth had been poured into the inner court of the other shrine: from my stone, I could well see the shrubs that were beginning to grow in it. The same quality of desolation as upon the ruins of the *Berghof* in Obersalzberg; the same effort of our persecutors to efface every trace of our passage, every sign of our greatness; to make Germany and the world forget us.

But I remembered the words addressed to me only half an hour before by the unknown National Socialist who had had enough confidence in me to speak freely: . . . “when we are once more in power; . . . and we shall be, one day!” and I thought: “Germany will never forget.”

With the same devotion as I had those of the other twin shrine, I touched the stones beyond the fence, as far as I could reach them.

I then slowly walked back to the station wrapped up in my thoughts.

* * *

Willingly would I have remained another day or two in Munich, seen the *Feldherrenhalle* and *Hofbräuhaus* again; wandered along the splendid avenue and in the public gardens by the Isar; watched the foaming and boisterous river rush past at torrent speed under its broad, stately stone bridges; visited a few more places of interest — museums and churches, admittedly unconnected with the history of the National Socialist Movement, yet highly significant as features of that lovely town, in which the Movement has, one can say, taken birth in its final form.

But I thought of the long way I yet had to travel before I would reach a place where I would not be compelled to spend the night either in a hotel or at the “Station Mission” — or in the waiting room of the railway station. Decidedly, I had to be very careful; for even while living on bread and coffee, I could barely manage to make my money last as long as it had to. And I also had presents to buy for my comrades: I could not possibly be stingy in *that* connection! So I made up my

mind to remain the whole night in the waiting room and take the earliest morning train to Landsberg am Lech.

The earliest train to Landsberg was at 4:40 a.m. I booked my ticket, and went and sat at one of the tables in the “Third class waiting room,” which is at the same time a refreshment room. It was not hot enough to spend the night outdoors. Also, being *indoors*, I would avoid the sight of the Americans walking across the huge glass hall to and from *their* special waiting room, at the other end of the station. I was sick of seeing Americans, and wished I could never meet another one in my life . . . although I knew that I probably would meet many more, at Landsberg, on the very next day — alas!

I ordered the usual bun and coffee, and hoped that my bad luck would not, for the second time, inflict upon me the company of an ex-internee from Dachau (*before* 1945). But bad luck, — say those who seem to know — is unavoidable. It depends upon the positions of one’s stars at a certain time. And my stars were, apparently, on the evening of that day, 23 April 1953, as on the morning of the same, bent upon pushing me into contact with the most objectionable types.

I had hardly been sitting alone for an hour, when two fellows came and took place at my table — two skinny, dark-haired fellows, whose looks I did not like at all. One sat opposite me, the other on my left, between his companion and me. This latter one appeared to me even more non-Aryan than the former (if one can at all speak of degrees in such matters).

They talked for a long time, in a low voice, mysteriously. I pretended to be sipping coffee from the bottom of my cup (where there was, in fact, not a drop left) while in reality I listened with all my attention to what the men were saying. I listened in vain. I could not follow the conversation. I barely caught bits of it: Christian names, (meaningless to me) of people whom the two men knew, and of whom the one sitting near me was asking news; puzzling sentences such as “. . . he was there with us; do you remember?” or “that one who did not come back” or “the bad times are not over — anything but! You’ll see for yourself . . . But *I* am going to Vienna tomorrow . . . ; from there . . . !” But I could not catch a word of what they said after that. It sounded like some different language, with a German word here and there. “Yiddish?”

wondered I; “perhaps.” But I was not sure. At last, the man who was not going to Vienna got up and said to the other “Good luck to you! We shall meet again, anyhow . . .” To which the other one answered: “Surely!” The former one then went away. And a trying game soon began for me.

I felt that the man who remained — the one who was about to go to Vienna, — would talk to me. And so he did. But I felt at the same time that, whoever he may have been, he was not the harmless sort of fool that I had come across in the morning. Surely not harmless, and perhaps not a fool. And decidedly not a German. *He* would try to find out who I was before boasting of having been interned in a concentration camp, during our days of power — although I was practically convinced that he had been in one: he looked Jewish enough to deserve a priority place in such an institution! And the one thing that astonished me was that he had managed to come *out* of it.

He asked me the usual question: “Where are you going, if it he not too indiscreet to enquire?”

“To Landsberg.”

He did not seem to like the sound of the place. “Landsberg,” repeated he; “the place where the war criminals are?” I immediately understood that my only hope of safety in presence of this fellow lay in my capacity of impersonating the perfect imbecile. “Criminals?” said I. “I don’t know. I suppose there are criminals everywhere, just as there are honest people everywhere.”

The man showed signs of impatience. “I said *war* criminals,” emphasised he.

“War criminals??”

“Yes; don’t you understand what I say? Don’t you speak German?”

“I do, a little. I understand when you speak slowly and distinctly; but even then, there are many words I don’t know. I am a foreigner.”

“What nationality?”

“Greek.”

“Oh that’s good!” replied the man. “The Greeks fought well, during the war.”

“No,” said I, pretending not to understand. “During the war I was not in Greece.”

“I did not say you were. I said that the Greeks — your people — *fought well*; fought on our side, I mean. Do you understand me, now?”

“I cannot make out what you mean by ‘on our side’ . . . On what side were you?”

“I mean on the side of the Allies, against the Nazi monsters. I am a Pole . . .”

“A dirty Polish Yid,” thought I to myself. But the fellow did not give me time to think. “And what are you going to do in Landsberg?” asked he, carrying on his cross-examination.

“Going to see a cousin of mine who is married there,” answered I, lying blatantly.

“Married to a German!”

“Yes, yes; to a very good man. She met him in Greece during the war.”

“Hum, hum!”

The idea was obviously not the one I should have picked upon, had I wished to please the dubious “Pole.” But it would keep the conversation off politics. Or, at least, I imagined it would. But I was mistaken. At last the man put me a direct question: “You have heard about concentration camps, haven’t you?”

“No,” replied I, looking as innocent as I possibly could, while doing all that was in my power to keep my face straight.

The man was amazed — if not positively indignant.

“Don’t tell me you *never heard of* such places as Buchenwald, for instance!” exclaimed he. “I was in Buchenwald, during the war; I, and that comrade of mine whom you just saw talking to me. He, and his brother and I, and many of our relatives, some of which are famous, were among the toughest enemies of the Hitler tyranny. My friend’s brother died in Buchenwald, do you understand? If you have at all any humanity in you, you should remember our names, Olszewski and Scholl, heroes of the resistance against the Third Reich. Do you understand me?”

“Scholl,” reflected I; “Heinrich and Sophie Scholl, brother and sister, executed on the 22nd of February, 1943, for treachery

and sabotage of the German war effort. I have heard of *these*, of course: who hasn't? Anti-Nazi propaganda made enough fuss about them, at the time. I wonder what this fellow (whose friend is probably related to the pair) would say, if I were to tell him that the only reason why I remember the date of the execution with such accuracy is that it happens to be just a day before the thirteenth anniversary of Horst Wessel's death . . . ?" But I kept those thoughts within any mind, and continued playing the part of a very ignorant person.

"I understand that I should remember your names because you are important people, heroes of something, — but I could not exactly grasp of *what*. And I *shall* remember them, rest assured. As for Buchenwald, I have never been there. What kind of place is it? Far from here? Anything worth seeing in the way of scenery? And I would also like to ask you what is that thing against which you fought: 'the Third Reich'? I have never heard of it. Excuse me, if I am ill informed: but I was in India during the war . . ."

I was (in order to justify my abysmal ignorance) just about to say that I had lived in a *harem*. But I had no time to. The fellow abruptly got up, thoroughly disgusted with me. "How did you manage to travel such a lot, if you really are such a fool as you seem to be?" said he, after a short pause, controlling his anger.

"I travelled in the hope of becoming a little wiser," answered I with a smile. "But apparently, it was useless."

The Polish Jew gave me a vicious look, and walked away — at last!

I spent the rest of the night at that table. Several other people came and sat there one after the other, last of all a friendly couple who talked to me for a long time — good people, and good Germans, in fact; but too thoroughly poisoned by Christian influences to be, without reservations, on our side. It was about three o'clock when they went away. During my last hour in Munich, I was alone.

I shut my eyes, and tried to picture myself the atmosphere of this railway station in the glorious days; and the ever-recurring remorse again tormented me for not having come years before. And I longed and longed for the return of our régime

— never mind *how*; by means of what intrigues, of what temporary alliances, of what apparent concessions to hostile forces, which might be used, before they are finally crushed! I also longed to play a part, however small it be, in the working out of the coming revenge and of the coming resurrection — again, never mind *how* and *where*; “wherever I am to be, the most useful, and in that way, in which I am to be the most useful, thought I. I felt my destiny was but a detail within that tremendous Destiny which is preparing the irresistible triumph of Truth — the recognition of our beloved Führer by all Aryans; the establishment of the Greater Reich as *He* conceived it.

And a little before half past four, I went and sat in the practically empty train that was to take me to Landsberg am Lech.

Chapter 5

LANDSBERG AM LECH

24 April 1953

With strange emotion I read the name of the little town upon the station wall: Landsberg am Lech. And I stepped out of the train as I would have in a dream. “Landsberg, place of martyrdom — place of glory,” thought I. And tears welled up to my eyes at the recollection of all that the name means to us; of all the suffering and heroism it evokes, from the early days of the Führer’s captivity to the present hour when, behind the barred windows of the same dismal fortress in which he dreamed and planned — sure of his mission — and wrote the Book that inspires us, hundreds of his faithful disciples keep on, day after day, bearing witness to his greatness and to the truth he proclaimed.

It was cold, but the sky was pure. It was going to be a bright day.

I walked out of the quiet little station into a clean and quiet street such as one could have seen in *any* German provincial town a double row of peaceful houses with spotless blinds at their windows, and flowers upon many a windowsill; shops — all still closed, at such an early hour; — and an occasional *Gasthaus* and *Wirtschaft*, in which one would soon be able to have something hot to drink.

After a few steps, I turned to my left, into a street every bit similar to the first one. Right in front of me, a broad stone bridge over the river Lech prolonged the street. I halted a minute; looked at the bridge; looked at the steep wooded hill that rose on the other side of the river; at the old castle on the top of the hill. *I* would now see all that: cross the bridge walk up the hill; walk down again. *I* could. *I was free*. *I* could go wherever I pleased, unaccompanied; unwatched (or at least not obviously watched). But somewhere in this little town, so picturesque and so peaceful, several hundreds of men, all

better than I, — S.S. men; generals; *Gauleiters*; men who had fought and suffered for my high ideals, while I was still in Calcutta *speaking* of them; men who had victoriously stood the test of torture, to which I had never had the honour of being put — could not get out of their cells. *And they had been there eight years*, while I had remained in a cell less than eight months! I shuddered from top to toe as that simple fact, — that commonplace fact that *I* was free, — suddenly dawned upon me, in contrast to the awareness of *their* captivity. And I felt small. Small, and as humble as dust; ashamed of my right to see the sunlit world.

Half way across the bridge, I halted. Leaning over the parapet, I looked at the greenish-grey water that rushed from a different level, forming across a part of its bed a roaring waterfall one or two metres high. I looked, . . . but was all the time thinking of them. *They* could not see that natural dam, dividing the waters of the Lech into a moving mirror and a torrent of foam. *They* could see neither the lovely green trees upon the river banks nor the play of the Sun in the drops of spray and over the resplendent liquid surface. *They* were not free. And it was for the sake of *my* lifelong ideals, for the love of *my* aristocratic philosophy of life (for the love of the new German Reich which had, alone in the West, set up that philosophy as the cornerstone of its own existence as a State) that they had lost their freedom, while others — millions of others; millions of Germans — had lost their lives. For those Aryan ideals: *my ideals*. For the survival and rule of the Aryan race; their race *and mine also*. “Martyrs of our holy Cause, my loved ones, my superiors, how shall I ever be able to repay my debt of gratitude to you and to your people?” thought I.

* * *

I followed one of the winding roads that lead to the top of the hill. The landscape broadened under my eyes, as I went up. Soon, I could see the whole town — not a very large one, indeed, — and the green fields that stretch all round it, and the green woods that extend beyond these and limit the horizon. And somewhere on the other side of the river Lech, between the town and the fields, I saw a mighty cluster of buildings surrounded with high walls, and I thought immediately:

“*That* must be the famous ‘Fortress of Landsberg am Lech,’ — the place where *he* was a year captive; where *they* are captive for already eight years.” And once more the desperate yearning for the day *they* will all be free (and again in power) filled my heart, as I pictured to myself my beloved comrades, my brothers in faith, sitting behind those walls. And at the same time, my old wild hatred for our persecutors possessed me, as violently as in 1945 and 1946, during the Nuremberg Trial.

I reached the hilltop: a square planted with trees, from which one can see the town and surrounding scenery even better than from any place on the way up. For a long time, I remained there, standing against the low stone wall that borders the square on that side of it where the rock hangs vertically over the slopes of the hill. Beyond the many red roofs and chimneys, beyond the patches of green, by the river, my eyes remained fixed upon that cluster of towered buildings — the Fortress — from which the Sound of a siren — the siren regulating the morning routine of the inmates of the place of gloom — just now reached me. “It must be about half past six,” thought I — “breakfast time.” And I pictured to myself the distribution of “*mook-fook*” — a tasteless beverage (hot water poured over baked seeds ground to powder) supposed to be a substitute for coffee — and of dry bread, to long rows of prisoners all waiting, each one with his tin in his hand — like at Werl. Every morning for eight years it had been the same. For how many years more would the routine continue?

On my left, hanging over the rock from a slightly higher level than the square itself, I noticed a wooden balcony. From there, one could surely see the town even better than from my place. The balcony ran along the ground floor of a *Gasthaus und Café*, above a wooded portion of steep hill. A road led from the square to the entrance of the café. I walked up and knocked — for it was closed. A young girl about twenty or twenty-five let me in. There was not a soul there, save a well-fed, friendly dog that welcomed me in the noisy, demonstrative manner of the canine species. I stroked the smooth, black-and-white head, while the eloquent, almost human eyes looked into mine as though to say: “I am glad you have come, Friend-of-Animals! I know you without ever having seen you; I know you, and love you!”

The girl apologised for the rows of chairs standing upside-down upon one another, on the tables. “I am sorry,” said she; “the café is not yet open. But it soon will be. If you care to wait a while . . .” And turning to the dog, she scolded him good,-humouredly: “Now, Fidu, be quiet! That’s enough! You badly brought-up creature!”

Fidu stopped barking and jumping, but remained at my side, wagging his tail. “Oh, let him!” said I to the girl. “It is so lovely to see animals that are *not* afraid of human beings — on the contrary; — animals that know (as it is the case, here in Germany) that human beings will not harm them! It makes one feel happy to be a person, while in so many countries one is so often ashamed of being one . . .” Then, answering her suggestion, I added: “I don’t think I shall wait till the shop opens. All I wanted was to have a look at the town from the balcony over the rock on the other side . . . But, of course, had the place been open, I would also have had a cup of coffee.” (I did not really wish to drink anything; but I imagined I could not possibly ask to see the town from the balcony, and not pay in some way for that privilege.)

The girl considered me for a minute, as though to make sure that I was a woman to whom such a proposal could be mentioned, and then said, to my surprise: “But if you like — if that does not sound too uncomfortable to you — you can have a cup of coffee with me in the kitchen. I am just about to have my breakfast.”

The proposal touched me deeply. I followed the girl into the kitchen; Fidu followed me, and lay at my feet. And the girl talked to me while the water was warming.

“First time you have come to Landsberg?” asked she.

“Yes; first time.”

“Going to see someone at the prison? some relation of yours?”

I felt honoured beyond expression at the idea that somebody could take me for a relative of one of those martyrs of duty whom I revere. “And who can ever tell?” thought I. “I *might*, after all, be distantly related to some of them. I am partly at least of Viking blood. Who knows whether the fierce seafarer who settled in England a thousand years ago and became the ancestor of my mother’s family, did not have brothers

(or sons) settled in Schleswig-Holstein or on the coast of Pomerania? My Mediterranean ancestors were also men of the North who went south — only a little further south, and many centuries earlier. It makes not much of a difference, really.” But, of course, the girl was referring to an infinitely closer relationship. I answered her question frankly

“I have no actual ‘relatives’ among those who have been thrown into this prison for the sole reason that they have done their duty faithfully, but I look upon them *all* as my brothers, nay, as my superiors.”

“*We all do,*” replied the girl. And her eyes were full of friendliness and confidence as she poured out my coffee — as though I were a neighbour or an old acquaintance. She then poured out another cup (for herself) and cut two slices of bread, which she buttered. She gave me one; lay the other in a plate, by her cup, and went and fetched a pot of jam out of a cupboard. “There is not much left in it,” said she apologetically, “but we shall finish it. It is plum. You like plum jam, don’t you?”

As I said before, I had no desire to eat or drink. At the most, I could have eaten a slice of dry bread. One cannot come to such a place as Landsberg, and not feel that one should fast. I honestly wished to fast — in remembrance of all my comrades and superiors who had suffered and died; in remembrance of the years of hunger; and in atonement for my past omissions: for the fact that I was not in Germany during those out and out horrid years 1945, 1946, 1947; that I had not been arrested already in 1945, with the others. But this young German girl, so sympathetic, was offering me the good food with all her heart. She might think I did not find it good enough if I did not eat it. So I ate it, giving also a morsel of bread and butter and a nub of sugar to the dog, as she did herself. And we resumed our conversation about the “Fortress” and its inmates.

“What do people think, here in Landsberg, of this standing insult to Germany?” asked I.

“What we think? I can tell you, because I know you are on the right side,” answered she. “There is not a soul in Landsberg who does not hate *those swine* — the ‘Amis’ — and who is not ardently waiting for the day of revenge.”

“I am glad to hear it!” exclaimed I. “*I* am waiting for that Day as ardently as anyone.” The girl shook hands with me.

“Tell me;” continued I, “what was the general reaction to that latest public atrocity of the ‘Amis,’ I mean, to the murder of the Seven on the 7th of June, nearly two years ago . . .”

“Yes, *that* horror, six years after the end of the war!” interrupted the girl. “We were all so indignant that we would have, gladly, torn every one of the ‘Amis’ to pieces, had we been able to lay hands upon them. And the bastards knew it, and they were afraid of us — afraid of some irresistible outburst of mass violence. As a result of which Landsberg was, for a few days, so full of jeeps and “Military Police” fellows that one could have thought that the whole accursed Occupation forces had been concentrated here. Unarmed, what could we do against all that? With rage in our hearts, we watched time pass. We still hoped — against all hope. We did not believe in *their* ‘humanity.’ We knew it is all bunkum. But we dared to hope that the bastards would not be such fools as to kindle our hatred, just at the time they need German soldiers so badly. But one day we were told that the irreparable had been done that the Seven had been hanged between midnight and half past two in the morning. We will never, never forget . . . !”

“Never forget, and never forgive . . .” stressed I, repeating the last message I had addressed my best comrade and friend, on the day before I had left Werl, over three years before; the words I had uttered all over Germany, so many times since my return. And I added after a pause, recalling those days of mental agony and hopeless struggle, that I would indeed “never forget”: “I did all I possibly could to save the lives of the Seven: wrote to McCloy on the 2nd of February 1951, sincerely offering him my own life in the place of theirs, as many others have; sent a telegram to Truman on the 15th of February, telling him that it was ‘in the interest of the U.S.A.’ to spare the prisoners; wrote to the Supreme Court of Justice in Washington. But it was all in vain . . .”

“You are right when you say that you were not the only one,” replied the girl. “Among those who offered their lives was a Catholic priest who had been interned during the Hitler days (anything but a National Socialist, while you *are* one, and a

fanatical one, if I may say so). Hundreds of thousands have signed a petition that was sent to Truman. As you say: it was all in vain. But one day the ‘Amis’ will pay for that crime; pay a terrible price . . .”

“I wish they do!” exclaimed I.

For a minute or two we were silent, absorbed in our memories and in the joyous anticipation of the coming Nemesis. Then, turning to the girl once more: “It is refreshing to see *that* spirit in you said I at last. “It makes one feel that Germany has a future.”

“Everyone has that spirit, here in Landsberg,” replied she; “every single one, with the sole exception of those few females who go with the ‘Amis’ and who are not from this place, most of them. Bitches, I call them, not German girls! Never! *I* would not lie with an ‘Ami’ for any amount of money! Would not touch them with a pair of tongs! As for allowing one of them to touch me . . . peuh!”

Her face took on an expression of utter disgust.

As for me, the mere thought of German girls selling their bodies to the torturers of my comrades and superiors made me so indignant that I spoke in an impulse: “*I* would not touch any damned Anti-Nazi murderer with a pair of tongs . . . unless the tongs were red hot!” declared I, with flames in any eyes.

The words were *not* a rhetorical exaggeration. They bluntly expressed my positive physical revulsion for any man who hates our Führer and our glorious faith. But I wondered whether I had not, all the same, gone a little *too* far, and shocked the girl with the gruesome evocation implied in my speech. The girl, however, did not give me time to wonder. “Well said!” exclaimed she, with the unmistakable accent of wholehearted approval. And she laughed boisterously — not “shocked” in the least.

We got up, and she took me to the balcony from which I had wanted to see the town. She pointed to the “Fortress” between the green trees bordering the river Lech and the vast green fields beyond the limits of the inhabited area. “*That* is the prison,” said she: “the place in which Germany’s finest men are punished for having served their fatherland with all their energy, to the end. Or rather, *one of* the several such places, — for there are more than one, as you know. And what

you see there, on the very left, is the chapel . . . for our persecutors believe in God (or pretend they do) and wish to save the souls of the so-called ‘war criminals.’ And next to the chapel — between it and the Fortress proper — is the cemetery where so many martyrs are buried . . . You can visit the chapel and the cemetery. But you cannot visit the prison without a special permission from the ‘Amis.’ And I know you would never go and ask them for one any more than I would myself.”

“I? I should think not! I could not dream of such a thing,” interrupted I. “All I want — all I have come here for — is to spend the day somewhere as near the Fortress as I can, and think of *him* who was interned there thirty years ago, and of those who are now captive for the love of Germany and of *him*.”

“I understand you.”

We came back to the kitchen, where I had left my handbag on the table. Before going away, I asked the girl what I owed her for my breakfast.

“Nothing,” replied she. “You are one of us, come here on a pilgrimage.”

“*I am*, no doubt,” answered I. “Still, we all have to live.” But she insisted on not being paid. Unobtrusively, I left a one mark coin under a pile of newspapers upon the table. Then, lifting my hand and looking intently at the girl, I uttered in a low voice the greeting of our common faith: “Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!” said she in her turn, repeating the dear old ritual gesture, with all the earnestness of her heart.

In a flash, I pictured to myself my superiors in the different work rooms of the prison, busy with the various dreary daily tasks that had been theirs for the last eight years. “My brothers, my loved ones . . . If only you could *see* us; if only you could feel us — and know that you are not: alone!” thought I. And my eyes were full of tears.

* * *

Thoughtfully, I walked down the slope, back to the river Lech and, across the bridge, back to the left bank on which “the Fortress” stands. Turning to my right, I followed the road along the border of the water, — a lovely road, with houses and

gardens and trees on one side of it, and trees, bushes, and grass full of flowers on the other side. I did not need to ask my way: I felt — I was sure — that this road led to the Fortress.

The Sun was not yet hot, but already bright; the sky, unchangingly blue. Indeed, I had not had a single rainy day since I had left Athens. It looked like a special favour of the heavenly Powers. Or was the German spring always so lovely?

I recalled the meadows full of buttercups and the fruit trees covered with blossoms that I had admired on my way from Werl to Düsseldorf and then again from Düsseldorf to Werl, on the last day of my trial, more than four years before. I remembered how I had, for a while, felt depressed at the idea of being cut off from the sunlit world — of never seeing a tree — for three long years. And I thought of all my comrades still behind bars — here in Landsberg, and in Werl also, and in Wittlich, and in Spandau, and in a thousand other prisons and concentration camps in and outside Germany, in and outside Europe. I recalled my friend Hertha Ehlert and the other comrades of mine that I knew to be in Werl to that day, — for how long more? And I felt small — so small; so insignificant, so worthless, compared with them, the real iron élite; my brothers and sisters in faith *who have been tried* and have proved themselves worthy. “*They* have suffered; not I. Before undergoing the ordeal of captivity, they have, most of them, undergone the ordeal of *physical* torture, of which I have no experience. They have given our Führer infinitely more than I have — alas!” I kept thinking. And I admired them. And I envied them. And I hated the British authorities (who had dealt with my case) for having denied me the glory of martyrdom — denied me, nay, even the opportunity of being put to test.

I listened to the birds that twittered in the bushes and trees by the river. I had been, *then*, for a while (on the way back from my trial) depressed at the idea that I would not hear them for three years. And yet I had remained but a few months in jail. And how quickly those months had passed, busy as I had been writing my *Gold in the Furnace* with the silent consent of the German staff of the prison! But *they* — my comrades — were still there; still in Werl, still in Landsberg, or elsewhere. When would *they* again be able to sit in the grass and listen to birds

singing? And see the Sun through branches covered with green leaves or pink blossoms?

A pretty blond child came out of one of the houses on the left side of the road, crossed the garden, stepped out, and walked towards me along the footpath. At the sight of him, I remembered what the Führer has said so many times, namely, that a German child is the loveliest being which Nature has produced, the masterpiece of Life's creative artistry. And I thought: "How right he is!"

The little boy was carrying a puppy in his arms; carrying it carefully, as one accustomed to deal with animals and knowing how to hold them so that they be comfortable. He noticed that I had paid attention to him and to his pet and he spoke to me: "I am carrying him back to auntie Emmy," said he, probably referring to some neighbour. "He is hers. I took him to give him some milk. But mammy says I must carry him back because auntie Emmy wants him." I stroked both the child's soft, silky, white-blond hair, and the young dog's soft, fluffy coat. "What are you called?" I asked the little boy.

"Helmut."

"A beautiful name. And how old are you?"

"Four years old."

"One of Dr. Goebbels' children was also called Helmut," thought I. And I remembered the tragic words which Magda Goebbels is said to have uttered a short time before her suicide and that of her whole family: "If the Third Reich ceases to exist, my six children have no place on this earth . . ." This Helmut was born four years after the death of the other one. He would live and see the resurrection of the Third Reich and learn to love the Führer — Germany's Führer forever. He would march in the new parades, after the Day of revenge. In the meantime, he walked in the shade of the trees, holding the puppy in his left arm while he stroked it gently with his right hand.

"My beloved Führer, how right, how absolutely right you are!" thought I for the millionth time, as I pondered over that inborn friendliness towards living creatures which, more eloquently than anything else, proclaims, in my estimation, the natural superiority of the Germanic race. I could easily imagine a Scandinavian child, an English child and maybe *some* French children — though surely not all, nay, perhaps not most —

acting in the same manner, but (apart from rare exceptions) not a child from Southern Europe or from the Near or Middle East. “Spontaneous kindness to creatures is as much a sign of Aryan blood purity as a properly shaped nose or as ears on the right line, and so forth,” concluded I. “It distinguishes the Aryan who deserves to belong to the Greater German Reich — the Nordic European — from the less pure sort.” And I remembered with satisfaction that I had, from earliest childhood, set myself, in that respect, among the privileged Aryans.

I was absorbed in such reflections when, suddenly, appeared before me, on the opposite side of a broader road, into which the one I was following led, the main entrance of the Landsberg prison.

* * *

The entrance as such was — at first sight — less forbidding than the one I remembered so well, at Werl. There was a garden, with clean-cut, emerald-green lawns and neatly trimmed flowerbeds, and trees, in front of it. And the door looked new, and was polished. And I easily imagined the luxury of the Governor’s and Chief Warder’s offices and private quarters: American luxury, that leaves even the British far behind it. For all I knew, the prisoners’ recreation rooms and their cells themselves were possibly more comfortable than those in Werl or Wittlich — or Stein — *now*, at least, that the masters of the place realise more and more how much they need the collaboration of those against whom they once conducted their sinister “crusade to Europe”; the Americans believe they can buy anybody — even us! — with good food and comfort. (Our other persecutors are often silly enough to believe the same . . . until we get our opportunity [at last!] and knock the silliness out of them with a masterful hit on the head.)

But all that façade of luxury merely made *me* more intensely conscious of the horror — and sanctity — of the twice famous place of gloom, death and glory. I knew that, only a few yards beyond those lawns and flower beds, *somewhere*, over three hundred of my brothers in faith had died for our Führer between 1945 and 1951, at the hands of these American bastard’s, believers in money. And I shuddered at the recollection.

And here, behind these high walls, *somewhere*, — in a well-known cell that I would not, this time, see, — Adolf Hitler himself had been interned in 1923–24, for about a year, and had written his immortal *Mein Kampf*, our Book for all times. Here, thirteen of his best early followers (among whom Rudolf Hess, now interned in Spandau) had shared his captivity. Here, to this day, hundreds of those who have lived and still live in unflinching loyalty to him and to his dream of a new Germany, are detained, for having done their duty thoroughly and to the end, as one should. One day, from the four corners of the earth; thought I, — hoped I, — men and women of Aryan blood will come and visit this place, as Christians visit the Mamertine Prison in Rome, and will think of our martyrs in a spirit of reverent gratitude.

Halting on the border of the road, I looked at the prison. I could not enter the garden: both alleys running through it were guarded by armed sentries. And a “jeep” was stopping before one of them. (The other one was blocked with heaps of gravel, as the road was being repaired). And two more “jeeps” — Military Police — were stopping near the opposite footpath, just behind me. Indeed, I had never seen a prison so thoroughly guarded as this one. It looked exactly as if the Americans were afraid; as if they *felt* the waves of hatred that surround them, perhaps even more wildly, here in Landsberg, than in any other place in Germany; as if they were aware of being in a hostile land — hostile in spite of all their efforts to bribe the Germans into an alliance with them, — and realised that danger, even though it be not yet obvious, will soon be threatening them from all sides.

I probably *could have* (as the young girl to whom I had spoken in, the café on the hilltop had told me) obtained a permit to visit the prison: nobody knew me under my maiden name, — the name on my passport; and there was no earthly reason why the Americans should refuse such a favour to a foreigner, subject of one of their economical and cultural protectorates in the Near East. I remembered the visitors who, occasionally, used to walk around in the “Frauen Haus” at Werl, escorted by the British Governor of the prison, by his assistant, (then, Mr. Watts), the German interpreter and “Frau

Oberin.” Quite possibly, I could have, in a like manner, been chaperoned through the Landsberg prison by the American Governors — Thomas Graham, or what was his name? — and shown “the places of historical interest”: Adolf Hitler’s cell, and the place of execution of the so-called “war criminals.” Technically speaking from the administrative point of view — I could have. But in reality, *being what I am, I never could have*. I would have died rather than be seen by my captive brothers, by my superiors, in the company of our persecutors; rather than see them, without telling them how I revere them; rather than stand their silent contempt — the contempt of the captive lion for the ugly sub-men grinning around his cage — without shouting to them; “My comrades, don’t take me for a ‘tourist’ come to see what ‘war criminals’ look like, or for an insulting fool come to pity you! No! No! I have come from the world of the free to tell you, eight years captive for the love of our common National Socialist faith: ‘Hope, our Day is drawing nigh. Every passing second brings you nearer not only to long-desired freedom, but to reconquered power!’”

If I were not allowed to tell them *that*, what use was it visiting the prison? One day, — when the latter no longer is in our persecutors’ hands — my comrades would take me to the cell in which Adolf Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*, and also to the place of martyrdom, and observe silence with me in remembrance of our Leader’s captivity and of the sacrifice of his faithful ones. In the meantime, — thought I, — I would walk around the premises: see the outer walls of the Fortress: and think of those who are waiting inside for our Day to dawn.

* * *

I turned to my right, and walked on.

Along the road, quite near the prison enclosure, are the houses in which live those Americans who are connected with the prison service: houses that look newly built, with gardens. I saw children playing in those gardens — children not different in appearance, many of them, from German ones: Nordic children. But their parents were “Americans.” And they would go to American schools, and he taught to hate our Führer and

all we stand for, and to throw the whole responsibility of this war upon National Socialist Germany. And most of them would do so as a matter of course, without ever questioning the accuracy of the facts or the soundness of the principles laid down before them, because children in general are not I — not passionate seekers of consistency such as I was as a child — and believe what their history books and the grownups tell them. And yet, among those little ones, were descendants of Germans who had once migrated to the U.S.A. — German children, by blood. Once more I remembered the Greek child born in the U.S.A. whom I had met years and years before — the little boy who *wanted to be* an American. “Accursed U.S.A. killer of nations,” thought I; “killer of those *real* collective souls, inseparable from blood and soil, through which, alone, man can raise himself to the awareness of living Divinity; — to the *experience* of his own greatness, within and in spite of his personal insignificance. May you and your Democratic ‘values’ and your mendacious “universal conscience” disappear forever from the surface of this earth!” I ardently wished that, inasmuch as they be of Nordic blood, those children would, one day, curse their false education, despise their silly, gullible parents, acknowledge the deeper natural link which hinds them, in spite of all, to us, and proclaim their allegiance to a future worldwide Aryan Reich under Germany’s leadership. And I walked on.

I turned to my left and followed the outer enclosure of the prison: a long, long white-washed wall, above which ran several rows of barbed wire, which I knew was electrified, and at both ends of which could be seen a square watchtower occupied by an armed American sentry. From the opposite side of the road (where I was), it was visible that a fairly great distance separated that enclosure from a second one, from behind which emerged the red roofs and a part of the grey walls of the actual prison buildings. I walled along in the grass, counting the buttresses that could be seen at regular intervals from one another, against that inner enclosure. They were fifty-three, if I counted right.

I walked past a lovely-looking house surrounded with a flower garden. On the verandah facing that garden, a man was seated at a table, apparently having some refreshments. “Another one of those confounded ‘Amis’ — a plague on them

all!” thought I. I had never liked the sight of an English bungalow in India. The English may be, as a whole, on a racial level higher than that of the enormous non-Aryan multitudes of India. But their Christianity, even when they did not try to spread it, (and all the more when they did), made them unworthy to exploit even those non-Aryan masses: it made them hypocritical to the extent they did so. And the Aryan castes of India, faithful to the age-old Teaching of harmony within God-ordained racial hierarchy, were, in my eyes, by far worthier than they to hold the land and enjoy its riches. But to see Yanks living in Germany as the English once did in India is too much — especially when their accursed “bungalow” is just a few yards away from the outer enclosure of the Landsberg prison; looking over it, so as to say! — a shocking sign of undeserved luxury and power, standing insult to those who are suffering for the love of the *real* values of life, in the cells and workshops of the famous Fortress.

I reached the second corner tower, at the top of which another sentry kept watch, and again I turned to my left. I was now walking between the outer prison wall — that went on, and on, and on, with its many parallel rows of barbed live-wire — and an immense expanse of grass. On my left, at a much further distance from the outer wall than formerly, I could see the whole cluster of prison buildings within its narrower enclosure I could see the chapel at the other end of it — on my right as I turned my back to the green horizon and faced the Fortress from behind. For the very reason that the latter was now further away from the wall that stood before me, I could see it better, although my bad eyesight did not allow me to distinguish the details of its various parts. But that did not matter. I had not come to study the place. I had come to commune as perfectly as I could, through the mysterious waves of intense thought and of intense love, with those whom I admire — whom I revere. The sight of the surroundings merely centred my whole consciousness around *them* exclusively.

* * *

I looked round . . . The great meadow on the border of which I was standing stretched endlessly . . . The wind caused

ripples, and occasionally waves, to appear upon its surface, as on that of an immense green lake. Dark woods limited it in the distance. I sat in the thick, soft, fresh, scented grass full of daisies and buttercups, bluebells and wild violets, under the radiant blue sky, and looked at the prison beyond the wall and the successive rows of live barbed wire.

“Why am *I* free and sitting here, while *you* are still there, behind bars, my brothers in faith, my superiors?” thought I. “Why have mysterious distant influences — influences from another continent — intervened in my favour and flung the heavy prison doors wide open before me, while you, and our comrades in Werl and in a hundred other places, remain captive?” And once more I felt small. I felt guilty for being free — although I had done absolutely nothing to obtain my release from Werl, a thing which had always been — and is, to this day — a perfect enigma to me. I felt I could never do enough for each and every one of my persecuted comrades, individually.

The sound of a siren suddenly tore the divine silence of the fields. And I shuddered. It was exactly like the sirens in Werl. It stirred in me ineffaceable memories. “Time to go and walk around the courtyard for fifteen minutes — which is called ‘the free hour’ (*die freie Stunde*)” thought I. Or was it not, rather, time for lunch? In the immense blue vault of the sky, the Sun, now positively hot, was not quite above my head: it was not twelve yet. But I remembered that, in Werl, lunch was served to us *before* twelve. And I could not make out whether it was half past ten or half past eleven. It did not really matter. Whether it announced “free time” or “lunch” or whatever else, the siren meant routine. It meant dreariness; the inexpressible dreariness of prison life: waking tip and washing (in a mere jug of water) going to work; having a tin of “*mook-fook*” and a slice of bread; going to work again; going out into the courtyard two by two, in a row, and walking round and round for fifteen minutes going back to work; having lunch: going to work again; going out in a row into the same courtyard for another fifteen minutes and coming back; going to work again; having supper; having — at last! — the right to bring down the iron bed, fastened, during the daytime, against the wall of one’s cell, and to lie upon it — whether to sleep, or to think of the past and make plans for the future, the prison authorities do not care. And,

for the men behind these walls, *that* had been lasting eight years already. For how long more would it last?

For a while, I lay upon my belly, in the grass. The grass was fresh; alive. And under it, I could feel the freshness and strength of the living earth. I thought of that earth, of that *soil* which is Germany. It stretched all round me for hundreds of miles, in all its invincible loveliness, bringing forth its moss and its daisies, its grass and bushes and young oak trees, untiringly, out of its wounded bosom; forgetting, at the holy touch of the Sun, six years of torture under the phosphorus bombs, centuries of devastation under all sorts of instruments of torment. And I was aware of it under me. I was lying in its embrace. A mysterious, all-powerful, almost physical bond such as had yet never existed between it and any foreigner, — a lover's tenderness which I experienced in the depth of my being — united me to it, forever. For the sake of that Land, my beloved comrades had undergone martyrdom and death. For the sake of that Land, those whom I had come here to commune with still sat behind those walls, only about a hundred yards away from the place where I lay, living, day after day, month after month, for eight long years, to the dreary rhythm of prison routine, and, in spite of all, happy to do so — a thousand times happier than the traitors now in high position. For the sake of that Land, our Führer himself had suffered the Agony of 1945 and . . . perhaps of the following years.

I recalled the words of the beautiful song:

*Germany, holy Word,
Thou who containest Infinity . . .
Be blessed throughout the ages . . . !¹*

“*Du voll Unendlichkeit,*” repeated I, within my heart; “Thou who containest Infinity; Thou through Whom the natural aristocracy of my race takes consciousness of its eternal Self; of its collective divinity!” And drawing a daisy to my lips, tenderly, reverently, without tearing it from the maternal earth, I performed the rite of love — the supreme religious rite — and kissed its fresh, golden heart. I thought of those other equally beautiful but immeasurably more conscious beings, sap and substance of the same sacred Soil: my German comrades and their

¹ “*Deutschland, heiliges Wort, Du voll Unendlichkeit
Über die Zeiten fort, seist Du gebenedeit . . .*”

children. All lands bring forth grass and flowers. And the delicate white petals are everywhere as lovely. But all lands do not give birth to such people, whose dedicated lives remain, in all their intelligent and organised activity, as pure and beautiful as the innocent daisies and, at the same time, as thoroughly rooted as they in the living earth. The fact that it bears such men and women makes this Land holy. And the bond of comradeship that makes me one of them (he it the least) in spite of all, has created between this German soil and me — felt I — a mystical filiation, and made me too a part of it.

It must have been midday, by now. The Sun was burning. The cloudless sky above me was an abyss of shimmering heat and light, which the blazing Orb, too bright to be faced, filled with its splendour from one horizon to the other: from the woods in the distance to the irregular line of prison-buildings beyond the long white wall. A flight of birds appeared, emerging out of nowhere, and sailed across the depth of light. Away, far away above the sinister Fortress, in the aetherial liberty of trackless space, silver wings shone and flapped, until they soon appeared as nothing but spots of brightness, and finally vanished into the radiant blue infinity.

From the prison, once more arose the sharp sound of a siren. And again I shuddered. And tears welled up to my eyes, and my mouth quivered. My mind rushed back to my comrades and superiors, here, in Spandau, in Werl, in Wittlich, in Stein, in Breda, in Fresnes, in far-away Russia and Siberia, wherever they be. For how long more would they have to remain captive? And what had they done, but lived faithfully and selflessly for our common ideals, for our Führer and for the truth he proclaimed; for the Greater Reich of our common dreams?

I sat up and, looking to the sky into which the free birds had disappeared, I prayed to the Unknowable and Unutterable — to Him-Her-It behind the veil of visible existence: “Fling open the doors of gloom, Lord Who resplends in the flaming Orb, all-powerful Avenger, our only hope! Free *them*: those who, now, at the call of the siren, are leaving the work-rooms to go and have food, or to go and walk around the court-yard two by two; those who are living under a similar routine in all the jails of our persecutors in and outside Germany, while the sunlit world lives and sings; while birds fly across the sky

above the roofs of their cells! Oh, free them, — and give them back the power they deserve!”

* * *

I recalled the words I had myself so many times uttered and written, during, after, and even before the war — from the time the international Jew had started his worldwide atrocity campaign against new Germany: “I hold myself personally responsible — *morally* responsible — for anything that has been, is or will be done in the name and in the highest interest of the Third Reich and therefore of the Aryan race.” (In fact, I hold every true believer in a *Weltanschauung* to be morally responsible for anything that has been, is or will be done for the triumph of his or her faith, i.e., for the materialisation of that which — one should presume — he or she wants the most, in life; and that, even if it be “wrong” i.e. from a practical standpoint, useless or harmful to the cause of the professed faith.) And I remembered my release. And once more I realised, with painful vividness, that *I* was free, while so many of my comrades and superiors were not. And I felt humble, as I always do at such a thought.

Yes; free to stay here, sitting in the grass, or to get up and go away; free to take a sheet of letter-paper out of my hand-bag and to write what I pleased, without it being controlled (to my knowledge) — at least, without having to hide it in impossible places for it *not* to be: free to walk into a shop and buy more paper, when this was finished, without, having to *ask for* more (and, like in Werl, to wait a fortnight before I could obtain it); free to go back to Munich or to star here another day: free to send a letter or not to send it: free to go and have a cup of coffee whenever I liked . . . while *they* were still hampered by all the hindrances that make a prisoner’s life a misery. And why? What had they done, of which I did not whole-heartedly approve, to the knowledge of all those who care to believe what I say or to read the sincerest words I wrote? What had they done, which I would not gladly have done myself, in similar circumstances, if endowed with similar power? In fact, *I* was, quite possibly, more thoroughly in agreement with the orders that they had obeyed than many of themselves; and

doubtless as Anti-democratic and Anti-Christian as the most radical among them could be. The Democratic authorities were fools indeed to have released *me*, while keeping them in jail!

Thus I reflected. And I felt small before all those who, to this day, remain in captivity for the love of my — of *our* — ideals. “All I can do now is to justify, to the utmost of my capacity, that undeserved privilege of freedom that the Gods have given me,” thought I. “May every minute of my life bear witness to our Führer’s greatness! May my thoughts, my speech, my actions, my writings, never cease to be the living tribute of allegiance of an Aryan to him and to his Germany!”

And I was glad to feel that I had, at least up till now, used my freedom for the service of Adolf Hitler’s truth, to the exclusion of everything else.

* * *

Another siren was heard — another landmark in the dreary, daily routine. “Free time, probably,” I surmised; for it was definitely long past lunch time.

Free time; then again work; then supper . . . The hopeless succession of occupations continued, as it had on the preceding day and on the day before, and on the day before that one, and so forth, up to *that* dismal day — now, nearly eight years ago — when our comrades had been ushered into captivity; as it would continue every day, until the last day — the day of their release — would dawn. When? When?

They were living, — they *are* living, to this day — cut off from the stream of time, with no means of connecting the past, that they knew, with the future, in which they believed, in spite of all. With no news of the world of the free; no accounts of what ground the indestructible National Socialist Idea is gaining in both halves of vivisected Germany; no reports of the increasing tension between the two halves of the divided enemy camp; no news of the progress of the forces that are steadily working for us in all countries.

But those forces are nevertheless working. And the enemy camp is nevertheless definitively broken in two. And out of growing worldwide discontent, slowly but steadily, an immense yearning for an order of justice in honour, which is none other than *our* New World Order, is seeking expression in the hearts

of millions. And unfailing Nemesis — the mathematical Law of Action and Reaction — is slowly but steadily drilling the opposite camps for their final clash and common annihilation, so that, for every single one of our martyrs, a million of those who hated us should die.

My brothers, my superiors here in Landsberg, and in Spandau, in Werl, in Wittlich, in the camps of the Urals and of Siberia, wherever our enemies may still be detaining you, you are not suffering in vain! Men of iron and gold, our Führer's faithful ones, of whom I sang the glory, you are the seed of the future that nothing can destroy. My one satisfaction is to be utilising my undeserved freedom to write in praise of you and contribute to keep your spirit alive among your people — while not yet in a position to do anything more practical.

* * *

I spent my last unforgettable hour in that meadow behind the Fortress expressing something of my feelings in a long letter to the one man in India who has, to my knowledge, consciously and actively stood on our side, before, during and after the war. I wrote with the eloquence of sincerity. Thus, in a few days' time, the tale of martyrdom and of glory, — the epic of Landsberg — would reach far-away Aryavarta. And after reading it, a few at least of the descendants of the Sun-worshipping conquerors of old, would feel proud of being Aryans.

How late could it have been? Three o'clock? Four o'clock? I had not the faintest idea. I knew there were several trains to Munich. And were there not, I could always spend the night in some cheap *Gasthaus*. I got up, walked as far as I could into the meadow — until I was sure that nobody could see me from the road. And there I stood, my right arm outstretched in the direction of the place in which *Mein Kampf* was written; in which the Seven Blood-witnesses of 1951, and over three hundred others before them, have won the martyrs' immortality; in which a few more hundreds of my superiors are prisoners for the sake of our everlasting Hitler faith. And I sang the selfsame old *Kampflied* that had sprung from my lips upon the devastated site of the *Berghof* in Obersalzberg

*“One day, the Day of revenge will come;
One day, we shall be free . . .
Creative Germany, awake!
Break thy chains asunder! . . .”*¹

Tears ran down my cheeks as I sang the conquering words, the old message of revenge, freedom and power, as relevant today as twenty-five years ago, if not more so.

My loved ones, my superiors, from behind the barred windows of your work rooms and cells, did you hear my voice? Or did you at least, on that afternoon, — the 24th of April, 1953 — feel, with somewhat more insistence than usually, the certitude of our coming dawn?

* * *

I walked back to the road and, turning to my right, followed it on and on, until it led me into another road running, to my right, between the meadow in which I had been sitting and another endless one, and, to my left, along the remaining side of the prison enclosure. I turned to my left, and continued walking past high walls and courtyards and various sheds, behind which the bell tower of the prison chapel could, now and then, be seen; I walked until I finally found myself back on the road into which I had at first emerged, when coming from the riverbank — the road that ran along the front part of the premises of gloom. There was the chapel, quite near behind the forbidden walls, and, by the side of it, the cemetery of the prison. Turning once more to my left, I soon reached the entrance of the cemetery. It was open. There was nothing to indicate that one should not go in. Seeing this, I crossed the threshold, and slowly walked along the alleys.

Among the many graves were those of our martyrs — or at least of *some* of them, for others had been, with the permission of the Occupation authorities, taken back by their families and buried in different other cemeteries of Germany. I read the names upon several wooden crosses, seeking the few which I knew —

¹ “Einst kommt der Tag der Rache;
Einmal da werden wir frei;
Schaffendes Deutschland erwache!
Brich deine Ketten entzwei!”

which I remembered, for having read or heard of their trials and sentences to death. But *I could not find any of them.*

I walked further on, and came to a series of graves that bore neither names nor dates, merely numbers (apparently, the numbers of the cells in which the men who lay there had spent their prison life). And something — some intuition, — told me that *these* were precisely my comrades' graves; the ones I was seeking.

I had no flowers. I had not known that anybody could, without special permission, visit the cemetery of the prison. And it would have anyhow been difficult to bring flowers *for all*, for the nameless graves were one hundred and fifty-eight (I counted them before leaving the place). But I knelt upon the bare earth before one of them — *anyone*. And my mind wandered back to the nightmarish years 1945, 1946, 1947; to the collapse of the Greater German Reich through treason; to the ghastly persecution of its creators and defenders, — the long-drawn mock trials; the daily tortures; the final hangings. How vividly I remembered all that! How vividly I also remembered the relentless propaganda of lies which our enemies so loudly carried on in order to justify their own atrocities in the eyes of the stupid world — and the readiness with which the stupid world had swallowed it. And now, before my comrades' graves, I *lived* once more, as intensely as ever, all the horror of that death that they had faced so bravely; of that death at the end of a rope, for having loved and obeyed our Führer unquestioningly. I thought of the many who had been killed in 1945 and 1946, when the hangman in this prison was busy practically every day; I thought of the last ones, of the exalted Seven, killed in 1951, — the Seven, whom I had tried so hard to save — and I wept. And I prayed. I called the wrath of the heavenly Powers upon those who had had a part in the executions; upon those who had ordered them or allowed them: upon those — *all* those; all the millions — who in or after 1940, had approved of them; upon all those who had believed our enemies' propaganda, and looked upon the “war crime” trials as a good thing. “Just as *I*, who approve of whatever my comrades may have done for the triumph of our ideals and the strengthening of our régime, am morally responsible for it all.” thought I, “so

are those millions of fools, who hate us in the name of ‘humanity,’ personally responsible for the persecution of National Socialism and the death of our martyrs. I accept *my* responsibility in its entirety, and carry it with pride. Surely *they* can do the same, if they really have faith in that which they profess to uphold! Fire and brimstone upon them!”

I thought not of any personal God, but merely of the mathematical justice, immanent within the cosmic Play. To It and to It alone I appealed, now, as five years before when facing for the first time the ruins of Germany: “Avenge my Führer’s faithful people, Thou merciless One, inaccessible to remorse, hope of the Strong! And allow me to be, in Thy hand, an instrument of Thy vengeance!”

* * *

I went to the chapel and remained there for a while. It was empty, — peaceful. Yet, I could feel nothing of the emotion that had seized me in the little church at Leonding. This place, unconnected with anything sincere and vital in the lives of those I love, did not speak to my heart. None of Adolf Hitler’s iron fighters imprisoned here, be it in 1923 (with him) or in 1945, were men likely to have needed any Christian “consolations”; none were likely to have sought, in this chapel, that hope of a hereafter, without which most people outside our circles cannot face death with serenity. No. The Strong, dedicated to our Führer and too his impersonal Truth, are not — never were; never will be, — like “most people.” They *have* faced death with serenity — with the detachment of perfect warriors — *without* lulling themselves into believing that they knew what comes afterwards. Or rather, they knew what would — what *shall* — “come after” their death, on this earth; what would remain, indestructible, of their life-long action, once they would be no more: Germany, who would one day resume the glorious onward march; Germany, who would, sooner or latter, find, in any possible succession of events, a reason to look back with nostalgia to the golden days of National Socialist rule, and in any teaching other than that of *Mein Kampf* — more and more, as time would go on — nothing but dreary nonsense; lies,

and unexciting ones at that; Germany, awakened by Adolf Hitler, once and for all. That awareness — along with the satisfaction of duty done — was enough for them.

Such was at least the feeling that I had. It is possible that I was mistaken. It is possible that there was, in the reactions of my comrades and superiors, place for more variety than my simple logic could conceive. If so, I am not to judge those who died. They died for my — for *our* — proud heathen ideals, — for the ideals embodied in the National Socialist Way of life, — whatever might have been, at the approach of death, their attitude to that traditional Judeo-Christian philosophy, which is incompatible with ours. And I revere them unquestioningly. Yet, a “Landsberger” whom I had the honour of meeting a month later, told me, confirming my own feeling, that practically every single one of our martyrs died with the courage and serenity befitting an Aryan warrior, with the Words of pride, faith and power upon his lips: “Long live eternal Germany! Heil Hitler!”

Although I knew it, I was glad to hear it.

* * *

As I came out of the cemetery, I saw a man with a sympathetic face, who was cleaning the road. Doubtless, he lived in Landsberg, and probably in the neighbourhood of the prison. *He* probably knew whether the nameless graves in the cemetery were or not, as I had surmised, those of the victims of Democratic hypocrisy and cruelty, and would not mind my asking him.

The man at once scented in me a National Socialist like himself, and spoke without the slightest restraint.

“Of course they are!” said he, answering my question. “You guessed the truth all right. In the beginning, *all* the graves bore the usual inscriptions, with the names of the dead, as a result of which *ours* were honoured as tombs of heroes, which indeed they *are*. On Sunday afternoons, all Landsberg used to come here, with masses of flowers. And on weekdays, children would step into this cemetery on their way to school, bringing a few roses or carnations from their mothers’ gardens to those who died for Germany. When the American

bastards saw this, they tore off all the names and dates. But still people come. They know that the nameless graves are *ours*. And this is and will remain a place of pilgrimage in spite of those swine — a plague on them!”

“A place of pilgrimage for all times . . . You are right,” replied I. “Do you know? I came from Athens in that spirit: to see (from outside) the prison where our martyrs suffered; where our Führer himself was once imprisoned . . .”

“Quite natural!” agreed the man. “I know two people who came the other day from Argentina, with the same devotion. We are all over the world — and more powerful than these people think, although we may be silent, for the time being. One day, when the Third World War starts, they will find out that we don’t forget . . .”

“Yes,” said I. “And they speak of ‘collaboration against Bolshevism’ — Now! They should have thought of that in 1941, and made peace with Germany. Too late, now; too late! We shall never forgive! They speak — the fools — of ‘defending the values of Christian civilisation’; the ‘values’ in the name of which they killed the Seven only two years ago, and thousands of others before them, including the great ones of Nuremberg. Who wants to defend such ‘values’? Who wants such a civilisation to live? Not I! The sooner it is smashed, the better. We will rule upon its ruins, — rule, and avenge those who died here, and elsewhere, for the love of Greater Germany.”

The man gave me a smile of sympathetic understanding. “I can tell you,” exclaimed he, “one will not need to call *me*, when the time at last comes — the time for taking revenge for all that *I have seen*. I’ll be there all right! And God help them — if there be a God who helps liars and hypocrites, and Jewish swine and slaves of Jewry! For *I* shall spare none of them!”

He had put down his broom to talk to me. His eyes blazed. I was delighted to find someone like myself. “Indeed, the further away from ‘intellectual’ circles, the more thoroughly like myself,” thought I. And I was pleased at the feeling that I was so free — that I had always been so completely free — from the various prejudices of my supposed ‘class’ and upbringing; pleased to experience that I was more at ease with this handsome,

noble, pure-blooded German roadman, than with any of the University professors whom I had met (people who had the same diplomas as I, but not the same scale of values. “Better the same scale of values, without the diplomas!” thought I).

“Do you know what *I* would like to do, when our days come back?” said I, resuming our talk after a pause. “I would like to be at the head of concentration camp; or to hold a responsible post in some ‘Bureau for Jewish Affairs.’ Gosh, I would enjoy myself!”

“I readily believe you,” answered the workman, with a bright smile. “And how I understand you! After all that went on here, I feel exactly as you do. And I tell you: *every single man in Landsberg feels the same.*”

“I have seen the houses where the ‘Arms’ live . . . That luxury . . . !”

“Naturally! — at our cost! But the Day will come. Not one of the bastards will get out of Germany alive . . .”

“May I then be here, and take an active part in the revenge! I remember the Nuremberg Trial as though it were yesterday. It haunts me . . .”

“It haunts us all. You are not alone, believe me!”

“Avenge our martyrs, merciless One, inaccessible Power, deaf to whining remorse, and allow me to be an instrument of Thy vengeance!” I recalled the prayer I had just now uttered from the bottom of my heart, by the graves of those who were hanged for having been faithful to Adolf Hitler to the end. It sounded definitely as though, apart from me, there would be other willing instruments of the irresistible Nemesis.

I took leave of my rough and sincere comrade after exchanging with him one of the formulas that *mean*: “Heil Hitler!” (We were in the street, and could not utter the actual forbidden Words.)

Once more, before walking down to the river bank and back to the station I passed before the main entrance of the prison. Once more, I pictured to myself my brothers in faith behind the high walls and rows of live barbed wire, and barred windows. I also thought of the humble madman whom I had just met in the world of the free — on this side of the walls. “The indignation of that man and of millions of others — including mine — is working in the invisible realm against all those who

are, directly or indirectly, responsible for the iniquitous ‘war crime’: trials, and the spreading of all the lies connected with them,” thought I. “It will — it *must* — unfailingly bring fire upon their countries, and death upon them, one day.”

My brothers in Landsberg, in Spandau, in Werl and elsewhere, — my superiors — stronger than the armed guards and live-wires and Military Police Jeeps around your prisons, are these intangible Forces. They will release you — one day — and avenge you!

* * *

I caught a last glimpse of the prison as the train carried me back to Munich. And again the painful feeling — the strangely depressing feeling of indefinable guilt — caught hold of me at the thought that I was free — sitting in a railway-carriage; travelling — while *they* were there; would still be there the next day, the day after, and the following . . . For how long more?

On the right side of the track, in the grass, I noticed, as we rolled past them, two tombstones bearing the Jewish star. A man seated opposite me told me that these were graves of Jews who had been killed there, during our days of power.

“I do hope we shall one day, blow tip all those monuments to the memory of dead ‘Yids’ — these, and the others,” declared I, unable to refrain from speaking in a manner that *could have* landed me into serious trouble. (My visit to Landsberg had thoroughly upset me.) But for my good luck, the man was “in order.”

“That is what I feel, every time I see a stone such as these,” replied he.

I recalled the question that had once been put to me in France: “With whom will Germany side during the Third World War?” I had then answered: “With those who will *first* have the good idea of encouraging the Germans to blow up, with as much spectacular defiance as possible, the monuments that they were forced to erect in all ‘Zones’ to the memory of dead Jews, ‘victims of the National Socialist régime.’”

I was glad to see that one more German agreed with me.

I reached Munich in the evening, and was able to catch at once a train to Nuremberg, where I arrived at about ten o’clock at night.

Chapter 6

NUREMBERG

I had never *seen* Nuremberg — any more than the other places which I had been visiting for the last eight days, — save on pictures. But, the name was, like theirs, full of memories; and, which is more, full of the most opposite memories: linked forever, in our hearts, with the vision of the grandest days of Adolf Hitler's struggle and rule, as well as with all the horror of the post-war persecution of National Socialism.

As in a dream, I stepped out of the train, followed the porter who carried my heavy suitcase (while I carried the rest), gave my ticket at the exit, and waited for my turn to leave my luggage at the cloakroom, all the time strangely moved at the mere knowledge that *I was* in the immortal town: Julius Streicher's town; the seat of the great Party Rallies: the place of the infamous Trial, and that where the Eleven great Martyrs of 1946 had given up their lives. I forgot, in my excitement, that I had not slept far nearly forty-eight hours. But it was too late to go visiting the town. I went to the "Station Mission"¹: I was running out of money at an alarming speed (in spite of all my efforts to scrape and save) and I could think of no cheaper place to spend the rest of the night in.

Here, as in Hanover and in a few other railway stations in which I had slept in the course of my former journeys, five years before, the dormitory of the Mission is underground: the reception office also. I was shown a wooden staircase — some twenty steps — leading down to the place. Quite a number of people, men and women, were already there, waiting (for goodness alone knows how long!) for their turn to bring out their *Ausweis*² (or the equivalent) and to pay half a mark (if at all

¹ A place attached to every important German railway-station, with a view to provide accommodation and food for poor travellers.

² Identity card.

they could) and get in. I took my place in the dreary, shabby, resigned “queue.”

Had I come not as a National Socialist pilgrim but merely as an impartial, open-minded observer, I could not have chosen a better place to study *real* post-war Germany. And the impartial observer could not have helped comparing the dignified, but sullen, joyless faces in that “queue,” with those one met in Germany before and even during the war (according to people who were there and saw them). He (or she) could not have helped measuring the gap that separated those men and women, *victims* of the war, from those who, even at the end of 1944, listened to Dr. Goebbels’ fiery speeches with ever-renewed rapture, and who, in spite of all hardships — in spite of years of rationing; in spite of months of successive sleepless nights under the bombs — still shouted frantically — sure of victory — as the orator once more asked them whether they wanted “cannons or butter”: “Cannons!” He (or she) could not have helped experiencing a feeling of painful amazement at the sight of the difference between Germany *with* and *without* Adolf Hitler. And nowhere, perhaps, could he (or she) have, better than here, understood the immense, desperate nostalgia of the German people at the recollection of National Socialist rule; the frightful “moral ruins” (to quote the suggestive words of the most honest of all post-war non-German historians of recent times, Maurice Bardèche) which the American “crusaders” and their allies have accumulated in the heart of our continent.

These sullen men and women now standing before me and behind me, whether refugees from the Eastern Zone (or from further still) — turned out of house and home at the decision of the victors of 1945, or by the conditions of a life of slavery that they could stand no longer — or just people of this half of Germany who, like myself, hesitated to spend the night even in a cheap hotel; people without work, existing on the forty marks’ fortnightly State loan; people who had been waiting for months, perhaps for *years*, for a pension, again and again denied to them under some pretext or another; people on our side, politically persecuted *after* 1945, who have no rights, *all knew* that they had been robbed of the victory which they had deserved. They were full of lasting, silent, insurmountable

resentment, less perhaps because of their material losses (enormous as these were), than because of the loss of that happy confidence in the Nation's future, which had been the keynote of the great "Hitler days." The elder ones had put all their hopes in the miraculous Movement that had raised Germany out of the shame and misery of 1918 and of the following years. And lo, after seeming as though they had brilliantly and definitively materialised, their hopes had proved vain: the shame and misery of 1945 had been worse than that of 1918; and there was no young Movement that spoke of resurrection, as after the First World War. The younger folk had been brought up in the inspiring belief that Germany was invincible. And they now knew — or *thought* they knew — that this was not true; that victory and its fruits, riches and power, were for those whom they had been taught to despise as slaves of the Jews, while for them, who had been faithful to the new Faith of Aryan pride and had sacrificed everything for its triumph, there was but misery, injustice, all manner of abasement and oppression.

And now, Germany's everlasting enemies and their agents — the comfortable slaves of Jewry — came and told them that "all this" (their being expelled from house and home; their being without work, or without a pension; without the hope of a future) was the consequence of the "arrogant" philosophy, to which they had so readily adhered; the bitter fruits of the new wisdom of that miraculous Movement, in which they had put their confidence; and that salvation for them lay, now, in the renunciation of proud Pan-Germanism for the sake of a "Democratic Europe," bastion of the "free" world against totalitarian Communism. Were they deceived into believing *this*? Had the bitterness of defeat, and eight long years of wearisome, hard and insecure life shattered in them the glorious old faith to the extent that they could accept the enemy's latest lie? I was the next day to know — to *see*, glaringly, for the thousandth time since my return to Germany a week before — that they *had not*; or at least that, *if* ever they had, — temporarily — the old faith had soon grown again, stronger than ever, thanks to the disgust with which Democratic hypocrisy had at once filled the people's hearts.

Now, for the time being, I stood in the ‘queue,’ noticing the tired faces, the clean — spotlessly clean — and shabby clothes; hearing bits of conversations — bits of the recent life history of those men and women, who ten years before, were so happy; so sure (as I had been myself) that the future was theirs; *ours*.

I thus came to know that the woman who stood behind me lived in a refugee camp, and was travelling, with hardly any money, to meet her husband, who had only recently arrived from the Russian Zone, and who was staying with relatives of his, somewhere in the Nuremberg region; that the man on my left was, for over a year, without employ; that the woman in front of me was the widow of one of us — not entitled to a pension, because her husband had been killed by the Americans as a so-called “war criminal”; and that the girl, looking so tired, who was sitting upon her suitcase at her side, had been compelled, on account of her health, to give up the job she had as a household maid, and that her illness was the consequence of the cruelties she had undergone at the hands of the Russians, etc. . . . etc. . . . As the girl had finished speaking, a woman of my own age, standing on my right and leaning against the railing of the staircase, gave out calmly — casually; as though she were speaking of someone else —: “I too, have just come out of hospital, where I was since my return, a month ago. Before that, these last eight years, I was a prisoner in Russia. I worked in the mines, in the Urals. I was released without a penny, possessing nothing in the world but the rags I wore, and ill. And yet, I deem myself lucky: thousands of other German women are still there, for how long more? nobody knows.”

An icy sensation ran along my spine as I heard this. And tears filled my eyes, as I looked at the woman. “My Führer’s people,” thought I; “how long more are you to suffer for having fought for us all: for Aryan mankind? And when will Aryan mankind at last understand your sacrifice, and willingly accept your leadership?” I would have expressed my feelings openly, had I not known — from bitter experience¹ — that police informers often hang around such places as “Station Missions” in present-day occupied Germany.

¹ See *Defiance*, edit. 1951, Chapter 2.

The woman had an energetic, I should even say a masterful face — the face of someone who had intensely suffered, but who had stood the ordeal victoriously, and who was now prepared to carry on a new struggle, with the same courage; to win, in course of time, a new victory over Fate, or to accomplish her fate heroically, which is the same. One could not say that she was “pretty.” She had deep wrinkles on each side of her month, and her complexion was not healthy. But her large pale-blue eyes were young — much younger than her face; immortal. They looked straight into life beginning anew for the second or the third time, with confidence in spite of all; nay, with a detached interest in the future. The mouth showed will-power; the forehead intelligence. The expression was serene and strong. I admired this woman, as I had admired Fritz Horn, the martyr of Darmstadt, whom I had met in 1949: as I had admired my beloved comrade Hertha Ehlert, whom I knew to be still in Werl. “*Those people of gold and steel, whom defeat could not dishearten, whom terror and torture could not subdue; whom money could not buy; my comrades, my superiors . . .*” “One of them,” thought I, considering her, and recalling within my heart the words in which I had, myself, described the persecuted élite of Germany in one of my books.¹ “Eight years in hell for having served our ideals faithfully, and now, so full of poise and dignity in the old clothes, too loose for her, that were probably given to her in hospital or in some *Durchgangslager* in which she has spent her first days home; so full of patient, unshakable strength! Could *I* have gone through what she has, and yet remain serene? — I wonder . . .” Once more I realised that every contact of mine with *real* Germany was for me a further lesson of humility.

But the woman was speaking, answering a question that the widow without a pension had put her. “Yes;” she was saying, “I now have a job. I am starting work on Monday morning.” (It was Saturday night.) “A good thing too,” she added: “for I have absolutely no money.”

“What sort of a job? Well paid?” was the next question.

“Hard work, but well paid,” replied the woman. “A kitchen maid’s job in the barracks for American coloured troops.

¹ *Gold in the Furnace*, edit. 1952. (Introduction), p. xv.

Potatoes to peel; plates and dishes to wash. I took what was given to me. One cannot pick and choose, when one is in need. I only pray I remain in good health, and am able to work regularly. In course of time, I shall find a more suitable occupation, and slowly build up a new position for myself, after this long nightmare — a position in which I shall live decently while being useful.”

I ventured to ask her what work she had done during the war. “I had a secretarial job in the *Wehrmacht*,” said she. “It was my line. I had worked in an office before the war.”

The bystanders, who heard this, seemed neither particularly astonished, nor shocked. They had come across so many many such cases! It was the history of the repercussion of defeat upon the individual life of a German — Germany’s own history of these last eight years in a nutshell. They were accustomed to it. And they understood it. They were too thoroughly warrior-like by nature, not to grasp the implications of the merciless words: *Vae Victis!* In the bottom of their hearts, they merely longed for an opportunity to reverse the parts in the endlessly repeated drama: to be themselves (for once!) the people who would enforce the Law of War, not those who have to submit to its dictates. And they waited patiently. I also waited — for the same opportunity. What else could I do? But *I* was shocked; and not patient. *I* was resentful. *I* was bitter. For the millionth time since 1945, I felt that the wheel of history did not revolve fast enough. And I suffered personally at the thought that it did not; at the thought that it still was the turn of my brothers in faith to be the vanquished, the destitute, the persecuted, the enslaved, and not yet the turn of our persecutors. That would no doubt come, one day. And I ardently wished I would be given a chance to play an active part in the revenge. But *now* — in the meantime — I had to put up with the fact that my beloved comrades, the only human beings I love on this earth, were the sufferers, and that I could do nothing about it.

I was so deeply moved that, had we been alone, I would have put my arms around the woman’s neck. Her hands, as unaccustomed as my own to hard work, had toiled under the whip from daybreak to nightfall, all these dreary years, while I

had merely suffered *moral* torture; they were now to wash plates and scrub floors for the Negro Occupation troops, while I would write my impressions about Germany . . . And she was one case among millions. She was the German people forced into a war which neither they nor the Führer had wanted, vanquished, and made to suffer for being the collective exponent of the Führer's Doctrine of health and truth — of our National Socialist wisdom. And at the thought of those countless German lives that have been wrecked, when not destroyed, for the defence of the Aryan values that we uphold, I felt more strongly than ever the new *Mythos* take shape within my consciousness: the *Mythos* of Salvation in *our* sense of the word, i.e., of racial salvation, through Germany's free sacrifice under the inspiration and in the name of Adolf Hitler, the Saviour Who comes back. And once more I realised that, alone my contribution to the creation, spreading and strengthening of such a new *Mythos*, in Western Aryan consciousness, could justify my existence on earth and make good, — if possible — for my past omissions; for my absence from this continent during the glorious years of National Socialist rule.

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Step by step, the “queue” had come down to the tiny narrow room, at the end of which was the reception office. The men and women who stood before me, and she who had worked in the Ural mines, had been taken in one after the other. It was now my turn.

“Would you like, for two marks, a nice comfortable bed, with white bedclothes, in a four bed room, instead of a place in the general dormitory?” asked the woman in charge.

“Gladly,” said I.

I knew the general dormitories of the “Station Missions of other railway stations, if not of this one. They were all the same: upper rows and lower rows of straw mattresses on iron frames, with no bedclothes; light on, all night (or sometimes on and sometimes off, which is even worse); and thirty people in the same one large room, which resembled nothing as much as the “sleeping accommodation” for deck passengers on board the Greek steamers of the Piraeus-Marseilles lines, now as in the

days of my youth. I had slept countless times in such dormitories during my dangerous life in Germany in 1948. But I was now so tired that I wanted a good night's rest. And two marks was cheap, in comparison with four or five, which I would have had to pay in a hotel.

The former prisoner of the Russians was apparently in the general dormitory for half a mark, or even for nothing. "Had she not already been taken in," thought I, "I would have asked them to give her a place in my room and I would have paid for it. She deserves a good night's rest more than I." I hoped, however, to see her on the following day.

On the next morning, in fact, there she was: in the 'queue' waiting to wash at one of the three taps in the toilet room. She recognised me; greeted me. I felt that she liked me. I returned her greeting and, after washing, we both went upstairs and had a bowl of "mook-fook" and a slice of bread — breakfast. "It is for nothing," said my companion, expressing the practical point of view of one for whom every penny counted, nay, of one who actually had not a single penny, as I was soon to learn; — the point of view of the destitute.

A young blond girl of about twenty-two or three, with a pleasant face, sat at our table. We spoke a little. The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia asked me where I had come from, and the girl, how long I had been in Germany, and whether this was my first journey. And she put us both the same question, as our simple breakfast was drawing to its end. "What are we *now* going to do? Going together for a stroll? I am free till ten o'clock."

"I am going to see the town," answered I. "I have come for that. I shall be glad to accompany you, if you want me."

"Of course we want you . . ." said she. "But I cannot understand your coming from Athens, to see this place *now*. There is nothing left to be seen, — except, perhaps, the Castle. *They* have smashed all the rest; and smashed it on purpose: for the pleasure of destroying this loveliest of all German towns — the devils!"

Her sparkling eyes had become hard. But, oh, how I understood her! And how she would, doubtless, understand *me*, thought I. I looked at her earnestly:

“I have come precisely to see what *they* have done, and to feel once more how deeply I hate *them*,” said I. “I have come, also, to see the building in which the infamous Trials took place; to stand as near as I can to the spot where the martyrs of 1946 died for Germany and for the Aryan ideals that Germany embodies, and to call unto the unseen Powers of heaven for that revenge that I have been wanting, awaiting, — preparing, through the magical potency of thought — day and night, for the last eight years!”

The woman who had suffered in Russia spoke of the long-delayed revenge: “It will come anyhow, whether we call for it or not. It will come because there is such a thing as God’s Justice, even if it be slow in manifesting itself. I am convinced that it is so.”

“But *I* want to become Its instrument, be it through the power of thought, if I cannot get a better chance!” shouted I, passionately.

“Right! But there is no need to *say* so in such a loud voice,” whispered the young girl, putting her finger to her lips. She gave me, however, the unmistakable smile of comradeship, and shook hands with me across the table. “I feel as you do,” said she, again in a whisper. “But this is no talk for such a place as this. Let’s go!”

We all three got up, left the room, and went through the station into the street.

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Walking between the two women, I had a first glimpse of what was left of Nuremberg, the old mediaeval walled city, famous for its arts and crafts, its Castle, its churches, its picturesque houses; the modern seat of the recent yearly Party Rallies and (I had been told) . . . the “city of cats” — one of the loveliest of all German towns, if not *the* loveliest, as the girl at my side had just now said. And I felt my heart sink within my breast and tears well up to my eyes as in 1948, during my first journey through ruined Germany.

The whole country was destroyed with calculated savagery. Nuremberg was destroyed with a still more relentless and, if possible, still more systematical savagery: with the fanatical glee and superhuman efficiency of devils mobilised against the

main bastion of the Forces of Light — the mad thoroughness of Anglo-Saxons when, for the love of big business, they give themselves up to devils and become traitors to their own Nordic blood. In 1948, all Germany looked like an excavation field. Now, bit by bit, her wounds are getting healed; in every town, new houses are being built over the ruins; new life is taking shape — present-day life, in which the bitterness of recent years, though never forgotten, is thrust into the background to make place for practical plans of reconstruction and for immediate hopes. But Nuremberg, in spite of all reconstruction efforts, still looks like an excavation field; and speaks of the past, not of the present. Its wounds are still gaping, unhealed — unhealable.

Here and there, of course, buildings have been repaired, or rebuilt. Others *are being* rebuilt (though, half the time, not in the lovely style of old). There are huge iron cranes — and hundreds of labourers — to be seen, feverishly at work, everywhere. But that — even that — does not change the aspect of general and irreparable devastation that the town now has, — any more than the modern living quarters, quickly built in the midst of an excavation field for the use of the surveying archaeologists, alter a ruined site as such.

I could not tell *where* we went. We wandered and wandered and wandered along skeletons of streets; along other streets that were but partly ruined — too ruined to be repaired; not ruined enough for the old loveliness not to be guessed, felt, *lived*, through many a surviving detail of architecture or decoration, and for one not to experience, at every footstep, an outburst of desperate nostalgia, coupled with hatred for the destroyers; — over charmingly picturesque old bridges: the same ones I had so often seen on postcards, before the war, in the irreplaceable setting that centuries had slowly given them. Occasionally, we passed under some beautiful mediaeval archway (a “gate” of the former walled city that had grown out of its walls.) That too stood alone against the charred remnants of its natural setting, or against a line of modern shops built upon them. The real setting, that perfect background of patient collective art in which the German soul of *all* ages used to breathe, has been charred and blasted to pieces by the “Crusaders to Europe” and their gallant allies of the R.A.F.¹ And *one*

¹ The British “Royal Air Force.”

cannot build it again — ever! — any more than one can build old Babylon, old Thebes or old Knossos again. The only difference (for there *is* a difference) is that the nations that once built Babylon, Thebes or Knossos, are dead. While the Nation that built Nuremberg — and paraded but yesterday through its streets under hundreds of Swastika flags hanging from the windows; and asserted, year after year, its will to live, in an immense display of pride and joy in Luitpold Arena and *Zeppelin Wiese*, *is alive*. The people of Nuremberg are part and parcel of that great Nation. And Nuremberg lives — in spite of its gaping wounds; in spite of its half-charred body. It lives, and cries for vengeance.

The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia spoke little. She looked intently all round her. I imagined her thinking, at the sight of the devastated town: “So *that* is what the Western Allies have done to our poor Germany! There is indeed nothing to choose between them and the Russians!” And I could not help expressing what I myself felt: “Look at this!” exclaimed I, pointing to a space in which there was practically *nothing* left but mere foundations of former houses, upon which a row of shops had been hastily set up along a part of the foot path; “look at this! It is the handiwork of those who, *now*, would like Germany to join them in their new ‘Crusade to Europe’ — a ‘crusade’ against Bolshevism, this time! As if Germany had not suffered *this* precisely for being the main, nay, the only fighter against Bolshevism, which *they were*, *then*, helping as much as they could, with arms and ammunitions and repeated declarations of friendship. Join in a new crusade to defend their stinking Democracy, in the name of which *this* was done? Never!

“Right you are!” burst out the young girl, without giving the former prisoner in Russia time to speak; “*I* shall never help these people, for one! It is not only the destruction of our towns that makes me hate them: horrible as it was, this was *during* the war. I hate them even more for the way they treated us *after* the war — and I don’t speak only of the important people, whom they hanged as ‘war criminals’; I speak of each and every one of us (save, of course, of the traitors, whom they pampered and are still pampering, as it is understandable). Take *my* case, for instance. I was fourteen when the disaster came.

I was in the B.D.M.¹ We practically *all* were. And I liked it. I am not ashamed to say so; on the contrary! The loveliest time in my life, I spent it there, learning all sorts of useful things, singing, marching, camping, and living in a healthy atmosphere of comradeship and joy, such as I never knew the like of since. I was well-loved by our chieftain and by all those above me, and, had the Capitulation not put an end to everything, I probably should have been put in charge of a group of little girls, a year or two later. Well, *these people*, caught me as soon as they came in. They did not kill me, admittedly: I was too young to be classified as a ‘war criminal.’ But they made my parents pay a fine of 500 marks for me to be ‘de-Nazified.’ You know what a sum of 500 marks means to a modest workman’s family! We starved, in order to pay it (we were half-starving anyhow, then). But if *they* think they have ‘de-Nazified’ me for all that, they make a mistake. I am a more convinced, more fanatical Nazi than ever, and *nothing* can shake my faith in our Führer and in the Régime. I adore him. And I love it. I find it wonderful. It is my ‘right,’ as an individual to feel that way, isn’t it? And I will not help its enemies against Bolshevism or against anything else. Let them fight their own war — without us!”

“Bolshevism will not fall under any American ‘crusaders,’” put in the woman who had spent eight years in Russia. “The Russians are far too well-prepared for war; better prepared than anyone can imagine. And their military power is growing every day. No; Bolshevism will fall, but not as these people would like it to. It will fall, as a consequence of a national awakening of the Russians themselves, one day. That is, at least, what I am inclined to believe.”

“Why did the Russians fight so vigourously, if they do not really like their régime?” asked I.

“They fought for Russia, not for any régime,” was the answer. “Moreover, they did not know *our* régime in its proper light; I mean, they had no idea at all of its social aspect. They had a glimpse of that only as they themselves first came to Germany, be it under the worst possible conditions, i.e., as invaders.”

We walked a long time. It seemed to me, nay, as though

¹ “*Bund Deutschen Mädchen*,” the girls’ counterpart of the “Hitler Youth.”

we had come back to a place where we had been already, somewhere not far from the station. I had the impression that I recognised an outwardly fairly undamaged church, in front of which we had passed an hour before without stopping. “You are right,” said the two women; “this is Saint Lawrence’s, the first church we saw on our way from the station. Would you like us to go in and have a look at it?”

“Why not?”

We went in. An old man offered to take us around, telling that we were not expected to pay him, but that we could leave whatever money we liked as a contribution to the reconstruction of the church, which had been heavily bombed. We accepted. “I’ll leave a mark for each of us,” said I to the woman who had come from Russia, knowing, as I did, that she was penniless.

I felt sorry for the poor church as I listened to the old man’s tale of awe, and as I saw, at the top of the main vault, and on the walls, the new coating of cement and plaster, sign of the recent extensive repairs. I felt sorry for it because it too was a part of the martyred town. The faith to the glory of which it had been built had, it was true, never been mine. Still I was compelled to take it into account as an aspect of that composite past of Europe, apart from which our present-day Struggle — rebellion against the Jewish values — would have no meaning. It was, moreover, a faith which had, in the days when it was a leading force, stimulated, in men of my race, the creative love of beauty.

“I am glad, so glad to see that the church has been repaired to such an extent,” said I to the old man. “I wish the whole town could be!”

“It is slowly coming to life again,” answered he. “But it will take time. And it will never be like before. This war has caused more irreparable destruction than any other.”

The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia spoke: “Naturally, it will never be like before,” admitted she. “But it is all the same better than what I saw of Nuremberg shortly before the Capitulation. The place was then so utterly smashed, that it looked as though it would never again be fit to live in.”

“Yes, I can imagine *that* — in early 1945! I can well imagine it, although I was not here,” said I. “And I can also imagine,

in the midst of those yet smoking ruins, that mockery of: justice if ever there was one, that shame of the West: the iniquitous Trial, and the hanging of the finest men of Europe; faithful men, who had done their duty to the end; who had obeyed orders as soldiers in war time, as citizens of a Nation fighting for its very existence . . .”

“. . . But unfortunately, as citizens of a Nation that had fallen into the hands of a warmonger and a criminal, and therefore, as willing accomplices of crime,” answered the old man, who was, apparently, a Christian, aware, as few *are* in Germany, of the essentially anti-Christian character of our Hitler faith.

I felt my blood boil with sudden anger. “In the great days,” thought I, “I would have had this fellow immediately put away!” — without at once realising that “in the great days” the fellow would certainly never have aired his views so shamelessly. The young girl at my side pushed me with her elbow so as to say: “For goodness’ sake, don’t speak!” But it was useless. I just *could not* — now, in 1953 — allow such a statement to be made in my presence without protesting.

“What do you mean by ‘a warmonger,’” asked I. “There was only one warmonger in 1939: England, who, out of base commercial envy, was determined to crush Germany and who, therefore, gladly became the tool of the Jews. Lord Halifax himself, — that pious hypocrite — described in public as a ‘success of British diplomacy’ the fact of having forced Germany *into a war that she had never wanted*. And whom do you call ‘a criminal’? What appears ‘criminal’ to you in him who was Germany’s ruler” (I nearly said: “in the Führer”; but I prudently used the word “Herrscher,” which means about the same, but is less glaringly evocative) “and in his régime?”

The two women looked at me, astonished, and perhaps a little uneasy; perhaps fearing that my boldness might land all three of us into trouble, and regretting that they had come out with me, who knows? The man was not only astonished, but positively shocked.

“It is criminal to murder people by the thousand just because they happen to be Jews,” replied he, abruptly.

“It all depends upon one’s scale of values,” retorted I. “You people who believe in ‘the freedom of the individual’ (or pretend

tend to) surely do not expect to force the same scale of values upon everybody, do you?"

Again the young girl at my side — the very one who, when conversing with me, was, herself, so outspoken — pushed me with her elbow so as to tell me: "Enough! Enough! Stop it!"

There was a heavy silence. Our footsteps resounded under the high gothic vault, as we walked out of the empty church. The old man did not speak to me again. It is I who, after leaving two marks in the tray at the exit, summed up my position in a few words before I left: "I respect all faiths inasmuch as I have not the power to eradicate those which I look upon as dangerous," declared I. "But I do not, personally, and never will, share the Christian superstition concerning the so-called 'sanctity' of each and every human life and, consequently, the Christian conception of right and wrong. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

* * *

We came out; walked on in the direction of the Castle.

"I don't like this fellow's impertinence," said I, recalling the guide in the Church, as soon as we were again among ourselves.

"Nor do I," replied my youngest companion; "but what can one do, nowadays? A hundred thousand fellows of that description will jabber — the same old nonsense over and over again: that which they were taught. It is no use calling their attention upon one's self. We cannot convert them any more than they can convert us. They love and want the exact opposite of that which we love and want. And they are now in power. And even such ones as this old fool can be dangerous."

"But I can't let him call our Führer 'a criminal' and say nothing!"

"Our Führer himself would no doubt order you to be prudent, if he could hear you," put in the woman who had come from Russia.

Against the nightmarish background of destroyed Nuremberg — of that Nuremberg that he loved so dearly, and that loved *him* so, — I pictured to myself my adored Leader. "Yes, what would *he* say?" thought I. "Would he really blame me for not being able to hear people insult him without replying?"

And the ever-vivid feeling of inexpiable guilt for not having come to Germany years and years before, rose once more within my heart.

* * *

We reached the famous square: *Marktplatz* — formerly *Adolf Hitler Platz*. I recognised, for having seen them on pictures, the seventeenth-century fountain with its intricate, gilded bronze railing, near the footpath along which we came and, at the opposite end of the square, the quaint and lovely little church: *Frauen Kirche*. Had it not been for these two standing landmarks, I never could have guessed that I was at that particular place, for nothing else is left of it — not a house. The historical landmarks have remained, as though by miracle; the historical setting has completely disappeared; the square is now an uneven expanse of sandy earth, on one side of which (at right angle to the street) can be seen a row of shops built in haste. Behind these, down to the stream and beyond it, gapes a deep depression full of rubble, that iron cranes — then, at rest, for it was a Sunday — are gradually clearing up. On the other side, parallel to the street, the church stands alone against the background of the sky. The picturesque Old houses right and left of it no longer exist.

We visited the church, newly repaired. In Saint Lawrence's at least some of the beautiful stained glass had been put back into its place; in particular, the magnificent *rosace*, in red and blue and ardent violet, was there again. Here, there were ordinary transparent windowpanes, through which the sunshine poured in; there were new benches; new blank walls. And yet, the place bore, like the whole town, in spite of all repairs, the stamp of devastation. I felt depressed.

We went out, walked across the square, had a look at the fountain. Within the ornamental curves of its railing, the two women showed me the famous Ring, mystery of workmanship, of which nobody can understand *how* it has been set in its present place. I left them in a group of people waiting to admire it from close and, if possible, to handle it and make it turn round, and went wandering for a while about the ruined square and along the footpath bordering it . . .

In the glorious days, at the time of the great Party Rallies,

somewhere facing that footpath and the opposite houses, from the upper windows of which then hung beautiful Swastika flags of red silk or velvet, with golden fringe, stood the Führer, dominating from his tribune the whole square behind him, the whole street before him. The square was entirely occupied by rows and rows of people; high officials, foreign delegates, specially honoured guests. From all the houses around it hung those splendid red, white and black flags, bearing the immemorial Sign of the Sun, which is that of the National Socialist faith . . . The crowd was silent. The church bells, that had rung in chorus with those of all the town at the opening of the solemnity, were also silent. Over the bridge and along the street, in the direction of the Castle, — from the Führer's left to his right, — regiments and Party formations came marching by, to the conquering music of the immortal Song, in unbelievable coordination, one after the other, for hours . . . And Adolf Hitler, his right arm outstretched, watched them march. And they saluted him — the living Soul of the new Reich — halting before his tribune as they passed.

I tried to picture to myself that unique display of order, grandeur, power, controlled enthusiasm; that scene of the great Awakening of my race in the West; and I knew I could not. Nobody could, unless he or she had *seen* it, *lived* it, in its tangible reality . . . And again I thought: "Where was *I, then?*" In South India; in Central India; in Lucknow; in Lahore; in Kashmir; in Calcutta — at the time of every Rally, in some different far-away place, — striving to be the bridge between the two halves of the Aryan World; striving to make the path straight for the establishment of the National Socialist World Order; speaking against the false doctrines and the erroneous values that stand in its way; believing myself to be useful — the fool I was! *Oh, why had I not been here?*

I tried to imagine the Führer's proud figure in the attitude of the ritual Salute, against that background of beauty, of strength, of joy; of youth in uniform, of waving flags and glittering helmets and heroic music, within the frame of the lovely old German city, there where I *saw, now*, nothing but desolate earth and a few pitiful new shops and, on the opposite side of the street, a new house or two, and faces full of disillusionment, nostalgia, bitterness or simply boredom; faces weary of that uninteresting post-war world, which is the contrary of all that the

German people had fought for, of all that they wanted, and still want. And the old longing grew in me: “Oh, to set up *that* vision of the modern Saviour of the West as *the one* around which all the scattered forces of Germany, nay, of Western Aryandom, would gather and crystallise! Oh, to preach the unity of the Aryan West — that is nothing else but the Greater Reich of his dreams — in his name, openly, one day . . . !” — But when?

In the meantime, children who were too young to have known the great days and who were taught in school to look upon them as a period of horror, were passing, with their parents who remembered, but dared not speak in this so-called “free” world. How long would all this last? For how long more would there be that ban on all we stand for? . . .

I walked back to the fountain where the two women were waiting for me. The girl was anxious to take leave of me, because it was not far from ten o’clock. “When are you leaving?” she asked me.

“This evening, or tomorrow,” answered I. “I wish I could stay longer, but . . . I am afraid I cannot. I just want to see *Luitpold Arena* and *Zeppelin Wiese*, and also the place of the Trial and, if I can, the place where the Eleven died.”

“In that case, I shall probably not see you again. But I am happy to have met you. And I shall remember you. Good luck to you wherever you go! *Auf Wiedersehen!*”

“*Auf Wiedersehen!*”

* * *

The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia remained with me.

We continued wandering among the remains of Nuremberg, and I kept trying to picture to myself the lovely city in the days of peace, pride and happiness, — before the devils destroyed it. Wherever we saw charred walls, blank spaces, or rows of shops quickly set up out of wood or cheap bricks and cement with or without a plaster coating, I tried to imagine such rows of houses as I had seen on photos or on the attractive tourist posters — “Visit Germany!” — that used to hang against the walls in travelling Offices or in important railway stations, before the war, calling people of the whole world to Adolf Hitler’s beautiful

and prosperous country. I remembered, also, that this bastion of National Socialism was, at the same time, “the city of cats,” and I recalled the picturesque wooden balconies before the windows of the dear old houses (and of many a modern, several-storied tenement building) — the balconies upon which the well-fed, glossy, happy felines, whose owners had no gardens, used to bask in the sunshine. One of the best German National Socialists I know, who happens to be, — like I — at the same time, a cat-lover, had told me about those balconies. And I imagined comfortable, round, furry heads, with silky cars, and green or golden eyes, black-and-white, velvet-black, ginger-coloured or ash-grey, — or bearing the primaeval stripes which make the wild felines invisible in the jungle — looking out between the bars of the wooden railings. Looking out over what? Over the rising of superior humanity: over healthy, handsome young men in brown uniform, parading the streets; over beautiful healthy children, growing in the consciousness of their strength; over young women and girls — more and more of the latter in blue uniform — happy to be the actual or potential mothers of more such children and more such real men; and, now and then, over happy crowds with arms outstretched in enthusiasm at the passing of some procession, above which flags would flutter against the blue sky (always those splendid red flags, bearing in black, on a white disk, the Sign of Life — and Death — in health and glory!). Yes; medieval-looking houses endowed, inside, with all modern commodities; homey cats, creatures of grace and poise; and thousands of young Germans — young, even if they were over fifty, for all Germany was young in the great days — working and speaking, marching and singing to the rhythm of a new life, under Julius Streicher’s immediate administration, under Adolf Hitler’s inspired leadership, in the shadow of the eternal Swastika; *that* had been Nuremberg — my own very dream, visible and tangible; materialised on this earth, for years . . . until the devils had destroyed it. How often had I not seen pictures of it on the “Visit Germany” posters! For the millionth time I wondered why I had always put off my return to Europe (as though there had been no need to hurry) and never seen that thing of glory that was a Party Rally in that extraordinary setting.

We saw the Saint Sebaldus church: a ruin, that German

skill, patience and will-power would bring to life again, one day — no one could yet say when. We saw the house in which the painter Albrecht Dürer (who, like all exceedingly great artists, was also a sage) has lived and meditated, and created. Like the *Frauen Kirche* on *Adolf Hitler Platz*, it has escaped destruction as though it were by miracle. The whole neighbourhood is a series of pits full of rubble, between a growing number of entirely new houses. I thought of the mysterious, impersonal Power that had kept just that single old one standing in the midst of streams of fire. And I shuddered with a sort of religious awe . . .

On the doorstep of a half-ruined but still inhabited home, I noticed a well-fed, well-kept yellow cat — the first one I saw in Nuremberg. Another one, a black and white one, also in good condition, lay a few steps further. I halted, shut my hand, and held it out to the nearest one. The feline gazed at me with understanding, got up, and rubbed its glossy head against my fist, purring. I stroked it, picked it up, held it for a while in my arms. “My velvet, my silk, my yellow stripes, my purring fur!” said I, continuing to stroke it. It purred louder. I remembered the expression: “city of cats . . .” The lovely creature seemed to tell me: “Had you only come before . . . years ago! You would have seen plenty of us. Now *they* have wrought destruction on us also. It is too late . . .” Again tears came to my eyes.

I put down the cat and caught up my companion, who had slowly walked on, and was now looking at Albrecht Dürer’s statue in the middle of a small square. I too gazed at it in silence. It is a good statue; less evocative however — perhaps, — than the mere *atmosphere* of the old house.

There was a long pause, both my companion and I being absorbed in our thoughts. Then, suddenly, after having made a move and walked a few steps with her.

“Could you not take me to *Zeppelin Wiese*, and Luitpold Arena.” said I; “it is getting late. And I also want to see the place of martyrdom; you know what I mean: the place where the Eleven were killed on the 16th of October 1946.”

“*Zeppelin Wiese* and *Luitpold Arena* are far away — outside the town — and it looks as though it is going to rain, and I have no umbrella, nor have you,” replied she, pointing to the clouds

that had appeared in the sky. "But I shall take you to the other place. I only wanted us first to see the Castle. We are actually on the hill at the top of which it stands. Don't you wish to see it? Kaiser Barbarossa's castle?"

"Of course I do!" answered I without hesitation. "Only I was not aware that we had come back to the Rock after our wanderings. I did not know it was so near. Yes, let us go up!"

In a flash, I recalled the great Hohenstaufen Emperor, Friedrich Barbarossa, who took part in the Third Crusade with Richard the Lionhearted, king of England, and Philip-Augustus, king of France, and who died in the far-away East but who — it is said — "will come back."

We went up and up, through old, narrow streets, clean, and still picturesque, still lovely, although many of them were half ruined. We reached the entrance of the Castle: the massive doorway, leading into a square courtyard, where a guide was now explaining something of the history and architectural features of the building to a few American tourists, before taking the latter upstairs. My companion, who had seen the Castle before, did not feel like seeing it again; she merely wanted *me* to see it. She sat in the office room, by the door, as she was tired, while the other appointed guide — an elderly man — took charge of me.

I followed the latter upstairs, into one hall and then into the other, half-listening to the detailed story of the Castle, which he was repeating to me after having told it a thousand times to other visitors, always in the same monotonous, tired voice, as though he were reciting a lesson. For a while, my eyes rested upon the portrait pictures of kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, that were to be seen hanging against high, whitewashed walls, and upon the armours of different types and different periods, that stood in a row, on each side of a special hall. But all the time *I felt* the presence of the ruined town at the foot of the rock on which the Castle is built. And whenever I could have a look at it though a window, I did. Even from a distance, one could see that it was ruined.

We reached the beautiful Double Chapel: two austere vaulted halls, one above the other, with little ornamentation, but of the very best style: stone pillars, with finely sculptured capitals — all different — and a sculptured stone altar. Here the

knights of old attended mass, and prayed for the success of their arms. Leaning over the railing of the higher Chapel, I stood just opposite the altar. There reigned an unearthly silence; a timeless silence — in which footsteps resounded strangely upon the cold stone pavement. Then the old guide spoke again, in his same monotonous, tired voice. For some reason, in this particular corner of the Castle, full of echoes, his voice took on a ghostly solemnity; sounded as though it too came from another world: “In 1188, here also stood and prayed Kaiser Friedrich Barbarossa, who was soon to lead the German knights to the East, and never to return,” that voice was saying. “You know the story, don’t you? He was drowned in a river of Asia Minor. But his people would not believe that he was dead. They related that he had retired with his paladins to a mountain fastness, but that one day, when the people need him, he would come back to lead them to glory once more. We needed him many times since the Twelfth Century. But he never came. And we are still waiting . . .”

I shivered, for the staggering Truth — the Truth behind the eternal Myth of salvation — had again all of a sudden dawned upon me.

“Are you so sure that *He* never came back?” asked I, enigmatically. “Would you have recognised *Him*, — the good Leader of all times, and Germany’s real Saviour; the natural Ruler of the ruling Race — had you seen *Him*? And if you see *Him* return, next year or the year after, or in five years’ time, will you recognise *Him* in *His* modern garb?”

“What do you mean?” exclaimed the old guide. Should I understand that you are alluding to . . . someone . . . of our times? Or are you speaking symbolically, without referring to any precise person?”

I did not want a discussion. I felt, somehow, that this was not the place for one. And I nearly repented for having spoken so openly. I answered evasively:

“Never mind what I said. Take it as you like. One can always give more than one meaning to poetical legends, can one not?”

But in reality, I had thought and was still thinking of our Führer.

I remained for a while leaning over the railing — as a

mediaeval lady . . . — to ponder over the old legend of the immortal Leader Who comes back. And the holy words of the Bhagavad-Gita — the oldest surviving Aryan Book of integral Wisdom — came to my memory, here, in the Chapel of the Caste, in the midst of ruined Nuremberg, as a few days previously in Braunau am Inn, before the house where Adolf Hitler was born: “When righteousness is crushed, when evil rules supreme, I *come*; age after age, I take birth again and again, to save the world.”¹

At that moment, from a church somewhere in the town below, the sound of bells reached me. There are few things as nostalgic and as lovely as the music of bells. I vividly remembered myself listening to such music, with a strange awareness of fatefulness, for a long time, in my native town, on the eve of my departure to India, over twenty years before . . . Oh, why had I gone, *then*? Why *had I had to go* — and miss all direct contact with the Third Reich at the height of its splendour? Had it been thus ordained by the unseen Forces who rule every destiny, so that I might learn, there, to link the old German legend — expression of an everlasting collective yearning — with the immemorial Essence of Aryan truth; the Message of Him Who comes back? so that I might, *now*, after Germany’s temporary collapse, give National Socialism — *her* National Socialism — that stupendous more-than-political interpretation that few of its German exponents themselves dared to give it, hailing it as the Western equivalent of the old, old Wisdom of the fair, Sanskrit-speaking invaders of India, and bridging the gap between the two halves of Aryandom in Adolf Hitler’s sacred name? So that I might understand and proclaim Germany’s mission, in the light of cosmic Truth, as no one else — no foreigner, at least, — had done before? Oh, if *that* were the hidden reason, — the *real* reason, which I myself did not know — of my departure, to the nostalgic sound of bells, (thought I, with tears in my eyes,) it was worthwhile! I had not seen my beloved Führer, — ever; not seen the magnificent Party Rallies; not seen the Third Reich in its greatness. But even that enormous price was not too high, if I had paid it in order to become fit to do that which I alone could do for the triumph of our National Socialist truth forever: for the double domination

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 7 and 8.

of the Greater German Reich: over the earth *and* over Aryan consciousness, forever!

The guide, seeing that I wanted to be alone for a while, had left me. The voice of the bells continued to speak to me, from the heart of martyred Nuremberg — to me, who had not heard the joyous chorus of bells from all the churches of the city, at the opening of the old Party Rallies, in the great days. “Performance of that action which is duty, for duty’s sake alone; *renunciation of the fruits of action*, in the words of the old old Book; is also the rule of our Struggle for the assertion of the Aryan values. See, have we not renounced immediate victory, nay, our very existence, in that holy Struggle?” said the Voice of Streicher’s city, — the Voice of Adolf Hitler’s Germany; also of Friedrich Barbarossa’s Germany and of Hermann’s, still long before; the Voice of Germany of all times; the living expression of the indestructible warlike Aryan Wisdom in the West.

So near, and yet distant, detached, aetherial, the Song of bronze seemed to foreshadow, beyond the disillusionment and bitterness and powerlessness of the present day, — beyond the heroic renunciation of rapid and easy success — the joy of the return of the eternal Führer *Who comes back, age after age . . .*

Reluctantly tearing myself away from the Chapel in which the great Hohenstaufen Emperor had prayed, I joined the guide in the adjacent hall, and followed him back to the entrance of the Castle, to the music of the far-away bells.

* * *

The other guide, who had long finished lecturing to his Americans, was standing at the door of the room where I had left my companion. He was much younger than the one who had taken me round, — younger than myself, in fact, — and had a beautiful energetic face; “the face of one of us,” thought I. My companion and I remained alone with him, as a new hatch of Americans (soldiers in uniform, this time) came in, and my former guide offered them his services.

The young man probably noticed that I was profoundly moved; perhaps, also, was I sympathetic to him as he was to me. He spoke to me. “Liked the Castle?” he asked me, as a matter of introduction.

“Surely!” replied I. “All those fortresses of the Age of

Chivalry appeal to me. They appeal to me apart from their architecture, because they belong to that age which had a faith (never mind if it was or not the one *I* have) and which was earnest, and believed in honour and loyalty, and in force put to the service of truth, as only the persecuted minority does nowadays.”

The man’s stern eyes looked scrutinisingly into mine. “Whom do you call, with such wholehearted admiration, ‘the persecuted minority’?” asked he.

“Those who suffered torture (and, in thousands of cases, death) not for the sake of an illusion, but for that of the unshakable Truth of all times in its present-day expression, and who would go through another eight years’ hell rather than deny their faith, that is also mine: faith in higher mankind, and in Germany as the herald and leader of higher mankind’s awakening; those whom the world hates, because they are free even behind bars and strong, even if their bodies be torn and broken — unvanquished, even if this war they fought be lost; those who are *‘faithful when all become unfaithful,’*” answered I from the bottom of my heart, daring at last to quote the first words of the Song of the S.S. men. “*Them* I proclaim fit to rule the earth!”

The man drew me apart into a corner of the courtyard, gave me the reassuring smile of comradeship, stretched out his hand to me and said, holding my hand in his: “Your admiration touches me. I am an S.S. man, faithful to my oath. And you? . . . You look South European . . . But no foreigner ever spoke as you do. Who are you?”

“A South European indeed — partly at least,” replied I. “But an Aryan first and last; an Aryan who has hailed in Adolf Hitler’s new Germany the natural leader of Pan-Aryandom.”

“I know you mean what you say,” said the man. “And I am glad to have met you.”

He gave me his name and address. I gave him an address where he could reach me.

“Are you living in Germany?” asked he.

“I shall be, — if I possibly can...” answered I.

And we parted. The former S.S. man took a further boisterous

and showy batch of American tourists into the old Castle.

The woman who had been a prisoner in Russia was standing at the gate, waiting for me. I followed her down the half-ruined streets to a crossing that I did not recognise, although we had, she said, passed there before, sometime in the morning. From there a tramway car took us, along *Fürtherstrasse*, to the Palace of justice: the building in which the greatest infamy in world history — the series of Nuremberg Trials, in 1945, 1946, 1947 — has taken place; and near the prison walls behind which the Eleven have won forever the martyrs' glory.

* * *

This succession of three-storied gabled buildings, of elegant and sober architecture, is one of the few large monuments of old Nuremberg that have survived the ordeal of the Allied air raids. It occupies (along with the ground, planted with beautiful trees, and the lawns, that stretch before it) the whole space limited by the broad *Fürtherstrasse* and two side streets running at right angles to it.

I slowly paced the footpath, along the iron railing limiting the green and shady ground. The gates were shut, so we could not go in. At one of the closed entrances, a notice attracted my attention: "Visiting hours from 8 to 12." "I have come too late, — too late, as always," thought I. "I should have come straight from the Station, instead of visiting those churches. But the harm was not irreparable. I would stay another night at the Station Mission, and come the next day and see the hall in which the sinister Trial had been staged . . . (Anyhow, it was Sunday; and who knows whether visitors were at all allowed, even "from 8 to 12"?) And if, for some reason, I were not left in on the next day, well, *sometime* . . . — when the Day of revenge would dawn — I would see the hall in any case. See it . . . and . . . — perhaps, who knows? . . . — be given the pleasure of impeaching our persecutors before the whole world, within those very walls within which *they* have conducted their long-drawn proceedings of hatred, hypocrisy and lies.

In the meantime, I paced the footpath, my eyes fixed upon the stately series of buildings, while the woman who had come

from Russia walked in silence at my side. I recalled in my mind those spectacular proceedings, and the comments of the newspapers of the time (that people had *told* me; for I never used to read them) and the worldwide campaign of slander that was then carried on to buttress the whole shameful show. I recalled my own life during the great infamy: my bitter quarrels over it, in India, with ill-informed or stupid people, or people actually hostile to our faith; and the even more detestable spirit I already had to face upon the steamer that carried me from Bombay to Southampton; and my arrival in London, only to see, somewhere in Oxford Street, in enormous black letters against a white background, the announcement of an exhibition “Nazi atrocities; entrance: one shilling six pence”; only to hear, wherever I went, — in milk bars and “express dairies”; in railway station waiting rooms, in people’s houses, — the wireless, barking at me its insults against all I loved; its information about the Trial, then going on; about further arrests of prominent National Socialists and further dismantling of German factories; its praise of the Morgenthau Plan and, more enraging than all the rest, its pious and patronising exhortations of naive clergymen for Germany’s “return to Christian feelings”; only to see, against the walls in the “tube” (the underground electric railway) that masterpiece of anti-Nazi hypocrisy: picture posters of Christ, with one hand nailed upon the cross and the other . . . blessing little boys and girls, under which one read the words: “Have pity upon the starving German children!” I remembered myself standing before one of those pictures — an insult both to us *and* to the Galilean Prophet (who was, at any rate, *sincere*, and cannot be held responsible for Paul of Tarsus’ caricature of his unworldly teaching) and feeling dumbfounded before the depth of inconsistency of the designer who had conceived it, and the depth of stupidity of the Bible-ridden masses it was intended to impress. (Could the latter not understand that *they* and their hatred and the R.A.F. bombers were at the root of the German children’s distress?)

I remembered the night I had spent at Mrs. Ponworth’s boarding house, 37 Wood Street — or was it Wood Lane? — Highgate, London; an international place, if ever there was one, which someone had recommended to me, naively presuming

that, “being a foreigner,” I could but like the atmosphere. And I recalled the supper table at which I had sat, right opposite a most objectionable Jewess, while an Indian sat at my side and a Negro between him and her. The English people present, hardly better than her, (and anyhow less justified than her in their hatred of us and of all we stand for) all listened with loud exclamations of horror to what the Israelite had to say about the treatment of her racial brothers in Germany and loudly shared her conception of “justice.” She and they — the whole brawling table, with two or three exceptions, — agreed with the principles that were supposed to justify the Nuremberg Trial. They merely found the Trial was lasting too long. The Indian was silent — perhaps not interested in European affairs; perhaps holding different views and not daring to speak. And I — I, the only Nazi in the place, as far as I can tell, — also said nothing; *could* say nothing, although I was boiling with indignation and hatred. I had come from India in order to secure myself, somehow or another, a military permit for Occupied Germany. At all cost, I had to remain unnoticed. But nothing was more against my nature, and therefore more painful to me, than that forced silence. Then, something unexpected, — something extraordinary — happened. As the Jewess and the slaves of Jewry had finished insulting our Führer and those about to die for Germany and for him and for the Aryan race, the Negro raised his voice. “I am a Christian,” said he simply. “I don’t understand politics, but I know one thing: Jesus, my Master, told all those who love him to love their enemies and not to judge any man. Such is his will. You English people also call yourselves Christians. In that case you should neither speak nor act as you do. God alone will judge those men whom you call ‘war criminals,’ as He will judge us all. *Your* business is to forgive them, if you think they have harmed you; to forgive them, and set them free. This Nuremberg Trial is a monstrous act of hypocrisy, and a shame upon Europe, America and Russia; and a shame upon all Christians who do not protest against it!”

This was so irreproachably logical in its naivety, that the brawlers did not know what to say. There was an uncomfortable silence, — the silence of the ashamed. Alone the Jewess laughed loudly and, turning to the Negro:

“*That* is the most comical thing I have ever heard,” exclaimed

she. “Defending Nazis in the name of Christianity! But *they* don’t believe in your Jesus, my fellow! They believe in Hitler. And would he be the first ones to laugh, if they could hear you . . .”

But the simpleminded African was not to be disheartened. “That may be,” replied he. “But *I* believe in Jesus. And the judges who are sitting there, in Nuremberg, say they do too. Every man should do what *his* own Master tells him. The Nazis are right inasmuch as they treat others as Hitler wants them to. But we are wrong if we do not treat them as Jesus, — *our* Master — wants *us* to. And *he* said: ‘Love thine enemies, and do good to those who hate thee.’”

“Honestly, you are the end!” burst out the Jewess. And she added ironically: “You should ask to be sent to Nuremberg and take the place of the war criminals’ lawyer!”

For the first time as far as I can remember, — and perhaps also for the last — I had felt, in spite of myself, on that occasion, a meed of sympathy for the Galilean’s teaching, I, the proud Aryan Heathen, who had fought it so bitterly all my life. I had at least thought, in a flash: “Gosh, I had never realised that the old superstition could be put to such good use!,” this being the highest tribute I can pay to a teaching which is the denial of our Führer’s.

I now remembered that eloquent episode, in all its vividness. I also recalled the state of Germany in 1948, and imagined what it must have looked like two years before. And against that nightmarish background of ruins and despair and relentless, unheard-of persecution, I imagined *them*, — our Führer’s closest collaborators; his fighters of the early days; along with him, makers of the Third Reich and founders of the New Age; my superiors — I imagined them cross a hall packed with people, — somewhere, in one of those buildings right in front of me, — and stand one after the other before their judges and before the whole world and before history, their heads high, and declare: “I plead innocent!” I imagined, among others, Hermann Göring speaking for the last time before that hostile crowd — judges, public prosecutors, interpreters, secretaries, typists, official “observers,” private onlookers — as calmly and convincingly and inspiringly as though he had been addressing the *Reichstag* of a victorious Germany. And one after the other, the

firm and fearless voices drowned the worldwide din of base calumny and mad hate. And Göring's voice — thought I — will still impeach and condemn our persecutors in five thousand years to come . . .

Standing in front of the "Palace of Justice," now, after seven years, and recalling all this, I shuddered from top to toe.

The woman who had returned from Russia was, for a long while, silent and motionless at my side, doubtless thinking also of our martyrs. At last she turned to me. "Come," said she; "I shall show you the wall behind which *they* died."

We followed a street that runs along one side of the outer enclosure. The prison is behind the last block of buildings. The walls that surround it seem to prolong those bordering the Tribunal premises. We walked up to a place from which one could distinguish the roof and upper story of it. The woman who had come from Russia halted, and, stretching out her hand, said:

"It was here, somewhere behind this wall, in the *Turnhalle* — the gymnastic hall — of the prison, I was told . . ."

Once more, I shuddered. A cold sensation ran along my spine and throughout my body. And I had the strange impression that a power — a nervous flux — was released from the top of my head, (an experience that was not new to me, although I had but seldom had it in my life). I felt in direct touch with almighty Forces which I did not know and could not control, yet, which I did not fear — on the contrary; which I was glad to feel so near; at hand. I thought intensely of the Eleven — and of those (also sentenced by this Court of shame) who are still in Spandau, after all these years; and of all those who died or suffered, and are still suffering for their faith in our Führer, at the hands of our persecutors.

And my mind rushed back to Him-and-Her — to Her, Energy of the Lord of the cosmic Dance, inseparable from Him, — Whom I had thanked with offerings of rice and sugar and fruits, and bright red *jaba* garlands, for Germany's victories, *then*, in glorious 1940, in Indian temples far away; and Whom I had implored in the depth of disaster, and over and over again, at the sight of the ruins of the martyred Land. Above the place where the gallows had been set up, nearly seven years before, I felt the presence of the double Avenger; I saw, with the inner eye,

the curved Sword of the Dark Blue Goddess — of the unfailing Killer — shining in the darkening sky: the one Sign of hope that had kept me alive during the nightmarish years, immediately after the war. And once more I prayed: “On the dismal day these men were hanged, I have asked Thee a million of our enemies’ lives for every one of theirs’ and a hundred thousand for every one of our other martyrs. Don’t forget, Essence of the Rhythm of Action and Reaction without beginning nor end; Mother of Destruction, Whom India honours with gifts of innocent blood, on moonless nights! And if this is not asking too much, make *me* an instrument of revenge!”

I remembered myself standing under the rain, on the evening of the ghastly Day — the 16th of October 1946 — and my friend Elwyn W., the finest Englishman I know — first an Aryan, and then an Englishman, — walking up to me, and there, at the corner of Great Russell Street and Museum Street, lifting his right arm and saluting me openly, fearlessly: “Heil Hitler!” and then, as I had repeated the gesture and uttered in my turn the holy Words, pointing to me the buildings around us and, beyond them, London — immense London, of which one could see so little, but which one guessed, — felt — stretching in all directions, over miles and miles — and telling me: “See: in twenty years’ time, nothing will be left of all this! And that will be England’s wages for the crime committed this morning: the darkest crime in European history . . .” Not words of consolation, no, but words of revenge: the only words that could, then, in spite of all, rouse in me a feeling of elation. It had been the best sign of sympathy he could give the in that dark hour, and I had gazed at him as though he had promised me the world.

And I remembered myself answering: “May you be right! Fire and brimstone upon those who, today, hanged our martyrs! And *who* hanged them? All those who were pleased that the war ended as it did; all those who call that end a ‘victory.’ They are *all* responsible. May they all suffer — and all perish!”

Now, before the sinister wall, I recalled that conversation.

“They have not had Hermann Göring, at least,” said I

to the woman at my side. “Nor did they have Dr. Goebbels, nor Himmler, nor Ley . . .”

But among the Eleven, I was thinking of Julius Streicher more than of any other, not merely because of the exceptional beauty of his death after untold torture and humiliation, but because he was a man of Nuremberg, nay, *the* man who had “given Nuremberg to the Party,” as the Führer himself had said, and also, perhaps, because the particularly wild hatred of this ugly, Jew-ridden world has entitled him to special reverence on the part of Adolf Hitler’s true disciples. I mentioned him to my companion. “Poor Streicher! so uncompromising and selfless! I have always admired him whatever faults people may have found in him (it is so easy to discover others’ faults!). May he, and may they all be avenged a million-fold!” And I could not help relating the atrocity — the one among many inflicted upon him — the description of which I had read long before, in Montgomery Belgion’s book *Epitaph on Nuremberg*, published in London in 1947.

“As he lay in his cell, his tortured body in pain from head to heel, his throat parched with thirst,” said I, as we slowly walked away from the prison wall; “and as he begged his tormenters to give him a little water, they, — mostly Jews, — all spat in a basin and, holding him down, so that he could not move, forced open his mouth with crooks and poured the disgusting liquid into it, laughing and grinning and telling him jeeringly that, if the beverage was not to his taste, he could go and drink the contents of . . . the lavatory! Not only cruel, but mean, dirty, typically Jewish, such was the revenge of our persecutors; of those who ‘believe in humanity,’ and who sentenced the men of the Third Reich for believing only in Greater Germany. When the Day comes, *our* revenge will be different: terrible (at least I hope) but warrior-like . . .”

“You are right.” replied the woman who had come from Russia. “And many more horrors were committed. The persecution of National Socialist Germany is the one point on which Americans and Russians agreed from the beginning — and agree to this day. Take the case of the surviving victims of the Nuremberg Trial, in Spandau: everything has been invented by the representatives of the *four* victorious nations

(not only of one or two) in order to make their lives an uninterrupted moral torment, when not also a physical one, after all these years. And you know with what calculated cruelty the martyrs of the 16th of October were hanged. One only has to see the photographs of their dead bodies, in order to realise it. I saw them; was shown them a few days ago. And after what *months* of moral and physical agony, have they undergone that awful death! No treatment is bad enough for those who could perform such horrors *in the name of justice*. They will get their reward from God Himself, for no sin ever remains without its wages, no action without its consequences. And yet, we have to pretend to forget, so that we might be able to raise our heads once more with the financial help of the U.S.A.”

“It matters little, as long as we only *pretend*,” said I.

“Of course, we pretend,” answered the woman. “We act up to the part we have to play: the part that defeat has now imposed upon us. But in order to play his part perfectly, an actor has sometimes *actually* to forget — for the time being — that he is on the stage; that he is *acting*. What if we, what if some of us, at least, also have actually to forget all that they and their comrades suffered . . .”

“Never!” exclaimed I, interrupting her vehemently.

The woman who had spent eight years as a slave labourer in the Ural mines, fixed upon me her large eyes and replied calmly: “You say: ‘Never’! . . . and yet . . . If it were in the interest of the Reich, would you not, then, at least *try* to put yourself under the best possible conditions to act with a clear mind, in accordance with the sole necessities of now and of tomorrow, that is to say: *efficiently*?”

I thought of all she had gone through, while *I* had, in relative comfort (in absence of pain, at any rate) cultivated my hatred of the Anti-Nazi forces and of their agents. And I admired her serenity . . . “Perform without attachment that action which is duty, desiring nothing but the welfare of Creation...”¹ The words of the eternal Book — the Bhagavad-Gita — came back to me. “The welfare of Creation and the interest of the Reich are ultimately the same,” reflected I. “This woman is nearer than I to the Essence of Aryan wisdom: nearer to it by

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, III, verses 19 and 25.

nature, because she has in her blood the whole military tradition of the most Aryan of all Aryan nations; the sense of inner as well as outward discipline; the cult of efficiency . . .” And I felt small. The confidence that she showed in my loyalty to Germany, — the way she spoke to me as though I had, in fact, been a German, — helped me, however, to raise myself above all forms of weakness, be it the most deceitful ones, i.e., those that look like signs of strength.

“You are right,” said I, answering her question in a low voice. “I would indeed, if that were the case; if those who know better than I believed that it was. The interest of the German Reich comes before everything.”

And as I just had, from the bottom of my heart, uttered these words, I thought in a flash: “*His Reich; his Germany . . .* I am prepared to do anything in its interest *because it is his...* while *she* doubtless loves and reveres *him* — Adolf Hitler — because he is the greatest of all Germans. It may look different; it may be different, philosophically speaking. *Practically*, it boils down exactly to the same: selfless devotion put to the service of the Great German Reich.”

* * *

I had not the slightest desire to eat or drink. Had I been alone, I would have at once gone to Luitpold Arena and *Zeppelin Wiese* — the immense areas outside the town where the Party Rallies used to take place. It was visible that the weather was not going to remain fine, and that I had no time to lose. But I thought of my companion: recently come out of a hard labour camp in the Urals; ill; destitute; wearing nothing but a thin summer jacket over her cotton dress; perhaps tired and surely hungry, although too considerate to say so; and having suffered all she had — cold, starvation, ill-treatments, and eight years of dreary, unpaid labour under the whip — for the sake of my ideals . . . I had no right to go and see the places where those ideals had solemnly been proclaimed, leaving her to return alone to the Station Mission, now that she had taken me where I had wanted. And it looked also as if she enjoyed my company. (*Any* company, in fact, — I suppose — is enjoyable, after eight long years spent in the Ural mines.) And she seemed “in order” all right.

“Let us go in and have something to eat,” said I, crossing the road at the sight of the first *Gastwirtschaft* I noticed.

“I have not a penny,” was the answer of the woman who had come from Russia.

The words brought tears into my eyes. I knew what it feels like to wish to walk into a shop and buy a bun or a piece of chocolate, and to stay out because one has “not a penny.” “Come,” said I; “you have suffered for all that we love. You are my comrade and my guest. I am only sorry I am not myself in a position to take you to a better restaurant than this one. Still, I hope we shall be comfortable here.”

“I thank you!” uttered she, her large blue eyes gazing at me.

“I thank *you*,” replied I. “You have defended *me* — the Aryan world. I can never do enough for your, or, in fact, for any German.”

We sat in a cosy corner. She ordered herself a portion of vegetable stew and a piece of boiled sausage. I ordered some lettuce salad, bread and butter and a cup of coffee for each of us. Boiled potatoes were brought to us as a matter of course, — as always in Germany — without us having to order them. And we talked . . . about our lives, about our faith, about present-day occupied Germany and the possibilities of tomorrow; the chances of peace and war; the Jewish question. The woman who had come from Russia was far from being as radical as I (and once more the fact struck me, that it is not always, — not *necessarily* — the most radical among His who suffered the most for the common Cause) but she — even she — admitted that destruction would be better than the indefinite extension of such “peace and freedom” as we now enjoy in the so-called “free” world, and that the Jews must be, sooner or later, made to leave Europe. (Personally, I would prefer that they be made to, leave the planet.) We talked for a long time, drinking further cups of coffee. It was about four o’clock when we left the place. It had rained. April showers. But the Sun was once more shining through the clouds. We took a tramway back to the Station. My companion wished to rest. I bade her farewell, and after asking the woman in charge of the Station Mission my way to Luitpold Arena, I walked out into

the street once more, and turned first to my right and then to my left, as I had been told.

* * *

“Follow *Allersbergerstrasse* until you get to the S.S. barracks, and then, turn again to your left . . .” I remembered the words as I walked along the dreary street, after having gone through the passage under the railway. The woman had mentioned “the S.S. barracks” as a matter of course; as though we had still been in the great days; she had not taken the trouble to say “the *former* S.S. barracks.” Were her words and attitude unconsciously prophetic? Would time soon mingle with time — the recent great days with the rising future — as water with water, effacing all trace of these present nightmarish years as that of a useless, powerless sword-thrust into the sea? Was one really, soon, to speak of S. S. men and of their barracks as though nothing had interrupted the course of the glorious new life that they represented and defended? “Oh,” thought I, ardently, as I already, in the distance, caught sight of the great modern blocks of dark red brick; against the bright background of the sky, from which the clouds had suddenly disappeared; “oh, how I do wish it were so! “ And all the hope, — the hope against all “normal” material possibilities; the faith in the everlasting German miracle, — that had sustained me ever since I had actually come to Germany and *met* members of the real National Socialist élite, filled me once more. And warlike music, and old songs of revenge and of conquest rang within my heart, as I hastened my footsteps.

I finally reached the red brick buildings, turned to my left into *Wodanstrasse* and, after a few minutes’ walk, came to a public park: trees, and emerald-green lawns, and benches on the side of neatly kept alleys running through the latter. An elderly woman was sitting alone on a bench. I asked her whether she could not tell me where Luitpold Arena was. “I know it is not far from here; but in what direction should I go?” enquired I.

The woman considered me with curiosity. “Luitpold Arena,” repeated she, slowly and thoughtfully. “Why do you wish to see the place? There is nothing for you to see there, but a few disjointed stones . . .”

“There is the earth, and there is the air,” replied I. And, so as to counteract the effect that these spontaneous words might have produced, I added cautiously: “It is . . . a historic place. And I am a foreigner visiting the town . . .”

“It is the place where our passionately beloved. Führer so often spoke,” stressed the woman, whether speaking sincerely or trying to find out who I was, I could not yet tell.

“I know,” interrupted I.

“But you surely do not love him, if you are, as you say, a foreigner. Foreigners hate him . . .”

This was more than I could bear. I experienced sudden anger at the idea of being — again! — taken for the contrary of what I am, merely on account of my nationality. I forgot I was not in a free land.

“*I adore him,*” retorted I, with vehemence. “I adore him, and fought on his side, and Germany’s. I am not a sheep that bleats in chorus with the rest of the contemptible herd. I look upon Adolf Hitler as the Saviour and Leader of all Aryans worthy of their race. Is that clear?”

The woman was forced to acknowledge that I was speaking the truth. She gazed at me with astonishment, admittedly, but got up and said: “Come, I shall take you myself to the tribune from which ‘he’ used to address the multitude . . .”

We walked between the fresh green lawns full of daisies. I soon caught sight of the remnants of a long structure, built of massive blocks of stone, that stretched on our left, at right angles to the road. Grass and bushes half hid the entrance of an underground staircase. On our right began an immense crescent. Three successive flights of four enormous stone steps ran the whole length of it, dominated, in the centre, by regular rows of stone seats like those in a Greek or Roman theatre. Grass and bushes were growing between the disjointed blocks, upon the terraces that divided the monumental construction horizontally, into three parts: the gigantic eagles, at each extremity of it, had disappeared, while, half-ruined, but still recognisable, right in the middle of it, — on the side of the beautiful broad pavement that had, no sooner we had reached the crescent, taken the place of the former sandy alley, — appeared the Tribune. Stairs half-buried under rubble led to it from either side. And, exactly opposite, beyond the vast grassy space that

the crescent half-embraces, — the space where the S.A. and S.S. men once used to stand, in thick, regular formations — I recognised the Memorial to the dead of the First World War, with its nine arches. That, thank goodness, looked intact! That, at least, thought I, even the bitterest enemies of National Socialism had respected. Before me, limiting the horizon, — between the green landscape beyond the memorial and the green landscape beyond the end of the stone crescent — rose the proud structure of the *Kongress Halle*, another (but unfinished) building of the great days, that looked as though it had been spared.

The woman at my side pointed to the Tribune before which we now halted, and said: “It is from here that ‘he’ used to speak.” And the simple words sent a shudder through my body and brought tears into my eyes.

I was silent — overwhelmed by the atmosphere of utter desolation that pervades the whole place, even though the stately war-memorial and the *Kongress Halle* be still standing; crushed by the bitter, tragic, persistently torturing awareness of the irreversibility of Time: by that “Too late!” feeling which is the very essence of hell.

I pictured to myself the Tribune as it once had been; as I had seen it on photos of the days of glory: bearing in its midst, *en relief*, the holy Swastika, the Wheel of the Sun. I pictured to myself our Führer standing at this Tribune, over that immense expanse, that vast stone area (as it was, *then*.) covered with no end of orderly formations of men in uniform — thousands of them, bearing hundreds of standards — and surrounded by an even more numerous crowd of enthusiastic people pressed upon the stone seats of the great semi-circle. I imagined his voice, which the microphone amplified, filling the whole space; the roar of applause, divine and irresistible like the roar of the sea — *Vox populi, vox Dei*, — that answered at intervals the most impressive of his immortal sentences: “Sieg! Heil!”: the cry of the awakened Soul of the Best, proclaiming to the face of the bewildered world of the day and of the morrow. Germany’s everlasting will to live and will to conquer. And I imagined *him* — his extraordinary sky-blue eyes, under whose magnetic effulgence that disciplined and inspired crowd, nay, that whole nation of soldiers and artists, was at last living, in full consciousness

of its real divine Self; his extraordinarily eloquent hands, that moved in harmony with his speech. I imagined him, as the thousands — old fighters, who had carried him to power; onlookers, who breathed under his spell; foreign guests (some of whom already witnessed this awakening of Germany with bitter envy) — had *seen* him, while I had been far away. And the maddening feeling of irreparable guilt which had tormented me a whole day upon the ruins of the *Berghof* in Obersalzberg, nay, which had been tormenting me for the past eight years, wherever I had gone, rose once more within me: “Where were *you*, then! Why were you not *here*?”

Oh, to avoid the accusing Voice! Oh, to acquire the assurance that it *was not* ‘too late’ after all; that some day, in the course of my life, still I would witness on this spot, in *his* presence, the equivalent of the old mass meetings — and hear the triumphal “Sieg! Heil!” resound, from half a million breasts, and see the Swastika flags fluttering in the sunshine!

My hatred of the Anti-Nazi forces and of their agents suddenly flared up at the thought of all I had lost. “A curse upon those who destroyed that splendid new world that we were building!” cried I, as though speaking to myself. “May they become slaves, and see the precious values for which they fought mocked and despised all over the earth, and may they sink into nothingness, not through the rapid and clean death of the heroic vanquished, but through the slimy path of vice! No wretched end is wretched enough for them!”

But the woman who stood at my side — and whose presence I had forgotten — spoke in her turn: “Had the Führer’s close collaborators not made a mess of his whole work,” said she, “we would not have lost the war, and our new world would still be in existence. *He* is, of course, not to blame for the horrors committed in his name. But we must admit that these were horrors.”

I suddenly realised that, in spite of her professed devotion to Adolf Hitler, she understood nothing of his spirit and was not what *I* would call one of us.

“To whom among the great ones are you alluding?” asked I. “And may I know what *you* call ‘horrors’?”

She hesitated a few seconds. She now felt, perhaps — at last — how wrong she had been to mistake me for an anti-Nazi on

the sole ground that I was a foreigner. Eight years had passed since the collapse of the Third Reich. But the outlook on life that had built new Germany (and that will, I hope, restore it) was everlasting; and it was my outlook. And she was becoming aware of that fact. However, she answered my question: "I was thinking of the things that were done to the Jews and of the people who ordered such things to be done," said she. "Surely, you do not approve of the systematic uprooting of a whole people, — or do you?"

"I do when that people stands in the way of the Greater German Reich," replied I, sincerely.

"But that is not human, and not Christian-like," pointed out the woman.

"I could not care less: I am no Christian," was my answer. "As for humanity, well . . . as long as men tolerate slaughterhouses and take such crimes as vivisection as a matter of course, they have no business to speak of such a thing. It is easier, far easier, to avoid inflicting pain and death upon innocent animals than it is to spare one's dangerous two-legged opponents. I begin with that which is the easiest, and eat no flesh. But I am all for the destruction of bugs and lice, and *a fortiori*, of far more dangerous beings such as Jews and traitors."

The woman felt it was useless to talk to me. Curiously enough, although I was a foreigner, I represented that very element which she disliked in the Third Reich; that proud, hard, heathen element, that had made our New Order appear so "strange" even to such a friend of Germany as Robert Brasillach. The same abyss gaped between her and me as between her — the old generation of modern Germany — and Goebbels, Streicher, Himmler, Terboven, etc. . . . and the most conscious among the S.S. men. But she naively imagined (because she loved him) that the Führer was on the other side of the abyss with her, not on the side of his best followers.

"I agree with you entirely about vivisection and the like," said she. "The Führer was also against that. And he too ate no meat. But I feel sure he would equally have disapproved of the sort of things that went on in the camps, had he known of them. Whatever people may say against him, now that he is no longer there to defend himself, he believed in God."

I replied nothing. I could have remarked that "God" is a

vague idea, susceptible of more than one meaning. But I did not want a theological discussion. Once more, I felt that this woman loved Adolf Hitler without understanding him. I was not going to cause her to understand him, while perhaps ceasing to love him. For love is a force, in the invisible Realm. And *all* forces that help us are to be kept. We spoke a while of other things, and the woman soon took leave of me.

I went up the steps that lead to the Tribune, from which Adolf Hitler spoke. And for a moment, I tried to picture myself the whole area packed with people, as *he* had seen it. Grass and bushes now grew where the S.A. and S.S. had stood in passionate, iron immobility, listening to his fiery words; scattered blocks of stone and rubble filled the place where the people had sat, feeling as though their own greater Self — their collective Soul — were speaking to them. The peace of desolation weighed oppressively upon the former field of enthusiasm. Alone the Monument to the dead soldiers, which hatred had spared, cried to me, across the now emerald-green expanse, that Germany is eternal. And my own good sense told me from within that National Socialism is nothing else but the justification of Pan-Germanism in the light of Aryan Wisdom: the integration of Bismarck's dream and of Hermann's dream, into the old old Doctrine of Pure Blood and of Detached Violence, as the Aryan seers of ancient India had expressed it. "And *you* are to contribute to that integration!" the place of desolation told me. "Even if these stones never be put together again, still, truth will conquer in the end; still, sooner or later, Aryan mankind will hail Adolf Hitler as its Saviour and his people as its natural leaders. And you shall contribute to *that*, whether you ever see him or not!"

Tears filled my eyes. I sat on the border of the Tribune and remained a long time motionless, absorbed in the thought of the everlastingness of National Socialism, of Germany's coming resurrection, and also of the tiny but sincere part that I had played and would continue playing in the greatest drama of all times

I noticed two hollow places within the front wall bordering the Tribune. In one of these, were two flat stones, one on the top of the other. I had a sudden idea. I drew my pen and ink and a piece of paper out of my bag, and wrote down the

first sentence from *Mein Kampf* that came to my head “People do not go to ruin as a result of lost wars, but through the loss of that power of resistance that lies in purity of blood alone.” I wrote down the page of the Book, where this sentence is to be found, as I happened to remember it: p. 324. edition 1939. And I added: “Yes, never did these words ring so true as they do now. German people, you are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar: nothing can destroy you! One day you shall rise and conquer once more” — words I had written in the first leaflets I had distributed, in ruined Germany, in 1948. I carefully folded the paper in eight, and put it between the stones in the hollow place. One day, thought I, someone would find it. Then I got up, walked down from the Tribune, lifted my right arm in salute before it as though our Führer had been there, invisible (after I had, of course, made sure that nobody was watching me.) And I followed the paved road that leads, around the immense lawn, to the Monument to the dead.

It was intact in its structure, as I had surmised. But the enemies of our faith had rubbed out the old words upon the wall and put new ones: “To the victims of both wars 1914–18 and 1939–45, *and of the rule of tyranny* 1933–45, the town of Nuremberg.” “Rule of tyranny (*Gewaltherrschaft*)” thought I bitterly. “And what sort of a rule is it now, under which we cannot even open our mouths in praise of our Leader and of all we love? Is *that* not a ‘rule of tyranny’? The liars!”

But on one of the bronze stands fixed into the wall hung a beautiful fresh wreath, tied with a ribbon bearing the words: “The members of the armoured Division ‘Greater Germany’ *of the traditional Community*, to their comrades fallen in action . . .”

I knew, as everybody does, that “the armoured Division ‘Greater Germany’” is one of the famous divisions of the S.S. élite. And I thought of that élite, — of that National Socialist organisation *par excellence* — whose ideals were and have remained mine; whose members I still look up to as to gods on earth. Those among them whom I had actually met, or whom I knew personally, had not disappointed me: they had only made me feel more sorry than ever that I had not met them years before. That élite, thought I, would one day take the lead of resurrected Germany, and build up the world of our

dreams upon the ruins of Christendom. And I recalled the words of a comrade to whom I had once asked whether there was today, in Adolf Hitler's unfortunate country, any group of people capable of organising and conducting a successful National Socialist *Putsch* at the first opportunity: "Yes: there is the S.S."

I stopped in the paved courtyard before the Monument, and once more took a glance at the wreath with the cleverly worded inscription which defied the spirit of those who had arbitrarily dedicated the memorial to the so-called "victims" of the so-called "tyranny" which the Hitler régime is supposed to have been. Defied it, — for the members of the S. S. division "Greater Germany" who were slain in battle during this war, died in defence of that régime.

On each side of the court, on my right and on my left, stood six square stone pillars. I pictured to myself fires burning at the top of every one of them, as there had been on solemn occasions, during the great days . . . ; and the last words of the defiling wall-inscription effaced and replaced by new words: "...and to the unflinching National Socialists who died from 1945 to 19... for the sake of their faith in Aryan superiority and in Germany's God-ordained mission." One day, hoped I, flames would again twist their restless tongues of light, in sunshine and darkness, in honour of my beloved comrades and superiors — from the Eleven of Nuremberg to the humblest martyr. And the names of all the latter would be exalted, at last.

* * *

It must have been not far from six o'clock. I walked out of the paved court, turned to my left, and followed the sanded alley that leads to the street (in the opposite direction to that from which I had come.) I crossed that street, stopping for a while to look at the *Kongress Halle* from a distance, turned to my left again, and then to my right as I reached the border of a lake — the famous *Duzend Teig*.

The upside-down image of the *Kongress Halle* shimmered in the shining waters, while a wood covered the border of the lake facing me as well as the one along which I was walking. On my left, luxury cafés outside which many people were having drinks, to the sound of dance music, succeeded one another in the shade of the tall trees.

I walked on, indifferent to the noise, and to the crowd seated at the tables, and to the passers by, — thinking of the great days, when all those men and women had something both impersonal and *real* to live for. And in my heart, I once more cursed the forces that have robbed the many of that glorious *raison d'être* and reduced the few to silence and compelled them to secrecy.

The road I trod soon led me into a broad asphalted avenue, on the left side of which I could recognise the magnificent stone structure — rows and rows of seats, pillars and central tribune — that dominates the breadth of *Zeppelin Wiese*. And my heart leaped within my breast: I had reached the ground on which the great Party Rally of 1935 had been held — that unforgettable Party Rally at which the famous Nuremberg Laws, basis of our New Order, were proclaimed. I remembered myself in Lucknow . . . listening on the wireless to the proceedings of the gorgeous mass gathering, so far away, — and yet so near. The solemn martial music, and then, the speeches that filled the pin-drop silence, and the periodical thunder of applause — “Sieg! Heil!” — rang once more within my memory. And I recalled also the pretty, naive Bengali song that my host's daughter had played upon the harmonium, after the grand voices of distant Europe were no longer heard: the tune that I can only think of with a profound sadness, as the reproachful reminder of all that for the sake of which I have missed my real duty and spoilt my life:

“*Nanda, Nanda, Nanda Rani . . .*”

And as upon the ruins of the Führer's dwelling at Obersalzberg, and as at Luitpold Arena, the place of the first Party Rallies, I felt tears well up to my eyes. But, being in the street, I controlled myself.

I walked on. On my right, I could now see the series of blocks, with parallel rows of seats, all round the immense space, even broader than that of Luitpold Arena. Myriads of onlookers used to watch from there the Rally they had come to see, from all parts of Germany. I counted sixteen or seventeen blocks on each side. The immense space thus limited was now occupied: by two circular grounds — playgrounds for the American occupation troops — railed off. Nay, in the midst of the monumental structure on my left, on the very wall sustaining the terrace over which towered the Führer's tribune, I could

read in great black letters the English words: Soldiers' Field. At first, the words stirred in me bitterness and anger. Once more, I felt all my hatred for the occupants rush to my heart. But then, remembering the exploits of the German S.P.D. Government of Bavaria in Obersalzberg and in Munich, I thought it was perhaps, in one way, just as good that the Americans *had* requisitioned this sacred place of ours, thus protecting it against the destructiveness of German Anti-Nazis. After all, the words "Soldiers' Field" would not be difficult to rub out, when my comrades, one day, would come back to power. And in the meantime, the presence of the detested Yanks prevented the monument from being torn down stone by stone, or blown up, like the *Berghof*, like the Brown House, like the double shrine to the memory of the first martyrs of National Socialism, on *Königsplatz*, in Munich.

Monumental walls, as massive as the pylons of some gigantic ancient Egyptian temple, limit the structure on either side. Between them stretch endless rows of enormous steps. Parallel flights of stairs, half as high, divide the slope into several regular sections, while in the centre, a double parallelepiped, as massive as the side pylons, and conveying the same impression of strength and duration, — two broad stone platforms, one on the top of other, — supports the Tribune from which the Führer used to speak. A flight of steps leads down to the latter, from a bronze door in the uppermost wall that dominates the central structure. On each side, connecting the middle wall (and the halls behind it) with the pylons at each end of the monument, a double row of twice thirty-six square pillars, runs along the highest terrace. Right at the top of each pylon, and of the central structure, untouched and in their places, I could see the three great vessels of bronze in which, on solemn occasions, fire was lighted. And the five flag staves above the central structure were also there — waiting for their new Swastika flags.

I pictured to myself the flames in those bronze vessels and the red-white-and-black flags stamped with the old Sign of the Sun, hanging from those staves, and the thousands and tens of thousands seated upon the tiers of this main building as well as of the thirty-two or thirty-four smaller structures all round the immense area; and the Party formations, — the Youth Organisations; the S.A.; the S.S. — and the Army, marching, from the

Field of Mars still further away, along, that very road in the midst of which I now stood, to the music of the Horst Wessel Song . . .; constantly pouring in, and gradually filling the whole expanse . . . Oh, why, why had *I* never seen *that*?

Slowly, I walked up the tiers, reached the topmost terrace, — the stately pillared gallery; threw a glance over the splendid paved avenue which runs along the back of the building, and over the railway line and wooded scenery beyond and, — turning round, — finally over the vast area in which the thousands had heard the proclamation of the Nuremberg Laws in defence of mankind's Aryan élite; the announcement of a new era.

Evening had come. And the weather had cleared. Above the last receding mass of clouds, the moon was making its appearance, ghostly bright, in a growing patch of luminous blue sky. And its phosphorescent light fell upon the white tiers and walls, and terraces and pillars, conveying them a sort of dreamlike life. The people whom I had, at first, seen, sitting here and there or walking about, had all, or nearly all, gone away. I followed the lonely gallery, full of the dark shadows of the pillars, till I reached the central part of the building. Then, I walked up to the bronze door and down again, along the steps that led, from it, to the Tribune from which the Führer has spoken. And there I stood, leaning against the railing, and watching the last ray of daylight disappear and night set in.

I thought of the Party Rallies, that I have not seen. Descriptions of them, that I had read long before in different books or magazines, came back to my memory, in particular, the beautifully evocative picture that Robert Brasillach has given of the 1935 one, in his novel *Les Sept Couleurs*. He had seen it, he who, in his own words,¹ had been “first a Frenchman and then a National Socialist,” i.e., who never would have sided with National Socialist Germany (however much he might have admired it) had he not deemed his collaboration to be “In the interest of France.” So many others had seen it. But *I* . . . had been six thousand miles away. I imagined the whole scene so vividly that it was as though I *felt* it, *saw* it in the Invisible; as though I could feel and see the ghost of it — the endless crowd of onlookers seated upon the tiers, here at the foot of the pillared gallery and all round the immense ground; Party formations,

¹ See Isorni's book *Le Proces de Robert Brasillach*.

standing in impressive order and immobility in the midst of the field, while further sections of them, bearing flags, and flags and still more flags — streams of red-white-and-black — kept pouring in. I imagined the famous columns of blue light — the pillars of the “Temple of Light” — that enormous projectors, placed around the gathering, sent forth; and the flames in the great bronze vessels at the summit and at both ends of the building, and the long fluttering flags that hung from the five staves behind the central, topmost flame. I imagined the Führer speaking from the very place where I was now standing. The surface of the wall of the Tribune, facing the immense expanse, was now bare. In the past, here like in Luitpold Arena, a great stone Swastika was to be seen upon it. Now all signs of the splendid days had been effaced. But the air and the landscape were the same. And the people, although silent for eight long years, were the same German people whom Adolf Hitler had loved, and in whom he had awakened the consciousness of their superiority. One day, they would express themselves again.

And after the Führer’s speech, there was the roar of applause, and then, silence. And after the silence, there was the martial music of the great Days, — the Voice of the new era . . . And now, that voice was no longer to be heard. And the new era looked (outwardly) as though it had come to an end. Where the thousands and tens of thousands had gathered, I was now alone.

Would thousands and tens of thousands again one day, in my life time, fill this space in enthusiastic, solemn gatherings, in the name and spirit of Adolf Hitler, even if he no longer be alive to address them? An inner feeling of mine answered that question: “Why not?” And was the Führer somewhere upon this earth? “Wherever he be, alive or dead, *his spirit is alive*, and will one day rule Germany. And Germany will rule the other nations of the West *through it*,” answered once more my inner certitude. It mattered little whether *I* could or not *see* the signs of its rising. Could one *see* corn grow? And could one *see* the burning lava rise in the bowels of the earth, months before the eruption of a volcano? The power of National Socialism, expression of the vitality of the Aryan race, is like the power of germinating corn and like that of slowly rising molten rock: invisible, and irresistible.

I remembered how it manifested itself in all the comrades I had met since I had crossed the frontier; in all those I had met before, during my former stay in Germany. And I realised its presence in me. And with all the ardour, all the determination of my being, I willed that I should, through all I might think, say, write or do, contribute to the resurrection of the Greater German Reich under National Socialist rule, whether I was or not to see the result of my action.

I walked down the steps between the tiers, and once more along the road where the S.A. and S.S. men had marched, so sure that our new world would last forever; back to the lake and to the street beyond the lake, and to Luitpold Arena. It was now completely dark.

I went and sat again for a while upon the ruined tribune facing the other site of the old Party Rallies and the Memorial to the dead of the two wars. The impression I had had on *Zeppelin Wiese* was strange enough. The one I had here, sitting alone in the night, was terrifying — or *would have been so*, had I not felt that a power from the very earth protected me. But I actually felt such a power. And I also experienced, in the chilly darkness — under the black clouds which, at that moment, once more hid the moon, — like a symbol of the time we are now going through. The next day, the Sun would shine again, and children would come and play upon the ruined site. They, and all German children — all Aryan children — would sooner or later realise the soundness of our Führer's doctrine, the divine character of his mission. And it would then be his rule, in spirit, forever. In the meantime darkness — forgetfulness on the part of the hostile world; the widespread belief that our faith no longer exists — was a protection.

* * *

It was past midnight when I reached the station.

The first thing I did the next morning was to take a tramway going in the direction of Fürth — along the *Fürtherstrasse* — and to get down in front of the Palace of Justice. I remembered the notice: “Visiting hours from 8 to 12.”

This time I was alone. My companion of the day before had apparently begun to work. I had not met her again.

For some time, I walked up and down before the railing, having once more a general glance at the building. The latter, although not as old as many other historical monuments of Nuremberg, was, with its regular succession of gables, and with, on the ground floor, the long arched passages that characterise it, architecturally most attractive — austere, yet elegant; of perfect proportions. But the thought of the infamy that has taken place within its walls, made me insensitive to all externals.

I walked up to the cross street at the end of the building. There, I noticed a writing, with an arrow pointing to my right: “To the Jewish chapel.” “They *would* choose such a place to build a Jewish chapel!” thought I. And I recalled the fact that the Martyrs of Nuremberg were killed on an important festive day of the Jewish faith, as though one had consciously and intentionally sacrificed them to the Dark Forces, and sealed the victory of the latter through that deed.

I slowly walked back along the same footpath. Never, perhaps, had the whole post-war persecution of National Socialism, and the war itself, and the monstrous campaign of hate and lies carried on *before* the war against National Socialist Germany all over the world, appeared more glaringly to me as the work of the diabolical Jew. I knew more vividly than ever (although I had surely never ignored the fact) that all people who, without being Jews, have sided against Germany during this war, — from Mr. Winston Churchill, down to the last wretched Indian recruit who entered England’s service for eighteen rupees a month, without even knowing whom he was to fight and why, — were either criminals or fools; more often fools than criminals, but criminals of very first magnitude when they happened to be politicians or journalists: responsible deceivers of the masses.

I walked into the garden, seeking someone who would tell me what I should do in order to see the famous “Hall of Judgement,” and I was directed, by one of the numerous clerks I came across, to an office in one of the wings of the building, on the ground floor. There, a man seated at a desk told me that I needed a permit and was to apply for it to one “Herr Einstein,” head of the Bureau “for Compensations to the victims of National Socialism.” (A fellow with such a name *would* be the director of such a “Bureau”! though I, with bitterness. But I did not feel at all sure to get my permit: the

only people who ever have fully well understood me in this world, apart from out and out National Socialists, are Jews. They understand me — they even seem to detect me from a distance, through a sort of telepathy, — but . . . they do not particularly *like* me . . . !) However, I went to the “Bureau” I was told. For my good luck, Herr Einstein was not there. A clerk, — a German girl — received me. I told her, in a casual manner, that I wanted to see the building, being, myself “a tourist.”

“But,” said she, “there is nothing interesting to see in it, save the hall in which the so-called ‘war criminals’ were tried. The rest is just American offices . . .”

“All right,” answered I; “in that case, I would like to see that hall.”

I tried to look as unconcerned as I could. But my heart was beating. The girl took up a telephone receiver; spoke to someone (probably to Herr Einstein). The reply was apparently positive, for she took a bunch of keys and told me: “Follow me.” My heart beat faster. I was really going to see the room in which the greatest infamy in history had been staged — the room in which the élite of Europe had been “judged” by the agents of the dark Forces — less than eight years before . . .

We walked along a passage, reached a door — an ordinary brown door like any other, save that it bore a notice: “Hall of Judgement.”

The key turned in the keyhole, and I was ushered into a room much smaller than I had imagined. On my right: rows of wooden benches parallel to the wall — at right angle to the passage on which the hall opened — on my left: other rows of similar brown, polished wooden benches, parallel to the wall behind me, i.e., at right angle to the former ones. In front of these benches, a long writing table from which hung several listeners, each one before a brown polished chair; while against the wall, facing me, stood a high desk, — a desk that towered above the whole room — and, behind it, an American flag. The silence was impressive — ghostly.

No details of the iniquitous Trial, and no facts dating back to those atrocious days when the Trial was taking place, came to my memory, for *I did not think*. But *I felt* once more, — I experienced, in all its renewed vividness, — the atmosphere of those days and months, just as though I had suddenly been

thrown back into the past. I kept on telling myself (as to free myself from a nightmare): “It is not true; it happened seven years ago, not now. Now *they* will soon be avenged. Now every passing minute brings us nearer to the day when the judges who sat here will be judged in their turn by a higher justice, and publicly branded with infamy for all times to come . . .” But it was of no use. I was again in 1945–1946. And I shuddered from top to toe at the renewed contact with the depth of horror. In a feeble voice that I could not recognise as my own, I asked: “Where did *they* sit?”

The young woman pointed to the benches behind me. I turned around.

“There!” said my guide. And she added, pointing to the seats one after the other, beginning with the one at the end of the lowest bench, on my left, (on the right when one is facing the judges’ desk). “Here sat Göring and here Ribbentrop, next to him; and then Hess . . . and the others . . .”

I stretched out my hand and touched the polished wood on which the hands of my superiors had rested, day after day, for hours, during those eighteen months that the Trial lasted. Göring, von Ribbentrop, Hess, “and the others”. . . I could now visualise them sitting on this first bench and on the ones behind it. I could read upon their faces both bitter contempt for those agents of international Jewry who were pretending to judge them, and the proud, austere satisfaction that, whatever would be the fate assigned to themselves, *they knew* that our Führer, in whom they had believed, was right; and *knew* they had chosen the right way and done the right things.

“*Marschier’n im Geist in unsern Reihen mit*” — “March in spirit with us, within our ranks!” thought I, my hand upon the table upon which Hermann Göring had leaned, listening to the endless series of lies poured out against him and against our common faith. “March in spirit within our ranks, and live in us forever, great Ones, whom I have never seen, alas, but whom I love; close collaborators of our immortal Führer, live in *me* as long as I live!”

I was moved to tears. And I was silent for a long time, my eyes fixed upon the now empty benches; my mind lost in the nightmare of 1945. The woman who had come with me was

considering me with astonishment. My attitude did not fit in at all with the preconceived idea she had of a foreign tourist.

“And where did General Keitel sit?” asked I at last, addressing her.

“Here,” replied she, pointing to the first seat on the second bench in the lower rows — the bench following Hermann Göring’s. And she added: “Jodl sat there, next to him. Are there any others, of whom you care to know?”

I hesitated a while and asked: “Could you tell me where Wilhelm Frick sat? Wilhelm Frick . . . and Julius Streicher . . .”

“There,” answered the young woman, showing me two seats on the upper benches, at the back of the first ones.

I pictured to myself the fine faces of the two men, and of the generals in the row below. I pictured to myself *all* the accused sitting there. “Yes, live in spirit in us — in me — men of devotion and of duty, forerunners of a nobler mankind, my superiors!” thought I. “Be an example to us, forever. And may we avenge you soon!”

And turning to my guide I asked: “And where did the accusers, — the so-called ‘witnesses’ — sit? May I know?” There was contempt in my voice, but the woman did not seem to notice it. She simply pointed to a place against the wall that ran at right angle to the benches of the accused and said “There.”

“And where were the so-called ‘judges’ seated?”

“There,” answered she, pointing to the desk under the American flag. “And here sat the lawyers,” added she, showing me the table right before me. Then, picking up one of the listeners that hung from it, she explained: “With these, one could hear any of the four languages one liked, i.e., German, English, French or Russian. One only needed to shift a lid a quarter of an inch this way or that, — like this” (she actually pushed a lid in the listener she was holding) “and the language that came through was a different one. Thus every word uttered during the proceedings was immediately heard in the four tongues. It is a wonderful achievement of modern technique . . .”

“Advanced technique put to the service of the most shameful farce in history,” thought I. But I did not speak; — not yet.

Pointing to the rows of benches facing the place from which

the so-called witnesses had spoken, the woman pursued — perhaps in a hurry to put an end to her role as a guide, and to go back to the work that was awaiting her in the “Bureau for Compensations to the victims of National Socialism”: — “And there sat the onlookers . . .” She made a gesture implying that I had seen all there was to see, and that my visit had, consequently, come to an end. But I was not in a hurry. And although I might have had finished *seeing* the room, I had not yet begun to *say* what I wished to say — what I *had to say*. I stood back, as the women mentioned “the onlookers at the famous Trial,” and, for the first time since I had entered the hall, expressed my feelings in unmistakable language:

“I could never have ‘looked on’ at such a thing as *this* trial,” declared I. “But there will be — I hope — some future trials, much shorter than this one, . . . trials in which I would most gladly be not merely an ‘onlooker’ but an accuser,” said I.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was, *possibly*, wasting my breath. So I asked the woman: “By the way: are you a German, or . . . an American?”

“A German,” replied she; “and a real one.” The pride in her voice told me that she was not lying.

“*Gott sei Dank!*” exclaimed I. “Well, in that case, do listen to me as a German.” And I pursued: “Yes; I would most gladly be an accuser one of the many accusers — when the sinister fellows who sat as judges over these men will be, in their turn, judged by their avengers . . .”

The woman gazed at me in bewilderment, not knowing what to think of me. Her intuition doubtless urged her to trust me. But months of daily work in a Jewish office had taught her to trust nobody. She answered cautiously: “Were this same trial to take place *now*, these men would not be sentenced to death.”

“I know,” replied I, impatiently. (I have no time for tardy remorse; especially for tardy remorse originated by fear.) “But they were sentence to death, and killed — murdered. Let Jackson, Strawcross, Andrews and Co. bring them back to life, if they can! Or let their people and the Allies of their people, — *every man, woman or child who approved of it*, out of ignorance stupidity, or whatever it be, — pay the price for this crime!”

Hatred poured out of my eyes as I spoke. Standing before

the American flag, and before the desk at which the judges of 1946 had sat, I uttered slowly and distinctly — mercilessly: “The price is annihilation. Nothing less.”

From the depth of my heart rose a cry of triumph as the verdict — not mine but that of the immortal Gods through me, — resounded in the empty, silent room. Seven years before, in that same hall, the Twenty One had stood and heard the verdict of the Judeo-Christian world against them and against our common National Socialist faith. And from the depth of my heart, along with that cry of triumph, rose an equally silent cry of love addressed to them: “Hear me, my superiors, wherever you be! I have come, and shall come again. I am defiance. I am revenge — the real justice that you have called for in vain, for months and months. I am the future that creates the past; the National Socialist future that will glorify you!”

Automatically, I had turned my back to the judges’ tribune, and was looking towards the rows of benches upon which the hallowed Accused had sat.

The German woman who worked in Herr Einstein’s office, was considering me with amazement.

I spoke a few words explaining the boldness and radicalness of my verdict on the Judeo-Christian world. “I revere these men,” said I, referring to the Martyrs of 1946, “They died for the cause of superior mankind; for that real Germany, which is the forerunner of it, the champion of its rights, the embodiment of its virtues. And they had lived and fought to make higher mankind a living reality.”

“Perhaps,” replied the woman thoughtfully — and cautiously — “but at what cost? And by what means?”

“At the cost of that which is not worth saving,” declared I, without hesitation; “and by the only means that work, in this Dark Age. Do you know any ruler, any nation, ancient or modern, who has used other means? I know none. I only know liars who, while denying them with feigned indignation, have used those same means to forward base ends. These men have used them to forward the very highest goal of creation. And they have not denied them. They were neither self-seekers, nor liars, but the builders of a coming Age of health and Truth.”

The young woman continued to listen to me without expressing

her own feelings, whatever these may have been. I knew it would have been for her the easiest thing to go and telephone to Herr Einstein and get me into serious trouble. But I knew no less certainly that she would never do so; that natural German pride was stronger in her than any amount of acquired allegiance to Christian or “human” values. In the existence of that deep-seated German pride was rooted, in fact, my hope that National Socialism would rise again. It would rise and conquer precisely because, apart from being in harmony with Nature itself, it is the most glorious expression of age-old, invincible German pride. In the meantime, my unhindered praise of our martyrs here in this hall, in defiance of the American flag, rang as a foretaste of the fiery impeachment of their self-styled judges, which would, — I hoped — fill this room and be broadcasted throughout the world, one day, when my comrades would once more be in power.

* * *

The young woman, my guide, asked me to follow her. “I shall show you the prison and the place of execution from as near a spot as I can?” said she.

She walked out of the room. I followed her to the door, but then came back, asking her to be kind enough to wait for me “just a minute.” Knowing I was now alone in the tragic hall, I stood before the benches upon which my superiors had sat and, lifting my right arm in the ritual gesture, I uttered in a low voice the words of faith, hope and defiance that I had written upon the ruins of Adolf Hitler’s dwelling in Obersalzberg: “*Einst kommt der Tag der Rache! Heil Hitler!*” And I felt as though I had, through these magical Words and this symbolical gesture, struck a further blow at our enemies in the all-important realm of the Invisible.

The young woman took me to a window somewhere in the passage, and showed me from there a building in which one could easily guess a cell behind each and every barred opening, and, in the midst of the nearby courtyard, a house, or maybe a mere shed with walls around it, — walls which were entirely painted in black.

“This is the prison,” said she. “It is no longer under

American management. That is why visitors are not admitted: The men of whom you spoke were a year and a half behind bars in that building. And they were executed in that black house — the ‘gymnastic hall’ of the prison — one at the time.”

“Murdered one at the time,” rectified I. “But let it be; they shall be avenged.”

I stood a long while by the window, looking at the sinister house of death. The woman waited for me in the corridor, her keys in her hand. She showed no sign of impatience. I was thinking of the Third World War, and calling the inexorable Nemesis — mathematical Justice that never forgives — upon the persecutors of our National Socialist faith. God alone knows what the woman was thinking. She waited for me till the end — till I had, within my heart, recalled the past and evoked, as long as I pleased, future scenes of redeeming violence. At last I turned to her and stressed:

“Yes, one day, *they* shall be avenged, — and exalted!” And I added: “When you *see* the revenge in all its terrifying grandeur, remember me. Remember you have met me in these dark days!”

She gazed at me as though she wanted to say something, but held her peace. She walked by my side along the passage until we came to a staircase. “This is the way out,” she then said. “Straight down, and then, past the sentry’s box — the way you came. It is easy. *Auf Wiedersehen!*”

“*Auf Wiedersehen,*” repeated I. And we parted.

* * *

I spent the rest of the day at the Stadium, and in the grassy open places around it; along the road that leads to the Field of Mars — the road along which the regiments and Party groups used to march (coming from the Field of Mars) to *Zeppelin Wiese* and to Luitpold Arena.

I remained hours sitting upon the steps below the pillared gallery that looks over the former, — hours thinking of all that had been said and done there, while I had been in the distant East, and being desperately aware of all that I had missed, of all that I had lost.

When the Sun became less hot, I walked back to the Lake

— *Duzend Teig* — and to Luitpold Arena, revisited the Memorial to the dead soldiers, and finally came and sat upon the half-ruined wall bordering the Tribune from which the Führer used to speak in the days of glory.

I sat there, absorbed in my thoughts, God knows how long, wondering when would this place, where hundreds of thousands had acclaimed our Führer, again become the site of solemn National Socialist mass demonstrations; when would the fiery praise of Adolf Hitler's name (if not his own voice) be heard over the immense historic expanse, covered with rows and rows of fighters, in perfect order, and with Swastika flags, and, upon the tiers, all round, — enthusiastic men and women answering the speeches with the old cry of triumph: "Sieg! Heil!"

Now and then, along the road, people walked past the Tribune.

And the Sun followed his course. And shadows grew.

I was thrust out of my meditation by the shrieks of laughter of half a dozen children, boys and girls, from ten to five years old, who came running up the ruined stairs. Having reached the level of the Tribune, they ran and danced about the place for a minute and, — all save one — rushed down the steps on the opposite side. The one who did not at once follow them was the loveliest of all: a little girl about seven or eight, with flaxen-blond locks, regular features, and large, deep, inspired blue eyes. She came running up to the actual place from which Adolf Hitler once used to address the multitude, ascended the two steps that finally lead to it, stretched out her right arm, and cried, at the top of her voice: — as though she were speaking to invisible thousands and tens of thousands gathered in the vast area where the S.A. and the S.S. men used to stand.

"This place is the throne of the world, — and it is *my* throne! For I am the Queen; the Queen of the World! The Queen of the World! . . ."

Clear and joyous like the sound of bells, the German child's triumphal words rang over the ruins, and over the empty space now covered with grass: Luitpold Arena.

I got up; opened my arms . . . I wanted to hold the little girl for a minute against my breast and tell her — although she would not have — yet — understood what I meant — "You are right! This is the place from which "He" spoke; *He*, the

now invisible King, yours and mine, — the Führer. And *you* are beautiful, eternal Germany — *his* Germany — the aristocracy of the chosen Aryan Race; queen of the world indeed, for all times to come, if you so wish, by the side of *Him*, your everlasting King . . .”

But the child had already danced down the steps, and was now running along the road; running to catch up her playmates.

I remained a while standing, absorbed in an inner vision of grandeur: the vision of centuries of coming history, succeeding one another like a parade without end, to the glory of Adolf Hitler and of his faithful ones.

Evening was falling. I walked down from the historic Tribune, followed the sandy road through the darkening lawns, then the practically desert Wodanstrasse, and the long, busy Allerbergerstrasse, back to the station.

Like the nearing sound of bells of victory, like the nearing music of an army on its way, the child’s prophetic Words — the Voice of young Germany — accompanied me: “This — Adolf Hitler’s Tribune — is the throne of the world, and it is *my* throne — for I am the Queen . . . the Queen of the World!”

Chapter 7

MARTYRS' GRAVES, SMOKING CHIMNEYS, AND MEN OF IRON

Homburg von der Höhe, 28 April 1953

My heart took to beating as I heard footsteps in the wooden staircase, at the top landing of which I had been sitting for over two hours, waiting for Herr E. — my beloved Hertha E.'s husband — to come home. (He was not expecting me.)

Something told me definitely that it *was* he. I leaned over the railing and looked down: a man, dressed in a greyish-green hunter's suit was coming up as fast as he could. I knew Herr E. worked as a forester. I was now sure it was he. He stopped half way up the last flight of steps; gazed at me.

"Herr E!" exclaimed I, with enthusiasm. (In a flash, I remembered all that Hertha E. had told me about the "old fighter" of the early days of the National Socialist struggle and later S.S. officer to whom she was wedded.) And without uttering the two forbidden Words, I raised my right hand.

"Frau Mukherji! — Hertha's friend!" said he, with joyous emotion, recognising me, although he had never seen me before, and raising his hand in his turn. "Come! Do come in — although my room is not a fitting place to receive anybody. But I know *you* do not mind those details. Come; I am so glad to make your acquaintance — at last!"

He stepped unto the landing — a blond man of moderate stature, with regular — irreproachably Nordic — features; blue eyes that looked intensely at me as *hers* had, sometimes. And I followed him into what was about the poorest, darkest and most desolate rooms I had, up till then, seen in Germane: a room with slanting walls (for this was the very top of the house) containing nothing but a table, two chairs, an old stove, and a narrow wooden bed like those one sees in a cabin on board ship, and lighted to some extent through a small window. But I saw all that without really seeing it; I could see nothing but Herr E. and, in the background — as in a dream —

Hertha E. in her blue overall and light grey apron (her prisoner's clothes) as she had sat upon my bed in my cell in Werl, during those clandestine meetings of ours that were the great events of my life in jail; as she had looked when telling me about him.

So *this* was the man of whom she had said that "he would get on splendidly" with me; the fighter of those far-gone first years, during which one had all to lose and nothing to gain by joining Adolf Hitler's iron band; the man who had chosen to march under the Swastika banner solely because he believed in Germany's mission in the world and in the Führer's mission in Germany, and because he was aware of the Jewish danger; the man who had won himself the Golden Medal of the Party and who, after the war, had known captivity in France and in England; also the man who adored *her* . . .

I remembered her relating me an episode that had taken place in a tramway car in Berlin, during the war; her husband, who had come from the front, on leave, and she, who had come, also on leave, from the camp where she was working as an overseer, were going together to the theatre. She was standing at his side when he suddenly noticed a Jew who had made himself comfortable in a corner without bothering to offer his seat to a lady and, which is more, to an S.S. officer's wife. He had looked at the man sternly and, in an icy-cold voice, in which clang all the pride and power of the Third Reich, which he embodied, — a voice that had sent a thrill of satisfaction through most of the bystanders (and perhaps a tremor of terror through a few of them) — he had merely said: "Get down!" As one can well imagine, the Yid had not waited for the order to be repeated; he had speedily obeyed, shrinking before the man in black uniform, — the emanation of the Führer's will, of Germany's self-assertion; the master of the West. And I remembered myself telling her, in an outburst of enthusiasm: "Wonderful! I wish I had been there! Oh, the splendid days, the glorious days, when an S.S. man only had to look at a Jew to make him shrink and vanish into thin air! When will they come back?"

And there was the man: Herr E.; the officer in black; the man of the Third Reich; Hertha's husband, whom I admired as I admired her. There he was standing before me. Who

could have foretold that I was to have the honour of meeting him so soon?

He closed the door, squeezed both my hands in his and said, with tears in his eyes and an expression of such ecstatic happiness that it verged on one of pain: “*She* will be free on the eighth — in ten days’ time! Do you know it? Free, *free* once more after all those nightmarish years, my poor Hertha! She is coming back, *coming home*. I am counting the days. Oh, I am so glad that you have come, you who love her; you who were such an uplifting force to her in jail (she told me all about you, last year, when she was allowed to come and spend a few days at my side in hospital, because the doctors thought I was going to die. And then I received your books and learnt from your own words how devoted you are to her). I am glad to make your acquaintance at last. I cannot talk about her to other people as I can to you.”

It was news to me that my beloved comrade was soon to be released — the happiest news I had heard, in fact, for a very long time. How I had thought of her (and of the others) all these three years! Not once had I seen a bright day, — a day when one is glad to live — without my mind rushing back to *them* (to those I knew, and also to those I did not know) and without my feeling ashamed of my undeserved freedom; urged, at any rate, to do all I possibly could to justify it, when not to deserve it. And now, during all this beautiful journey — over Greece and the sea and South Italy, in a plane; through Italy and the Alps and Germany, by rail, — how many times had I not thought of them, in particular of *her*, confined to that same old cell of hers (the last cell of the D wing, by the corner of the C wing) in that “*Frauenhaus*” in Werl, that I knew so well; living to the rhythm of prison routine, still, eight years after the end of the war — until when? until when? The answer was now given to me: until the 8th of May — the eighth anniversary of the Capitulation — in ten days’ time. The choice of the date shocked me, admittedly. And I could not help mentioning it. Still; this was the best news I had heard for months at least ever since that of Fieldmarshal Kesselring’s release.

“I am so happy to hear this, — much happier than when I was myself released,” said I sincerely. “It is doubtless hasty on

the part of the British to set her free on such a day, as though they were trying to make her forget the bitterness of the Capitulation in the joy of her own liberty. (As if she — or any of us — can ever forget!) But this is a detail; the main thing is that she will be free in ten days' time."

"Yes;" stressed Herr E. "*Free!* I can hardly believe it is true. Oh, nobody knows how I love her. And nobody knows what I have suffered . . ."

"I have heard of some of the hardships that you have endured," replied I. "You too are one of our martyrs."

I knew that Herr E. had been savagely beaten upon the head by an English Military policeman to whom he had refused to surrender his Party decorations for them to be defiled; so savagely, that he had never recovered from his injuries. I knew he had, after his return to Germany, spent all his time in a "Home for the brain-injured," only a mile or two away from Homburg. In fact, I had first sought him there, not knowing that he had become well enough to work, and that he had taken a room in the town.

"As a prisoner of war," continued Herr E., "I was, in England, *for months* confined to a cold, damp, and absolutely dark cell, my hands and feet chained to the wall, only because I had stood up to 'them' and would not say 'yes' to their nonsense about our glorious National Socialist régime. But even *that* was not the worst. They would come now and then to my cell to bring me my meagre food, and tell me about the Belsen trial. 'Your precious wife you will never see again,' they said. 'She is to be hanged with the rest of that murderous lot. Serves her right!' I could not *see* them, but I could hear the glee in their voices. They knew all the time that it was not true. Hertha had already been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment as you know. And yet, they would come and tell me that for the sheer pleasure of tormenting me, only because I was — because I am — a convinced Nazi. Those kind-hearted Englishmen, who call, us 'monsters'! *That*, for me, was worse than iron chains." But he added: "It is, however, all past. And she is coming back; coming back!"

"My poor Herr E.! exclaimed I, filled at the same time with comrade-like love, admiration, disgust (for the Englishmen's behaviour) and with the old longing for revenge. "May

I be, one day, given the opportunity of tormenting those who hated the Third Reich! I bet I shall also find nasty things to tell them, not things of the same nature as those our enemies told you (I am not so mean) but still, so nasty that they will beg to be killed rather than have to put up with my remarks. My poor Herr E.!”

He was, in my eyes, the embodiment of persecuted National Socialism.

“Then, one day,” continued he, “I came to know that she was alive and interned in Werl. This was very much later. And I was no longer in that dark cell. *They* had given up all hope of breaking my spirit. Nobody can tell how happy I was at the thought that, one day, be it after fifteen years, I was to see her again — my beautiful blonde Hertha . . .”

“May you and she soon stand together in the new struggle for freedom and for power, and I by your side!” said I, with all the fire of conviction.

The bright blue eyes, so full of human love but a minute before, looked at me with a different flame:

“The only thing I want is to begin again,” exclaimed Herr E. forcefully; “to wash away the bitterness and shame of these years of Jewish rule, and raise Germany once more out of this misery, to power and glory under Adolf Hitler’s leadership, if he be alive, under his inspiration and in his immortal spirit, — his invisible leadership — if he be dead.”

I enquired about Herr E.’s health. I had indeed never expected to find him looking so well after having been given up for lost only a year before.

“In Dornholzhausen, — in the Home for the brain-injured — I had the good luck of falling into the hands of an exceptionally able doctor,” explained he. “I suppose that is what saved me. That and . . . my own will to live; and Destiny . . .”

He asked me how and since when I had come back to Germany and what were my plans. He then spoke of my books. But I remembered the horror of his captivity in England. I pictured him in a dark damp cell, — probably somewhere underground — in fetters, and chained to the wall. And I imagined the voice of some slave of Jewry, or perhaps of a Jew, telling him in a sneer: “You won’t see your wife again: she is to hang with the lot of them . . .” And yet, he had stood up to *them*

to the end, and never lost faith in our Führer, in our truth, in Germany's endless possibilities. I felt small before him, as I always do in the presence of those real German National Socialists who were put to the test of persecution.

"I am merely the one who wrote *Gold in the Furnace*," said I; "you are the 'gold in the furnace,' you, Herr E. and you, my Führer's people, as a whole. I love you and revere you, and wish you the domination of the world! You deserve it."

We talked a while longer, and then took leave of each other with the eternal words: "Heil Hitler!" I returned to Frankfurt by bus.

* * *

Frankfurt, 29 April 1953.

The next day, I had a conversation with Herr S., — a man to whom I had no introduction whatsoever, but who proved to be one of us. (Did I not say, in the beginning of this book, that I have the knack of spotting out such ones?)

I met him in a shop where I had come to buy General Ramke's well-known book *Fallschirmjäger damals and danach*. We spoke of General Ramke. Herr S. made a few remarks that I liked. In particular, he told me he entirely agreed with the General's description of the Waffen S.S. as "the first pan-European army against Bolshevism." The words, reported in the English newspapers, had filled me with enthusiasm at the time they had been uttered. Herr S. and I spoke more and more freely until we felt we no longer needed to hide anything from each other.

"How long is it since you left Germany?" Herr S. asked me.

"About three years."

"And may I ask you what are your first impressions on coming back after all that time?"

"I have not seen enough of the reconstruction to speak about it," replied I. "Yet, I was, already at the frontier — that false frontier in Salzburg — agreeably surprised by the fact that it now takes nearly a hundred French francs to make a German mark, while I remember having exchanged a mark for sixty-five francs only, five years ago."

“I have seen many buildings rebuilt — thank goodness! But too many shops (and too many cinemas) in proportion to the number of residential houses. The Jews are at the back of that, I bet — both those who have come back to plunder Germany after her defeat (and for whom cinemas are a better commercial proposition than houses) *and* those of the far-away ‘State of Israel,’ to whom this puppet government in Bonn has accepted to pay I do not know how many milliards in compensation for the ‘wrong’ that the National Socialist régime has done to ‘God’s own people’ (as they call themselves, and as good Christians call them). One cannot do everything: provide for millions of refugees from those provinces which the Allies have torn away from Germany; pay the expenses of three occupation armies; serve a pension to every man or woman of German nationality who, during the great days (never mind on what grounds!) has spent some time in a concentration camp; pay milliards to the State of Israel, *and* build houses for the faithful and worthy German families.

“My one great satisfaction here, in this land I so love, is to see that there still are people like you: National Scientists who have kept their faith in spite of all. Even when it is not definitely hostile to us, the rest of the Western world, in which such people do not exist, is so dull, so boring! Here in Germany, one is also depressed, at times: everything and everybody looks, outwardly, so goody-goody — so in tune with the Christian-like, liberal, hopelessly *dull* ‘bourgeois’ civilisation that I already hated before the First World War; in one word, so ‘de-Nazified’; as though all traces of the glorious days were wiped away forever. One sees quiet, ‘decent-looking’ people going to church, as in pre-Nazi times; one sees definitely anti-Nazi books (or perfectly non-committal ones: ladies’ novels and cookery books) at the book stalls; one encounters downright shocking sights: one meets, for instance, here in Frankfurt, German girls arm in arm with men of all races (Aryan, Mongoloid, Jewish and Negro) in American uniform, and one envies those who died in 1942, before the war took a bad turn. But then, one meets a man like you — or goes and spends an hour with a comrade like the one I went to see yesterday in Homburg — and all the bitterness and all the disgust of the present is pushed into the background, and one sees nothing but real Germany — Adolf Hitler’s Germany;

eternal Germany — in its invincibility. Again, one wishes to live; to see *that* Germany rise and conquer.

“Tell me: how long will all external signs of National Socialism remain banished, here, from everyday life? And it is not only the ‘external signs’ — the pictures of the Führer, the Swastika flags and the like. I miss the self-assertion of the great days — what the enemies of our faith call ‘the Nazi arrogance’ that joyous, boisterous aggressiveness that is the sign of healthy youth, and something so congenial to my own nature. How long more shall I have to go without the sight of *that*?”

“As long as it is Germany’s interest precisely not to show *that*,” replied Herr S.; “and as long as it is Germany’s interest that each and every one of us, should (in order to be sure not to show it by mistake) *train himself not to feel in that way* (save at times); as long as we are compelled to act in order to live and prepare, on a scale of which you have no idea, the glorious revenge for which you so ardently crave.”

His words reminded me strangely of those of that woman I had met in Nuremberg, — the one who had been eight years a prisoner in Russia.

“Rest assured,” added he, “that the feelings you so value are there all right, deep in the bottom of our hearts. They are alive. But we cannot impair the possibility of our reconstruction, for the sheer pleasure of exhibiting them.”

“What would happen,” asked I, “if, — for sake of argument — all Germans who have those feelings suddenly chose to exteriorise them, be it in a legal manner?”

“In a legal manner?” Herr S. was surprised. “How do you expect to exteriorise ‘legally’ feelings which are themselves ‘illegal’ under this hypocritical régime of so-called individual freedom?” said he.

“Well, suppose the whole country boycotted the elections which are, I am told, to take place in the autumn; I mean, suppose only an infinitesimal proportion of the people voted at all or, — better still — suppose they all or nearly all ‘voted’ *but . . .* wrote upon their paper ‘We vote for Adolf Hitler’ or ‘We don’t want your foul Democracy! We want a National Socialist régime. It suits us. We like it!’ A German woman I know told me that she had voted in such a manner in 1949, for which I congratulated her.”

“If we all, or even if a high percentage of us, did that,” answered Herr S., “we should once more get a taste of 1945 style Occupation: controls, interdictions, restrictions on our movements etc. . . . , to a degree which you cannot imagine, and should not be given a chance to raise our heads. In addition to that, our industries would either be taken away from us or placed completely under foreign control, and all financial aid from the U.S.A. would be denied us. In other words, we would live the days of the Morgenthau plan all over again. Do you want that?”

“Of course not!”

“Well, in that case, put up with the sight of the long-drawn farce which we *have* to play to these people. We are ‘de-Nazified’ — or *supposed to be*. We must continue *pretending to be*. We live, — or are supposed to live — only for ‘the integration of a Democratic Germany into a Democratic Europe’ under American protection. We look upon — or are supposed to look upon — our glorious National Socialist days as a ‘period of tyranny,’ and we are, or, at least, it is presumed that we are, most willing to ‘make good’ for all that was done to the ‘poor Jews’ during that period. We must not allow the silly Democrats to suspect, be it for a minute, that all that which they ‘suppose’ and ‘presume’ about us, boils down to nothing but a childish illusion. We must keep up the show. And at that price, in spite of all the expenses with which we are burdened, millions of dollars are lent us — i.e., *given* us, (for the future National Socialist Government will never recognise the debts of the German Federal Republic) — millions with which we can rebuild at least some houses. And new, ultra-modern machines are given us, in the place of the old ones which those people stole before they considered us as a ‘Democratic nation.’ See our industries come to life again! Go to Essen, to Duisburg, anywhere in the industrial area, and see if you can recognise the skeletons of factories that you left behind three years ago! See the wheels turning round and round, full speed; the rivers of molten metal streaming out of the blast-furnaces; the chimneys smoking, under the rising Sun . . .”

I shut my eyes and recalled the sight of the ruined towns: — Duisburg, Essen, Dortmund — that I knew so well for having passed through them number of times under police escort, in

the car that used to take me from Werl to Düsseldorf and back. And I smiled to the glorious vision that Herr S. evoked: the smoking chimneys, the streams of liquid steel, — Germany's victory in spite of the disaster of 1945. But Herr S. still spoke. "And now," — he was saying — "we are acquiring arms and ammunitions . . . at the expense of the American taxpayer. . ."

However, the idea of an "European Army" under American leadership roused me from my happy contemplation. "Arms and ammunitions to defend Democracy against its ex-Allies the Communists; to make the Germans cannon fodder for the war aims of the Yanks — a plague on them! Cannon fodder for the profit of the Jews in Wall Street!"

"No," said Herr S. in a low voice; "*no*; but fighters for a Greater Germany extending further than we National Socialists had yet dreamed: a Greater Germany comprising all Europe . . ."

"A bastardised Europe into which the international Jew would like nothing better than to see Germany absorbed!" protested I.

"No; no;" answered Herr S, "but a Europe that we shall control through our skill, and upon which we shall, in the long run, impose our faith . . ."

"If it really be so, then, well and good," said I, after a pause. "But if the best lose the *feeling* of being Adolf Hitler's privileged countrymen, born to rule; if they no longer possess the inspiring consciousness of fulfilling a God-ordained mission, but merely think of themselves as good Democrats putting their skill 'to the service of mankind' — hypocritical Democrats like the rest of them — then, is it worth it? 'What is the use of conquering the world, if you lose your soul?' I find nothing so true as that Gospel sentence, provided it is given the proper — psychological — interpretation. And I only fear Germany's soul will be lost through the bastardisation of the new generations brought up in democratic principles, (taught to hate racial pride, taught to look upon Jews and Negroes and what not as 'men like others,') if this Democracy were to last another fifty years. Personally rather than have *that*, I would prefer the atom bomb and the end of this continent. Of Course, what would be better still, would be the atom bomb and the end of the Democracies, and the unhindered rule of the Aryan élite upon their ruins."

"Unfortunately, the atom bomb is not selective," replied

Herr S. bitterly. “No bombs are. We had a practical demonstration of this during this war. You do not seem to realise what ruin another war would mean *to us*, let alone to Europe as a whole. Possibly our population would be reduced to something like ten million; that of the whole continent to fifty million — if as many as that.”

“And among those ten million, how many real, hundred percent National Socialists would survive, do you think?” asked I. “A hundred thousand at least?”

“A hundred thousand, perhaps,” admitted Herr S.

I smiled — although I felt sorry for those of my faith who would *not* survive. “Well,” said I, with sudden enthusiasm, “would not even that be better than endless peaceful prosperity under a pride-killing and race-killing régime? Would that — even that — not be enough to secure the strong, the beautiful, the healthy, the *valuable*, — the *worthiest* — the domination of the future, even if there still be some fifty million two-legged mammals scattered over the surface of what will once have been ‘the Western world’? One Nazi can control five hundred apes — don’t you think so?”

Herr S. gave me a warm, lovely smile of assent. “You are right!” exclaimed he, holding out his hand to me in a gesture of comradeship. “Yes; you *are* right.” And he added: “At heart, we all feel as you do. But, like most National Socialists who live abroad, you do not fully realise the practical difficulties that stand in our way, and that will continue hampering us until East and West Germany are again united into one state, and the last foreign trooper is gone. We are forced to put up an attitude in order to attain that double goal, which is the condition of our return to power. Don’t you understand me?”

“I do,” said I; “but don’t you lose your souls in the process! And don’t allow Germany’s body to be infected — defiled! That is my only warning. I was horrified, here in Frankfurt, at the sight of so many blonde girls walking about the streets in the company of American Negroes. And what about the mixed products? — for there must be some . . .”

“We’ll sterilise them — or ‘liquidate’ them — in time; don’t worry! And we’ll teach the young generations our clean and

virile way of life. It is only a matter of a few years, after all. Those who are now two or three, — perhaps even those who are now six or seven — will all be marching in the ranks of the reorganised Hitler Youth when they are fourteen.”

“Oh, I do hope you are right! That is all I want.”

“We *are* right: you *and* I, and our comrades,” said Herr S. And these were his final words.

I gave him a copy of my books. He gave me the address of one of the finest National Socialists in the world: a real, modern Germanic Heathen, who was already fighting for our ideals before the birth of the immortal NSDAP. “He is the man to understand you,” said he as a matter of introduction; “an old priest of the Sun and disciple of Friedrich Nietzsche as well as of Adolf Hitler.” I thanked him. And we parted saluting each other with the ritual gesture, and the holy Words: “Heil Hitler!”

* * *

Between Frankfurt and Koblenz, 29 April 1953

I don’t remember the name of the place; the train rolled too rapidly past it. But I remember, — I shall always remember — the sight: on the right side of the railway: motorcars; bright and shiny, comfortable-looking motorcars; and more and still more motorcars — light grey; dark grey; black; greenish-yellow; greyish-yellow; of all colours — in successive series of regular rows covering space as far as my eyes could see. And a whole double row of them, that seemed to me endless, already upon the flat wagons that were to carry them away . . . where? Never mind where! To the four corners of the earth — wherever there is a demand for products of Germany’s resurrected industry.

From the window of the railway-carriage, I gazed at them with elation, with enthusiasm; with love. Tears filled my eyes; and I felt a thrill of immense, inexpressible joy — such joy as I had, for years, believed I never should have a chance of experiencing again; something like a repetition of that which I had felt in the beginning of the glorious days, at the sight of pictures of new Germany’s unheard-of industrial expansion under Adolf Hitler’s rule.

Was it true? Were all these hundreds of cars not a dream?

Was the present-day industrial output of the martyred Nation really as great as *that*? — definitely beyond my expectation! And was this a sign that the glorious days were soon to come back? I was happy; sincerely, absolutely happy; happier than if all those autos had belonged to me personally. (In fact, they *did* belong to me in a way — nay, more intimately, more “personally” than they ever would to the people who would buy them. They were the first unexpected sign telling me that the long nightmare, which I had been living since 1945, was nearing its end. They were messengers of power; messengers of joy.)

I shut my eyes, and recalled the long nightmare — the mental torture I had experienced every day since my return to Europe and already before; since the Capitulation; since the time one had been practically sure that National Socialist Germany would have to capitulate. I remembered myself in September 1946, sitting in a garden in East Horseley, a place near London, by the side of Mrs. Saint-Ruth, one of the rare women in England to whom I could, in those days, pour out my heart. And I remembered her telling me: “Alas! *they* are planning to uproot Germany’s industries; to destroy them completely; to turn Germany into a purely agricultural area. Without her industries, Germany cannot possibly support her population. But these people don’t care. They want to force nine Germans out of ten to emigrate and get absorbed into the mixed population of the outer world — of the U.S.A. in particular — and cease being a conscious force, a collective will set against international Jewry. That is the spirit of this satanic Morgenthau Plan, which aims at nothing less than the destruction of Germany.” Crushed at the idea of all the possibilities the Jew was about to annihilate, and at the feeling of utter powerlessness before that crime, I had then wept. *Now* I recalled that awful experience as one recalls a bad dream, after one is once more wide-awake. Now, it was all a thing of the past; a thing that the skill of a few diplomatic Germans, who had played the Democrat, and the favour of the Aryan Gods, Protectors of Adolf Hitler’s Fatherland, had definitely made impossible. Shining under the Sun-like steel and lacquer beetles, in endless rows and rows, — ready for export — the hundreds of autos defied the obsolete Morgenthau Plan; defied the Allies and their unholy efforts to impose their will upon this land!

Slowly a tear ran down my cheek. And I smiled. “Look!” exclaimed I, with rapture, suddenly addressing the only person in the compartment besides myself, a man about fifty years old, who sat opposite me; “look! — The beginning of the great new Beginning! — Tomorrow, *these* will be rolling along all the roads of the world, telling the world that nothing and nobody can crush Germany’s will to live! How many years is it since one used to hear of the Morgenthau Plan? Seven years? Six years? It seems now a century ago; and yet, it was but yesterday. Look! In such a short time, in spite of defeat, ruin, occupation, and all the trail of misery that this means; in spite of all the efforts of the international Jew and of his vile satellites to break the spirit of this land, German industry is again flourishing. Hail, invincible people! I admire you, and I love you!”

The man looked at me with sympathetic surprise and curiosity. “But aren’t you not yourself a German?” he asked me.

“No. I am just an Aryan from far away, who looks up to the German people as to the embodiment of the finest qualities of our common race, and as its natural leaders,” replied I.

The man smiled. “I wish all Aryans of the world felt the same as you do about us!” said he, after a short pause.

“So do I! If they did feel as I do — if they *had* felt thus in 1939 — this fratricidal war for the benefit of the Jews would have been impossible!”

We talked a long time. The man was one of the right sort. At last, when he was about to get down, he held out his hand to me and said: “You have spoken the truth: *we are real Germany, we National Socialists*; and we shall win in the long run. In the meantime, I thank you for the confidence you have shown me by expressing yourself as frankly as you did.”

“I could not help it,” answered I. “The sight of those autos has given me back, all of a sudden, that old feeling of invincibility that I experienced so many times in the early months of this war. It is the loveliest feeling in the world!”

“It is a feeling that you will experience many times more in front of Germany’s extraordinary industrial expansion in spite of all hindrances,” said the man.

And he was right.

“How greater still that expansion could be, were only Germany not burdened with the Occupation costs, and the ‘damages’ to pay to the so-called ‘victims of National Socialism’ at home and abroad, and to the State of Israel!” thought I. But then, I remembered what Herr S. had told me: “It is only through our pretending to be ‘de-Nazified’ that we have been able at all to raise our heads again.”

I only hoped that the farce was not to last too long.

* * *

Koblenz, 30 April to 5 May 1953

“Heil Hitler, Bertel!”

“. . . You, Savitri! — Heil Hitler! — I was wondering who it could possibly be, greeting me at this time of night with the old, unforgettable, eternal Words. Come in and let me see you! I am so glad that you have come back!”

This exchange of greetings took place in Koblenz, in a pitch-dark staircase (the light was out of order) at about 11 p.m. It was lovely to be thus welcomed by one of the purest and finest National Socialists I know; lovely to hear the friendly voice — and the familiar salutation — after these three years in the hostile outer world.

“Come in. Dear me, you are drenched! So, it is still raining...”

“Pouring!”

“And you have lost your umbrella, naturally . . .”

“I left it in the plane, between Athens and Rome.”

“Exactly like you! Come, and take off your coat, and sit down; I am going to make us a nice cup of coffee.”

Yes, it was lovely to come home. For here, at Fräulein B.’s, I *was* home.

I walked in, seated myself comfortably in the armchair she offered me. She put some water on to boil, and seated herself by my side.

“I thought you had told us *then* that you had been expelled from Germany,” said she. “How did you manage to come back?”

“Oh, that is a fine story,” replied I with a smile. “I’ll tell you some time — today or tomorrow. You see, my case is just an illustration of a general fact, which is the following: it is always easier for one of us to pass, undetected, through the meshes of the Democratic net, than it would be for one of our opponents to escape our control, if *we* were in power . . .”

“And yet,” remarked Fräulein B. sadly, “how many *have* escaped our control, and betrayed us, during this war! You know that yourself.”

She went and brought out some marmalade and honey, and a cake, for the coffee was now ready, and she called in her neighbour, Fräulein K., who also knew me, and who had not yet gone to bed, to come and see “who had turned up” and to share our feast. Further greetings, further exteriorisations of joy took place. I was happy — deeply happy; we were all happy. And yet there was a shadow in the picture; something that made us feel it would never be “like before.” And that was the absence of our beloved Fritz Horn, who had lived in this room after his release from two post-war Allied horror camps — Schwarzenborn and Darmstadt — in which he had spent three years, and who had died here on the 12th of December 1949. Fräulein B. had had a death mask of him taken. And that — so like him that it was hardly believable — hung against the wall right opposite my seat. There were a few fresh flowers in a vase upon a little shelf before it. Next to it was a photograph of his only son, a very handsome youngster of about twenty-five, slain upon the battlefield somewhere on the Russian front, in 1942. And on the other side — now, was *that* possible? Did she really deem it worthy to figure by the side of the likenesses of those two men who had died for Germany? . . . — picture of myself! A photo that I had sent her after my release from Werl.

I took a glance at the other walls. They were decorated with pictures of Schwarzenborn and Darmstadt that Fritz Horn had drawn himself during his internment. There was hardly anything changed in the room since the martyr’s departure: only the fact that there was now one bed there instead of two. The whole place was still alive with his presence. And his presence sanctified it. And any gathering of ours within its

walls took on an unusual seriousness — I would nearly say: a solemnity — of which I became more and more aware. And it seemed strange to me to see cups and saucers and bread and a pot of marmalade upon that very table at which Adolf Hitler's life-long disciple had sat and read passages of *Mein Kampf* to me. Of course, it was only natural. The old fighter was now dead, and life continued . . . Still it was strange to feel myself drinking coffee in a sacred place.

I told Fräulein B. what I felt. She understood it perfectly. "I have often felt the same, although I live in this room where I have nursed dear Uncle Fritz till the end," replied she. "But I have gradually got accustomed to his invisible presence. I say to myself that, if he were here, in flesh and blood, he would find it most natural that we should eat and drink. He did so himself when he was among us. Do you remember how delighted he was with that pound of coffee you had brought us? He loved coffee. And he needed it, to keep his heart beating. That was perhaps the only medicine that could have saved him. But coffee was an expensive luxury, then. I had no money to buy any. You remember how we lived in those awful days, don't you?"

Didn't I remember!

I recalled the welcome of those two perfect National Socialists: the former *Ortsgruppenleiter* Fritz Horn, and his former secretary and most devoted comrade Fräulein B., who knew nothing about me apart from the fact that I too belong to Adolf Hitler. I recalled the story of the Chambers of hell which Herr Horn had told me from his own experience and from that of other Party men in the American horror camps, — and the serenity, the detachment with which he spoke, as one who knows that his days are numbered but who, still, regrets nothing, while the Cause for which he lived and for which he is dying is that of Truth and that of Life. I remembered him seeking out exceptionally beautiful passages of *Mein Kampf* to read them over again to me and then, — on the day I had left Germany — giving me the immortal Book as a farewell gift: Germany's gift to me, as he himself had said. It touched me profoundly to see that Fräulein B. had placed my likeness next to that of the martyr's son and to his own death mask. I could not help telling her how I felt she had honoured me by doing

so. Her answer honoured me even more: “He loved you,” said she, speaking of Fritz Horn; “he liked that youthful enthusiasm that you have retained; that confidence in us, that the disaster of 1945 has not lessened; and above all he marvelled at the orthodoxy of your views, all the more noteworthy that you have evolved them so far away from us.”

“Yes,” thought I; “would to goodness I had *not* remained so long far away . . .” And a great sadness came over me at the awareness of all I had missed. But it was no use deploring my past omissions again and again. The best I could do now was to face the future, making the greatest possible use of the experience acquired at such a price in the distant East. The future of National Socialism lay in men of Germany’s younger generation: old enough to be bitter on account of their memories of 1945; young enough to be fanatically devoted to the contrary of the imported Democracy, and to be proud, aggressive and merciless in 1955. The future was young Hermann — Fräulein B’s nephew — who had come with her to see me off, when I had left Germany, over three years before.

“By the way . . . how is Hermann — my youthful Nordic god?” enquired I. “And how is your sister, and the rest of the family?”

“Fine!” answered Fräulein B. “You will see them all again. Hermann is now nearly eighteen, as handsome as ever, and so tall and manly that you would hardly recognise him. He is still studying. He would like to fly — to pilot a bomber one day, whenever we have an air fleet of our own once more. He is an out and out National Socialist in spite of all the pressure ‘these people’ try to exert upon our young men. In fact, that pressure has only made him hate the Allies — and in particular the French, with whom we are here concerned — all the more. He was immensely pleased with your books, and so proud to be mentioned in one of them! Klaus is fifteen; a sweet child; working as an apprentice at an optician’s, for he did not want to go to school any longer. Doretta is twelve; still goes to school, naturally. She feels jealous when you write so enthusiastically about her elder brother; ‘I too have “hair like sunshine” and Germanic features,’ says she. Much as we dislike the whole business, she had to be christened and will have to be confirmed — to, avoid unpleasantness in her school life and hindrances

in her career (she wants to be a schoolmistress; she says. And nowadays, here in Rhineland at least, all schoolmasters and all students who wish to become teachers *must* be either “Catholics” or “Protestants,” whether they actually believe in Christianity or not). My sister and her husband accepted to go through the farce because it was not possible to do otherwise. ‘Freedom of the individual conscience’ as you can see!”

“Yes,” said I, disgusted; “Democratic freedom! But I do hope that will be all over — and our régime re-installed — before Doretta is old enough to be a schoolmistress.”

“I hope so too,” said Fräulein B. “And the child does not believe a word of the nonsense she is taught: we see to that. But we are forced — outwardly — to play up to these people in order to live. Take my own case: I am now working for an American-sponsored newspaper, the only work I could find after having lived two years on the State loan of 20 marks a week. Well, I had to swear — to *swear*, mind you! — that I am ‘not a Fascist,’ so that I might, be accepted. I swore it. In fact, I swore the truth. I *am not* ‘a Fascist’ but a National Socialist. It is not at all the same thing, save in ‘these people’s’ stupid heads.”

I could not help smiling. “During the war,” said I, “when my husband wished to get rid of some boring fool come to make him waste his time, he used to put him the question: ‘Can you tell me the difference between National Socialism and Fascism?’ Nine times out of ten the fool would declare that the two were ‘the same thing.’ Upon which my husband would tell him: ‘In that case — since you can see no difference between a way of life based upon eternal principles, and a politico-economic system, — you’d better talk of something else. Tell me, for instance, what price your wife paid for a pound of fish, this morning at the market. That, I suppose, you know.’ And nine times out of ten, the fool would invent an excuse to go away — to my husband’s relief! Of all varieties of mammals that I know, there are none sillier than the Democrats, whether they be Americans, or Bengalis, or whatever else.”

Fräulein B. laughed. “You are right,” said she. “And our dear Uncle Fritz used to say the same. Far from shattering his National Socialist faith, his contact with these reformers of mankind had strengthened it. Poor Uncle Fritz! I can *see* him

sitting at this table, reading *Mein Kampf* and telling me ‘Now — now, after I have seen what Democracy means — I understand better than ever the truth of those eternal sentences. Now — I *know* better than ever, how absolutely right our Führer is. *There is not a word he wrote or said, which is not right.*’ He used to read the Book every day, and ponder over that which he had read for hours. How I can understand him! . . . On Saturday afternoon, or Sunday, — when I am free — we shall go together to see his grave.”

“Yes,” said I. And the vivid recollection of the National Socialist martyr brought tears into my eyes.

We talked a long time more — till Fräulein K. went and prepared, upon a comfortable sofa in her sitting room, a place for me to sleep.

* * *

On the following Sunday, — 3rd May — Fräulein B. and I stood before Fritz Horn’s grave.

It was a warm day. But the weather was cloudy — with patches of blue sky between the clouds, and intermittent sunshine. The place where the grave has been dug — on a grassy slope between two woods, right at the top of the large Koblenz cemetery, — is lonely and beautiful. Through the trees, one can see something of the town in the distance. The grave is simple: a rectangle of earth and gravel; a few flowers in the midst of grass; a name; a date. But it is well kept. One sees that the man who lies here is not forgotten.

We lay the flowers we had brought — narcissuses, and dark velvety pansies — upon it. And we stood in silence, both absorbed in our thoughts.

In my mind, I recalled Herr Horn’s last words to me as he handed me the priceless copy of *Mein Kampf* — the only one he had — as a farewell gift. “Go wherever you might be the most useful,” had he said, “and wait. ‘Hope and wait.’ One day we shall welcome you again. In the meantime, if, being alone, you feel powerless, you have your burning faith, — our common Nazi faith — to sustain you. And you have this: our Führer’s immortal words; a remembrance from Germany.” And I recalled how he had, after I had thanked him, greeted me for the last time, raising his arm as though he had been accomplishing

a religious rite, and uttering the spell-like words — the Words that bind me to him and to all my comrades and superiors, alive or dead, forever and ever: — “Heil Hitler!”

And I could hardly believe that he was really dead; that his bones (all that was probably left of his tall and handsome physical self) lay under that earth and grass, and that I would never see him again. I felt all the irony of destiny in his words: “One day, we shall welcome you again . . .”

But he had said “we,” not “I.” And was he not right? reflected I. Had not his faithful comrade and friend, Fräulein B., welcomed me — and with what joy, what enthusiasm! — but a few days before? And had he not been right, also, when he had told me that, if only I were cautious, I should one day give Germany my written tribute of love and admiration *Gold in the Furnace*? The book was now printed, and was circulating among those for whom it had been intended. True, the wheel of history did not turn fast enough to please us. But Fritz Horn had told me — also during those last days I had spent with him in Koblenz — “Time does not count for us, who have truth on our side . . . We build for eternity.” He was doubtless right in that connection too.

I recalled his serene face, and that strange, more-than-human detachment — inseparable from absolute conviction — with which he used to speak of “the abysmal stupidity of the Democrats” who are preparing the irretrievable destruction of those very “values” that they pretend to represent. “They are more dangerous than the Russians, in a way,” he used to say; “more dangerous precisely because they hide their brutality under humanitarian pretences. Still they are doomed, for by persecuting us, they contradict their own profession of faith in ‘individual freedom’ and ‘the rights of every human conscience.’ Had they really given Germany ‘freedom’ in 1945, — granted every man the right to express himself, were he one of us or one of our opponents — then they *might have*, for a time at least, won Germany’s heart. Now, it is too late, even if they do reverse their policy. Germany’s respect is lost to them forever. Germany’s collaboration with them against Communist Russia, if at all it takes place, will be purely a matter of opportunism no ideological alliance whatsoever. And it is just as possible that Germany will collaborate with Russia against them, if

Russia is clever enough *not* to demand a collaboration upon an ideological basis. In any case, the Western Democracies have simply missed the bus. We shall be the ultimate winners, whatever happens; truth conquers, in the long run." He used to speak of the political — and psychological — blunders of those who had ruined his health and wrecked his life, with the indifference of a grownup person talking about the destructiveness of some unpleasant brats of the neighbourhood. I had seldom met a man so absolutely foreign to all manner of conceit; a man who not merely thought but *felt* that nothing really counted but the triumph of our Cause, which was bound to come sooner or later, anyhow.

The Sun suddenly appeared in one of the patches of blue sky, and the woods, the grass, the graves, were transfigured in the wink of an eye. I thought of the One Who is "the Heat-and-Light-within-the-Sun-disk," the inexhaustible fecundity of the earth, and the will of the better men to transcend humanity, and I prayed within my heart: "Make *me* also devoid of conceit, pettiness and sickly haste, like him who lies here, O impersonal One, — He-She-It Whom I do not know, but vaguely feel within myself and within Nature. Make me a passionless fighter for the cause of Life and Truth; a real National Socialist!" And a tear rolled down my cheek at the awareness of the beauty of Fritz Horn's personality.

It is Fräulein B. who broke the silence. "He was buried as he had lived and died: as a German Heathen," said she, speaking of him of whom we both were thinking. "I felt it would have been a mockery to call a Christian priest to mumble over his body words in which he had never believed. But a comrade of ours, an old fighter like himself, uttered a few sentences, reminding us of the virtues that had been his; of his career, and martyrdom and death for the love of Germany and of truth." And she added after a short pause: "We should not weep over him. We should live and serve the Cause of Greater Germany, which is the Aryan Cause, in the spirit in which he served it; with similar one-pointed devotion and, if possible, with similar intelligence, detachment and efficiency. I have told you how painlessly and naturally — and fearlessly — he passed into the great Unknown. May the recollection of his death give us increased faith in our Heathen

values, in our Struggle, in our comrades, whom he so loved and trusted, in our immortal Führer (visible or invisible) whom he so adored; new life . . .”

“Yes,” said I, in a low voice. And I was suddenly seized with a strange emotion. Fräulein B.’s last words reminded me of those of an old dying warrior, in a Greek folk song that I had often sung in my far-gone adolescence: “. . . Weep not over me, my children, for the death of a brave man gives new life to the young.”¹ It was an old song of the Turkish days, in which breathed the proud and violent soul of a pureblooded, poor and free élite of Greek mountaineers, embodiment of *my* Greece. *That* élite had nothing in common with the newspaper-reading parrots, admirers of Democracy and of the U.S.A.’s “generosity,” who had recently, in Athens, reproached me, on humanitarian grounds — again! — for my allegiance to Adolf Hitler’s people. And even though its descendants had been deceived during this war as during the last, they remained healthy to the extent they remained pure-blooded, and there would, one day, be hope for them, in our new Europe . . . In the meantime, in the way Fräulein B.’s words roused within my heart like an echo of the old song of my youth, here, before the grave of him who had died for our common Nazi faith, I took consciousness of the unity of my life, as I seldom had before.

“O my Bertel,” exclaimed I, as we slowly walked away along the grassy path, “it is so comforting to come here with you; and to feel myself, with you, in tune with National Socialist Germany, in the memory of Fritz Horn and of all our martyrs! What I sought as an adolescent, I have found in you, my Führer’s faithful ones, — in you, whom nobody could deceive and convert.”

“What I sought as an adolescent,” thought I, “i.e., the warrior-like outlook of the Aryan, as I then apprehended it in the virile poetry of the pure-blooded Greek mountaineers, — the *klephtic* songs; — but *that*, devoid of all Christian inconsistencies; carried to the end of its inner logic!”

Fräulein B. and I were silent until we reached the gates of the cemetery and found ourselves once more in the world of the living.

¹ Words of the famous Greek song “*O gero Demos.*”

5 May 1953, in the train

Seated in a corner of the railway carriage, by the window, I gazed at the landscape that rushed past. The speed of the train — an express — was too great for me to distinguish any details in the foreground. But the background was still, in comparison, although it too seemed to rush into distance and disappear no sooner it had appeared . . . Leaning out of the open window, my face against the wind — like on that unforgettable first journey of mine through ruined Germany, on the 15th and 16th of June 1948 — I gazed at it: blue sky and smoking chimneys; blast furnaces in a row; oil tanks (or was it gas? Or coke? Or what? I did not really care. It was at any rate *something* that was used in or produced by Germany's reborn industry; something that meant: dawning prosperity). And again chimneys — rows of proud chimneys — all smoking! . . . I recalled the autos I had seen on the side of the railway track after leaving Frankfurt. And I smiled. And I remembered what Herr S. had told me in Frankfurt: "See our factories come to life again; see the rivers of molten metal streaming out of the blast-furnaces; the smoking chimneys under the rising Sun!" He was right.

In a flash, I recalled the nightmarish landscape that stretched in 1948 from one end of the country to the other: the torn and charred walls; the heaps of twisted iron; the towns that *all* looked like excavation fields; the factories that were *all* either bombed out of use or being dismantled by the Allies . . . And now? . . . Oh, now! . . .

The train rolled on. Had I been alone in the railway carriage, I could have sung for joy. But though my lips were silent, a hymn rose within my heart, to the glory of the invincible Nation — a hymn of boundless praise, of the same quality as that with which I had (from far away) greeted Germany's industrial expansion twenty years before . . . "Oh, may this really be 'the beginning of the new Beginning'!" thought I, with all the yearning of my being.

The train halted in an important station. Absorbed as I was in my joy at the sight of Germany's reconstruction, I had not noticed the name on the side of the railway. I asked

my neighbours where we were. “In Düsseldorf,” was the answer. “Düsseldorf!” — the town in which my trial had taken place over four years before; the town in which I had lived the finest day in my life (after the great days of 1933 and 1940) and defied the persecutors of my Führer’s people, loud and clearly, in public, before the Military Tribunal! I could *say* nothing. But I was deeply moved at the thought that I was there once more.

But surely the station did not *then* look like *this*! I had not seen it, in 1949, (I had come every time in the Police car — under escort — directly to the Tribunal.) But I had seen it in 1948, as ruined as any other station in Germany. What a difference within five years! I could not recognise it. There were, in it, hardly any traces of destruction to be seen. Again, I thought of Herr S. and admitted that there was something in what he had told me.

I could have broken my journey here, and I very much longed to do so; to see, once more, the building in Mühlenstrasse in which I had stood before my judges and said: “I have come to defy the Democracies, their money and their might, and to tell you and the world that nothing and nobody can ‘de-Nazify’ *me*!” But Fräulein B. had advised me not to. The satisfaction — she had said — was not worth the risk of being found out and . . . again arrested for having come back without the permission of the Occupation Authorities. So I decided to remain in the train.

The train moved on, and soon resumed its speed. It halted in Duisburg; it halted in Essen; in Dortmund . . . In the corridor of the Nord-Express, somewhere between Duisburg and Düsseldorf, at about 3 o’clock in the morning, nearly five years before, two German railway clerks in uniform had thanked me “in the name of all Germany” for the message of fraternal solidarity — and of hope — contained in my leaflets, instead of having me arrested; in Essen, on one of my journeys between Werl and Düsseldorf, I had asked to get out of the police car, pretexting “a very urgent necessity” and . . . written “Heil Hitler!” upon a ruined wall; and I remembered the heart-rending feeling I had experienced at the sight of the charred skeleton of the immense iron and steel works, Krupp and Co. — Germany’s pride — wrecked out of all recognition by the

R.A.F. bombs; in Dortmund, I had once seen a young green bush growing out of the rubble, in the midst of the ruins, and wept for emotion at the thought of the invincibility of Life. Every place was thus connected with episodes of my former stay in Germany; with memories of love and hate — the most vivid and the richest I had. This *was* indeed my spiritual home, this German land. Overwhelmed, I gazed at it again after these three years of absence.

I would have liked to get down at every station and spend a day or two in every town in process of reconstruction; visit the resurrected factories — the Krupp Works, in particular, — if possible; congratulate the workers who had won the postwar battle for the survival and further expansion of German industry. But with the best will in the world, I could not afford to do so. I had to make the little money I still possessed last till I reached a place near Lübeck, where I intended to remain for a few days and where — I hoped — I would receive a few pounds from my husband. And on my way, I wished to stop at least in three places. For this reason, I had to be contented with a mere glance at that extraordinary industrial area that was, through relentless, methodical work — through determination and patience, and diplomacy, and all manner of intelligence and skill put to the service of the one-pointed will — freeing itself, little by little — in spite of the Montan Union — (and helping to free Germany) from Allied controls. It was all I could do. And one day, when the reconstruction would be even more complete, I would come again . . . In the meantime, I kept my head at the window, and gazed and gazed.

Was it in Duisburg? Was it in Essen? I could not tell. From some chemical factory quite near the station, where the train was stopping, came, in thick unfurling coils, like smoke, a tremendous gush of orange-coloured gas: most probably azote peroxyde — NO^2 . The product reminded me of the time I had myself been a chemistry student in France, in 1930 and 1931; of the time the victors of the First World War were still trying — in vain — to keep Germany down. Now the victors of the Second World War would have liked to try to do the same. But their ex-“gallant Allies” had not granted them for long a chance of doing so. The Russian danger had forced them to give up the Morgenthau Plan; it was now forcing them to rebuild,

at their cost, — through their “aid” — the factories they had destroyed or dismantled. And the tide of German might and subsequent self-assertion — the old tide of Nationalism backed by both industrial and military efficiency, — was rising; rising irresistibly . . . I remembered old Professor Grignard’s references to the achievements of the German scientists, and thought: “Now, just as *then* the world admires their genius and fears their skill . . .” But *I* had nothing to fear — on the contrary! I had identified myself with my Führer’s beloved people; I welcomed with unmixed enthusiasm every sign of their new industrial expansion. I gazed at the blast furnaces and smoking chimneys that I could see in the distance as the train moved on, and leaned out of the window to watch the heavy coils of fiery-coloured gas as long as I possibly could, and felt I had never been so happy within the last ten years.

Like the smoke of the proud new chimneys; like the glow of the streams of molten steel, this ever-renewed cloud of azote peroxyde was an irony, and a challenge and a cry of victory. How sweet to watch it rise towards the bright sky, proclaiming the powerlessness — and foreshadowing the annihilation — of those who once conceived or supported the infamous Morgenthau Plan; and to repeat once more within my heart: “Heil, invincible Germany!”

* * *

Hoheneggelsen, 6th May, 1951

We were following a country lane; nearing the cemetery in which is buried one of the Seven of Landsberg.¹ I walked by the side of the martyr’s widow and pondered over the extraordinary destiny that had brought us together.

I had been in correspondence with her for the last eighteen months but had set my eyes upon her for the first time only the night before, when she had come to the station to welcome me, and taken me to her house and received me as a sister. I would never forget that welcome and that reception — that homely atmosphere she had created around me, as though she had been knowing me for years. And that, solely because I

¹ The seven *last* Germans legally murdered by the Americans, on the 7th of June 1951, for having done their duty.

had, along with many others, done my best, *then*, — two years before, — to save the life of the man of whose very soul hers was a part; the one whom she had loved, and whose struggle for the glorious Idea she had shared already in her young days, before she had become his wife and born him sons and daughters; because she knew that I admired him and loved his children. He — the martyr; the man whom “they” had killed for having lived and fought for our truth — was the link between us; a link that would grow stronger and stronger as time would pass . . .

I had come to know of him and of his career (as of that of the other six) through the enemy’s newspapers; also through a special reference to him in Maurice Bardèche’s forbidden book concerning the Nuremberg trials. The first thing that had roused my admiration had been the fearless detachment with which he had given the Allied judges an account of his own activities. He had known all the time that, by accepting his responsibility to the full, he could only win himself a death sentence. But he had felt that, to reject it, would have been to betray the ideals that he had upheld all his life; that, in; this present-day post-war world, delivered, through the folly of misled millions, into the hands of self-seeking hypocrites and docile slaves of the Jews, — indifferent to all manly values; either utterly childish or utterly criminal — the life of an active and prominent National Socialist such as he, could not have a more logical end. And he had welcomed the end — the conclusion of his own life’s drama — as he had welcomed life itself and every opportunity which had been given him to serve the truth and defend new Greater Germany, built upon truth. And his voice had resounded, loud and distinct, dignified, passionless — natural — in the pin-drop silence of that Nuremberg Judgement Hall which I had seen; it had resounded, above the heads of the liars assembled there to condemn him — and us — in the name of a “universal conscience” that has never existed and can never exist: “Yes, being in command of my *Einsatzgruppe* I have, as a soldier, according to orders, and in the name of the higher State necessities which I have mentioned before, caused the execution of over ninety thousand dangerous elements . . .” (I could not remember his answer word for word, but I recalled its substance within my mind, as I walked in silence along the country lane, by the side of the martyr’s widow.)

And I also recalled an article I had read, in a leading French newspaper, shortly before the legal murder of the Seven: the *reportage* of an interview with the latter, granted to a French journalist through the American authorities. The journalist had spoken to this man about his so-called “war crimes.” And the man who was soon to die had answered with dignity: “Was your Allied mass-bombing of civil populations in any way more ‘humane’ than our mass-executions of partisans and Jews — actual or possible enemies? War is war, under whatever form it be. And in war as in peace *individual life does not count. Duty alone matters.*” The *Figaro* had reported these words in order to condemn our faith in the eyes of the Christian West. But *I* had seen in them an expression of the immemorial warlike Wisdom of the Aryans: words in the very spirit of the Bhagavad-Gita, in which it is written: “Taking as equal victory and disaster, gain and loss, pleasure and pain, fight with all thy might,” for such is thy duty “as a member of the ruling race.”¹ And I had admired the modern Aryan hero more than ever.

I remembered his latest likeness, taken shortly before the last Christmas that he had spent on this earth. He had been an exceedingly handsome man. But even more than the noble features, the serene expression of his face, the poise, the strength, and faith, that one read in his peaceful eyes, had stamped him in my estimation as one of the best among my superiors.

And now, in the company of his widow, who had become a friend to me, I was nearing the cemetery in which lie his remains. It was something as though I had the honour of being his own posthumous friend. I reflected sadly: “Had I but come years ago, I *might have* met him personally, who knows?” And once more I thought of all those I had never met and would never meet; and of all I had missed. And the well-known, awful sensation — the old torture expressed in the words: “Too late!” — twisted my nerves within my breast and cast upon me the shadow of despair.

We reached the cemetery, followed the main alley, turned to the left, took another alley parallel to the first. A rock stood on our right hand, a rock below which one could read, engraved upon a smooth slab of stone, the inscription: *Ruhstätte*

¹ As a *Kshatriya*.

der Familie O . . . A new grave could be seen within the old enclosure. The widow told me: “It is here.”

I remained a while motionless, conscious of being on sacred ground. Then I went and filled a vase of water, and placed in it the flowers I had brought, and put it upon the grave. And again I stood in silence by the side of the martyr’s wife. I could hardly believe that I really *was* there, before the grave of that soldier and thinker whom I so admired, and whose life I had so intensely wanted — and so actively tried — to save. “*Ruhstätte der Familie O . . .*” The name which I had read so many times in the enemy’s newspapers now drew all my attention. It meant unconditional allegiance, — faithfulness to the bitter end — to all that which I revere; it meant the living practice of the motto engraved upon the girdle of every S.S. soldier: “*Meine Ehre ist Treue.*” But below the family name, I now noticed upon the stone words half-hidden behind green leaves: “Gott ist Liebe” — God is love . . . This grave was that of a man who had loved his Führer — our common Führer — and his people above all, and who had died for them. The Christian words reminded me of a whole world of thoughts and feelings entirely different from and in many a way in opposition to our hard and proud National Socialist wisdom. They seemed to me somewhat out of keeping with the significance of this grave; with the significance of this life as an everlasting example of devotion to other — and, according to me, higher — values. Or was I mistaken, and had the martyr blended within his heart that which is “positive” — eternal — in Christianity, and that which is eternal in the faith in Blood and Soil, for which he died? Had he lived “positive Christianity” in the new light of National Socialism, and National Socialism in the light of the *whole* Western Tradition? From what his widow had told me, I was inclined to think so. But I did not really wish to know. I had not come to discuss metaphysics, whether in the secrecy of my own heart or in conversations. I had come to be silent before the grave of a German soldier, who was and remains one of my great superiors; of a man who, whatever might have been his religious views, had fought years and years for the one people in the world who had, in modern times, *collectively* exalted my ideals; a man who

had suffered and died to assert their right to rule . . . while *I* was still alive, and had not suffered — save mentally.

Better than ever before, perhaps, I realised how unimportant all metaphysics are, and how futile all discussions, compared with those great realities: the Struggle; obedience; death; faithfulness to one's oath in life and in death — that one religion of honour which is above all religions and which is free from metaphysics. In my mind, I recalled the oath of the S.S. men. This grave meant, to me, faithfulness to that oath before any other faith — nay, in spite of any other faith, it such be the case that another one's commands (or implications) clash with it.

One could hear nothing except, now and then, the rustling of leaves under the breeze — a warm, spring breeze. The sky was cloudy. And there was peace in the air — an overwhelming, all-pervading peace that was *not* the peace of death but that of life eternal, in serenity, in harmony, in *love* in the highest, impersonal, more-than-human sense of the word: awareness of one's unity with the Cosmos. I remembered the martyr's aged mother telling me that a nightingale had sung in a tree near the grave, at the most solemn moment of the burial. The peace of this sacred spot was that of a garden filled with a nightingale's aetherial music. Once more the words below the hero's family name drew my attention: "Gott ist Liebe." But I now no longer felt them to be strange. They expressed a supreme wisdom of Harmony beyond all struggles, including ours — the wisdom towards which we too, in fact, *tend*. What did it matter whether one attained that wisdom through the Christian path or through another, provided one did to the end one's duty as a fighter, as this young high-officer had? And provided one died bravely and with detachment, as he also had? The Gospel words no longer appeared to me as in opposition with the glorious Oath but, on the contrary, as the prolongation of it. They were eternal Words, susceptible of more than one interpretation: words that we too could utter, in all sincerity. Here, before the grave of this modern knight, I felt something akin to the emotion which I had experienced in the little church at Leonding, at the thought of my Leader's pious, simple and wise mother. Slowly a tear rolled down my cheek.

My mind flew back to those days of anguish — in early 1951 — when I had tried all I could to save the lives of the Seven. I recalled my long letter to McCloy, the U.S.A. High Commissioner in Germany, on the 2nd of February; my long telegram to President Truman on the 15th. I remembered myself on that awful day, coming out of the Lyons Central Post Office after dispatching my plea, and stopping in the middle of the bridge over the river Rhone, and gazing at the foaming green waters and praying — with what desperate fervour! — to Him Who is within all things, that the Seven might be allowed to live. And the roaring waters had rolled on — grand, living picture of irresistible Destiny — and it had all been in vain . . . And I recalled the unutterable night of anguish I had spent awake, thinking of *them*, directing all my energy in an effort to commune with *them* in a spirit of love and reverence as though I had known — felt — that it was *their* last night . . . And the news in the next day's papers: that the Seven had just been hanged "in alphabetic order, between one and three o'clock in the morning"; and my reaction to that news (after the first minutes of acute grief and indignation): my rising to my feet with a strange feeling of supernatural compulsion; my stretching out my right arm in the direction of Germany and my singing aloud, in a voice I could not myself recognise: "*Einst kommt der Tag der Rache, einmal da werden wir frei . . .*,"¹ as though the Forces that Germany's persecutors have roused against themselves through that dismal deed, had chosen me to chant the spell of destruction that was to set in motion, in the invisible Realm, the new chain of consequences fated to hasten the doom of the Democracies.

And at the thought of the agony of the Seven — and of all our martyrs — I wept.

"I have tried so hard to save *them*," said I at last, turning to the widow standing at my side; "tried so hard, and prayed so intensely! Why could not at least McCloy grant me my request to die in *their* place, if the Invisible was deaf to my prayer?"

"Because McCloy was merely an instrument of the Invisible," answered the widow with serenity. "This, apparently,

¹ *One day the Day of Revenge will come;
One day we shall be free! . . .*

had to be. It was hard for me to accept it. But I *have* accepted it, nevertheless, as 'he' had. He and I knew each other in the early days of the Struggle. We lived for the Idea and accepted our responsibility. We said 'yes' to our destiny in life. We also said 'yes' to Destiny in death. He died with courage and full of faith; I live to bring up our children in 'his' spirit."

"May he and all the others be avenged a million times!" exclaimed I with passion. "And may *I* be (among many others) an instrument of our persecutors' downfall!"

"He did not want to be avenged," replied Frau O. "I shall show you his last written words. He wanted his death to become a source of constructive power for the building of a new world, — not a cause of bitterness. The energy we spend in hating is lost for our creative effort."

"Is not hatred of the forces of evil inseparable from love of all we stand for?" ventured I to ask.

And the martyr's widow answered: "My husband conducted war without hatred in a spirit of absolute obedience to his hierarchic superiors and to his living ideals. We cannot strive to avenge him in a contrary — or even in a different — spirit, but only carry on, further and further, untiringly, the creative effort that his struggle represents. The merciless Play of Action and Reaction will avenge him — and the others — automatically, in a manner we do not know. It is not *our* business."

I thought of the Teaching of the Bhagavad-Gita: the Aryan Teaching of detached Violence. I thought of the title of a book containing General Rommel's memories and views *War without Hatred*. I thought of my own occasional insight into the higher truth of our National Socialist creed (even if I be too primitive to live up to that insight every day of my life). I remembered true words that I had happened to write in a moment of inspiration: . . . the perfect National Socialist is a man without passion; a cool-minded, far-sighted, selfless man, as strong as steel, as pure as pure gold; a man who will always put the interest of the Aryan Cause — which is the ultimate interest of the world — above everything, even above his own limitless love of it; a man who would never sacrifice higher expediency to anything, *not even to the delight of spectacular revenge.*"¹

¹ *Defiance*, edit. 1951, p. 500-501.

After a short silence, we walked out of the cemetery. “Oh, if only those who hate us could understand what we *really* embody!” thought I, as we followed the solemn alley and then, once more, the country lane, in the peace of darkening twilight. “How immeasurably high above all that the word, in its ignorance, now imagines, does the actual ideal of the S.S. stand!”

And I worshipped the dead hero within my heart; I worshipped, in him, the perfect S.S. high-officer which means, to me, the supreme type of German — the finest Western Aryan I can possibly conceive. And in him, the *essence* of the traditional ideal of the Christian knight, inseparable from European history, was not excluded but *integrated*. His last letters, a few of which I had the privilege of reading, during the following days, long letters, in which he discussed philosophical subjects in the most brilliant language, and in the most orthodox National Socialist spirit, and with admirable detachment, shortly before his hanging, — confirmed me in that feeling. While in the love with which his worthy widow and several beautiful children, and mother, and brother, received me, I experienced something of him as a living person; something like a hand stretched out to me from beyond the gates of timeless Life; something like a fleeting smile — all the more heart-rending that it was more natural and more friendly, — brightening his noble features at the sight of me sitting there, within his family circle.

* * *

Hanover, 10 and 11 May 1953

Herr S. — whom I had met in Frankfurt, — had given me Herr B.’s address as that of “a German Heathen according to my heart.” And every nerve of my body was tense with expectation as I rang the bell. An elderly man of proud bearing, with silver-white hair, bright eyes, and the classical features of an Aryan of the Ice Age, opened the door. “Frau Savitri Devi?” asked he, in a sympathetic voice.

“Yes,” replied I.

The old Aryan of the Ice Age and of today, — of all times — simply said: “Come in; you are heartily welcome. I was waiting for you.”

I stepped in, deeply moved. There was nothing particularly striking in the gentleman’s words: anybody could have

uttered them after receiving a telegram announcing my arrival. But my immediate impression at the contact of this nearly seventy year-old fighter for our Cause was about the nearest approach to “love at first sight” I had experienced in my life. I felt somehow, in him, the exact exponent of all I stand for. And I gave his words a symbolical meaning: he was Germany, welcoming in me the Aryan of the future outer world — the foreigner who had accepted her leadership for the love of Adolf Hitler, Saviour of the West. “Yes, how long have you been waiting for me, my Führer’s people?” thought I, as I heard his last sentence. “Oh, why did I not come before? And why has the outer Aryan world not accepted your leadership yet?”

I was ushered into a comfortable room full of books. Against the wall, facing me, was a wall plate, the whole surface of which was occupied by a beautiful Swastika of the curved type, with a circle in the midst of it. I was introduced to my host’s wife, a sympathetic, middle-aged woman, with dark eyes like myself. And I felt I was in *the* atmosphere in which I had all my life longed to live.

We first spoke a little of Herr S., the comrade in Frankfurt who had asked me to give “the old German Heathen” his heartiest greetings. Then I showed the latter — as a matter of further introduction — the last two samples I had of the leaflets that had occasioned my imprisonment in Werl. And I put him the burning question, the right answer to which I do not know to the present day.

“All I wrote here against the Occupation is doubtless accurate,” said I, speaking of my leaflets. “But was I right — not merely *symbolically*, but rigorously right — to state that ‘our Führer is alive’? Oh, do tell me! I have never had the honour and joy of seeing him. Shall I never have it — never? Is it really ‘too late’? And even if I be, myself, never to see him, still I would be so happy to *know* at least that he is alive . . .”

I spoke in a halting voice, with passion, as though my life depended upon the faithful old fighter’s reply. I had blind confidence in him because I knew he loved our Führer not merely *as* fanatically as I, but with the same sort of fanaticism: with religious devotion. “Do tell me whether he actually is alive?” begged I, after a few seconds’ silence.

The old fighter’s eyes gazed at me, hard and inspired. His

whole face brightened — suddenly looked thirty years younger. And he spoke with a smile that could have been mine when I speak of Adolf Hitler in circles where I am free.

“He is immortal,” said he with enthusiasm. “More than immortal: — eternal. ‘In five years’ time: the *mythos* of the German Nation; in ten years’ time: the desire of the whole world,’ thus have I, in 1945, as we, his people, lay at the bottom of the abyss of humiliation and powerlessness, summed up the history of his second and real ascension to glory and to power.

“It may be that he breathes somewhere upon the surface of this earth. In that case, one day, we shall acclaim his return. And the greatest demonstrations of collective love, verging on adoration, that greeted him in days bygone, will seem paltry in comparison with the delirious reception Germany will give him then. It may be that he is *dead*. In that case we shall not see him or hear him again. But we shall adore him for the rest of Germany’s life as the Man who gave us back our collective soul. Under the Sign of the Sun, which he stamped upon our flag, we shall rise and take the lead of the Aryan race. And his deified features will dominate our national life and the further evolution of superior mankind. In any case the destiny of National Socialism begins in 1945, when we ceased being a ‘Party’ to become, more consciously and more fanatically than ever, in the midst of persecution, the first few faithful of the true Religion of this earth and the founders of the new civilisation of the West.”

I experienced along my spine and throughout my body that peculiar sensation of sacred awe that I always feel at the renewed awareness of being integrated into something tremendous and everlasting. In my elation, I forgot that Herr B. had not answered — *could*, apparently, not answer — my precise question. For a while, *any* possible answer seemed to lose importance in comparison with the staggering certitude which he was giving me. Oh, it was worthwhile having gone through the experience of complete despair — through the horror of a life like unto a starless night — for three long years; it was worthwhile having chosen poverty and obscurity — complete insignificance in the eyes of the world — along with uncompromising faith; allegiance to my leader, whether in victory or defeat — in order to hear *that* from a German National Socialist, by far

my superior; from a man who had lived and fought not thirty but sixty years for the Aryan Cause! In a flash, I recalled the words of the Bhagavad-Gita; “I come again . . . I am born age after age to establish on earth the reign of truth.” “My beloved Führer,” thought I; “*thou art He*; I knew it all the time!”

And looking at Herr B. with burning eyes that were really full of the image of Adolf Hitler, I said, — I too, inspired: — “I have deified ‘him’ from the beginning — for *what* is ‘a God,’ if not a perfect exponent of higher mankind? I have hailed in him the embodiment of the everlasting Self of the Aryan race: Him Who comes back at the dawn — or *before* the dawn — of every new Age to establish the New Order of truth, image of the eternal Order of Nature, at the human scale, — for He Who comes back is nothing else but that. Where so many have served a political party, I have lived a religious faith: the perennial Faith of Light and Life rooted in this earth, but embracing the Cosmos — for the Religion of Race is nothing else but that. So, I was right?”

The man who had known Adolf Hitler personally from the earliest days of the Movement; the man who, before that, had taken, an active part in all the lesser movements that have prepared the ground for the N.S.D.A.P.; who had fought as a young man for Hans Krebs’ idea of the Greater Reich on a racial basis and who had, as an adolescent, greeted Friedrich Lange’s similar Idea, fixed upon me his bright, steel-blue eyes, and replied: “You were right; you *are* right — rigorously, absolutely right!”

Again the icy sensation of religious awe — the word is not too strong — ran along my spine. The old fighter, — modern priest of Light and Life on behalf of Germany’s collective soul, who had presided over national rites under the Third Reich — had accepted my life’s dedication to our common National Socialist faith; had accepted *me* within “the iron Legion, that struggles for freedom, against the Jewish danger”¹: the one militia of the Forces of Light and Life, and Order, in the modern world. Could it be true?

¹ “...die eiserne Schar,
die kämpfet for Freiheit, gegen Judengefahr...”
(Words of a National Socialist song)

I felt as one who has reached a high place, and who looks down at the winding path which has led him up to it, — and also at other possible paths that were, perhaps, shorter, or less dreary. But what does the path matter, when one has reached the summit, and when the breadth of the resplendent snow-clad ranges and of the world below stretches in the sunshine under one's eyes? "What does indeed, the dull course of a life of failure matter," thought I, "when one has at last conquered the clear knowledge of Thee in Thy eternal reality, my Führer?"

But the woman was, for a while, stronger in me than the selfless National Socialist. And the woman spoke: "And yet . . . ! How gladly I would give my life to see 'him' for five minutes! — to lift my arm in salute to him and say: '*Heil, meinem Führer!*' be it only once!" And at the awareness of all that I had, perhaps irretrievably, missed, a tear rolled down my cheek.

The man who had fought for our faith even before it had a name in modern history, reminded me of my nothingness: "We are not born to seek personal happiness in this world or in another," said he. "We are not Christians who need hopes and consolations and 'something to lean upon' and 'Somebody to love us.' We are the Strong *par excellence*, who stand alone, equally indifferent to hope and fear, inspired exclusively by our binding sense of duty to and our unconditional love for our Führer and for all he represents and all he loves. It does not matter whether you ever see him or not. All that matters in your case is that you continue serving him and his people with all your heart, will and intelligence. None of us count, save as agents of his will; as instruments of the materialisation of his programme."

"You mean his worldwide New Order, naturally," commented I; "the *spirit* of the Twenty-five Points applied in all walks of life, not merely their strictly political tenets . . ."

"Yes, of course. I mean the new civilisation centred around the idea of blood-purity and the belief in the fundamental superiority of the Aryan. The conception of such a civilisation is contained in the Twenty-five Points, no doubt, but its reality exceeds their frame and their scope. Inasmuch as we

contribute to the advent of *that* reality, we are useful, and worthy of Adolf Hitler's praise, — even if we never see him.”

“It is true,” admitted I — was I *forced* to admit: — “it is better to deserve his approbation and never to see him, than to see him and not to deserve it, or to deserve to a lesser degree.”

I put Herr B. another question. “Some seem to think they can be National Socialists while retaining what they call ‘the essential’ of the Christian teaching: such moral commandments as ‘love thy neighbour’ etc. . . . They are, (or feel themselves to be) National Socialists because they are good Germans. And they seem to wish to retain the essential of the Christian outlook on man because they are human beings. While I, on the contrary, would do anything, give anything, undergo anything to forward Germany's interests because I see in her — in spite of all — the stronghold of the new (or very old) thoroughly anti-Christian National Socialist *Weltanschauung*. I love our *Weltanschauung* precisely because it appears to me to be the exact antithesis of that Judeo-Latin (or Judeo-Greek) bastard product: Christianity; because I was, am and will remain, on aesthetic as well as on moral — and racial — grounds, one of the sincerest and most relentless enemies Christianity ever had. And I have never ceased stressing the incompatibility of the two doctrines. Am I right?”

“The two doctrines are absolutely incompatible,” replied Herr B. without hesitation. “And apart from being a glaring tribute to Germany's greatness, your course was and is the most logical which a racially conscious non-German Aryan could take. As for those who think they can reconcile our Hitler faith with that of Jesus Christ, they underestimate the significance of National Socialism, taking it for a purely political movement, while Adolf Hitler has proclaimed quite clearly that he was bringing ‘not a new election slogan, but a new outlook on the world’¹ — a new philosophy and a new Way of life. Or, maybe, they mistake the deed for the spirit. *In practice*, no régime has succeeded better than ours in giving people, for one another, such feelings as one has become accustomed to miscall ‘Christian-like’; no régime has done as much in the way of social service. It was — and might be for a long time more — *expedient*

¹ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 243.

to refer to that as to ‘positive Christianity.’ In reality, it is no Christianity whatsoever. We do not love one another because we are ‘human beings,’ but because we are blood-brothers — Germans; Aryans; — building together Adolf Hitler’s great New Order. We do not love and help our people because they are ‘human beings’ with an ‘immortal soul,’ nor as would the Communists, simply because they are ‘human beings’ more valuable than the rest of mammals on account of their alleged ‘reason,’ but because they are Germans, — actual or potential members of the natural *élite* of mankind, i.e., of the one section of mankind that really deserves kingship over the rest of the living. We would in fact, — like the Christians — help any human being in need, not, however, because he or she is ‘a man’ or a woman, but because he or she is a living creature. We would help *any living creature* in need, which is more than the Christians are taught to do. Only we ‘liquidate’ dangerous creatures of *all* kinds: vermin, Jews, dangerous elements of our own race, when any. We do not believe in the supposed ‘dignity of the human person’ whoever that person be, — just because he or she happens to be ‘human.’ No; such an idea is pure nonsense. But we love and respect all creatures that do not stand in the way of our God-ordained expansion.

“It is not so much *what* we did and are prepared to do again, that separates us from the Christians — not even the gassing of the Jews, so bitterly held against us by an hypocritical world (of the Jews whose number, by the way, has been so outrageously exaggerated — unfortunately! I wish our enemies’ mendacious statistics on that subject *were* true!). In that respect, the atrocities of the Christian Churches in the past (when they were still young) exceed ours by far. No; what separates us from the Christians is the spirit in which and the principles in the name of which we do the mentioned things. It is not that we have gassed Jews and think nothing of it. It is the fact that we gassed them purely in order to get rid of them in the quickest and cheapest possible way, *not* to punish them for believing this or that; not in order to save their souls. It is the fact that no ceremony, civil or religious — no christening; no naturalisation; — could have saved them from their fate, let alone made anyone of them one of us; the fact that we are a brotherhood of blood, irrespective of any non-essential personal beliefs,

and *not* a brotherhood of beliefs, opinions or tastes, irrespective of blood. It is the fact that we adhere to our Hitler doctrine *because of* our blood, not in spite of or regardless of our blood. Even you, a non-German, have come to us as an Aryan.”

“Yes,” said I; “and it is in the name of the beauty and virility of the Aryan that I became such a fanatical enemy of Christianity. I held that international pest responsible for the blood-mixture that marred the privileged race in the Hellenic world of the early centuries of the Christian era. And I saw in that superstition of the ‘value of man’ — so repulsive to me, anyhow, — which lies at the bottom of it, the psychological factor at the root of this sin and of its consequences. And I soon condemned no less categorically those so-called ‘mystical’ philosophies, mostly cooked up by or with the help of Greek-speaking Jews of Alexandria (such as that Philo, whose contribution to the decay of true Hellenism our enemy Eduard Herriot has shown so eloquently, without meaning to)¹ which prepared the way for the Christian faith in the Near East. Theosophy, Anthroposophy, the Rosicrucian Order, Freemasonry and its various, more or less associated organisations, are the modern equivalents of such sects . . . All as dangerous as Christianity, although the Churches profess to detest them. True, blood contamination is as much *the cause* as the consequence of the thought currents that justify it, encourage it, or hold it as a matter of indifference. Timothy, — the half-Jew — readily took to Paul’s new interpretation of Jewish messianism (a Jewish swindle for Aryan consumption). And there were plenty half-Jews in the Greek seaports of the time. And the otherworldly swindle was soon to encourage the birth of many more. A vicious circle of shame and decay. We see the same today: half-Jews love anti-racialist doctrines; doctrines that give them the feeling that they are as good as anybody can be. And anti-racialist doctrines of all descriptions — otherworldly and of this world — encourage the birth of further half-Jews. The vicious circle, outside which we stand, is not yet broken. Or rather, our Hitler had broken it, here in Germany at least; after the disaster of 1945, his enemies set it in motion once more.”

“Right you are!” exclaimed Herr B. “The Churches and the Lodges (or their equivalent) in our times, are just two parallel

¹ In his Doctorate thesis, upon Philo the Jew.

forms of the power of racial dissolution that we are fighting to free ourselves of: the power of world-Jewry.”

There was a silence. Frau B. had left the room to go and prepare the coffee. Herr B. had got up to seek in his library a book entitled *The Political Aspect of Freemasonry*, which he had written; he wished to present me with a copy of it. I was thinking of all the pseudo-“spiritual” societies, large and small, of which I had come to know in the course of my journeys in the East and in the West.

“As our Führer has so clearly pointed out in *Mein Kampf*,” said I, “it is the habit of the Jew to use ‘religion’ or ‘spiritual pursuits’ to undermine the power of Aryan States and, which is even worse, if worse can be, to emasculate the Aryan race. One has only to read the wartime issues of *Conscience* — the official paper of the Theosophical Society, edited at Adyar, South India, — in order to realise what a sinister organisation of international witchcraft Theosophy is. I let alone the fact that public prayers were offered, during the war, for the victory of the Allies, by Dr. Arundale, — *entre nous*, a debatable character — at the time, president of the whole organisation; and the fact that a very high proportion of Theosophists — in Iceland, practically all — are at the same time Freemasons. (In Reykjavik, the Masonic meetings take place, — or at least used to take place in 1947, when I was there, — in a room of the very flat in which the president of the local Theosophical Society lives, above the hall of the Society itself: 22 Ingolfsgata, as far as I can remember. I am, naturally, not expected to know that. I’ll tell you how I discovered it; it is a funny story . . .).”

But Herr B. had found what he had been seeking. He held in his hand a copy of *Das politische Gesicht der Freimaurerei*. “Here,” said he, “in this book, — which I give you (along with my history book for children *So ward das Reich*) as a remembrance, — you will find the Theosophical Society, and many other outwardly no less ‘spiritual,’ in fact, no less dangerous bodies, on the list of organisations with which a National Socialist should have nothing to do. The Freemasons never forgave me for having written this book. And that was partly the reason why I was so shabbily treated after the disaster.”

“I do thank you!” exclaimed I, taking the two books. “I shall treasure these.”

Frau B. had come back with the coffee and cakes. She filled my cup. And we resumed our conversation. I put Herr B. a question of moral discipline. "Some of our comrades tell me that my thirst of revenge is a weakness," said I. "I am, of course, not speaking of personal revenge: that craving is foreign to me. I am speaking of the joy of seeing our persecutors lying, utterly powerless, in the dust; of the desire of persecuting them in our turn, when our Day comes. Would Our Führer blame me for having that desire? Would *he* order me to 'rise above it'?"

"Never!" answered Herr B. resolutely. "He is not the man to ask of his disciples unnatural achievements. He stands for health and sincerity. And nothing is more unhealthy and less sincere than that wide-spread prejudice against vengeance. It has its roots in the Christian teaching 'return good for evil, and love those who hate thee' — which, by the way, no Christian applies in daily life, let alone in war. Since 1945, *I* have been living day and night for Germany's revenge. And one of the oldest and noblest Germans of recorded history, Hermann the Cheruskan (who was anything but a Christian) used to say: 'As long as the enemy defies us on German soil, hatred is our law, and our duty: vengeance!' We say the same."

"It is refreshing to hear you speak," said I, delighted to be — at last — *sure* that there was, from our standpoint, nothing heretical in my naturally violent feelings.

Herr B. spoke a long time — about our principles; about the war, and the traitors who have brought about the disaster; about his own life during the darkest years, when he was, in spite of his old age, forced to break stones along the roads and to help in the repairing of canals, under the whip of the victors.

"Some of us had to work under the supervision of Negroes," stated he. "At first, we thought we were still the less unfortunate, for our warders were Englishmen. But we soon changed our minds. Those who worked under Negro overseers were far better treated than we; it happened, now and then, that they were offered a cigarette; and they were not — as *we* were — beaten with the butt of their warders' rifles, as soon as they would stop working for two seconds, to take breath."

". . . Hatred is our law; and our duty: vengeance!" quoted I. "You are right: Hermann's two thousand year-old words

are as true as ever. Never forget those awful years! And never forgive!”

“Rest assured that we shall not forget!” replied Herr B. “Yet, one day, we shall look back to all this as to our necessary trial. As you wrote in your first leaflets, we are the pure gold thrown into the furnace, to be tested . . . Inasmuch as we really *were* pure gold, we stood the test. We are more conscious, more alive — more aware of our actual scale of values and of our ultimate aims — than ever before, we, the genuine National Socialists. And we are far more numerous than the world believes.”

“I am glad to hear it!”

“We are also more aware of our mistakes than ever before,” continued Herr B. “. . . and determined not to repeat them.”

“What do you call ‘our mistakes’?” asked I. “Do you believe, as I do, that we were too lenient in our days of power?”

“Too lenient, surely,” answered he; “but especially, not selective enough. The Party should have been closed as soon as we took Germany’s destiny into our hands. Most of those who came to us *after* 1933 were not National Socialists, but time-servers. They had no business to be in the Party. As for the salute, we have cheapened it — not to say profaned it — by making it compulsory in official life, and practically compulsory in ordinary life. It should have remained the monopoly of the old, hundred percent Nazis of the early days, — and that of those among the new generations, brought up under our régime, who sincerely adhered to our principles and were ready to die for them. Other people should have been contented with shaking hands and saying ‘Good morning!’ or ‘Good day!’ when meeting one another in the street.”

“You have just expressed that which I have always felt, in the bottom of my heart, without daring to tell any of our comrades, lest I might be blamed for feeling the wrong way,” said I. “Well, now I hear *you* feel the same, I need no longer fear that reproach. I know that drastic police measures can compell practically anybody (save people as uncompromising as ourselves, and these are rare) to do or say anything. But among the things done or said under such pressure, some are more important than others; some are essential, others are not. It matters little how much we hurt our opponents — and thereby,

increase their hatred — when, at that cost, we obtain some useful work that will help to bring about the success of our constructive plans, or contribute to the defence of the Reich and of the régime. But to suscite further waves of hatred against us merely for the pleasure of making people *who don't want to*, lift their right arms and say 'Heil Hitler!' is, in my eyes, useless, and even dangerous. I feel that way because I believe in the power of thought as in the power of love and of hatred; and because I know, from my own experience, how all the efforts of our enemies to draw *me* to their conception of life have only resulted in making me more conscious of my own scale of values, more uncompromising and more aggressive than ever. I do hope our mistakes in psychology will not be repeated, next time . . .”

“They shall not be; rest assured of that!” answered Herr B. “Bitter experience has taught us better . . .”

I wanted to add that I hoped *I* would, “next time,” be allowed to greet people with the ritual salute and to use, along with the privileged minority, those words — “Heil Hitler!” — which I had always uttered with such love, even *after* they were forbidden. But I did not. I was afraid of appearing childish. And I felt somehow sure that the answer could only be a very definitive: “Naturally!” In the person of Herr B. and of so many others of those whom I admire, National Socialist Germany had already accepted *me*.

It was late when I left the B.s. “We would gladly ask you to stay the night, if only we had place,” said Frau B. “Unfortunately, we only have this room and a kitchen (which we share with other tenants).”

I spent the night in a nearby hotel, and the following day again in the company of the old Heathen fighter and of his wife. When I took leave of them at last — to catch the train to Celle — I could not help feeling once more with particular intensity, that which I knew already, namely, that they and the rest of the iron minority of true National Socialists — my brothers in faith my superiors: — are my one real family; the only people to whom I belong in this wide world.

Although the station is far away, Herr B. insisted on seeing me off. We parted, as always, with the sacred words “Heil Hitler!” or rather (for this was a public place where one was

not unobserved) with a formula known to us, which means exactly the same.

* * *

Uelzen, 17 May 1953

In the railway carriage, beside me, sat Anni H., one of the few among my comrades of the “D wing” — i.e., sentenced as “war criminals” — whom I had, in Werl, personally come in touch with. And we were both on our way to meet Hertha E. — my beloved Hertha E., free at last! I could hardly believe it.

I looked at the happy, neatly dressed, middle-aged woman, in whose company I had just spent a whole week in Celle; and for the hundredth time, I recalled the same woman wearing the dark blue prisoners’ uniform. I remembered her sitting in my cell four years before, and telling me that “nothing had made me more popular” among my D wing comrades than the British Governor’s order that I was not to be allowed to come in contact with them. Whose orders could now keep me from sitting at Anni’s side? Whose orders could keep us from addressing each other as *du* and from feeling ourselves bound forever to each other and to all our comrades, women and men? Who could forbid us to book a ticket for Uelzen, and to go and meet Hertha E. (no doubt already waiting for us at the station)? I felt elated at the awareness that every one of my movements — and, first of all, my very presence in Germany, — was an act of defiance; a provocation to the Allied Occupation authorities and to the Allies themselves, persecutors of National Socialism. And I dreamed of the day I would be — at last! — granted an opportunity of defying them openly; of insulting *individually* their henceforth powerless fleeing forces, (as *they* used to insult us, in 1945) until I would bring tears of rage (and of despair) into every man’s eyes; the opportunity of compelling them to acknowledge, not only the defeat of their respective countries and of Democracy, but the utter bankrupt of their Christian values, of their way of life, of all they were taught to revere (and revered, like docile sheep) and of gloating boisterously to my heart’s content, as a real “Barbarian” — I who never was anything else, in fact. (But is it not better to be a conscious Barbarian than a deluded sheep?). I was revelling in the thought of that future delectation, as the train rolled into the Uelzen station.

“Look! Look! I can see her!” cried out Anni as the train halted.

“Where? I cannot see well from a distance, as you know . . .”

“There! — leaning against the railing with two men at her side, one tall and the other middle-sized . . . She has seen us, and is now waving to us . . .”

It was true. There she was. Our carriage stopped right before the entrance of the railing, where she stood. We stepped out. She walked up to us, followed by the two men, and threw herself into our arms. “Anni and ‘Muki’!” exclaimed she; “It is a joy to see you again!”

She was as pretty as ever and looked younger than four years before. Her glossy, light-blond hair, that she used to comb up straight, when she was in Werl, had now been “permed” and shone in the sunshine in metallic locks around her regular, classical features. And there was joy and self-assurance — confidence in destiny — in her proud smile and bright eyes — those same large, sky-blue eyes that I had seen so many times so full of yearning. She wore a well-cut dress of greyish-blue silken material, nylon stockings and elegant shoes. And the pearl earrings that I had left behind for her, on the day of my release, adorned her beautifully. I was glad to see that they had duly been given to her. I was glad to see her looking so well and so happy. Nobody could have believed that she had just spent over eight years in a prison cell. I gazed at her with love and admiration, nay, with a sort of reverence, for she was a miracle and a symbol: the miracle of Germany’s will to live, that no force can break — God-ordained invincibility, that man cannot kill — and the symbol of us all, who have never acknowledged defeat.

“My beautiful Hertha!” exclaimed I, unable to keep my eyes away from her. And I added in my heart, but without *uttering* them, the very words I had addressed her the last time we had met clandestinely, on the eve of my release: “My living Germany! . . .”

She introduced me the two men — and a third one, who was standing; in the background, and whom I had not noticed “Longin B. — we call him ‘Leo’ — former *Oberscharführer* S.S., released from Werl along with me, ten days ago: Heinz G. another S.S. comrade, released from Werl last year; Erich

X., for long years a prisoner of the Russians.” And she introduced me to them: “This is our ‘Muki,’¹ of whom I have already told you the story,” said she. And she introduced our comrade Anni.

The three men shook hands with us. Leo B., the tall one whom Anni had seen from the railway carriage, patted me on the shoulder and said, with a happy smile: “I am very, *very* glad to meet you at last; Hertha has told us all such a lot about you!” Meanwhile Hertha added, turning to me: “Here, you can speak freely: we are among ourselves.”

Oh, to feel myself once more among people of my own faith, of my own ideals, after these three years of separation! To be able to talk freely — and intelligently — to out and out National Socialists, after all the hostility, and imbecility, that I had encountered abroad! Again, I thought of my own words to my mother (who is against us): “They, — my comrades; my superiors; the genuine followers of Adolf Hitler — are my real and only family.” And I looked up to my companions with admiring eyes.

An auto was waiting for us. Erich, who was to drive, sat in front. The two S.S. men tried to squeeze themselves at his side, but could not: Leo B., being nearly six feet tall, was big in proportion; and Heinz was not thin. We laughed.

“Come!” cried at last Hertha to Leo. “Let Heinz sit at the back with us. Can’t you see you need the whole place to yourself?”

“As though four can sit at the back when *you* are one of them, you fatty,” retorted he. “And Heinz is hardly smaller than I; and Anni . . .”

“‘Muki’ is the feather-weight among us; I’ll take her on my lap,” answered Hertha. “Come Heinz; and sit between Anni and me!”

And so we rolled — full-speed through the quiet streets of the little town, and then along a lovely country road between bushes and meadows full of flowers.

“I am taking you to a nice little café where we shall be alone — and free. I know the owner,” said Erich.

¹ In Werl, we were called by our surnames. My surname — Mukherji — became “Muki,” “Mukchen,” etc. . . . in the mouth both of the prison staff and of my comrades.

“Wonderful!” cried Hertha.

“What is really wonderful is to see you again looking so well,” said Anni.

“I am not as well as I look,” replied Hertha; “my nerves are in a bad state, the doctor says. And what appears at first sight to be “fat,” in my body, is nothing but water-swelling; the result of eight years of prison diet.”

“Still, you are at last *free*,” said I. “It is a joy to see you free, and as firm as ever in our glorious National Socialist faith.”

“Firmer and more uncompromising than ever! Ready to begin again and avenge our dead comrades, and repay those swine for all that we have suffered,” said Leo, turning around and squeezing my hand in sign of warm approval.

“Absolutely right! And we *will* begin again!” cried Heinz at my side.

I shut my eyes for two or three seconds, and remembered . . . a scene that had been described to me in the darkest days: a long line of cattle wagons covered with snow, rolling through the Saarbrücken station in 1945, packed full of S.S. men on their way to the chambers of hell — to different *anti-Nazi* extermination camps in occupied Germany. And from those cold, damp, filthy wagons, in which the men had been standing for God alone knows how long, without food or sleep — or water — came the Song of the unvanquished: “When all become unfaithful, we remain faithful . . .” I had never thought of that episode without shuddering . . . Now, I gazed at the former prisoner in Russia and at the two S.S. men at my side and at my two friends Hertha and Anni, all so full of energy and faith *after* and *in spite* of those long years in jail . . . They were those who had victoriously stood the test; the “gold in the furnace.” Their boisterous gaiety, their spirit of defiance, their readiness to fight again — so refreshing to me — prolonged in unbroken time the song of the S.S. men of 1945 on their way to hunger, torture and death . . . They were invincible Germany; they were the seed of the new, National Socialist civilisation, firmly taking root, for centuries . . . I stretched out my arms, as though. I wished to embrace all five of them, — and, beyond them, the whole heroic legion of my brothers in faith — and, smiling to them, I intoned the Song of the S.S. men; the triumphant

hymn that had sprang from the wagons of death in 1945, defying the forces of darkness: *Wenn alle untreu werden, so bleiben wir doch true . . .*

The others joined me. Leo turned around and, for a second, looked at me with a beaming face, while continuing to sing. The car rolled on . . .

Along the sunlit country road, in the glory of spring, resounded the Song of the men of iron: an echo of the recent great years, and a spell, hastening the dawn of the great years to come.

* * *

The little café was lovely — and lonely. I sat between Hertha and Anni, opposite the three men.

“What will you have?” Hertha asked me. “A glass of beer?”

“I would prefer a cup of coffee.”

“You and your coffee! Have a glass of beer; beer is German; coffee is not.”

I smiled. “My Hertha!” exclaimed I, putting my arms around her neck — like on that unforgettable day she had first come to my cell — “there is nobody like you for finding the argument that will convince me! I’ll have a glass of beer.”

“Six beers!” ordered Heinz.

“Now, tell me how things stand in Werl; how many more of us are still there?” asked I.

“Ninety-seven men, to my knowledge,” replied Leo.

“And five women,” added Hertha: “Frau B., Frau G., Ella S., Gretel R., Marta D. On the other hand, the place is full of quite a different sort of political prisoners: Communists, mostly charged with espionage on behalf of Russia. They have been all packed into the A wing and are completely cut off from the rest of the prison. And, (I was told) they are often submitted to long cross-questioning, occasionally with the help of torture. The present Governor of the prison, Meech — far worse a type than Vickers, whom you knew, ever was — had the cheek to ask whether any of us would be willing to ‘assist’ the Englishmen in this nasty business, in exchange of better food and a few cigarettes a week. Frau S., the *Oberwachmeisterin*, was requested to transmit me the proposal, which

I turned down with contempt. Why should *I*, of all people, help the English in the repression of their ex-“gallant Allies” the Communists, after the disgusting manner England behaved to us, the natural enemies of Communism? And those women, who are cross-examined, are German women, whatever be their views. Why should I help the foreign Occupation to harm them for the defence of a régime which we detest? There is nothing to choose between Western-style parliamentary Democracy and Communism — the two modern forms of Jewish rule.”

“Right you are!” exclaimed I. “I am glad you refused to help the enemy. And I am glad to hear you speak in such a manner.”

“Those bastards would now like to have us on their side,” put in Heinz. “But I am afraid it is too late; they have missed the bus.”

“Let them first release all those of us whom they still detain behind bars,” said Leo. “In the male section in Werl, there are, as I told you, ninety-seven of us still waiting to come out — and great ones, such as General Meyer; you know: ‘Panzer-Meyer.’ . . . And how many more in Wittlich, and in Landsberg, let alone in the prisons of France and Holland and other countries of the so-called ‘free’ world, which we are now invited to defend ‘against Bolshevism’?”

“Several hundreds in Landsberg, it seems,” declared Hertha; “Hans F. said so the day before yesterday. And he was released from there only a couple of months ago.”

“And let them put a stop to those nauseating ‘war crime’ trials!” put in I. “In France, where I was, as you know, up till last year, they are still sentencing Germans to death for having done their duty. On the 3rd March 1950, out of thirteen S.S. men charged with the usual ‘war crimes’ — shooting of *partisans* in wartime, etc. . . . — the Military Tribunal of Lyons sentenced eight to death. The Paris lawyer, Ditte, who defended Kaeniast, one of the accused, was himself revolted at the way they were judged. “This is not justice, but hatred,”¹ declared he, summing up in a few words the whole attitude of the French Courts, nay, of the French nation, to our comrades and to National Socialist Germany at large. Since then, many

¹ Reported in the Lyons news paper *Le Progrès* at the time of the trial.

more ‘war crime’ trials have taken place. One I remember particularly well, for Mr. Claps, a lawyer whose wife has studied with me at the University, pleaded for the main defendant: an officer named Eckert. The latter was sentenced to death in spite of the advocate’s forceful exposure of the injustice of all ‘war crime’ trials. And now, again, — now, in 1953! — began on the 12th of January, before the Military Tribunal of Bordeaux, the trial of twenty-two S.S. men charged with having taken part in the reprisals at Oradour in 1944 . . . Of the twenty-two, eight, or rather nine, were Germans. (I say ‘nine,’ for the Alsacian Boos, who so boldly proclaimed his allegiance to Germany and his faith in Adolf Hitler to the end, deserves to be called a German.) Two: — Boos, and Lenz, — were sentenced to death; six, to long terms of penal servitude; one was acquitted: he obviously had no part at all in the reprisals . . .”

Hertha interrupted me. “Yes,” said she; “I have met him. He is in Fischerhof — the convalescent home, — with us. His name is Degenhat . . .”

I could hardly believe my ears. “What, Degenhat of the Oradour trial, *here*? And I can see him?”

“You shall see him this afternoon. I shall introduce you. “I must ask him about the trial . . . But tell me: what does he look like?”

“A blond young man with thoughtful blue eyes — very young; very quiet; and as harmless as a lamb. He hardly speaks at all . . .”

“Poor boy! I can imagine what he must have suffered at the hands of those brutes, these eight long years!” said I. “By the way: do you know *why* there were — why there had to be — reprisals at Oradour? Most people don’t know. But three persons, of whom two were French, told me in 1946. It is, in fact, one of the first things I heard on my return to Europe. It seems that the ‘heroes’ of the French *résistance* had caught hold of twelve German officers, tied them up, and pressed them to death in an enormous wine press . . . And there is something more, which a Frenchman told me last year: it seems that they also caught hold of three S.S. men, tied them by their feet to a motor-lorry, and, after thus dragging them along the road for a few kilometres, hung them on crooks — thrusting the latter through the flesh under their chins — before a butcher’s shop in or

near the village. I was told that they were still alive when men from the S.S. division *Dais Reich* passed by and saw them. Who would *not* have burnt down the village after such horrors?"

"Quite true! And we were not ruthless enough in matter of reprisals, if you ask me," added Heinz.

Thus we conversed till it was lunchtime — time for Hertha and Leo to go back to the convalescent home where they had been transferred after their release from Werl. Heinz showed us some photos of the prison and some pictures that he had drawn himself in a "remembrance book" in which he and other prisoners had written on different occasions. Hertha compared the present-day Governor in Werl, — Meech — to Col. Vickers, the one who had been in charge of us in my time — much to the disadvantage of the former. Anni spoke of Ilse F., another victim of the Belsen Trial, released at the same time as her. Ilse's health had been wrecked for life through the particularly horrid treatment she had experienced in 1945 at the hands of the British. I spoke of the eternity of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*, and of Germany's coming revenge. Erich, who spoke very little, declared however that, in the long run, nothing can stand in the way of our truth, and 'that he hoped to see the Russian people themselves, one day, reject Marxism and acknowledge it.

At last, we all sat once more in the car, and Erich drove us along a beautiful road, through woods, to the convalescent home — "Fischerhof."

"You will stay with us until tomorrow, Muki and Anni, won't you?" said Hertha as we were nearing the home. "There is plenty of place. I shall speak to the doctor in charge. And she will agree, I am sure."

"I am sorry I cannot. I have to go to work tomorrow morning," replied Anni, who, since her release, had secured herself a job in some factory.

"A pity! It is really a pity. But you will stay, won't you, Muki? This afternoon we are having a party to keep up our happy return to freedom (there are more of us in this home, as you will soon see). I shall introduce you to our friend Hans F., a man whom you will like — a former *Sturmführer* S.S., lately released from Landsberg. You *must* see him!"

"I shall stay," answered I, overwhelmed with joy. And I

could not help adding, as a scene of the past suddenly crossed my mind in a flash: “Do you remember, my Hertha, how depressed you were in Werl, on one occasion, and how you wept in my cell asking me: ‘How long, how long more will this life behind bars last?’ And I told you: ‘This will pass like a bad dream. *One day, you will be free.* One day, you and I and others of our comrades will talk unhindered to one another! Didn’t I say that? See, the day has come! And greater days are coming. Oh, I am happy!”

I *was* happy, indeed.

* * *

The day flew by without my noticing it: the midday meal with Hertha and Leo (while Anni sat at another table, because there was no place); the coffee, in a cosy little room next to the dining room; my conversation with new comrades; then, the party at the café, and the trip to the station — to see Anni off, — and the return through the woods, took place in succession, like scenes in a cinema show. And the second day dawned, — and passed: a fleeting experience of the world I had so much wanted to live in, all these years; of the world to which I really belong: *in* Europe, no doubt, and “a European world” in the ordinary sense of the word, but, inwardly, further away from and more foreign to traditional Christian Europe than any circles I had come in touch with in India (with one or two exceptions); of the world of the first modern Aryans who think and feel as Aryans.

I can never forget Hertha’s introductions: “Hans F., *Sturmführer* S.S. just released from Landsberg; Lydia V., sentenced to death by the French, and now just released from Fresnes; Leo B., sentenced to death by the British, and released from Werl at the same time as I, i.e., on Thursday before last; Anni H., one of us of the Belsen Trial, released from Werl in 1951; our ‘Muki,’ released from Werl three years ago, author of *Gold in the Furnace* and *Defiance* — our story — and . . . you know me, Hertha E., former overseer in Belsen . . .”

I recalled in my mind the words General Ramke had spoken in Verden before some five thousand S.S. men: “One day, the black lists will be lists of honor . . .” And I was happy. We are already — and we feel ourselves already — a legion of

honour. But how I felt small in the midst of it, by the side of the men of iron who had remained not months but *years* in jail, and come out as faithful as ever to our Führer, alive for all times, and to our ideals! I could not help saying: “It is not my fault if the British released me before I had served my term. I was — God knows! — outspoken and bold enough before my judges. But apparently all Democrats are fools . . .”

“That, they *are*, quite definitely!” exclaimed Hans F. good humouredly. Take my case, for instance. They sentenced me to fifteen years’ imprisonment for things which I have never done; and they mentioned not a word of all I really did, for the simple reason that they know nothing about it.”

“They don’t seem to know anything of *my* real activities in India during the war,” said I. “One day, when we are free and powerful — and they, powerless, — I shall tell them. It will amuse me to watch their faces . . .”

We laughed. Then we started speaking of our post-war experiences with our persecutors. Lydia V. told us something of her trial in France, where she had served during the war as an interpreter. She was charged with having — indirectly — contributed to the execution of number of people who belonged to the French *résistance*. “I was not allowed to speak,” said she. (“If you know France,” she added, turning to me, “you can well imagine what a ‘war crime’ trial looked like in that country, in 1945.) Still I managed to put in one sentence. I told ‘them’ that I had done my duty as a German, and that I was sorry — very sorry — that I had not done *more*.”

“And what did ‘they’ say to that?”

“Nothing. They gave me a death sentence, which was, after a time, commuted into a sentence of life-long imprisonment.”

“And how did ‘they’ treat you and the other German prisoners?”

“Disgracefully,” replied Lydia. “I myself was actually in chains for weeks and weeks. And I was not the only one. Then, they thrust us into one large room, — at the same time our dormitory, working room and dining room — along with the ordinary criminals. Over two hundred women were made to live in that room: twenty-five or thirty of us, so-called ‘war criminals,’ and — the rest — thieves and murderesses. Can you

imagine what our life was, day and night in that place, without any privacy, and without anything to read, *for years*? Can you imagine that pack of coarse and mostly debased types of womanhood, in whose constant contact we were — some singing, some quarrelling, some relating smutty stories, . . . some using the pails? And the way many of them used to abuse us because we were Nazis? (*They* had been in the French *résistance*, most of them!) A thousand times I wished I *had* been killed . . . Then, sometime in the beginning of last year, I was told that my sentence had been commuted to twenty years. But ‘twenty years’ sounds no better than fifty, when one is living in such a hell. The ‘good news’ left me indifferent. I only prayed I should not live till the end of my term. Then, one day — a month ago — I was again called and told that I was to be released at once; that I could pack up my few things and go . . . once more into the world of the free; back to Germany — home! I fainted.”

“I can well believe you,” said I.

With all the vividness of my imagination, I pictured to myself those long, dreary years of hour to hour irritation and humiliation and of occasional wild despair; those years of hell, as Lydia herself had described them. And I added: “May *I*, one day, be given the power and the opportunity to avenge you!”

Hans F. spoke of Landsberg, where over a thousand men had been imprisoned — and over three hundred hanged — for having done their duty to the end. He spoke of the fearlessness and serenity of the martyrs, happy to die for Germany and for the Aryan Cause, knowing that they were right and that history would justify their actions and prove the soundness of the National Socialist principles. He spoke of the Jews as of those who stood at the back of all the tortures inflicted upon our comrades and, before that, at the back of the foulest propaganda against Germany and of that whole policy of England which had made the Second World War unavoidable.

“Quite right!” exclaimed I. “Quite right! How well I remember that worldwide campaign of lies! It had its agents — and its effects, too, — in India, where I was. But let me repeat here what I have stressed so many times in the course of my life; let me stress it once more, even if it might sound boring: what *I* hold in *the first place* against the Jews, is Christianity,

that oldest and most successful invention of theirs in order to emasculate the Aryan race. Had the whole world, including the non-Christian countries, such as India, not been soaked in Christianity for hundreds of years; I mean, had the Christian *values* — the ‘dignity’ of every two-legged mammal, of whatever shape or colour; the ‘right’ of every variety of two-legged mammals to live and thrive, and other such stuff — not been accepted as the basis of universal ethics by practically *all* mankind (save we, and, perhaps, our Allies the Japanese,) the Jewish campaign of accusations against us would have met no response. All my life, I have fought with tooth and claw against these Christian values (thank goodness I was, myself, by Nature’s grace, free from their influence!). And what I love, what I worship in the Third Reich, is the fact that it has at last brought forth an élite — the S.S., — who also stood up against them in the name of the natural, eternal values of Blood and Soil, and of Aryan pride. Glory to the S.S., early vanguard of that regenerate Aryandom of my dreams! May I, one day, see its surviving veterans seize power and rule the earth!”

“Our ‘Muki’! It is a joy to hear you speak, ten days after one’s release,” said Leo, putting his strong hand upon my shoulder in a gesture of comradeship, and gazing at me with a happy smile.

Hans F. considered me earnestly, as though his hard blue eyes were reading in mine the history of a life devoted to our Idea.

“You have the right view of things, which is also ours,” said he at last; “the view of those few men who understood the deeper meaning of our Struggle against Jewry, and who inspired and directed our action. As you say, *we* are free from the influence of the lying teaching imposed through fire and sword upon our German land over a thousand years ago — teaching of ‘meekness’ indeed! — the most shameless swindle that ever existed. Auschwitz and Treblinka were our dispassionate answer to that standing shame and. standing lie; to that will to degrade us, that has been working relentlessly ever since Charlemagne’s ‘crusade’ against Heathen Germany. We did not *hate* the Jews. (As you say yourself, who *hates* vermin?) But we systematically got rid of them — although not as thoroughly as we should have, unfortunately — because we knew what a danger they represent

as a collectivity in all Aryan lands. And we showed Germany and we showed the Aryan world how easy it is to get rid of dangerous human beings, *without hatred and without remorse*, provided one has our spirit, i.e., as you say, provided one is free from the influence of the Christian lies.”

“. . . From the lies of every man-centred faith, to be more accurate,” added I.

And Hans F. talked about the convoys of Jews that he had himself accompanied to the place of fate. And he described the activity of the crematoria, and the ‘great bright-red flames’ that would spring out of the main chimney as new fuel fed the furnace below. “*You* would have loved to see those beautiful great red flames!” said he, addressing me.

“Here is at last one who does not need more than half an hour to know me thoroughly,” thought I; “people of the same sort *feel* one another, I suppose.” And recalling in a flash the thousands of fools that had dared to tell me that I “surely would have ceased being a National Socialist” had I “only seen Auschwitz,” I felt: “Gosh, what a relief to be among one’s own people!” And I turned to the former *Sturmführer*, with a smile:

“Yes, no doubt;” replied I, referring to the picture which he had evoked — “for this was the sunset purple announcing the twilight of a world I have hated for years, (for centuries, maybe, if the belief in successive births be right,) and which I have, with all my might, striven to kill. As other flames, lit from isle to isle across the Aegean, once announced the destruction of Troy, so these told the world the end of Judeo-Christian civilisation — at last!”

“And the dawn of ours!” put in Hans-Georg P., a handsome young blond with a definite taste for history and philosophy — a perfect National Socialist, but too young to be a “war criminal” — who had just stepped into our circle.

“No;” protested I; “not yet! Night stretches between sunset and dawn — the long night of persecution and apparent annihilation that we are now living. Our dawn will shine when new and mightier red flames will spring out of the chimneys of Auschwitz as corpses not merely of Jews but of traitors of Aryan blood — of slaves of Jewry from all lands — will be thrown into the fire below. That is what I would really like to see!”

“You’ll see it one day, — I hope,” answered Hans F.

“By the way,” said I, “it seems that, in their desire to show tourists how ‘awful’ we were, the Democrats have built gas chambers in former camps in which there were none, and added new ones in such places as Auschwitz . . . Is it true?”

“It is just like them, anyhow!” laughed Hans F. “But let them do so! It will spare us the trouble — and the expense — of new installations, next time . . .”

However, he suddenly became serious, nay sombre. “We burnt Jews (although, admittedly not as many as we should have),” said he; “but *they were dead* — all of them, already dead; those who deny this, lie. While the kind-hearted Allies who accuse us, burnt *us alive*: — more than three million civilians — with their phosphorus bombs. Shame on their hypocrisy!”

We spoke of the future and of its possibilities.

“Shall I ever see him whom I never had the joy of greeting: our Führer?” asked I. “Is he really alive?”

“Yes,” replied Lydia V. “Of that I am sure. And that certitude has sustained me throughout those terrible years — at the time of the disaster and afterwards.”

“On the other hand, I have spoken to comrades living in Argentina, who have told me definitely that he is dead,” said Hans-Georg P. “We should have the courage to face the fact, bitter as it may be.”

“Dead or alive in the flesh, he lives in us,” declared Hans F. “I can tell you: we are determined to carry on the Struggle, through whatever means are the best adapted to the necessities of the present-day, which are different from those of the past. Our tactics may change — are, in fact bound to change — with the new situation that faces us after all these years. But our principles remain the same; *they are eternal*: they are those laid down in *Mein Kampf* for all times. And we shall win, sooner or later, because we are fanatically inspired by a faith which is founded upon objective truth, while the Communists have a faith rooted in an illusion (that will not stand the test of time) and the Western-style Democrats just no faith at all. Their Christianity? A bundle of prejudices, not a source of living inspiration. They cannot give it back the enthusiasm, intolerance and strength of youth.”

“I met two real Christians in my life,” said I: “one is a Negro, who declared in my presence, in London, in 1946,

that the Allies should release all so-called ‘war criminals’ in accordance with Christ’s commandment ‘Love thy enemies, and do good unto those who hate thee’; the other is a French woman, a former schoolmate of mine who, knowing I am an enemy of all she stands for, yet sought private tuitions for me, — helped me to earn money and to send presents to my German comrades, and expensive airmail dispatches of printing proofs to him who was then publishing my books in far-away India — as long as I was in France. And do you know what that woman once told me, of all things? She declared — on the 6th of December 1950, I remember the date, — that she would be glad if only her co-religionists loved Jesus Christ half as much as I love Adolf Hitler . . . !”

“Flattering for us,” remarked Hertha.

“And encouraging,” said Hans F.

* * *

I spent the whole next day in conversations with comrades, in particular with Lydia V. and with the young man from the Oradour Trial. I asked the latter whether the horrors that had been related to me were true.

“Only too true,” replied he.

“And why did you not, then, mention such facts in your trial?” enquired I. “Why was there not a word spoken about them by any of you or of your lawyers?”

“*We were not allowed to allude to them directly or indirectly,*” answered the former S.S. soldier. “We were bluntly told that, if we did so, we should, thereby, merely impair the possibility of saving our lives. Those who knew they had no chances of saving their lives — and who did not care — (like Boos) did not speak for fear their boldness would be punished upon *us.*”

“Democratic justice!” said I, bitterly. “Oh, when will the Day of reckoning dawn? I would have urged the woman who had related me the wine press atrocity to go and speak of it herself before the Military Tribunal of Bordeaux. Unfortunately, she had already died in 1947 or 1948. Her name was L.L. and she used to live in Nevers.” (I gave the woman’s full address.)

Lydia V. startled, and stared at me, surprised. “How did *you* come to know that woman?” she asked me.

“I don’t know her. I have met her perhaps ten times in all my life,” said I; “I had the impression she was more or less on our side.”

“She was on *no* side, and worked during the war both for us and for our enemies. And she took money from both,” stressed Lydia.

“Are you sure, quite sure it is the same woman?” asked I. I was utterly taken aback; — dumbfounded.

“It can only be she . . . The same name; the same address . . . I remember her so well!”

“Well,” said I, “she must have known of her friends’ exploits, if, as you say, she was also in the *résistance* . . . But Gosh how the world is small! And how truth will come out, sooner or later . . .”

After supper, Hertha saw me off to the station. We walked to Uelzen arm in arm, through the woods. We sang the Horst Wessel Song on our way.

“Oh, I am happy,” said I, when the last notes of the conquering tune had died away into the fragrant peace of evening. “I am happy to have, through you, come in touch with some of our comrades. I would give my life for any of them. I love ‘him’ in them, and them in ‘him.’”

We halted for a minute or two. “And I love you,” continued I. “I admire you. I wanted to give you something as a remembrance of your release. I am too poor to buy anything worthwhile, — be it even a box of chocolates. But I have this . . .” And unfastening the gold chain that I wore round my neck — my last chain — I put it round hers.

“I was in Calcutta, — in safety, although my life was, then, a long mental agony — while you were forced to bury dead bodies and to pick up filth with your hands, under the threat of British bayonets. And you were eight years in jail for the sake of *my* ideals, . . . while I . . . was there for less than eight months. You deserve this better than I do.”

“But . . . ‘Muki,’ . . . how can I?”

“Take it,” insisted I; “I give it to you with all my heart. It is Indian gold. Keep it in remembrance of rue, you, the embodiment of that superior Aryan mankind, in the name

and interest of which I carried on in India my lonely struggle against all creeds of racial equality. And let us part here, for we cannot greet each other as we like, at the station.”

She let her face rest upon my shoulder and kissed me, as on the day we had first met, in my cell in Werl. Then, lifting her right arm, she uttered the holy syllables — now, as *then*; now, as long ago; now as in days to come: “Heil Hitler!”

“Heil Hitler!” repeated I.

* * *

Uelzen, 30 May 1953

We met again some days later: the *Heimkehrerverband*¹ (the German association of both prisoners of war and political prisoners) was giving in Uelzen a dancing party, and we were all invited.

Hans and Hertha greeted me enthusiastically at the entrance of “Fischerhof,” and took me to the room where they were having coffee. “Come, come, Muki; we have good news for you; excellent news: we — or rather, as you say, the heavenly Powers through *us*, have found a solution to your financial troubles, and you can remain in Germany as long as you like . . . But have a cup of coffee first. We’ll tell you afterwards.”

Tears welled up to my eyes. I could hardly believe it, and yet I knew it was true. It was a detail in the workings of that tremendous Destiny to which I had linked mine: the destiny of the Greater Reich that I so longed to serve. It was the answer of the Lords of the Invisible realm to my daily prayer: “Send me *or keep me* wherever I am to be the most useful to the holy National Socialist Cause!” Apparently, — for the time being — I was to be useful here, among my brothers in faith.

I sat at the table Hans-Georg P., Herr K., (whom I had met during my first visit to Fischerhof), Edith — Hertha’s roommate; a girl of twenty-three, recently released from a Russian slave-labour camp where she had spent eight years — Lydia, all greeted me again. But I could not see Leo. “Where is he?” enquired I.

“Upstairs, in his room, brooding,” answered Hans F. sternly. “He has had a good ‘telling off’ from me, and is not to sit with us . . .”

¹ Literally: the Fellowship of those who have come back home.

“Oh, why?” asked I, sincerely grieved at the tone of our comrade’s voice, no less than at the fact that Leo — whom I admired — had been put *en quarantaine*. “Poor Leo! What has he done?”

“He can’t behave himself,” explained Hans F. “He can’t keep his paws off the women . . . People complain. And it creates a very nasty impression here, upon those patients who are not of our faith. They all know who he is, naturally. And they say: ‘Those Nazis! Look at them!’ as though we all were a pack of he-goats, the lot of us. It is a disgrace.”

“Poor Leo!” repeated I. “Can’t you forgive him? After all, he has been for eight years confined to a prison cell. And he is ideologically irreproachable — as faithful and devoted to the Cause as the best of us can be. Personally, I could not care less what he might do or try to do with women, provided he remains a perfect National Socialist. And as for people who take pretext of silly incidents of such a nature to criticise us, well . . . they will criticise us anyhow, whatever we do. Tell them to go to hell!” I felt full of sympathy for the handsome S.S. man’s all-too-human weakness, and was rather amused at the importance which Hans F. (and Hertha herself, by no means a prudish woman) seemed to attach to it.

But Hans F. tried to make his point clear to me. “I don’t mind their reproaching us with our ruthlessness,” said he, speaking of our opponents. “Ruthlessness is a virtue. But I am not having anyone reproach us with lack of self-discipline. This man was eight years in Werl, you say. Well, I was eight years in Landsberg. We all suffered. That is no excuse for losing our dignity. A National Socialist — and specially an S.S. man — should be master of himself.”

“With *me*, he behaved perfectly,” pleaded I.

But Hertha interrupted me. “I received your letter from Nusse, said she. Dear me, what an idea to go and work in the beetroot fields, with your delicate hands! . . .”

“It was an experience for me,” answered I; “even though I did it only for three days. And I enjoyed it, dead tired as I was. I would have persisted; but I work too slowly. I earned something like two marks in three days, working from sunrise to sunset. It was not worth it.”

“And you went to Hamburg, also? You wrote in your letter that you were going.”

“Yes! Ah, let me tell you about Hamburg!” said I with enthusiasm. “*That* was something unforgettable! I spent three days there, seeking work and not finding any. I paid four marks a day for my room and lived on bread and coffee, after *first* booking my ticket to Uelzen — lest I should spend the money and not be able to come. I had expected to find a little sum — two pounds at least — waiting for me at the Nusse post office. But there was nothing there. My husband had not been able to send it, apparently. (It is no longer like when he was allowed to send me twelve pounds a month under my own name . . .) To cut a long story short, I finally found myself with one mark forty, — one mark forty, and my last bracelets: all I have in the world. And I went to several jewellers’ shops, trying to sell one or two of my bracelets . . . But, I tell you honestly: I came and went, and did all I had to do, mechanically. It was to me as though it had been another person whose money had run short, and whose immediate future was absolutely unknown to me. I could not really feel interested in my own fate, if you can believe me. I had long ceased worrying about it, and had left it entirely to the Gods. I had eyes, and interest, only for one thing: for Hamburg rising out of its ashes.

“I had passed through the martyred city in 1948. And the appalling sight had haunted me ever since. But now, — oh, now! — in the place where I had seen nothing but rows and rows of burnt and blasted walls calling for vengeance, I beheld an immense new metropolis already seething with life: — buildings, shops, factories, parks, avenues, . . . and the port! — the miracle of German will-power, of German perseverance, of German energy, self-confidence and determination to live, proclaiming the invincibility of my Führer’s people. How could I possibly think of my petty personal problems, in front of *that* grand sight? I was happy. One mark forty in my pocket, that may be. But this reborn metropolis was *mine*: it was my dream, my yearning taking shape materially (before it also, takes place ideologically, at the appointed time). It was the foreshadowing of the coming new life and new prosperity. And cars passed by: lovely big new cars. None of those who

sat so comfortably in them was happier than I. And at night, I could half see — guess — through the large lighted windows, new, well-furnished, comfortable flats, there where I had, five years before, seen but desolation. And none of those who live in those flats was happier than I . . . How many times have I, during those three days, recalled the nightmare of the phosphorus hell (as far as one can picture it without having lived through it) and the nightmare of the black, torn walls and deserted streets full of wreckage, which I *have* experienced. And with tears in my eyes, and a feeling of boundless joy that lifted me above myself, I thanked the unseen heavenly Forces Who are guiding my Führer's martyred Nation to the glory of resurrection — to reconquered prosperity, first step to reconquered power."

"But Hamburg is one of the 'reddest' cities in Germany; a stronghold of the S.P.D., — did you know that?" said Hans F.

"No, I did not know that. But that is secondary. How long will all those bogus parties — S.P.D., C.D.U., and the like — last, anyhow? As long as the Occupation and the Allied controls. These *cannot* last forever. When they go, willingly or against their will, then the actual, open struggle will begin for the National Socialist minority. I do not know *how* we shall triumph in that new struggle: practical problems of *Realpolitik* are too far beyond my woman's brains. But I know we will triumph, because we are the only ones who have a true faith, which we *live*. And then, who will care for whom the sheep voted in 1953? All that will matter is that there will be healthy young people in Germany, to build up the new Western civilisation — the hard and proud and beautiful Heathen civilisation of Europe, that will last forever, to our Führer's glory."

"You are an optimist," said Hertha. "But there is something in what you say. At any rate, it makes us feel that life is still worth living, and *that* is something."

I looked at my comrades — my superiors, eight years in jail while *I* was there but a few months. "It is perhaps foolish on my part to speak, not having suffered," said I. "You have all been incomparably more useful than I, during and before the war. And after the disaster, you have proved your worth in hardships when not, also, in actual physical torture, while I was, — unfortunately, — never given that opportunity. All I have is my

sincere faith in our Führer and in the Greater German Reich — Western Aryandom under the leadership of new Germany — and in our way of life. Had I not *that* to love and to live for, I could go and drown myself — so depressing would them be the feeling of the emptiness of my life. All I want is our triumph, — *your* triumph; our Führer's triumph, whether he be alive in the flesh or not. Wherever I be when the time comes, call me, and place me where I shall be the most useful."

I paused for a second and then said, especially addressing dauntless Hans F.: "Personally, I would like to play an active part in the repression of the anti-Nazi forces, when our Day comes; *not* to mete out justice to German traitors — I leave those to you; it is not my job to deal with them — but to be at the head of some camp for foreign anti-Nazis, or better still, for Jews, if you have a say in the matter. And if I happen to do things that the squeamish, hypocritical outer world does not like, you can always say 'She is not a German; we are not responsible for her deeds.'"

Hans F. laughed. "Just remain quietly in your corner for the time being," said he; "and we shall call you when we are as far as that, — or probably before. Rest assured of it!"

"And now," put in Hertha, "let me tell you the news. A most sympathetic woman, who was here as a patient, heard you speak the other day (she was, it seems, listening behind the door, which is surely very naughty but, in this particular case, proved good). Being herself an ardent National Socialist, she liked what you said. And having heard more about you, through us, she wants to have you as her guest as long as it will please the heavenly Powers, Who put her on your way. Her name is Leokardia U., but everybody calls her Katja. She is a German born in Russia, and lives now somewhere in Westphalia with her husband, — who is also on our side — and two young children. She is coming to fetch you tomorrow morning and taking you to her house in a car. With her, you will not need to worry about anything, but will be able to write in peace and, which is more, in a National Socialist atmosphere . . ."

I could hardly believe it. It was another of those extraordinary things that happen in my life. I felt immensely grateful to this unknown Frau U., and even more so to my mysterious

destiny; to Hertha, also, for it was through her that I had (indirectly) come in touch with Frau U. I put my arms around my friend's neck.

"My Hertha," said I, "this *does* touch me! It all sounds like a fairytale; but fairytales come true, with me. I know I shall be happy there. It is something to be loved, and received like a friend, *because of* what I am and not, (as it was the case practically everywhere outside Germany, with the exception of my husband's home and of very definite Indian circles) in spite of what I am. Now, tell me what does Frau U. look like . . ."

"She is tall, strongly built, blonde, with lovely large bluish-grey eyes. Typically Germanic. You'll like her. And she is only twenty-six, and full of faith and fire. Was formerly in the B.D.M. and, after the war, a prisoner in Poland for two years. She'll tell you her story . . ."

Within my heart, I blessed my new, young, yet unknown comrade, and once more thanked the invisible Powers.

* * *

Hans F. did not come to the *Heimkehrerverband's* dancing party. Nor did Hans-Georg P. But Leo came. And so did Heinz, Erich, and the rest of us: Hertha, Edith, Lydia, and Anni. And Hertha's husband was there too: he had come all the way from Bad Homburg, to see her.

Hertha had warned me: "Be careful and hold your tongue in the case you come across anybody you do not know. The place will be, as usual, full of spies."

We had a table to ourselves. But a fellow who had insisted on coming with us from "Fischerhof" sat among us, and nay, right by my side. He had introduced himself as "a member of the *Heimkehrerverband.*" Hertha sat next to me on the other side. She whispered into my ear: "I don't like that chap. I have seen him in 'Fischerhof.' He is not one of us. And if you ask me, he is after you. Suspects something and wants to find out. Try to get rid of him."

"I shall try," said I.

The man did, in fact, seem interested in me — i.e., in my outlook (not in my person, by any means). He put me embarrassing questions. I gave him elusive answers and gradually led him unto the subject of Indian religions; gave him a half

an hour's lecture on the history of the disappearance of Buddhism from India and, for another half an hour, tried to explain to him the little I know of the different conceptions of *nirvana*. He was bored and went away — doubtless convinced that I was much too interested in the East to be, in any way, “politically dangerous” in Germany.

“There is nothing like being — or looking — pedantic, to turn away unwanted men,” declared I, as soon as he was gone. “It always worked with me, at least.”

But the music was playing again. Up till then, seeing how earnestly engaged in conversation I was, nobody had asked me to dance. Now a cavalier was standing before me: a tall, handsome man with steel-blue eyes that smiled to me: — Leo.

“But I don't know how to dance!” said I, hesitatingly. And it was true: I had never *learnt* to dance — save Greek folkdances. The only ballroom dance I somewhat knew was the waltz. And I had not danced even that for the last thirty years or so. But Leo did not believe me.

“Not even with *me*, — a comrade?” asked he.

“Yes, I shall dance with you; I shall try . . .” said I, getting up and smiling. And when I was standing close enough to him to be able to speak without anyone else hearing, I added “. . . with you, an S.S. man, who suffered for the sake of all I love.”

He gazed at me with an emotion that had nothing, *absolutely nothing* of the nature of desire, but that could be described as respect mingled with pride.

“I have done all I could,” answered he. “And I have known what is man-made hell. And I am ready to fight again, not in order to regain what I have lost (there are things one cannot regain), but so that I might avenge our comrades who died in torture, with the Führer's name upon their lips; avenge our now dismembered Reich, and build it up once more, stronger than ever, upon the ashes of those who destroyed it.”

I looked up to him, happy. “I like to hear you speak thus,” said I. “I then feel that I am not alone in this land that I have called ‘my spiritual home.’”

“You *are not* alone; that I can tell you! In whose hearts can your words — your burning words ‘Never forget! Never forgive!’ — find a better echo than in ours?” And he pressed

me to his breast as we whizzed around to the waltz music. (Fortunately for me, it was a waltz!)

In a flash, I recalled that other S.S. man, Gerhard W., who had stuck up posters for me in 1949. He too had held me in his arms in a spontaneous gesture of impersonal enthusiasm, as he had read my message in black and white: “Resist our persecutors! Hope and wait. Heil Hitler!” Then, I remembered that Leo B. had spent over seven months in the ‘death cell,’ waiting to be hanged, before the British had commuted his sentence to one of life-long imprisonment. Like the others, he had been condemned to death for having obeyed orders, — for being a soldier. But he was alive — nay, very much, and in various ways alive, if I were to believe the stories that other comrades had told me about him. Alive, and faithful. And his vitality and his unflinching faithfulness defied the forces of ‘de-Nazification’; were one of the numberless post-war individual victories of our *Weltanschauung* and of the tremendous unseen Powers of Light that stand behind it.

I could not help telling him so. “I am glad to feel you so strong and so alive in spite of all you went through,” said I. “Every breath, every step, every movement of yours is a cry of triumph — a laughter of defiance — in the faces of those who wanted to kill you for having served the Third Reich with all your heart.”

As I was saying that, Lydia V. and her partner came dancing past us. She had also been sentenced to death. And young Edith, who had been living eight years of daily hunger and agony in a Russian hard-labour camp, was also dancing with a so-called ‘war criminal’ with goodness alone knows what detailed experience of the horror of Democratic behaviour. Heinz and Hertha were dancing together.

I thought of all those who are still waiting behind bars — in Spandau, in Werl, in Landsberg, in Wittlich, in Breda, in Fresnes, in Stein, and in all the prisons and camps of Poland and Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Greece, and Russia, and Siberia . . . Waiting for our Day to dawn. I thought of all those who gave up their lives for the proud dream of domination of the best. An episode that Anni had related to me when I was in Celle, came back to my memory: that of an S.S. man, a warder in Belsen, whom the British were trying to

force to sign a false account of so-called 'Nazi atrocities.' He had been brought to the infirmary in such a state that he could hardly be expected to live. The British officer who accompanied him had told the German doctor: "See to it that he lasts at least till tomorrow morning: he *must* speak!" Blind, his bones broken, his whole body one bleeding wound, the unfortunate German lay upon the bed. The sister in charge (who had told Anni about him) had said: "Would to God he does die as soon as possible — and be relieved!" Then, early in the morning he had tried to move, but could not. The sister in charge, thinking he perhaps wanted to say something, had leaned over the bed. And the martyr's lips had moved . . . "Heil Hitler!" said he, in a supreme whisper, as life departed from him.

I shuddered as I suddenly remembered that episode in the midst of the gaiety of the waltz music. And for a while a shadow came over me. But again, as I looked around me at the *Heimkehrerverband's* evening party, I felt hopeful, if not yet *happy*. For there was hope in Leo's words: "I am ready to fight again — to avenge our comrades who died in torture; to build up the Greater German Reich anew." There was hope in Edith's victorious youth, faithful to the B.D.M. ideals; in Hertha's encouraging approval of my aggressiveness; in Lydia's passionate certitude that our Führer is alive; in Heinz's defiant spirit; in Katja's spontaneous willingness to give a home to a foreigner whom she had never seen, on the sole ground that that foreigner had given unconditional allegiance to Adolf Hitler and to all he represents. There was hope in Hans F.'s striving towards the perfection of the integral Nazi way of life; in his ideal of life without a weakness — hope, nay, even in the austere intolerance in the name of which he tried to impose his moral restraint on poor Leo. There was hope in the vitality of the men of iron; in their unbending will; and, among the best of them, in that clear consciousness of what National Socialism *really* means, and in the certitude of its eternity as an outlook on the world and as a scale of values.

Chapter 8

HERMANN'S MONUMENT AND THE VALLEY OF THE EAGLES

Detmold, 23 October 1953

The tramway line runs through the woods. And the woods had the magnificent colours of autumn: light brown, dark brown, orange, bright yellow, dark red, blood red, in contrast with patches of everlasting dark green. My face against the window, I gazed at the scenery: on the left side of the road, hills covered with woods — steep slopes, rising directly from the road level; ahead, the ever-changing perspective of a winding valley within a forest; on the right hand side, the breadth of the valley: more wooded expanses leading to wooded hills; the play of the Sun within the branches; then, suddenly, a bright watery surface reflecting the blue sky, the Sun, the upside-down images of the bordering trees, the soft outlines of the bordering hills, the violent reds and browns of which merged, beyond a certain distance, into a glorious golden haze.

And far away, upon the top of the highest hill closing the horizon, — above the wooded slopes in autumn garb; above the marshy expanse, the whole valley, the whole land, — stood *something* which I, with my bad eyesight, could hardly distinguish in the midst of the luminous haze: a long and sharp-looking thing — like a sword pointing to the sky, — to which my neighbour in the tramway car (doubtless noticing how intensely interested I was in the landscape) drew my attention saying: “That, up there, is Hermann’s monument.”

“Hermann,¹ . . .” repeated I, as though speaking to myself, but with apparently such ravishment that half the passengers in the tramway turned around to look at me; “Hermann the Liberator! No better high place could have been found for his likeness!”

The tramway rolled on, — now, full-speed, for we were outside the town. The perspective was different from second to second. We were running further and further away from

¹ Also known as *Arminius*.

the border of the watery mirror. The opposite hills and their upside-down images, rapidly receded into the distance, and new hills appeared, covered with the same many-shaded brown mantel of dying leaves. And the slopes on the left side of the road became gradually less steep and more remote.

But the Monument to the glory of the Liberator still dominated the gorgeous landscape, — firmly rooted as a landmark in the body of the highest hill, and as immobile as the hill itself. It appeared to me as the Symbol of the unchanging German Soul above the stream of history that never flows backwards.

* * *

I completely lost sight of the swamp. The valley broadened. The road turned. Meadows appeared — and houses, here and there; then, more meadows, and woods in the background. The tramway line was nearing the foot of the range at the summit of which I had been shown the Monument. But the latter could no longer be seen. “Things on high can only be looked upon from a distance,” thought I. “And the towering figures of the past can also be, only from far ahead in time, visualised in all their significance. But that is not all: they are, also, great according to the measure of the future that judges them; great to the extent that they have made *that* future possible, or that they have striven — be it in vain — to bring about that which *that* future holds beautiful and valuable.”

We reached the last stop: Hiddesen; the place from which one can either take a bus to the top of the hill and to the Monument, or . . . walk up, through the woods. I chose to walk.

I was alone. A group of people who had come in the same tramway car as I, waited for the bus. Following the road that leads uphill, and inhaling, at every step, the fragrance of the forest, I resumed the trend of my thoughts. It was, definitely, better to walk: more inspiring; more in keeping with my mood and purpose, reflected I. I had indeed *not* come to see things as a tourist — comfortably and superficially, — but to be, as intimately as I could, in communion with my Führer’s Land and people. Then, I thought again of Hermann the Liberator: the Cheruskan Chief who defeated Varus’ legions in year 9 of the Christian era; the man who has spared Germany the tragic fate of Gaul and Britain, i.e., integration into

the decaying Roman, — and thereby, soon, into the early Christian — world, and ultimately, integration into a Western world that has forgotten its Aryan soul.

It was, indeed, *something* never to have experienced Roman domination; at least, never to have experienced it save on the border of one's territory, while the other important countries of the West had undergone it completely; to have remained free, proud, warrior-like, during those awful first centuries of the Christian era, during which *they* had been slaves; to have continued to speak the Germanic tongue, while *they* had been busy forgetting their Celtic languages and learning Latin; to have remained faithful to the old Nordic religion of the "All-powerful Father-of-Light" and to its manly spirit, while *they* had been, partly under Roman pressure¹ and partly of their own free will, forgetting their traditional faiths and, either paying a lip-homage to the gods of Rome and believing in nothing but the dreary philosophy of all time-servers, or . . . seeking otherworldly consolations in the mystery cults of the Near East and finally in Christianity. *It was something*, — it was more, far more than most students of history have ever noticed, up till now — to have escaped that repulsive, widespread blood-mixture that was to be the immediate and most disastrous consequence of the new religion of man, wherever the latter was to win the hearts of the people after — thanks to Roman conquest — numbers of foreigners of different races had settled among them as mercenary soldiers, as merchants, soothsayers, courtesans and slaves. It was something to have been spared *that* — along with early Christianisation and latinisation — while retaining, through constant hostile contact with the Roman world, the priceless feeling of danger, and the healthy readiness to fight every form of foreign authority, (and consequently every form of internationalism). Through *that* good luck (or mysterious predestination) Germany was *never* to become like the rest of Europe — even though Christianity was, later, to change the face of her people, outwardly and for a time. Through that good luck, she was, in spite of all, to retain her proud Aryan soul and to prove herself worthy to rule the West. And that good luck she owed to Hermann the Cheruskan. Or was it, on the contrary, that Hermann the Cheruskan had succeeded where

¹ The druidic cult was forbidden in Gaul and Britain by order of the Roman Emperor Claudius (41–54 A.D.).

other National leaders — Vercingetorix; Queen Boadicea, — had failed, *because* the Invisible Powers Who preside over the drama of history had appointed Germany a tremendous and unique destiny? — that destiny, of which Adolf Hitler was so often to speak, nearly two thousand years later, and the fulfillment of which is yet to come?

Thus thinking, I continued walking uphill — higher and higher, — through the woods. I took a shortcut, which a man I had met had shown me, and came to a place from which I could behold a whole portion of the surrounding country: hills covered with woods in autumn colours as far as my eyes could see, and Detmold in the midst of them; the Teutoburg Forest, — a part of Germany's living royal mantle, in all its splendour. And for the thousandth time I marvelled at the fact that, in spite of every successive invader's destructiveness, Germany has remained a land of forests.

In the place where I stood, very many trees had been felled — doubtless by “them,” the victors of 1945, the persecutors of all I admire. The sight of the devastation made me at once vividly aware of the presence of the Allies, — still! — and I recalled in my mind the words which Hermann had spoken of the Romans, nearly two thousand years before: “As long as the enemy defies us on German soil, hatred is our law, and our duty: vengeance!” The stumps of the felled trees all round me seemed to call for vengeance. I remembered the atrocious days — 1946 — when I had been told, in England, that, here in the “British Zone” alone, ten thousand trees were being felled every day. And I renewed my old curse with as much passion as then: “May three of those who were glad at the news of the Allies' victory, die, for every tree felled in Germany since the Capitulation!” A beautiful fir tree, which happened to have been spared, stood a few yards in front of me, among the mossy stumps, proud and green against the reddening background of the further forest. I gazed at it with love, and felt that I had done the right thing in repeating my curse against the victors of the Second World War.

But already between the stumps themselves, one could see, here, the young, dark, ever-green branches of a new conifer, there, the brown and red shades of some other growing tree, experiencing its first or second autumn: the miracle of

inexhaustible Life. At their sight, I remembered the brand new houses and rebuilt factories in the vicinity of still ruined areas; the miracle of Germany's invincible will to live. And I felt tears well up to my eyes.

The forest, however, became thicker as I walked on, — to the left, along the road that I had reached, as I had been told I would. I knew the Monument was at the top of the hill, but I could not see it. Nor could I any longer see the landscape of undulating hills, and Detmold in the distance: the trees on my left hid it from me entirely. I could see nothing but trees — now, practically all conifers — and the play of light and shade, and, occasionally, of an exceptionally bright ray of sunshine, within their dark branches; and the bright blue sky above. And I *knew* I was in the Teutoburg Forest, — a hallowed region within the hallowed Land. And I felt myself on sacred ground.

I was glad to be alone. What I really *would have* liked to meet at the turning of the road, would have been a group of handsome Hitler youths, singing on their way. But for that I had come too late, — or too early. Now, it was much better to be alone than to meet such people as would not have been, according to me, visiting Hermann's Monument in the right spirit. To be alone with the forest, and the still Soul of the Forest; with that intense, slow and irresistible tree-life which — it is said — frightened the Romans in this one land that stood up against them victoriously; alone with the feeling of Germany's eternity — for that powerful Tree-life is nothing else. And I reflected, as I followed the road, deeper and deeper into the holy shade and peace, breathing the fragrance of the evergreens: "Indeed, like ancient India, where the Aryan Doctrine of detached Violence was first laid down in written words by seers racially akin to her people, Germany was and remains a land of forests, not merely materially, but also in a subtler sense. The everlastingness of her people lies, like that of the woods, in their stubborn, semi-conscious faithfulness to their kind and to their soil. The ancient Aryans in India invented the Caste System, or reorganised it upon a rational, racialist basis. The Germans brought forth the National Socialist State, in accordance with that selfsame wisdom of Blood and Soil, which they have, throughout their history, striven to express. But what creatures have *lived up to that* wisdom from the beginning

of the world, more rigourously than trees? The wisdom of Blood and Soil is, before all, the immemorial, blind wisdom of Roots and Sap: absolute obedience to the most elementary laws of Life. It is the wisdom of Roots and Sap transferred to the human plane, nay, given to the natural aristocracy of mankind as the secret of the Way to visible and tangible Godhead. Adolf Hitler's whole inspiring teaching could be expressed in such a commandment as: "Be like unto the trees of the forest!" — in full awareness, with all your heart, will, and intelligence, as faithful to the Law of Blood and Soil as they. "Be faithful to the Land of your kind, and keep the blood of your kind pure; and, just as unfailingly as every tree shows the signs of its own variety, let the Aryan virtues shine in yourselves and in your descendants! And you will be a Nation of supermen, ruling the earth . . ."

I took a narrower road leading upwards, to my right, and walked into ever-thickening shade. I sometimes wondered whether I was on the proper track: the way seemed endless. But it mattered little, thought I: I was, anyhow, going towards the top of the hill; I would find my way, if I had made a mistake . . . Then, suddenly, the path became steeper. The further slope, to which it led, was covered with trees other than conifers. And the rays of the Sun, falling directly upon the path, made the profusion of dying leaves above and on each side of it appear in a riot of intense yellow, rich gold and brown, and violent red. The trunks shone like polished columns in the shimmering light. I felt elated; in a mood to sing. Spontaneously, — as though nothing could, better than that, exteriorise my loving awareness of the holy potency of the Soil; of joyous, stubborn, tree-like youth, that no weapons can kill and that no money than buy, — I intoned the conquering Song; the Song of expansion of the Sons of the Forest in the four directions:

*“ . . . From the Meuse unto the Memel,
from the Etch up to the Baltic Sea,
Germany, Germany above all,
above all in the world.”¹*

¹ “Won der Maas bis an der Memel,
von der Etch his an dem Belt,
Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,
über alles in der Welt . . . !”

And as the last words sprang from me like a spell of pride, hope and revenge, I suddenly saw, right at the top of the road, against a background of glorious light, the Monument bearing the colossal bronze statue of Hermann the Liberator.

* * *

For a while, I stood still in the middle of the road, my right arm outstretched in the direction of the Statue. "*Heil dem Befreier!*" uttered I at last, aloud and solemnly; "*Heil dem Feinde des fremden Roms; des schon verfallenen Roms; der internationalen Weltmacht!*" And as I shouted those words, I could not but *also* think of Him who, in our times, fought against every international power: our Hitler. Nobody could hear me, save, perhaps, the spirits of the Forest. It mattered little. It was, even — apparently — better so. For had anybody been present, I surely would not have spoken.

I paused for a second or two, conscious that I was doing *something* that had its meaning in the slow ripening of thought and its place in time, and that had to be done. And again, unable to separate in my heart and mind the victorious Chief of two thousand years ago and the One of today whom the coalesced anti-German and anti-Aryan forces of the world have vanquished for a while, but not subdued; broken — also for a while — but not destroyed; reduced to silence — for the last eight years, and for who knows how long more — but not hindered in the invisible Realm where his new rising (not as German Reichschancellor, this time, but as the pan-Aryan Leader and World Saviour) is steadily being prepared, I added: "*Heil dem Volksführer and Kriegsführer — gestern, heute, morgen; für immer!*"

The German tongue came to me naturally, as though it had been mine, — or as though it were the language of a future Western world, to which I already belonged.

High above the treetops, its face to the West, its right arm raised, sword in hand, to the sky, the colossal likeness of the Liberator stood in the sunshine. I could see only the back of it; and that too had a meaning in that series of magical gestures that I was, knowingly or half-knowingly, accomplishing. I felt — I, one of the first Aryans of the outer world (and perhaps even *the* first) who had accepted Germany's leadership without reservations, —

as though I were *following* the everlasting embodiment of the German warlord; following him in a new *Drang nach Westen*, in the footsteps of the Frankish tribes that broke the power of decaying Rome; following him, in anticipation of a future awakened Aryandom, united under Germany's leadership against the new Money power: the Jew-ridden U.S.A., worse than Rome ever was.

And I was elated at that feeling.

* * *

Keeping to the same road, I now turned to my right, and then again to my left. The road went round the summit of the hill, at the topmost of which stood the Monument. Lifting my head, I could now see the bronze warrior's manly profile under the winged helmet; the strained muscles of the outstretched arm bearing the sword; the resolute forward step of the feet, in their defiant stand. I knew — for having read it on postcards, — that the Monument is fifty-four metres high, the statue alone, twenty-seven, and the sword, seven. But those precise measurements did not interest me (save perhaps for the fact that the sum of the figures, taken in their absolute value in each of the two first numbers, is nine — the sacred number nine of the Nordic religion! — and that the third measurement is seven, another sacred number in nearly all the religions of the world. I just wondered whether Ernst von Bandel, the builder of the Monument, gave it these mystic proportions intentionally or by accident. "If it be by accident, then it is all the more remarkable," thought I). What really interested me, — what filled me with enthusiasm, — was the meaning of the Liberator's statue, there upon the highest hilltop, above the forest landscape. In my eyes at least, the bronze likeness of the Warrior personified the spirit of joyous defiance; the aggressive pride of a young, strong, healthy, beautiful Nation, jealous of her freedom and conscious of her invincibility.

I recalled the classical words of Hermann the Cheruskan: "As long as the enemy defies us upon German soil, hatred is our law, and our one duty: revenge!" "My elder and nobler brother," thought I; "you who possessed the divine power of the Sword — the final power, which I have not, — how I understand you! How I feel nearer to you than to those who, even though some

of them be my superiors, who suffered for the Aryan Cause and whom I respect, lack that simple, innocent barbarity that adorns you!” And I recalled the inscription upon the symbolical Sword in the bronze hero’s hand: Bismarck’s famous words: “*Deutsche Einigkeit: meine Stärke; meine Stärke: Deutschland’s Macht,*” — “German unity is my strength; in my strength lies Germany’s power.” “*Ein Volk; ein Reich; ein Führer,*” reflected I, quoting within my heart the modern slogan; the motto of unity and power which is that of the Third Reich and will remain that of the Greater German Reich to come. “Adolf Hitler has spoken, and lived, and acted, in Bismarck’s spirit and in the spirit of Hermann the Liberator — in the spirit of all those who, in the course of history, embodied the Soul of eternal Germany. The great difference, however, between him and them, is that he embodied the German Soul *absolutely*, in full consciousness of the laws that have made it the higher Self of Western Aryandom.” And I remembered also the Führer’s words, uttered in one of his early speeches, years before the Seizure of Power¹: “God has, in His mercy, given us a wonderful gift: the hatred of our enemies, whom we, in our turn, hate with all our hearts . . .” And I marvelled at the identity of the spirit animating the two leaders at each end of Germany’s up till now recorded, history: the liberator of German soil, and the liberator of German soil *and* of the German Soul — nay, of the Aryan Soul, to the extent the Aryans of the world are prepared to accept his message and follow him and his faithful ones. Identity of spirit in their negative no less than in their positive attitude. “Both are entirely free from Christian hypocrisy and from that silly superstition concerning the ‘love of man’ that Christianity has left in so many hearts that have rejected its other tenets,” concluded I.

And I halted a while to let my eyes rest upon the gorgeous surrounding scenery: ranges and ranges of wooded hills, one behind the other — brown, and yellowish brown and reddish brown, with patches of dark green (and an occasional cluster of houses with brick-red roofs) — as far as my eyes could see; ranges of wooded hills gradually becoming more hazy, until the violet-bluish-grey outlines of the last one faded away into the distant violet-bluish-grey mist into which merged both earth

¹ Speech in Düsseldorf on the 15th of June, 1926.

and sky; and the glorious Orb, high above, in the resplendent blue infinity, shedding its rays of heat and light over those immense reddening waves of forest, and over the distant towns and villages. And, some hundred or two-hundred yards behind me, I felt the presence of the proud and lonely bronze colossus: a personification of that proud and lovely Land; the mouthpiece of its unbending will to freedom; the expression of its perennial dream of power.

I smiled to the land in brown autumn garb that stretched before me: “Germany, thou art so beautiful!” thought I; “as beautiful as two thousand years ago. And thy people have hardly changed — only, perhaps, become more conscious under constant hostile pressure from the East and from the West. Oh, why did I not come before?”

I imagined myself here, during the great days, meeting a group of B.D.M. girls¹ and gathering them around me (with the permission of their leader) and telling them with enthusiasm something of my impressions of the holy Teutoburg Forest and of Hermann’s Monument. And an ineffable sadness — the old, well-known feeling of inexpiable guilt — filled me once more at the thought of my wasted life. And a tear rolled down my cheek.

The glorious forest landscape unfolded itself before me from a different angle as I walked on. The fir trees, that covered the slope at the top of which I stood, now came right up to the border of the road, and I could, on my right, see nothing but them and the play of golden sunrays within their dark, cool, fragrant shade, — while on my left, I beheld Hermann’s colossus face to face. A few steps more, however, and I was leaving the fir tree wood behind me, and again looking directly over the valley and further hills and distant blue horizon . . .

I gazed at the bronze Figure, symbol of Germany’s resistance to that Rome of the days of Augustus, which was no longer an Aryan power; symbol of Germany’s century-long struggle against *all* forms of international money-rule; symbol of our renewed resistance to all non-Aryan influences that have managed to exert themselves upon the West *through* Rome . . . And I gazed at the sunlit forest land. And I felt for the “spiritual

¹ Girls of the “Bund deutschen Mädchen,” — the female counterpart of the “Hitler Youth.”

home” extending all round me and smiling to me, the same retrospective yearning — the same desperate devotion that can never do enough to make good for past omissions, — as I had, nearly five years before, on the threshold of captivity. And I gave expression to it within my heart, in the selfsame words as *then*: “Germany, in former years, I did not know myself how much I loved thee!”

* * *

I walked on and, leaving for a while the Monument itself behind me, reached the broad asphalted motor road and, finally, the entrance of the little park at the end of which the Monument stands. I followed the alley between the unavoidable luxury tea room and the postcard and “souvenir” stalls and, turning to my left, walked straight up to the impressive stone structure that bears the hero’s likeness, and up the winding staircase inside the massive arched pedestal, to the stone balcony that runs around the top of the latter.

There, I marvelled once more at the choice of the place where the colossal Statue of the Liberator was set up to tower above the surrounding country. The same view of endless wooded hills as I had admired from the road below, stretched before me. One only dominated it, now, from yet a little higher. The names of the towns, large and small, in the direction of which one successively looked, were written upon the stone parapet: Herford; Lage; Detmold; Paderborn . . . etc. And there was wind. It was hot — unusually hot — in the sunshine; but cold as soon as one stepped into the shade.

I could not *see* the Statue: I was too close to it. I felt as though I were — along with the other people on the balcony — like a detail in the structure of its pedestal. I was, in fact, as every one of them, a will striving for the freedom and greatness of this Land — Hermann’s; Bismarck’s; Adolf Hitler’s; — a detail in the invisible collective power structure at the back of Germany’s onward march. I was *that*, whatever may be my nationality. For in the invisible, there are but anonymous forces directed towards this or that end.

I looked at those other people on the balcony — my collaborators in the invisible Realm (at least I hoped so). I would

have liked to speak to them but had no opportunity of doing so, and was too absorbed in my thoughts to take the trouble of finding one out. I would have liked to tell them how intensely moved I was at the idea of being in this place. But I felt they probably would not believe me. And yet . . . Who could tell? Had not hundreds already given me the most touching marks of confidence after talking to me for a quarter of an hour? — or less? After all, it was not more unusual for a foreigner to feel as I did at the foot of Hermann's statue, than it had been to have visited Obersalzberg or Landsberg am Lech in the spirit in which I had. What was unusual was that a foreigner should at all feel as I did in connection with the privileged Nation — Hermann's; Bismarck's; and Adolf Hitler's, — and sincerely look upon it as the holy Land of the West.

I slowly walked downstairs. And, wishing to see the statue properly, I took my seat right in front of it, on the stone bench bordering the lower terrace on the western side of the Monument. I read the inscription in honour of Ernst von Bandel, the architect of the latter — an inscription upon a bronze commemorative tablet bearing in relief the architect's likeness, and the date the Monument was inaugurated: 1875. "Four years after the end of the war with France," thought I; "Oh, had this war also been a victorious one! How everything would be different from that which we now see! — how different would be the conditions of life, the preoccupations of the people, their attitude to the recent past; the whole atmosphere one breathes in Germany! There are men and women — even in this land — who want 'no more wars.' I have no right to criticise them; no right to speak in their presence, when they have, during this last war, suffered and lost all they had for the sake of *my* ideals, while I was (although much against my will) in safety, six thousand miles away . . . Still . . . That craving for peace is foreign to me. I could understand peace after a victorious war: peace in order to make good for one's losses and to consolidate one's conquests. But lasting peace after a disaster? Renunciation of the will to avenge one's comrades? Acceptance of one's losses and humiliation as a *fait accompli*? Never! The very idea of such a peace is unbearable!"

I looked up to the statue of Hermann the Liberator and

once more recalled the old, warlike words: “As long as the enemy defies us on German soil, hatred is our law, and our duty: revenge!” Then, picking out a picture postcard of the Monument, which I had bought in Detmold, I wrote the historic sentence upon it, put it into an envelope, and addressed the latter to Herr B. in Hanover. Of all people, surely the old German Heathen would understand my feelings — and share them.

“*Hatred is our law . . .*” As I wrote these words, however, others — their exact opposite — came to my memory as the distant echo of an entirely different world; words of the greatest of all Exponents of that world’s professed wisdom, and of one of the most consistent seekers of peace — of *real* inner peace — who ever lived: the Buddha: “If hatred answers hatred, then when is hatred to cease?” And I smiled bitterly at the contrast between the sincerity and logic of the One who put that well-known question, and the tremendous amount of hypocrisy of most of those who have been quoting it for the last two thousand five hundred years. And within my heart, I gave the Blessed One (or those who speak in his name) my own answer — *our* answer — at least in perfect sincerity: “When is hatred to cease? *Never!* Who *wants* it to cease, anyhow? Nobody — apart from a handful of *real* lovers of peace. (And these seek peace within themselves and leave the world to its fate.) The world lives under the law of struggle, which implies, in all but a leading minority of fighters who act in absolute detachment, love *and* hatred: the inseparable opposites. Hatred will continue anyhow. Why *try* to stop it? Let the inexorable Wheel of Action and Reaction, — of victory and defeat, of revenge and of further revenge, *ad infinitum*, — roll its flaming course, crushing today us, tomorrow, our enemies, then, again us, then, again them! To us, who are a fighting lot — Barbarians; jungle animals, and glad and proud to be such ones, — to us, who find peace dull, this is better than to renounce the law of the jungle. What would we be living for now, after 1945, if we had not that one great hope of enduring long enough to see the irresistible Wheel roll on; nay, that hope of being granted the opportunity of pushing it on, ourselves, a little faster, over the fallen bodies of the hypocrites who preach peace to us . . .”

Those hypocrites — not Buddhists, not Jains, but Christians, for Christianity (the denial of violence without the denial of life, and the denial of violence merely towards human beings, far less logical than Buddhism or Jainism) is the pacifist faith of the West, — those hypocrites, I say, had, in 1945, a wonderful opportunity of showing us, if they cared to, the excellence of that which they so readily preach. They could have put to practice both the wisdom of their Master, Jesus, and the older wisdom of the Enlightened One. They could have loved us — “their enemies”; — and they could have thought: “Indeed, if hatred answers hatred, when will hatred stop?” and *not* answered the hatred even of the least detached among us. Instead of treating us as they did (far *worse* than we treated our enemies), they could have let us go, uninjured and free, and done all they could *not to* add new acts of violence to ours. Who knows? Perhaps would they have, *then*, forced the old Wheel to stand still, and given the world something hardly believable: after millenniums, the victory of the spirit of Peace. It was, anyhow, *their* job to take that generous step: we were no longer in power; and, Jesus Christ, — their master, not ours, — has asked all his true followers to return good for evil. But they have *not* done that; not even tried. They gave us, instead, that series of infamous trials, and all the horrors, tortures, imprisonments, executions, that one knows. They missed their one golden opportunity of applying the principles, and of living up to the so-called “values,” which they were supposed to be defending; the opportunity of showing the world — and first, of showing *us* — how wonderful those “values” are. *Now, it is too late.* We cannot be expected, next time, or any other time, when victory favours us, to give a practical demonstration of principles in which *we* do not believe. So, let the Wheel of Action and Reaction roll on crushing every second generation! We intend to answer hatred with hatred, revengefulness with greater revengefulness. We are quite satisfied with the law of the jungle, and have no craving for peace whatsoever, in this life or in another, if there be another — or *others*. All we want is to seize power once more — it matters little *how*, and *when*, — and to avenge those of us whom the believers in the “values” which we deny have killed in the name of the “rights of man”; to avenge every single one

of them ten thousandfold!

Thus was, for a long time, the trend of my thoughts, as I sat on that stone bench, facing the statue of Hermann the Liberator. Then, — as I had on my way up through the woods — I pondered over the historical meaning of the Cheruskan Chief.

“*It is the future that creates the past*, strange as this may sound,” reflected I. “It is the future that gives the past its importance; that makes it appear, in every successive generation’s eyes, in that particular light in which it is seen. Hermann the Liberator is great, historically, because that which he liberated — Germany — proved itself to be, to this day, of enormous worth. Even those chiefs who were finally defeated and could not, like he, spare their people centuries of Roman domination with all its consequences — Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni; Vercingetorix, — have a name in history for having embodied the early collective consciousness of nations that were, in course of time, destined to play a great part in the evolution of the world. Their people, even though they have lost their old language; even though they have, as in the case of the French, to a great extent lost their old blood, still honour them as national heroes. And they too have monuments erected to their glory. Hermann the Cheruskan, however, has not merely a stone memorial in Germany and a name in history. The living force which he embodied two thousand years ago — Germanism, — found its expression many times since then, *and is today a liming force*; a force to which the greatest European of all times — Adolf Hitler; another German, — has given a new impetus along with a broadened significance. Had Germany not *remained*, essentially, that which she already was, in Hermann’s time and doubtless before: — the kernel of militant Aryan mankind in the West, desperately struggling not merely against “her enemies,” but against every new power threatening in turn the existence of higher humanity in its blood and soul (in its soul *through* its blood) — it would matter little, *today*, whether Hermann had beaten Varus or whether the reverse had taken place. His actual victory over the legions in the year 9, and the fact that it definitely broke the Roman impetus and saved Germany’s independence, might have been, at the most, a matter of pride

for the Germans themselves. It would not have been an event of far-reaching historical potency. It would not have been the victory of Aryan blood-purity and have had, as such, a lasting importance for the whole world. As things stand, it has made possible the lasting existence of *that* Germany whose mission it has been to fight, in the course of centuries, all manner of artificial internationalism, both political and spiritual. It is indeed *the* event that put Germany on the glorious way she was to tread for all times to come; the event, the distant and culminating consequence of which was to be, in our times, the birth of Adolf Hitler's new, fully conscious Germany, leader of the new world of our dreams.

That is what Hermann means, objectively. That is also what he means to us.

* * *

Reluctantly, I got up, and walked back, through the park, to the road along which I had first come.

As I wandered in the shade of the high trees, right at the other end of the place, unable to tear myself away from the surroundings, I noticed a small and quite simple memorial: rough blocks of stone piled up upon one another and cemented together. I read the inscription upon the bronze tablet inserted into the rock: "To the Iron Chancellor, those who revere him." And I felt a thrill of enthusiasm lift me above myself at the awareness of that tremendous Reality: Germany, in the everlastingness of her strength; in Hermann; in Henry the First; in Frederick the Great; in Bismarck — in all the great makers of the Reich throughout the centuries; in Him Who is the Founder of the Third Reich and more than that: Adolf Hitler; one blood; one spirit; one goal; and that goal: the domination of the best; the dream of dying Alexander, whom I had worshipped in my childhood and in my youth!

I am not a German; that may be. But few people among those who stop before the small memorial of irregular pieces of rock, and read the words: "To the Iron Chancellor . . ." are as moved as I was, even if they *be* Germans. Few are as genuinely glad at the idea of the presence of *that* memorial in the vicinity of the one dedicated to the Liberator of old. As much as if

not more than that of the splendour of the forest itself; as much as if not more than that of the majesty of the hills, did the sight of those few stones cemented together bring tears into my eyes — the sight of those stones symbolising the different German States blended together, through the favour of the heavenly Powers and through Otto von Bismarck's untiring will and lifelong efforts, into *one Reich*.

I recalled the Iron Chancellor's words engraved upon the Sword of the Cheruskan hero: "*Deutsche Einigkeit: meine Stärke; meine Stärke: Deutschlands Macht,*" and the famous slogan: "*Ein Volk; ein; Reich; ein Führer!*" which I know so well. And once more I was intensely aware of the meaning of my pilgrimage.

I am not a German; that may be. But that Nordic blood — the best blood in the West — in which lies the secret of Germany's greatness, is, partly at least, also mine. The dream of purified, regenerated Aryandom, united under the rule of Adolf Hitler's people, is certainly mine. Once more I marvelled at the patient workings of the unseen Powers of Light, evolving a new Europe and a new Aryan world out of the present-day chaos; and at Germany's predestined part in that great creation; and at the fact that I had come — before time — and opened the pilgrim road to the millions of future ages who will, (at last!) understand the mystery of earthly salvation, and visit, in reverent gratitude, Hermann's Land and Bismarck's, *because* it is also Nietzsche's and Adolf Hitler's — as I today.

"From the dream of regenerate Aryandom, to National Socialism. And from National Socialism to the understanding and love of eternal Germany," — the history of my personal evolution could be summed up in those words, thought I. Who can tell how far it foreshadows the history of a ruling Aryan minority, willingly and selflessly living in the service of the new Greater German Reich?

* * *

I wanted to visit the old seat of the Cult of Light: the *Externsteine*, some fifteen kilometres from Hermann's Monument. I had intended to go there on foot. But it was now too late: I could no longer reach the place before sunset.

It was getting cold. I went and had a cup of coffee at the luxury café at the entrance of the Park, just to remain for another half an hour on the top of the hill, without having to sit outdoors. There, someone told me that a group of visitors were about to go to the Externsteine in a car, and that, if I cared to take advantage of the opportunity, I was welcome. I gladly accepted.

“But we are not going there directly,” explained the driver. “We intend to stop on our way at Berlebeck, and to see the Valley of the Eagles. I hope you don’t mind; we shall be in front of the Externsteine before sunset, anyhow.”

I must admit that it was the first time in my life that I heard of the existence of the “Valley of the Eagles.” I had not the foggiest idea of what that could be. On the other hand, I did not want to show my ignorance by asking. “Of course I don’t mind,” replied I, simply. “On the contrary; I’ll be happy to see that *also*.”

I took my seat by the side of the driver. The car rolled downhill, along the broad asphalted road. Above the slopes covered with forest in autumn glory, the Sun gleamed, still fairly high, in the bright, pure sky.

We reached Berlebeck about two hours before sunset. We got out of the car, walked half way up a small hill, entered a place, — an open, flat ground, entirely cut off from the road, — in which one could see, at distances of twelve or fifteen yards from one another, the impressive forms of a whole row of birds of prey: eagles of different types, and at least one vulture. The birds, of which one caught, on entering, a glance from behind, were perching upon stands, perfectly immobile. (So much so that, at first sight, I wondered whether they were alive or just stuffed.) The ground looked over a beautiful valley, covered with woods on both sides: the Valley of the Eagles. There was, in the whole landscape, something solemn, proud and sad. And the eagles that dominated it merely stressed that main impression. Of remarkable size, all of them, and immobile as they were, they looked like eagles’ ghosts haunting these magnificent lonely hills; — ghosts, gathered in a soundless and motionless, mysterious semicircle, for some purpose unknown to men.

A long ground floor structure ran along one side of the

open space—on the right side, as one entered. As I walked past, I noticed cages therein. Did these — or other — eagles spend the greatest part of their lives in cages? At first, knowing nothing of the rules of the famous *Adlerwarte*, I thought they did. And I suddenly remembered my mother's reference to the poor eagles of the Lyons zoological Park, in the one letter she had sent me while I was in Werl, obviously with the intention of making me feel that my destiny could after all have been worse “*You will come out in three years' time if not before. Think of the captive eagles in the Park. They will never be free again.*” I had surely never thought of captive animals with such vivid understanding and sympathy as since I had myself become a prisoner. And that letter had only made me more aware of the horror of all cages, be they for birds or quadrupeds. The cages I now saw were at least fairly large, compared with those in the Lyons Park. Still . . . “Poor eagles!” thought I.

But then, the man in charge of the place gave us a few words of explanation. I heard from him, to my delight, that one of the birds was *free* — flying in the sunshine, somewhere above those lovely wooded hills. But he would come back: the eagles always did after a “holiday,” the length of which varied between a few hours and six weeks. He would, of his own free will, come back to his cage — where he knew he would be fed — when weary of the hardships and risks of an independent and adventurous life. Then, *and then only, another* eagle would he released . . . until he would come back in his turn, and give a third one a chance to open his wings and hunt, according to his nature. (Never are two released at a time, the man told us; for in that case, they would fight to the finish, each one deeming himself the king of the region with exclusive hunting rights.)

In other words, these captive eagles now looking over the valley, tied by one foot with a strong leather ribbon some ten or twelve yards long, were all granted in turn unlimited leave on *parole*! And the remaining ones stood as a guarantee for every one that was released . . .

The keeper walked up to the last one, at the end of the broad semicircle. The eagle flapped his wings, as though he were pleased to see the man. He did not actually try to fly:

he knew, apparently, that he was tied by one leg. Even when the man offered him his arm as a perching stand (after putting on a thick leather glove and a wristband, to protect himself against the sharp claws) the bird did not care to leave his place. He was, eventually, in a sombre mood. Thinking of freedom above the hilltops, and longing for his next leave? Who knows?

The man gave us a few words of explanation about the eagle's size, habits, place of origin, etc. . . . and passed to the next one. That other bird flew immediately onto the wrist that was, offered him, and even allowed the man to stroke his feathers. But he did not open his beak. The man, after speaking of him for a few minutes, walked on, showing us every inmate of his *Adlerwarte*, one by one. At last, he came to the place where I was standing, and halted before a beautiful big greyish-brown eagle, that was perching hardly two yards away from me. I had already noticed and admired the creature of majesty, so similar to the likenesses one sees of the traditional "German Eagle" that he appeared to me as a living symbol of the Reich: a sort of supernatural, immortal, sacred Bird, in whom the life of my Führer's people is forever mysteriously reflected.

The man called the eagle. The latter opened his wings as wide as he could and flapped them several times, as though trying to fly, and turned his head aside and upwards, and gazed intently at his keeper. With his dark wings outstretched, his head and beak seen in profile, the imperial Bird looked more heraldic, more unreal and full of meaning, than ever. I could not help letting out a cry of admiration: "The beauty! — the living Reich's Eagle! I *am* glad I came! . . ."

"You are right: one could imagine him on a flag, or printed in a book," said one of the people present.

The keeper put out his leather-armoured wrist, and the bird flew a yard or two and seated himself upon it. Then, he stretched forth his head, opened his beak, and touched the man's face, as though he were trying to kiss him. It was moving to see the confidence these birds of prey all seemed to have in their keeper. The man spoke to the eagle as to a child: "That's all right! Now, tell us something; don't be afraid!" . . . But the eagle was contented merely with opening his beak two or three

times more, — as though he really *had* something to say, — without, however, uttering a sound.

The man spoke to the visitors: “This is the sort of eagle that is to be found in our German mountains; the one we know the best, — living model of our Reich’s Eagle. And you see: like we, he wants to speak, at least to his friends. But he does not. He merely opens his beak and quickly shuts it again feeling, — probably, — that it is useless to say anything. Indeed, what can he say, poor Reich’s Eagle, now that all he thinks is banned, all he loves, condemned, all he *would* say, (if he were free) forbidden?”

The people who had come with me in the car smiled at the bitter, and all-too-appropriate joke. I looked over the Valley — the beautiful wooded valley above which the eagles seemed to be posted like sentries; waiting. And for the millionth time, I thought: “Yes; banned, condemned, forbidden, all we love and all we stand for. Until when? Until when? When will the symbolical Reich’s Eagle again open his immortal wings, and take his flight, unhindered, over artificial boundaries, carrying the wreath of glory in the midst of which stands the holy Wheel of the Sun? When shall we again see that picture — the Eagle with the Swastika, — upon all the official buildings, official papers, and State uniforms of the German Reich . . . and upon buildings and official documents in conquered lands?” And at the idea of the lost war, — and, perhaps, also of my own useless life, — tears came to my eyes.

The man showed us eight or nine more specimens of different varieties of birds of prey of the eagle family. “This one is the largest we possess,” said he, stopping at the end of the row, before a huge dark-grey feathered creature; “a very rare sample, originally coming from Tibet. Opening of the wings: two metres eighty. This bird was presented to our collection by the Russians. Notice his eyes: red, white and black; — and in the proper order, which is more: *first* a red circle; *then* a white one; and then, black in the middle! It is perhaps because he wears these colours, that the Russians would not have him any longer . . . But *we* are glad to have him, aren’t we?”

The Sun was gradually going down.

Before we left the place, we all thanked our guide most

heartily. I expressed a request — a silly one, maybe, but a sincere one: “May I,” asked I, “take the beautiful Reich’s Eagle upon my wrist — just for a while, and after wearing the leather glove, naturally?”

The man looked at me half-astonished and half-amused. A child could have asked such a thing as that, and I, . . . well, . . . anyone could see that I was well over forty, not to say nearing fifty. But the man understood that, if he said “yes,” I was quite likely to try to put my suggestion to practice. And then, who would prevent the whole group from wanting to imitate me?¹

“I would not advise you to!” replied the eagle-keeper. But I judged that a few words explaining my apparently strange reactions were not out of place:

“No creature has ever harmed me,” said I. “They feel I love them and don’t fear them. Once, at the Calcutta Zoo, I thrust my whole arm into the tigers’ cage, and stroked a beautiful big tiger. He looked at me, then half-shut his phosphorescent eyes, and merely rubbed himself against the bars of his prison, purring like an enormous cat. I feel that the Reich’s Eagle could not but treat me as well as, if not better than, the royal Bengal Tiger did.”

The man, and the people with whom I had come, were all extremely interested in this tiger episode (which, by the way, is perfectly true). I wonder how far they caught the meaning I intended to give my words. The keeper of the eagles seemed to understand me. Who knows whether even he really did or not? It matters little, anyhow.

The car was soon rolling along the road to the Externsteine. In my mind, I was recalling the sight of the Valley of the captive Eagles, and the sight of the Statue of Hermann the Liberator, — at the top of the hills looking over the whole Teutoburg Forest and the whole of Germany, — and the sight of the memorial “to the Iron Chancellor” which I had seen in the Park. And I was thinking: “May the spirit of the Cheruskan Chief.

¹ On the 7th of July, 1954, as I visited the *Adlerwarte* for the second time, *not* in a group, but in the company of an English friend, the keeper of the eagles was kind enough to allow her and me to take the bird upon our wrists.

which is also that of Bismarck, maker of the Second Reich, and that of Adolf Hitler, and ours, once more free the German Eagle, and fill him, in his conquering flight above obsolete frontiers, with the divine warlike joy of long ago and of yesterday and of always — the joy of the born-to-rule, in their endless onward march in the four directions!”

Chapter 9

THE ROCKS OF THE SUN

The Externsteine, 23 October 1953, in the evening

We rolled through and past Horn, without stopping, turned to our right as we reached the outskirts of the town and then, after another five hundred yards, to our left, and followed a beautiful asphalted road bordered with trees, and meadows beyond which more trees — that same, unending Teutoburg Forest in autumn garb, that I was never tired of admiring, — could be seen. I looked right and left, and ahead, and did not speak. I was watching the approach of evening upon the fiery red and yellow and brown of the leaves ready to fall, and thinking of the captive eagles and of enslaved Germany, and longing for the Day of Revenge — “*der Tag der Rache*” — as steadily as I had been, as a matter of fact, for the last eight and half years.

Then, suddenly barring the road, a row of vertical rocks about a hundred feet high, — but looking much higher, especially from a short distance, — appeared, evenly grey against the bright background of the sunset sky. I recognised them at once for having seen pictures of them, and exclaimed in a low voice, with ravishment: “Die Externsteine!”

We stepped out of the car. I stood, automatically, apart from the other travellers, as though I were aware of the fact that we belonged to two different worlds; that they, even though they were Germans, were, here, but tourists, while I, even though a foreigner, was already a pilgrim.

I looked up to the irregular stone shapes that stood between me and the further forest, into which the motorable road leads. The familiar outlines fascinated me. Not that I was, for the first time in my life, visiting a place stamped with the prestige of immemorial Sun-worship: it was anything *but* the first time! I had seen Delphi and Delos, and the ruins of Upper and

Lower Egypt: Karnak and the Pyramids. And I had, in India, visited the celebrated “Black Pagoda”¹ built in the shape of a Sun-chariot resting upon twelve enormous wheels, each of which corresponds to a sign of the Zodiac, and presenting in sculpture the most splendid illustration of Life at all its stages — in all its fullness — from the wildest erotic scenes that adorn most of the surface of the lower walls, to the serene stillness of lonely meditation —: the meditation of the Sun god Himself, whose seated statue dominates the whole structure. And I had visited the extraordinary temple of Sringeri, every one of the twelve columns, of which is struck in turn by the first Sun-rays, on the day the Sun enters a new constellation. But I had never yet (save once, in Sweden,) found myself upon a spot sanctified by the worship of our Parent Star — the old worship of Light and Life — in a Germanic country. And these Rocks, I knew, had been *the* centre of Germanic solar rites in time without beginning. I felt like a person who has walked a long way and a long time — who has come from a very, very distant country, — with a definite purpose, and who, at last, reaches the goal. I had now attained, if not the *end* (for there *is* no end), at least the culminating point of my pilgrimage through Germany and through life. And I was happy. I had reached the Source where I could replenish my spiritual forces for the eternal Struggle in its modern form: the Struggle of the Powers of Light against the Powers of Gloom, experienced by me as that of the National Socialist values against those both of Christianity and of Marxism, — of the oldest and of the latest Jewish doctrine for Aryan consumption, which I had fought and would continue fighting untiringly.

I gazed at the irregular dark grey Rocks; and tears filled my eyes. And as the people with whom I had travelled bade me goodbye to follow the guide who had come to take them round, I was glad: I wished to see the Rocks without haste and, as far as possible, alone.

* * *

Right before me stood the highest rock; a long, rough cylinder — or rather, a prism, — of stone, very slightly inclined to the

¹ The Konarak Temple, near Puri.

left like the trunk of an enormous tree that time had worn, and human beings mutilated, without being able to destroy it. I knew that, at the top of that rock is the sanctuary from which the wise ones of old used to greet the Earliest Sunrise, on the morning of the Summer Solstice Day. From below, I could see the bridge by which one accedes to it today — the bridge that now joins the highest rock, commonly called “the second,” to the next one on the left, commonly called the “third” (called so, at least, in the one detailed archaeological study which I had, up till then, read, concerning the *Externsteine*.)

Slowly I walked up the stairs hewn into the live rock on the side of the “third” cliff, halting now and then to admire the landscape over which my eyes wandered, from a little higher at every new step I took: the small lake into the still waters of which the furthestmost cliff to the right — the “first” — plunges vertically; the thick woods beyond; the extension of the road by which I had come, past the slope on the left and past the lake, into further woods; and, on the other side — to the northeast, whence I had come — the wooded hills around and beyond Horn and Detmold. In the sunset glow, the reds in the autumn forest appeared brighter, and the browns, redder. And the lake was a smooth surface of shining darkness and bright orange-gold, on the opposite side of which I could see the upside-down reflection of the forest. I went up and up and, having crossed the bridge without daring to throw a glance into the void below, I found myself standing in the age-old sanctuary that I had come to behold. And I shuddered, overwhelmed at the feeling of being on holy ground.

It is difficult to tell what the sanctuary once looked like. Today, — nearly twelve hundred years after its systematic destruction through Christian fanaticism, — one steps unto a stone pavement some six yards long and not quite four yards wide, without a roof. At one end of the room, to one’s right as one now comes in, i.e., to the North-East, one sees a huge piece of rock — a part of the very cliff on which one is standing — carved out into a vaulted hollow, the ground-level of which is a foot higher than the pavement. In the midst of it, hewn out of the same one block of stone, is a stand, with a flat, table-like top about a foot wide and two and a half feet deep; and above

this, cut out in the solid, natural, north-eastern wall of the mysterious room, an opening, as perfectly circular as can be, something over a foot (37 centimetres, exactly,) in diameter. At the other end of the pavement, — to one's left as one enters from the bridge, *i.e.*, to the south-west, — is a rectangular niche, higher than even a very tall man, some five feet broad or so and over a foot deep, with a pillar each side of it. And in the rock wall opposite the bridge, — to the north-west — is a window looking over the neighbouring cliff and the lake beyond. The once existing walls between the vaulted room and the rest of the structure, on the south-east and the north-west, are now replaced by iron railings. The roof of the sanctuary was the eastern portion of the top of the cliff itself. It has been destroyed, leaving the whole place, with the exception of the vaulted hollow, as I have said, open to the sky.

My back to the south-western wall, behind which the Sun was now setting, I gazed at the ruins of the venerable high place. Here, at the time the great Egyptian kings of the Twelfth Dynasty were building their mighty temples and everlasting tombs; at the time the mysterious sea-lords of "Middle Minoan II" ruled Crete and the Aegean Isles; before the earliest *dated* Aryan conquests in the East,¹ — four thousand years ago and more, — the wise men, spiritual leaders of the Germanic tribes, and guardians of the natural Values that made their lives worth living, would gather, and greet the Earliest Sunrise, on the sacred Day, in June. In the midst of the stand in the vaulted chamber, one can still see a square socket. There used to be a rod stuck into it, the summit of which was on a straight line both with the lowest spot on the brim of the round opening in the north-eastern wall, and a spot in the middle of the niche against which I was standing — the Solstice-line, running North-east South-west. So that, when the rising Sun would appear exactly at the lowest brim of the round stone opening, *and*, at the same time, exactly behind the upper extremity of the rod, to an observer standing in a rigourously determined place in the middle of the niche, then one could

¹ In Babylonia, in or soon after 1926 B.C., by Gandash, founder of the Kassite Dynasty (See H. R. Hall, *Ancient History of the Near East*, ninth edit. p. 199). According to Indian authors, the first Aryan invasions of India were still much earlier. But they cannot be *dated* exactly.

say, with certainty, that it was the Summer Solstice Day, on the correct detection of which the whole calendar — and, subsequently, the festivals, and the whole life of the community — was dependent. For a few days before and a few days after the Summer Solstice, the rising Orb would appear within a certain radius, on the side brim of the round opening. The spot of its appearing would seem to travel, from a place on the side of the circle down to the lowest section of it, and up again. The wise men used to watch it day after day, in order to make out *when*, exactly, the earliest Sunrise, — the Sunrise rigorously according to the unchanging Solstice-line, — would be. And as they saw it — one spot of intensely bright gold on the rim of the circular opening; one ray of light into the dark chamber, — they would shout from the top of this rock the spell of victory announcing the beginning of the great Summer festivity to the people assembled below: “*Siege, Licht!*” — “Triumph, Light!” I thought of this, which I had read, and which I had been told by modern Germans faithful to the old solar Wisdom; Germans who had gone back to it, in an unexpected way, through that modern Faith in Blood and Soil — that Aryan Faith: National Socialism, — that binds me to them. I thought of this, and imagined, or tried to imagine, the solemn scenes that have taken place, year after year, upon this rock, for centuries, nay, millenniums; scenes of which the regularity had seemed eternal like that of the reappearing of the sacred Days. And I thought of the abrupt end of the Cult of Light; of the destruction of this most holy place of ancient Germany by Charlemagne and his fanatical Frankish Christians. I pictured to myself half the top of the Rock — which had once been the roof of this sanctuary — violently split from the rest of it and thrown down there, where its fragments can still be seen; the desecrated holy room; the persecuted holy Land, on whose people the foreign creed of false meekness, of which they are, even today, not yet free, was forced by fire and sword. I pictured to myself the Frankish soldiery, — men of Germanic blood, “crusaders to Germany” in the name of a foreign prophet and of a foreign earthly power — storming these hallowed Rocks; killing whomever they found; setting fire to whatever would burn; through terror, preparing the way for the new teachers: the monks, true “re-educators of Germany” in the worst sense of

that much-detested word, who would (if they could) stamp out every spark of the old solar Wisdom, — of Aryan wisdom, — in its main European Stronghold.

This had happened in the year 772 of the Christian era — one thousand one hundred and eighty-one years before. But how tragically modern it all looked! These very first “crusaders to Germany” appeared to me, more vividly than ever, as the forerunners of Eisenhower’s sinister “crusaders to Europe.” They had fought in the name of the selfsame hated Christian values, ultimately for the triumph of the selfsame international power, both temporal and spiritual — the Church — which was, and still is, the power of Jewry in disguise. They had fought against the selfsame everlasting values of Germanic Heathendom — the natural, heroic religion of the noblest people of the West, in which, both then and now, the Aryan Soul has found its most accurate expression on this continent. And they had persecuted them with similar savagery, and still greater efficiency, perhaps; with similar, and even greater, Germanic thoroughness. And I remembered that Eisenhower (a curse upon him!) is also of German descent. And once more I hated the madness that has, so many times in the course of history, thrown people of the same good Nordic blood into fratricidal wars for the sake of childish superstitions which the Jews — and their willing or unwilling agents, — have put into their heads without them even suspecting it.

And as the picture of the destruction of the old religion and of the Christianisation of Germany, not merely in all its cruelty, but in all its thoroughness imposed itself more tragically upon me. I realised — not for the first time, but yet, perhaps more intensely than ever before, — that the main dates of Charlemagne’s war against the Saxons, 772 and 787, are, from the German and, which is more, from the broader Aryan standpoint, even worse than 1945. For the stamp of the foreign creed, and especially of the foreign, anti-natural, anti-racial scale of values, is visible to this day in all but a minority of Germans: in all but an even smaller minority of Europeans. The spirit of the healthy Aryan warrior and sage — the spirit of detached violence for the sake of duty alone; *our* spirit — took over a thousand years to reassert itself through a proper doctrine of German inspiration, in a German élite, after the disaster inflicted,

then, upon those who expressed it. While in spite of enormous losses and no end of suffering we, — the National Socialist minority; the modern Aryan Heathens — have survived *this* disaster; survived it with our burning faith and our will be begin again. And we shall not need a thousand years, nor even a hundred, nor even ten, (if circumstances be favourable) to rise once more to power. It may be that the new world we were building lies — for the time being — in ruins, at our victors' feet. But our *Weltanschauung* is intact within our hearts. And there are younger ones ready to carry on our work, when we shall be dead; younger ones who shall, one day, defy Germany's "re-educators" and their programme, and their teaching and their spirit, even if an angry fate denies them the pleasure of killing their persons.

At the thought of this, I felt elated. I looked round me, at the lonely, desecrated sanctuary; above me, at the overhanging, slanting rock, from which the massive monolithic roof had been violently rent, nearly twelve hundred years before — the permanent scar left by the first "crusaders to Germany" upon this high altar of the national cult of Light. And in a flash I recalled my own life-long struggle against the Christian plague — in Greece, in the name of destroyed Hellenism; in India, in the name of unbroken Hindu Tradition; everywhere in the name of Aryan pride and Nature's truth. And I imagined the similar part I would like to play, here, among my Führer's people, after the re-installation of the National Socialist New Order, one day, never mind when. "Yes, *we* are alive," thought I, full of self-confidence and full of confidence in the German minority that thinks and feels as I do. "Defeat has not killed us; it has only made us a little bitterer and still a little more ruthless. One day we will avenge you, wounded Rocks that have been calling us for so long, and you, our elder brothers, warriors who died defending the approaches of this high place! Wherever I be when our Day dawns, may the heavenly Powers grant me to come back, and take an active part in the revenge!"

I was thus thinking when one of the guides stepped in from the bridge along with two tourists: two young men; a German and an Englishman. He told them in a few words what one knows of the sanctuary, of its original orientation according to the Solstice line, — north-east, south-west; — of the destruction

wrought by Charlemagne in 772. He spoke of the Irminsul: the symbolical Pillar sustaining the axis of the Universe, the summit of which is the “World-Nail,” i.e., the Polar Star. “We know from contemporary records that a famous image of that cosmic Pillar — a column from the top of which sprang two symmetrical curves, with a point (in the direction of the Northern “World Nail”) in the midst of them, — stood somewhere near Altenbeken, not far from here, where Charlemagne and his followers destroyed it as an ‘idol.’ According to the opinion of most scholars, another one, possibly of gold, was to be seen upon these Rocks. But one cannot tell with certainty, whether it stood upon this cliff or upon the one looking over the lake.”

The young Englishman did not know German. His companion did not know English well enough to translate to him all that the guide had said. He turned to me, apparently impressed by the way I seemed to be listening to his translation. “Can you speak English?” inquired he in German.

I reflected a second. Should I reply: “Nein!” as I had to some “Tommies” who had asked me the same question in a railway carriage, and thus put an end to the conversation? But this English boy was not a “Tommy”; nor a “damned occupant.” One could exchange a few words with him — or help him to understand the guide’s explanations, — without feeling one’s self a traitor to the German cause. Or *was* he a British soldier in civilian clothes — in spite of the fact that he looked such a child? I first asked his companion, who told me that he was an English student come over to spend a holiday and to “see Germany with his own eyes.”

“In that case I *can* speak English,” stressed I. And I translated the guide’s words and, (needless to say,) added fiery comments of my own about the behaviour of those who brought Christianity to this unfortunate land.

And I was glad to have suddenly found someone, — be it a boy young enough to be my tenth or twelfth child — upon whom I could inflict my bitterness on that very spot where the persecution of Germanic Heathendom (still lasting) had once begun.

* * *

The young Englishman walked down the steps by my side. He had listened, apparently with interest, to my tirade. He turned to me a thoughtful face. “I don’t blame you,” replied he. “All that you say about Christian hypocrisy is perfectly true —

true in all respects, not merely in connection with war and violence. In fact, I am myself no churchgoer. I am an admirer of D. H. Lawrence, the great English writer. You have heard of him, surely?"

I was a little disappointed. To be candid, I would have preferred the young man to have been a thorough Christian with a Crusader's mind; I would have liked to have found in him the usual opposition — and to have enjoyed the pleasure of crushing it flat (be it in an academic argument, rather than not at all) here, upon these Rocks, stronghold of the old Germanic Sun-creed; *my — our —* sacred Rocks. But instead of that . . . I was offered the opportunity of a discussion about the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*!

"I have read most of his books," replied I simply, in answer to the young man's question about the famous writer.

"And what do you think of them?"

"They are beautifully written, which is the first thing that books should be," said I. "And great cosmic truths underlie most of that which Lawrence says, so much so that, as far as I can imagine, those who share my philosophy of life would, as a rule, agree with him. And that, in my mouth, is a very great praise . . ."

"And of all his books which you have read, which do you like the best?" the young man asked me.

The Plumed Serpent, answered I, unhesitatingly, — "the symbolical story of the revolt of a national soul (never mind which) against international Christianity; the development of the idea that, only through the proper understanding of the age-old wisdom *of one's own people* can one really attain to the knowledge of cosmic Reality, i.e., experience it; *live* it . . . That is, at least, the meaning which I give the book. But every reader, I suppose, interprets it in the light of his or her own faith."

The young Englishman looked at me enigmatically, and was silent for a minute. Then, as we were reaching the last steps, he put me a new question:

"May I ask you what is your faith?" said he; "for I feel sure you have one."

It would have been so simple to say, as I had to the men who had arrested me, some four and a half years before: "I am

a National Socialist.” But I was now free. And I needed to keep my freedom — and *incognito*, — in order to write and speak, in waiting for the time when I would do more. The boy surely looked harmless enough; but one never knows . . . Moreover, the glorious words would probably not have conveyed to him the full, more-than-political significance which *we* give them. I answered, instead:

“I worship impersonal Nature, which is neither ‘good’ nor ‘bad,’ and who knows neither love nor hatred. I worship Life; the Sun, Sustainer of life. I believe in the Law of everlasting struggle, which is the law of life, and in the duty of the best specimens of our race — the natural élite of mankind — to rule the earth, and to evolve out of themselves a caste of supermen, a people ‘like unto the Gods.’”

It was much longer to say than the mere two words. But it meant exactly the same. And, given the stupidity of the Democratic world, in which a greater importance is laid upon words than upon facts, it was — strange as this may be, — not a bit dangerous.

The young man merely smiled. I shall never know whether he understood me or not.

* * *

We walked to the foot of the cliff by the lake and halted before a more than life-size relief, carved in the rock, on the lower part of the latter — to one’s left as one stands facing the cliff. The relief represents Christ being taken down from the cross and is, according to some scholars, a work of the early twelfth century, while, according to others,¹ it dates back to the very first years after Charlemagne’s destruction of the old Germanic sanctuaries. Some² hold it to have been set up in the place of a much more ancient relief illustrating beliefs and legends of pre-Christian times, and point out to the thoroughly weathered fragments of sculpture which one can see below it, as to remnants of this presumed former picture.

As usual, the guide called our attention upon all that which is of any importance and explained. The cross, which

¹ See for instance Wilhelm Teudt’s *Germanische Heiligtümer*, edit. 1929, p. 27.

² Wilhelm Teudt, *Germanische Heiligtümer*, edit. 1929, p. 26 and following.

appeared to me as a Byzantine one, is, said he, the only one of its type to be seen in Germany. The figure on the left, at the top of the relief, is that of God the Father. The Child which lies in his arms represents the soul of dead Christ; and the flag, — the staff of which ends with a cross also in Byzantine style — is a victory banner, for the Crucified has “vanquished death through his death” (as it is said in the Easter liturgy of the Greek Orthodox Church). The Sun and the Moon are represented on the right and left of God the Father. The body of the figure holding Christ’s legs presents a curious, rather unnatural curve. And, last but not least, the feet of the figure seen leaning against the cross (and supposed to be that of Nicodemus, unless it be of Joseph of Arimathea) were originally treading, not, as some have suggested, upon “a tree” bent in two under their weight, but upon the immemorial Cosmic Pillar round which move the constellations, — the Irminsul, thrice-holy symbol of the old religion, — bent down in order to proclaim the victory of Christianity over Germanic wisdom. The guide bade us notice that Nicodemus’ (or Joseph’s) legs and feet are for centuries no longer to be seen: some pious Saxon, outraged at the sight of the sacrilege, has hacked them off, most probably at night, shortly after the relief was set up.

“Gosh, how well I understand him!” exclaimed I, aloud, retrospectively no less indignant than any Saxon of old could have been at the thought of the creed centred around the “dignity of every human being” and their “equality before God,” replacing that centred around mathematical Order and warlike, aristocratic pride. “How well I understand him! And how gladly I would have helped him!”

An elderly lady who, already before our arrival, was standing in front of the relief, with a book in her hand, turned round and pointed out to me that the sacred Symbol of the old cosmic Wisdom was “bent, admittedly, but not broken”; in other words, that Christianity — “*real* Christianity,” added she; “not that which would excuse Charlemagne’s pious violence;” — did not abolish the older wisdom, but completed it, treasuring the truth expressed in its time-honoured allegories but setting it “in the right place”: below the “supreme spiritual values” that Christ came to reveal. I knew at once, — through my experience of such people as she, — that what she styled “real”

Christianity was some brand of esoteric teaching centred around the Christ *mythos*, although I could not make out whether it was the Rudolf Steiner brand or the Rosicrucian brand, or what other one (there are so many!). Unfortunately for her, I consider any teaching centred around the Jesus Christ *mythos* and based on some more or less “symbolical” interpretation of the Christian Gospels, just as dangerous as official Christianity, if not more. I know what was the attitude of those “esoteric” Christians (or Christian-like dabblers in esoterism) — Theosophists, Anthroposophists, Rosicrucians, members of the “White Fraternity, etc. . . . — to the Third Reich, and what they all think, to this day, about our National Socialist faith. Had I met this woman during the glorious years, I would have looked upon her with contempt — thought, at the most: “The poor fool!” — and said nothing. But *now*, I gave her a glance of concentrated hostility, as though she were personally responsible for the desecration of these holy Rocks (which she *was*, in fact, just as *I* am responsible for every coercive measure taken by the Third Reich; just as every believer is responsible for whatever was, is, or will be done for the triumph of his or her faith). And I spoke, — while the guide and my two companions walked on:

“Bent is even worse than broken,” declared I, bluntly, alluding to the woman’s remark about the Irminsul. “You may like the idea of the faith of our forefathers — Europe’s natural, Aryan faith, — pushed into oblivion by a partly Jewish creed. *I don’t*. And I can really see nothing to make a song and dance about, in those overrated ‘spiritual values’ set forth by Jesus of Nazareth. The Buddha preached universal love over five hundred years before him, and King Akhnaton of Egypt, some nine hundred years before the Buddha. And it is not universal love that we need, anyhow, today, but Aryan pride, coupled with the grim will to survive, and logical action — uncompromisingly logical — carried on to the bitter end.”

The woman was so taken aback that she did not reply. She simply gazed at me in bewilderment — and perhaps in terror, — as though she felt in me the radiance of all that which she hated and dreaded the most. Before she had time to overcome her amazement, I had followed the guide and the two young men into the grottoes inside the cliff. The Englishman — the admirer of D. H. Lawrence, — was glad to see me appear again: his

companion was finding it more and more difficult to translate to him, without help, whatever the guide said.

* * *

The guide was speaking of the grotto in which we were standing: a long, half-dark room, communicating with two smaller ones, — one at each end of it, — like it, hewn out of the live rock. He was pointing to a pit in the ground at the foot of the rough, brownish-greenish-grey wall before us. And he was refuting the assumption of certain scholars according to whom the Romans are to have converted these grottoes into a Mithra temple, and to have used this pit for initiation rites. “But,” — was he saying — “that is supposed to have happened shortly before Hermann’s decisive victory over them, that is to say, in the days of Augustus. And the cult of the Persian god was, then, anything but sufficiently widespread among the legions as to justify the establishment of Mithra temples in occupied land. And the pit is anyhow much older than Varus and his soldiers. It was, presumably, for countless centuries, before the Romans, and until the introduction of Christianity, the seat of the Primaeval Fire, — the earthly Fire, which the Germans worshipped, along with the Sun, and Lightning, as another form of Light, Heat and Power; another manifestation of the Essence of Life, which is Godhead Itself. An actual fire, symbol of everlasting Life, — bright, ever-moving, and yet ever the same; all-devouring and all-creative, — used to burn here day and night.”

“Threefold Agni, — heavenly, earthly and subterranean, — All devouring, Origin of all . . . ,” thought I, recalling the Rig-Veda, as tears welled up to my eyes at the renewed awareness of that staggering deep unity of the Indo-European — Indo-*Germanic* — Race, above and beyond the rise and fall of empires; above and beyond the birth, decay and death of man-made religions.

I remembered: the most ancient Aryans, who brought India the Rig-Veda and Sanskrit culture, no one knows when, used to have fire burning day and night in their homes. And to this day, no Hindu rites of any importance, — no rites sanctioning the great events of private or public life — can be performed

¹ Indo-Germanisch, in German, means “Indo-European” or “Aryan.”

without a fire. And, also to this day, a fire burns day and night in every temple of the Parsis, those last Persians of Aryan blood, faithful to the old worship of Light and Life, who made India their second home. And the ancient Greeks honoured the Threefold Fire as Helios, the Sun, as Hestia, — the sacred family Hearth — and as Hephaistos. I recalled Herr B.'s beautiful book *So ward das Reich*, written for modern German children, and the words which he puts into the mouth of an old Aryan Chief addressing the young men and women as they leave the Nordic Home to seek new land — new *Lebensraum* — to the South and to the East: “Forget not the Homeland! Keep your blood pure, and remain loyal to the faith and customs of your ancestors. And may the Father-of-Light, the Almighty One, guide you!”

How many millions, thought I, had bid farewell to the hallowed Homeland, and gone their way, in course of time . . . and held to the wise Chief's words for centuries, and then, — alas! — under the combined pressure of personal lusts and deceitful teachings, forgotten them! The Greeks and Latins had forgotten; the Thracians, Phrygians, Mitannians, Medes and Persians, had forgotten, and lost themselves, more or less rapidly. And then the conquering equalitarian creeds of Jewish origin, — Christianity and Islam — had rolled over the world, and levelled nearly all that was left to be levelled . . . Only the high-caste Indians and the Parsis had — outwardly at least — not forgotten, to this very day . . . But they too, I was told, were now in the process of forgetting. Alone in the holy Homeland, a new persecuted minority was remembering, more vividly than ever, the eternal wisdom of the privileged Race, *and living up to it*.

In a flash, I remembered the far-gone days when I had dreamed of founding a worldwide “Pan-Aryan Society” with a view to contribute to the awakening of a common Aryan consciousness, preliminary condition of a lasting worldwide Greater Reich: federation of all peoples of Indo-European blood of East and West under the leadership of the first-awakened Aryan Nation: Adolf Hitler's new Germany. But whether in old Hellas or in Aryan Asia, nobody, — or hardly anybody — had cared to see in that anything more than a crazy fantasy. And the idea of Adolf Hitler's world leadership, be it in the highest, more-than-political meaning of the word, was not to the taste

of most Aryans outside Germany. Had Germany won the war, thought I, it would, doubtless, have been different. The atmosphere of the whole world would have changed. Maybe, the tremendous dream would not have materialised in a day; but it would no longer have sounded “crazy.” And even if it had, in foreign lands, still it would have found supporters within the expanding boundaries of the victorious German Reich. I could have given free expression to it, here, while referring to the Cult of primaeval Fire and perennial Light among all Aryan peoples of Antiquity.

And for the millionth time, the old torturing *Leitmotiv* of my post-war life imposed itself upon me with new bitterness: “Oh, why did I not come during the great Days?”

I translated the explanations to the young Englishman (omitting, of course, all personal reflections which they might have provoked in me).

The guide spoke again: “According to our recent great scholars, such as Wilhelm Teudt,” said he, “these grottoes were specially consecrated to the cult of the Hidden Sun and were the seat of rites connected with the Winter solstice — the Holy Night (Weihnacht) which is in Germany, still today, (within a Christian setting) the greatest Festival of the year: Christmas; the Birthday of the “Sun of Righteousness” within an underground cave in the dark bosom of Mother Earth . . .”

I recalled Gerald Massey’s book *The Historical Jesus and the Mythical Christ* and could not help inwardly marvelling at the genius of those agents of the Forces of Gloom who have so cleverly integrated the story of a Palestinian wonder-worker of local fame, of whom one cannot even tell whether he really was a Jew or a half-Jew or no Jew at all, into the old, old Nature-myth of Life through Death, to which they added a spiritual interpretation, and who, out of this blending of commonplace history and divine Legend, evolved, for all practical purposes, one of the mightiest anti-racialist swindles of all times. How was *I, now*, to contribute to evolve, out of the tragic story of my beloved Führer and of his people, the still more powerful moral and spiritual structure that is to defeat the Jewish snare? The future Form of the eternal Life-and-Death *Mythos*, and the new faith in *earthly* salvation that is to be the lasting victory of the warlike aristocracy of Aryandom and the religious foundation

of the great Indo-European Reich under German leadership? The difficulties were no doubt immense; apparently insurmountable. Yet once more I intensely felt that this was, — is indeed, — the work for which I was born.

The guide led us to the smaller room in the northern corner of the grotto. He showed us a rune upon the north-western wall. “According to scholars,” said he, “this is the rune of death. To be dead is to hide in the bosom of Mother Earth — in darkness like the winter Sun in the hallowed North; like the seed of corn that has been sown — and to prepare in silence one’s reappearing in glory; one’s rebirth; one’s new spring.”

He paused for me to translate his words to the young Englishman, and pursued: “The Winter Solstice Festival is the Festival of the Death and Rebirth of the Sun; the time when His chariot was supposed to stand still for twelve days and twelve nights, in preparation for a new glorious journey through the twelve great Constellations, round the Axis of the Universe — the Irminsul — and the Polar Star; a new Journey: — a new year.

“It is well-known that a much revered image of the Irminsul stood but a few miles from here, at Altenkeken, where Charlemagne, — his chroniclers clearly state, — went and destroyed it in 772. It seems hardly probable that there was not also one towering above these Rocks, which are not merely *the* religious centre of ancient Germany, but also that of Europe as a whole — the main sacred centre of Solar worship in the West, and one of the extremely few such centres in the wide world. The Symbol was apparently of pure gold, but one does not know whether it stood at the top of this cliff (which we shall ascend in a little while) or at the summit of the one we just visited. Personally, I would be inclined to give more faith to the second hypothesis to begin with, the other rock is higher than this one; and then, there is that room of the Earliest Sunrise . . .”

I was listening with rapture; I felt sure that the old guide was, at the bottom of his heart, a Heathen like myself.

And in the darkening twilight, I gazed at the mysterious Rune, engraved in the live rock: the three converging straight (relatively straight) lines that meet and merge into a vertical one above them, like three branches of an up-side-down tree; the Rune of death: i.e., of underground life; of hidden life; of life in the bosom of the maternal, nourishing Earth, source of

new birth and growth; the sign of Life which is *waiting* and getting ready to reappear in all its victorious strength and beauty.

And I thought of the disaster of 1945 and of the subsequent years of persecution not yet come to an end: — of *our* death, which also means life *underground*; intense, unsuspected life, preparing, in constant, intimate contact with the hidden Powers at the very roots of our collective being, the resurrection of National Socialist Germany and the new Spring of Aryan mankind.

* * *

The guide spoke, and there was an echo. He went a step further and spoke again; but the rock did not, this time, send back his voice. He stood in a new place, and again every syllable he uttered was repeated a second or two after he had spoken.

“You see,” said he: “this echo can only be heard from very definite spots. If you ask me, the positions of these spots had a meaning to the Ancients. They were not looked upon as the result of mere accident but as the outward sign of some hidden correspondences, full of mystical potency, which connected this chamber with the other holy places upon or around these Rocks — for these were all part and parcel of one and the same organic setting. We are patiently trying to find out — if we still can — which these correspondences were, and what they revealed. We are feeling our way in the dark, in order to set our hands upon some of the treasures of our forefathers’ stupendous wisdom, of which all obvious traces have been systematically effaced. It is too early to tell whether we shall or not, one day, be successful. I believe we shall, provided we know how to use our own intuition. Scholarship alone, without the intuition of that which one studies, is useless.”

“Oh, how right you are!” exclaimed I, unable to contain my approbation.

We walked back through the main grotto and visited the smaller chamber at the other end of it — a chamber on a slightly higher level, to which one accedes by means of a few steps between two walls of rock. There were, here, no echoes to be detected; no runes to be seen, — nothing but the rough old roof-walls-and-floor surface — brownish-greenish-grey — and that atmosphere of mystery and of sacred awe, which is somewhat a common

feature of most grottoes (especially of those hallowed by immemorial religious rites) but to which I was, here, particularly sensitive, on account of the associations these Rocks evoked in me.

“We know nothing of the particular rites that were performed in this or in other parts of this grotto (or anywhere on these Rocks, by the way),” said the guide. “After Charlemagne’s conquest, and especially after the monks of the Abdinghof convent in Paderborn had acquired the whole place in the early twelfth century, everything was done, naturally, in order to turn it into a Christian holy place, and to attract pilgrims in the name of the new cult. One wanted to establish here something like a symbolical counterpart of the main features of the famous church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, nay, of all the main places of pilgrimage in Holy Land, from the Grotto of the Nativity in Bethlehem — which this grotto, now consecrated to the Christian cult, was to “represent,” — to the chapel now installed upon the ruins of the Summer Solstice sanctuary, which we have visited, and to the Holy Sepulcher itself, symbolised by the stone coffin which we shall now see.”

We came out of the grotto, and walked down an alley running between the lawns at the foot of the Rocks, and leading towards the lake. A little before we reached the latter, we turned to our left. And there was, on the left hand side of the alley, a vault cut out in the rock over a monolithic coffin (part of the same block as it) to which one accedes by two stone steps hewn out of the same stone. At the bottom of the coffin, on the side facing the Rocks — the south-western side, — one could see a roundish hollow: a place carved out for the head of him who was to lie here.

“The remarkable thing about this coffin,” said the guide, “is that it is possible to lie in it without hearing a thing of the noises outside. It all depends on the way one lies. A difference of two or three centimetres up or down changes entirely the impression one gets. And provided one finds the right position in which one experiences silence and absolute isolation, one actually falls, I am told, into a strange unconsciousness — an irresistible sleep — out of which one can only be drawn by the sound of a horn blown from that chamber in the grotto which I first showed you: the one with the different echoes, and the

Rune. The sound is here to be heard most distinctly. (Two men who came here have actually tried the experiment out of curiosity, and proved this description of it to be in every way accurate.)

“Scholars believe that this stone coffin was originally used in the initiation process through which the wise men, — priests; or members of highly spiritual brotherhoods, or both, — had to go. The man seeking to become a new initiate would lie here all night, dead, — symbolically; freed of his personal past, of all earthly ties, through the magic of supernatural sleep. And he would, at sunrise, be called out of his trance by the blast of a horn from that room within the grotto that I have just referred to, and rise, himself a new man, — “born anew”; — a dedicated man and a leader of men along the way of life in truth. This was centuries before the introduction of Christianity, nay, centuries before the birth of Christ. In fact, by taking over this old initiation-coffin as an image of Christ’s Holy Sepulcher, the Christians merely linked the *mythos* of the Saviour’s redeeming death to the immemorial Tradition of Death — apparent death — as the Way to a higher and fuller life; life in glory.”

“Apparent death; the way to a higher and fuller life: to life in glory,” repeated I within my heart. And in a flash, I remembered the ruins I had seen in this martyred Land, five years before and, — still more painful to me, perhaps, — the dull, more and more comfortable indifference into which the greater number of Germans now seemed to be sinking; that weary indifference to *all* great Causes: that humdrum day to day life — so boring, with its little worries and its little pleasures! — from which the living presence of the Saviour of the Aryan race appears to be forever banished. When would *that* death end in resurrection? And what could I do, so that it should do so a few years sooner?

We went up the stairs that lead to the top of the cliff above the grottoes and enjoyed the view over the lake and forest, that one has from there. The fiery autumn colours were slowly fading away into the increasing darkness. The water of the lake was dark, — looked deep. But in a mysterious patch of light that made it shine, one could still distinguish the upside-down outlines of the bordering trees: black in the darkening greyish-brown liquid mirror, upon which still lingered, here and there,

a trace of golden sunset. On the opposite side, the mutilated Rock bearing at the top of it the Summer Solstice sanctuary, stood dark and proud against the pure sky. One could see the window in the side-wall of the old sacred chamber; and the old steps at the corner of the monolith that bears the round opening (the block itself was hidden by the north-western side of the cliff). Darkness was growing. I knew there was nobody in the Sun chamber. And I longed to see it again; to see it alone in darkness and silence. “I *must* go up there once more!” thought I.

The young Englishman who, since I had translated to him what the guide had told us about the stone coffin and the initiation rites apparently connected with it, had not uttered a word, now turned to me and said: “I am really glad I met you. My visit to these Rocks was for me an experience. How interesting it all is! — this constant endeavour to use old sacred sites as places of pilgrimage for the faithful of a new religion, after one has managed to create around them a new atmosphere of legend. The same has been done in England and Ireland, you know. Many of our most holy Christian sanctuaries — churches; convents; and miraculous springs and such; — are just very old centres of druidic worship, which have been connected with a new mythology. I suppose it is the same in all countries.”

“It surely is, to a very great extent, in Greece, in Italy and in France,” answered I. “And I am told it is the same in Mexico and Peru. The Christian Churches are clever: they know the way to solicit customers. Moreover, I believe there is a sort of magical power of attraction in certain spots of the earth which always have been and always will remain, and cannot but be, ‘sacred spots’ — ‘spots where the Wind of the Spirit blows,’ (to quote the words of Maurice Barnes) for reasons unknown to us; *natural* reasons, mind you, for the so-called ‘supernatural’ realm is nothing but . . . an unknown part of Nature.

“And the funniest point in this connection is that this *natural* power of attraction is sometimes cleverer than any Christian Church. The guide just now referred to that world-famous centre of Christian pilgrimages: the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. Perhaps you know the curious — and ironical — truth above the church built (so the pilgrims believe) upon the rock of Golgotha

and the Grave in which lay the body of Jesus Christ?"

"I don't," replied the young man. "What is the curious fact about it?"

"The fact — now admitted even by Catholic scholars, — that the Crucifixion took place a mile or two away from the spot, — somewhere outside the town; that the story of the miraculous finding of the so-called Real Cross is just bunkum; the supposed-to-be 'Holy Sepulcher,' just any old stone sarcophagus; and that the famous church is built upon the foundations . . . of a former temple of Aphrodite — Jesus Christ honoured upon the old site sacred to the Goddess of lust! It is ironical, to say the least; isn't it?"

"Not so such as it looks," answered the young admirer of the author of *The Man Who Died*. And he added: "It had to be so, — for the two divinities, far from excluding each other, are complementary, whether the Christians care to admit it or not. It had to be so . . . in order to satisfy a hidden law of equilibrium."

"Perhaps," replied I, thinking of something else.

It was a good thing that the young man could not read my thoughts. I was saying to myself: "This fellow of an Englishman is damned sight more interesting than I had imagined. He can *think*. Were I rash enough to tell him the truth — what I am and what I live for — quite possibly he would not be so shocked as to reject the idea of any further discussion with me, and in the course of conversation, I could probably bring him to agree with me — with us — on many important points; who knows? perhaps, on more important points than I dare expect. And yet . . . had he been here as an Occupation soldier instead of as a student — he, the very same man, — I would have refused to speak to him. I would have hated him without knowing him; hated his uniform and therefore, automatically, hated him. And tomorrow, or next year, or the year after, if I have the good luck of still being here when our Day of reckoning comes, and if my superiors consider it necessary or even expedient, I shall send him to his doom or kill him myself without a qualm of conscience, simply because he will represent — or rather, because his mere uniform will represent, — "Democracy," "de-Nazification," the "re-education of Germany," "the spirit of the Nuremberg

Trial,” etc. . . . all we hate the most. I shall do it without even my superiors holding it necessary or expedient, provided only I am sure they consider it can do no harm to our Cause. I shall do it with pleasure because, then, I shall hate him, or, again, to speak more accurately, because I shall hate his uniform. A man is what his uniform means; what he *represents, or is supposed to represent*; that in the name of which he allows himself to be used, even if he does not, personally, like it at all; nay, even if he be, within his heart, bitterly against it. So much the worse for him if he allows himself to be used in the name of something he does not love!

The idea that I might actually be, one day, with regard to that interesting and harmless young man, in the position I had just imagined, did not disturb me in the least. If he really were, in fact, an exception — a life-long rebel like I against all that which is implied in the words “Christian civilisation” — then, let him have the guts to come over to us in time, and wear our colours on the long-awaited *Tag der Rache*! If not, let him perish with all that we hate — *even if he hates it too!*

And I thought (for once, thoroughly pleased with myself): “Nobody shall ever force *me* to stand, let alone to fight, on the side of that in which I do not believe. *I* chose my own uniform. And wear it day and night — even in peacetime!”

We had reached the end of the stairs, — the foot of the Rocks, — and were walking back to the motorable road. The guide was speaking of some of the most popular legends connected with the Externsteine. “You remember that block of stone I showed you on the northern side of the second cliff?” said he; “the one in which some steps can still be seen? Well, it is called ‘the Pulpit,’ and people say that it is from there that Hermann the Liberator gave his last orders to his lieutenants, before his great victory over Varus in year 9. And at the very top of the fourth cliff, on the other side of the road, you can see a huge block that looks as though it were going to fall. It is called *der Wackelstein* — the ‘rickety stone.’ There are many legends about it. According to one of them, the Devil, angry at the fact of Christian worship taking over these Rocks, threw that stone at the priest whom he saw on the threshold of the former Sun-chamber, then a Christian chapel, at the top

of the second cliff. But the power of the Cross caused the stone to take a different direction and to land on the summit of that rock where we still can see it. The stone is rickety, for the defeated Devil threatened that, one day, it would fall and kill a woman from Horn, or, according to another version of the legend, the last princess of Lippe. Resistance to Christianity was always pictured (and magnified, through fear, by pious Christians) as the work of the Devil. And therefore there are plenty ‘Devil’s stones’ and ‘Devil’s holes’ etc. . . . in this and other parts of Germany.”

“Yes,” said I; “nowhere in Europe, and in few places in the world was Christianity faced with so great and so conscious an opposition, as here . . .” And I added: “*That* is precisely one of the reasons why Germany deserves to take the lead of future Europe, which will again be, I hope, a Nature-worshipping and healthy-living Aryan continent, free from Jewish fairytales, as well as from every kind of Jewish influence.”

The three men — even the guide — looked at me in surprise. But it was not so much *what* I had said as the passion with which I had spoken that took them aback. Years, — perhaps centuries — of bitterness, suddenly and violently thrust into full consciousness at the sight of Charlemagne’s work of destruction, had given the tone of my voice a strange potency.

In the east, the sky had grown dark — deep blue — while the western horizon was still luminous and faintly, very faintly, golden. The Rocks of the Sun towered above us and above the surrounding landscape, black against that pale background. Their wounds, everlasting reminders of Germany’s greatest defeat in history, could no longer be seen. And the Christian figures imposed upon their mutilated surface, and the cross itself, — the Byzantine cross — had also vanished into the rapidly increasing darkness. Lights had appeared behind the windows of the guest house in the neighbourhood.

“I am glad I came,” repeated the young Englishman, looking up to the Rocks; “and I hope it is not the last time.”

“Who knows? Perhaps it is not,” replied I. I was thinking of war, and of acts of open hostility against the accursed Occupation troops — of things I would myself like to do. But the young man did not detect the irony in my voice. I added:

“You came as a student to see Germany as she really is. Look how beautiful she is! Look at the landscape — and at the people. And also have a glance at the destruction your countrymen have wrought here ‘in order to defend Poland,’ — so they say, — in reality, to please the Jews. And remember you have met a woman of Indo-European stock, — a woman of your own race — who loves Germany and who is free from the Christian scale of values; even more so than from belief in the dogmas of any Christian Church.”

“I think I am beginning to understand which is your philosophy, or rather, as you say, your faith,” said the young man.

“It is difficult to say how far one understands things of which one cannot speak clearly,” replied I. “And there is no important question, no vital problem of which one can here speak clearly, for this is not a free country. Remember this, also. And don’t forget to tell the so-called ‘free world,’ which Master Churchill would like to see us defend.”

We parted. The young man and his companion, and the guide, went their way. I remained by the Rocks.

* * *

Alone, I walked up the stairs leading, up the third Cliff, to the Chamber of the Sun at the top of the second. In the midst of the bridge between the two cliffs, I halted for ravishment: behind the dark block bearing the round opening, the Moon had risen: a bright full Moon, the colour of honey, in the deep blue sky, above the distant wooded hills. The sky had become strangely transparent. And the lake, and the forest, and the whole landscape, with sharper outlines and greater contrasts of light and shade, had taken on a ghostly unreality. And half the pavement of the sanctuary, and the enormous flat surfaces of rock marking the place where the top of the cliff had been torn asunder, were flooded with moonlight — the light of the dead. Opposite me, high within the crack between the two slanting slabs, I could distinctly see the two rusted rings of iron that once — not long ago, — used to hold the staff of the proud Swastika flag which fluttered above these Rocks.

I held my breath before the beauty of the moonlit cliffs in their moonlit setting of water and woods, hills and sky. And at

the same time, I shuddered, as though their awe-inspiring sacredness had increased tenfold at the touch of the mysterious silver rays.

The interior of the vaulted chamber, in complete shade, was as dark as the holy-of-holies of any Indian temple I had seen — any of those windowless sanctuaries into which Brahmins alone, real or supposed sons of the fair Aryan conquerors of old, are allowed to penetrate. I could not see the stone stand within it. And the round opening, through which shone the pure moonlit sky, looked like a second, paler moon — a strange moon without rays, hanging in absolute darkness.

I walked into the paved space in front of the vaulted room — the outer part of the ruined sanctuary. And I suddenly was, to an immeasurably greater degree than in the daytime, aware that it was *ruined*. I had known it was. But I had not, — at least not with such intensity, — *felt* it to be so. In a flash, I recalled the sight of the torn and charred walls of martyred Hamburg, — the first ruins I had seen in Germany, on my first, unforgettable journey in 1948. And once more the two wars, i.e., Charlemagne's against the Saxons, and the world's against the Third Reich; — the two crusades: the one, against Germanic Heathendom; the other, twelve hundred years later, against National Socialism: Germanic Heathen wisdom in its new form — appeared to me as parallel assaults of the perennial dark forces against that perennial stronghold of the Aryan Values in the West: Germany.

I stood in the sanctuary of the Sun and perhaps also of the Moon¹ — in the High Place of the eternal Religion of Light and Life, persecuted in its last and best exponents in the West for nearly twelve hundred years. Had I not all my life fought for that faith of glory and for the Aryan race, against every brand of man-made and man-centred teaching of equality that sprang, directly or indirectly, from the age-old Father of lies — the Jew, — I should have been afraid to go a step further. The pitch darkness of the vaulted chamber, in contrast to the livid brightness of the walls and pavement of the sanctuary, and of the round opening, had something forbidding. It was, I repeat, like the holy darkness of the innermost chambers of the temples of old Aryavarta, — India, — the one Land in the world where

¹ Wilhelm Teudt, *Germanische Heiligtümer*, edit. 1929, p. 23.

Aryan gods still receive a public cult. I recalled the notices that are — or were in my time, — in the far-away Land, set up on the way to such holy-of-holies: “No admittance for Untouchables, Mohammedans, Europeans, Eurasians” — for those whose blood is mixed, and for those who profess (or are supposed to profess) a faith denying the divine hierarchy of races, and leading practically to mixture of blood. Upon the Golden Rock of Trichinopoli, as I had once hesitated to go further at the sight of such a notice, a bystanding Brahmin had told me: “Go in freely; the notice is not for you!” Here, the mysterious presence of those who died defending these sacred Rocks against Charlemagne’s crusaders (and of those who lived on, calling and waiting in vain for revenge) and the Heathen Soul of the Rocks themselves, which I *felt*, told me front within: “Ghostly light and forbidding darkness are not to keep *you* away. Come! From the beginning of Time, you were on our side!”

I stepped forwards, vividly aware of the solemnity of the minute, and happy, as though I had really been enjoying a special privilege.

I walked up to the vaulted chamber, touched the border of the stone stand in the midst of it with my right hand; lifted my arm in the ritual gesture of yesterday and of long ago — of the Sun. For a long while I *said* nothing. I thought: “Moonlight — reflected light of the Sun; — light of the dead. Everything has a meaning in this pilgrimage of mine, and it is not by accident that I have seen the Moon rise over these Rocks. We are dead, we modern Children of the Sun, followers of Adolf Hitler who lives forever. We are dead . . . or, at least, the world believes us to be. There is silence around us, like around the dead. There is silence around Him: the silence of superstitious fear or of deifying love, — or of lighthearted indifference. Our enemies mention Him as seldom as they can, in their speeches of hate. The many go their way as though he had never lived. And we do not speak of him, even among ourselves, save in a low voice, — as one speaks in a graveyard. The night of death has closed on us more than eight years ago, and the Moon sheds over us its livid rays and its peace: the peace of sleep, which is oblivion; the peace of that which belongs to the past.

“But the magical twilight silence and softness have no effect upon us. We remain wide-awake, waiting for the coming sunrise; for the day we shall rise, holding the Banner stamped with the Wheel of the Sun and . . . take our revenge. We know we are alive, even if the world denies it. In fact, we do all we can for the world to keep on ignoring it, so that we might take advantage of its forgetfulness and gird ourselves for the coming struggle, and make ourselves worthy to greet the coming dawn. We know we are alive. *I know it now* — I who lived three years of absolute despair, believing in the tale of our death. But we know that night must last its time, before the purple of dawn can appear. We are now experiencing night: the night of persecution in its subtlest possible form — the attempt of our enemies to create oblivion around us and around our Führer and all our martyrs, and all we love and stand for, — and the night of indifference within millions of those who once walked with us. But we know that it will come to an end, and that, provided we have kept our faith and remained ready, the dawning day will be our day. *I know it.* And these Rocks — I know that, also, — are our spiritual centre. That is why I had to behold the Moon rising above them, symbolising the night of life-in-death in which we stand. One day, I shall see the glory of Dawn upon this sacred landscape and the Swastika Flag fluttering once more above the restored High place of the Sun.”

And I added in a whisper, my arm still outstretched over the stone stand as over an altar: “May it be so — I entreat you, Forces of Light and Life who will help us win the last battle! In the meantime, help us to keep our faith and to live up to it in the midst of this hostile world that we shall one day destroy. Help us to keep the clear and living vision of the new world that we shall one day build. And protect our beloved Führer, wherever he be; under whatever aspect he be: visible or invisible! Heil Hitler!”

A thrill of elation ran through my body as though I had done *something* for the return of National Socialism to power. I felt at least — strange and utterly useless as my gesture may seem, — that I had done the only thing I now could do.

And I slowly walked back — across the bridge between the

two rocks, and down the steps flooded with moonlight, and along the lonely road to Horn.

* * *

The Externsteine, 30 October 1953

It must have been about five o'clock in the morning, perhaps between five and half past five. It was completely dark. And it was damp; — foggy. I had spent the night in Horn, and was now walking along the road that leads from there to the Externsteine.

For months — nay, for years; in fact ever since the last Germany victory during the war, — I had not been so happy as I was now. I was thinking of the meeting I had attended on the evening before, in another town. Oh, a very restricted meeting indeed (eight or ten people only) and not, by any means, a public one; not one of those that one advertises in the papers and on the wireless; but a real gathering of faithful fighters in times of persecution; a meeting, the type of which would become *the* legendary, classical one of “the dark days after the disaster of 1945,” one day, in centuries to come — when our National Socialist faith would be *the* undisputed faith of Aryan mankind.

I was recalling for the thousandth time the words which Comrade F. F, a southern German, had addressed me at that meeting: “You are right: up till 1945, we were a Party — and, unfortunately, even in the estimation of number of us who should have known better, nothing but a Party. *Now* we have become aware of our real meaning and of our real mission: we are the first faithful of a new great Faith.”

I had waited thirty years to hear those words from a German. And tears had filled my eyes as I had at last heard them. As clearly as I could, I had explained to the few true followers of our Führer gathered to hear what I had to say, my personal conception of the infinitely more than political meaning of National Socialism: my experience of it as a religion free of cloudy metaphysical assumptions, nay, as *the* particular form of the Religion of Life, fit for a technically-advanced, modern Aryan society. “I am not really concerned with ‘politics,’” had I said. “It is the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* as

such, and Adolf Hitler's personality that attracted me. All I want is to contribute to make our *Weltanschauung* the basis of a new mentality and of a new life in the West, and to link it with a new form of devotion, centred around our Leader as the perennial Saviour — the One Who comes back, — and around his people as the privileged élite of the privileged Race; the Nation that staked her all in order to show Aryan mankind the Way of life in truth, beauty and power . . .”

And Comrade F. F., — Seyss-Inquart's countryman; and also Franz Holzweber's, and Otto Planetta's, and above all, our Führer's, — had agreed with me, and replied: “You are right. Strange as this may seem, you are the true politician of the future. For in the future ‘politics’ will no longer be separated from faith and life. And the true politician will be . . . the dedicated ascetic in the real sense of the word . . .”

“The Catholic Church has known that for centuries,” remarked I. And I had added: “Then, you really believe we are the new Way and the new Church — the new great wave of faith comparable to that which carried the early Christians, as I always have so intensely wanted us to be?”

“Honestly, I do,” had replied Comrade F. F.

And I had suddenly felt myself light and free and powerful — as though I had grown wings. I had felt somewhat as I had, more than five years before, after Sven Hedin had convinced me that we *have* a future, and lifted me from the depth of despair to a new life. It was as good as if Comrade F. F. had told me: “You are immortal!” And I had been thinking of that meeting ever since. I could not help thinking of it. Even before it was ended I had decided within my heart that I would see the Externsteine again on my way back, and greet the Sunrise from the High place at the top of the second cliff. Something told me that I had to go there again and replenish myself with new spiritual energy, *now* that I knew — now that I had been *told* explicitly — that my life had a meaning not merely in my own eyes, but objectively, *historically* speaking.

And now . . . I was putting my plan to execution: going to bind myself — and National Socialism — mysteriously, *ritually*, magically, to Germany's remotest past, nay, to the eternal Self of Aryan mankind and to the Essence of Aryan wisdom, through

the undying potent sanctity of the Rocks of the Sun.

I walked fast in the dark; in the fog. An inexpressible enthusiasm drove me forwards. The divine wings that I had felt growing, on that unforgettable evening of the 28th of October, carried me, — for I was secretly certain that comrade F. F. was right.

Of all feelings one can experience in this world, there is none, at least as far as I am concerned, as lovely as the consciousness of power. And the loveliest form of such a consciousness is the certitude that one is immortal and master of the future — *not personally* immortal, of course; *nor even through one's works*, under one's individual name; but immortal in the great historic Movement with which one has identified one's self; in the great new faith of millions of men, which is the glorious expression of one's higher and better self; of one's lasting self; — the certitude that one's dearest dreams will be a reality and the truth which one lived and lives, the ruling truth, the undisputed moral and spiritual basis of civilisation, is a world conquered to one's faith, for centuries and millenniums after one's insignificant physical self will be dust, and one's personal activity forgotten.

For the first time since the disaster of 1945, I *felt* myself immortal in that sense, and I was happy. The world I had known and hated until now, — this post-war world, with its babble about “freedom,” “human rights,” and “peace”; with its stale, warmed-up Christianity and its stinking Democracy, — now seemed to me like a passing nightmare, more inconsistent, more unreal than the fleeting lights and shadows that now and then appeared out of and again disappeared into the fog (as a door, somewhere near the roadside, was opened and shut again; or as a lonely bicycle passed by). And my own life of forced silence and constant failure was no more than a detail not worth mentioning within the endless life of that greater, truer self of mine: awakening Aryandom, the history of which is that of our National Socialist faith.

“Within an hour or so,” thought I, “I shall be greeting the rising Sun from the old solar high place over which the golden Irminsul used to glitter in far-gone times; over which the Swastika Flag still used to flutter, less than nine years ago . . .

I shall be greeting the rising Sun . . . and stamping my life's dream with the seal of eternity."

* * *

The fog was slowly disappearing as I reached the sacred Rocks. But the sky was still cloudy; and it had taken to drizzling. Obviously, I would not be able to *see* the Sunrise. But something from within told me: "And yet, the Sun *will rise*; and you I will be *present* at His rising, although you might not see Him." And I thought: "We too, are rising — taking consciousness of our strength once more — although the world cannot *see* us . . . I have seen the Moon rise, and night begin, over these Rocks, symbolising the beginning of the long night in which we have lived all these years. I shall now be present at the time the Sun ascends the sky, invisible behind the clouds, symbolising our slow, silent, invisible, — unnoticed — second rising behind the screen of world events, in the secrecy of our hidden life; in the awaiting of the time when the clouds will be rent asunder and when we shall reappear in open daylight. I will, here, live our tragic history, symbolically; and rouse the age-old Heathen energies stored up for centuries within these stones, in order that they might find a new expression in our coming struggle, and that we might draw from them the assurance of everlastingness."

First death, and then, resurrection; first the cold grave in the heart of the rock, and then the greeting of the Sun from the high place . . .

An irresistible force drove me where I was to walk: along the alley leading to the stone coffin in which, — the guide had told me, — the would-be initiates of olden times wised to spend a night in supernatural sleep. There was no question of my imitating the wise ones. I am not a soul in quest of pure wisdom, but merely a fighter, whose business it is to bear witness to my Leader's greatness and to the eternity of his message, and to contribute to his triumph by every means, including the subtle potency of attitude, gesture and word.

I reached the coffin within the vaulted rock, and for a while, I looked round at the lake, and listened to the sound of its waves in the darkness. The sound was endless, and monotonous

like the going by of uneventful time. “I must lie here, at least for a few minutes,” reflected I, touching the rim of the cold, damp stone. “I must lie here, in the cold and in the dark, as *we* have been lying in the effacement of defeat for the last nine years . . .” And I took off my shoes, and stepped into the coffin. An icy-cold sensation ran through me, as though in reality something of the power of Death had emanated from the stone. Then, as I stretched myself on my back, in the posture of the dead, I distinctly saw (some will believe that I imagined it, but I know I saw) a violet spark — a tiny lightning, — flash out of the dark vaulted rock above my head. And I shuddered, as though this were a sign that the hidden Powers *knew* what I was doing . . .

I could no longer hear either the sound of the waves of the lake, or that of the drops of rain, or, in fact, *any* sound — even that of my own breathing. For a time, I was completely isolated from the surrounding world and from my own body. My feet and legs were ice-cold, and heavy. And I felt the cold penetrating me, slowly and irresistibly. But the burning spirit lived in my heart and head, and I prayed intensely. “Hidden Powers, that govern all things visible and tangible,” said I, in a voice that sounded as though it were not mine: “All-efficient real Causes behind the apparent causes of all events, help me to understand the meaning of our temporary defeat; the meaning of the sufferings of my comrades and superiors and of our beloved Führer himself, in the scheme of things. And may I use that knowledge to forward the revival, strengthening and expansion of our National Socialist Faith, in Germany, in Europe, in the world, — wherever there he men of Aryan blood!”

Then, my mind was absorbed in meditative silence. How long did I remain in the attitude of death, at the bottom of that stone coffin? I could not tell. It was no longer dark when I stepped out.

* * *

I walked straight up to the top of the second Cliff, on which stands the Chamber of the Sun.

It was raining. The greater part of the pavement of the sanctuary (all that was not protected by the overhanging slabs

of rock) was wet. The Sun had not yet risen. (Just now, before coming up, I had asked a man on the road what time it was, and he had replied: “Half past six.” So I had half an hour more to wait.) And when it would rise, I would not see it. But at least I would be there, standing before the long-desecrated vaulted chamber as before a holy-of-holies; *feeling* the holiness both of the moment and of the place, . . . and thinking of the symbolism of the Sunrise that cannot be seen, yet that is, and brings, in spite of all, a new day.

In the meantime, I stood in the niche in the opposite wall, where it was dry. And I waited, thinking of the remote and of the recent past; of our present-day nothingness and yet, of our hopes; of our everlasting significance; and remembering F. F.’s words which came back to me persistently as the expression of one of those fundamental certitudes that make life worth living, even under the worst circumstances: “Until 1945, we were a Party. Since 1945, we have become the earliest community of believers in a new Faith, — or rather, we have become aware of being that, and *that* alone, from the beginning.”

“A new Faith,” though I; “or rather, as I have myself so often said and written, a very old one: the perennial Religion of Light and Life in its modern, Germanic form.”

I had come here to integrate this modern form of it into the oldest Aryan Tradition of East and West: the Tradition of the old, sacred Midnight Land, from which our race has come.

There was peace in the air; a peace of the same quality as that which I had experienced, over six months before, in the lonely cemetery of Leoding, where the Führer’s parents are buried, and in the church were his mother used to kneel and pray; not the peace of death, but that of life eternal. And there was peace within me, too, for I felt that I had done and was doing my best. And I knew I am to live forever — forgotten, no doubt, but present nevertheless in an impersonal manner: in the increasing glory of my Leader; in the expanding rule of all I love.

There came a moment when I was aware that it “was time”; that, behind the mist and clouds, the rising Sun had — could not but have — reached the eastern horizon.

I walked to the vaulted chamber and stood before it, my right arm outstretched in the direction of the Sun. And I prayed. To Whom? To Him-Her-It, Who has no name; to That which is and remains, behind the forms and colours and sounds that pass; to That, the thought of which gives the soul the serenity, without which there can be no detached action.

“Lord of the unseen Forces, Whom I do not know and cannot grasp, but Whose majesty I adore in the eternal Order of Nature and in the heroic beauty of my comrades’ lives — Thy manifestation, — help us, National Socialists, to keep Thy truth within our hearts, and to bring into being, one day, our Führer’s real New Order, earthly reflection of Thy merciless cosmic Harmony! Put Thy impersonal wisdom into us, that we may better understand that towards which he has striven; that towards which we should strive in his name and for the love of him, who is Thee, and for the love of Thee, Who hast come back in human garb, in him, and shinest in him forever! Help me to be a worthier instrument in Thy power; a more efficient source of inspiration and edification to my brothers in Faith; a better Aryan and a better National Socialist!”

I took off my gold earrings in the shape of Swastikas; my gold brooch in the shape of the Disk with rays ending in hands — Aton; Heat that is Light; Light that is Heat; — my last precious possessions, and put them upon the stone stand: “Help me to remember that they are not mine, but my Führer’s and his people’s,” said I; “help me to remember that nothing which I have or shall ever have belongs to me, but to Him and to them — nothing, including my body, my life, my further lives, if any. May I, if necessary, give these as readily as I gave the rest of all I had!”

And lifting my arm a little higher, I uttered three times the sacred Sanskrit Words that I had once repeated, when seeking the way of detachment, in the depth of despair: “Aum Shivayam! Aum Rudrayam!” And then, after a short silence, I added, binding the new to the immemorial — the modern German expression of the eternal Aryan Faith, to its ancient Indian one, —: “Heil Hitler!”

My earrings lay, one on each side of the gold brooch. I put the one that was on the right on the left, and the one that was on the left, on the right. And I repeated the old and the new Words.

Then I changed once more the position of the two gold Swastikas and put one above, the other below the gold Sun with rays ending in hands. And for the third time, I uttered the Sanskrit and the German Words, as though I were, symbolically, laying the spiritual foundations of the extended Greater Reich, that will comprise all Aryandom.

I then drew from my bag the last copy I had of the leaflets I had distributed in Germany in 1948 and 1949; a printed copy of my *Gold in the Furnace* and *Defiance*, a typed copy of my prose poems *Forever and Ever*, a typed copy of the beginning of *The Lightning and the Sun*, and the manuscript of this present book: the main things I had written in direct connection with our struggle after the war. And again I stretched out my arm and prayed: “Help me to contribute efficiently and lastingly to the resurrection, triumph and expansion, and definitive establishment of National Socialism in Germany, in the West, in the world, wherever there are people of Aryan blood. Help me to hasten the coming of the time when the proud Swastika Flag shall again wave above these sacred Rocks; when these Rocks will be honoured as Germany’s spiritual centre, and Germany, — the modern Saviour’s Fatherland, — as the Holy Land of Nordic mankind, sacred to all Aryans! Help me to achieve this through all I think and feel; through all I say or refrain from saying; through all I do or shall do; through all I wrote; all I am writing; all I shall ever write; through all that which I *am!*”

For a minute, I pictured to myself the folds of the red-white-and-black Swastika Banner fluttering above my head, — above the Rocks of the Sun and the Teutoburg Forest, in the place of the resplendent Irminsul of old. Maybe, the Führer had been betrayed, the Party slandered, and Germany defeated, and the Flag of glory insulted and trampled in the mud. But the old Cross of the Stone Age, — the Wheel of the Sun, older than the Irminsul itself, — stands above victory and defeat. One day, — I hoped — it would bind the present and future Aryan faith in Blood and Soil to the older aspects of the eternal cosmic Religion, and — I also hoped, — unite all Aryans into one Greater Reich, under the supremacy of the best.

“Oh, may I play a part in this awakening of the collective

Self of my race, for which I have been struggling thousands of years!” cried I, forgetting my tiny insignificant self of yesterday and of today and my tiny role in this great struggle, in the fleeting, but intense awareness of a continuity of purpose and of effort through hundreds of lives, the succession of which no man can prove, but of which I felt, for a while, *sure*. “Unseen Powers of Light, Whose effulgence still abides upon this high place and in every corner of these sacred Rocks; and in this historic Forest, and in this blessed Land — my Leader’s Fatherland, — help me to link this worldwide awakening of the Aryan with my Leader’s teaching and with his struggle, and with his and his people’s sacrifice; help me to link it with the history of his people: with their role as the vanguard of Western Aryandom in its age-long conflict with the dark Forces!

“And you, warriors who died defending these Rocks of the Sun against Charlemagne’s crusaders to Germany; and you who, survived the destruction of the old Germanic faith, and lived and died in despair, which is a thousand times worse than death, *march in spirit within our ranks* — next to Leo Schlageter and Horst Wessel, next to Holzweber and Planetta, and the martyrs of Munich and of Nuremberg; next to all our martyrs! Live in me; inspire me, that I might contribute to the foundation and growth of the new Faith in the light of which the world will see our Hitler as he is — as Him Who comes back, — and render him divine honours. Help me to give him the North and the South; the world, from pole to pole! Heil Hitler!”

Tears filled my eyes. And an icy thrill ran along my spine: a strange and almost frightening feeling of grandeur in spite of personal nothingness; the feeling that the invisible Gods Who preside over Germany’s destiny had accepted my dedication, just as the old fighter, Herr B. — my superior, — had accepted it nearly six months before, and that it was no longer *I* who lived, but Adolf Hitler — and, behind him, cosmic Truth, — who lived in me; Adolf Hitler, the Saviour of the best and the Ruler of the future; and cosmic Truth, older than the Sun and Stars, the divine breath of his Movement and, beyond the glory and tragedy of his political career, the Essence of his eternal wisdom.

Within my heart, I recalled our Führer’s words characterising

the National Socialist doctrine: . . . “not a new election slogan, but a new vision of the Universe”¹ — and subsequently, a new Way of life. And I knew I was, myself, a living illustration of their accuracy.

I remained another two or three hours in meditation upon that cherished idea of National Socialism not merely as a political system, but as a faith; and as a political system only inasmuch as “politics,” — an aspect of life, — are ruled by the *faith* that rules a man’s or a nation’s life.

No tourists came to disturb me in my thoughts. It was raining. But I did not notice it till afterwards.

At last, stretching out my right arm once more, I repeated from the bottom of my heart the blessed spell-like Syllables of love and pride — the now forbidden cry of the new Faith: — “Heil Hitler!”

And I walked across the wet pavement, over the bridge and down the steps, — back to normal life, — filled with a new consciousness: a super-personal consciousness of silent, unsuspected, and yet irresistible power; of power of the nature of that of the unbending Laws which rule the Dance of life and death in starry space.

Further words of *Mein Kampf* came to my memory, bringing me the promise of final victory — the vision of the Greater Reich of the future in spite of all the efforts of our enemies to keep us down: “. . . for his higher being, man has to thank not the ideas of a few crazy ideologues, but the recognition and merciless application of iron natural Laws . . .”² . . . “A State which, in an age of racial contamination, devotes itself to the forwarding of its best racial elements, is bound to become, in course of time, the master of the world.”³

*Ended in Emsdetten-in-Westfalen (Germany)
on the 6th of February, 1954.*

¹ A new Weltanschauung. *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 243.

² *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 316 (Chapter 11).

³ *Mein Kampf*, edit. 1939, p. 782 (Epilogue).

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OUR RACE IS OUR NATION

Shinto -- The Way of the Gods

Savitri Devi

According to the multi-millennial Japanese tradition, in very ancient times there was once an immense ocean (ironically destined to be called the "Pacific" Ocean), which seemed endless: from one end to the other of the horizon, one could only see water and sky!

Above this immense body of water there was only a light and narrow "bridge." The gods used to go to this bridge to observe and admire the beauty and breadth of this ocean. One of these gods, Izana-Gi, tired of observing the ocean from high above, lowered his spear towards the water and slightly stirred it. After raising the spear he noticed that some mud, attached to the tip of the spear, fell back into the water. This was how the first "island" appeared on earth.

After this, Izana-Gi built a ladder and lowered himself from the "heavenly bridge" onto the ground. He then proceeded to build a small round house for himself and his wife, Izana-Mi, in which they began to meet.

Soon Izana-Mi had some children, who unfortunately turned out to be a disappointment. They were all different from each other and appeared to be weak, unworthy of a divine couple. A general assembly of the gods was gathered to look into the problem and to find the cause of such a failure. The gods asked the couple: "When you get together, who gets to talk first?"

Izana-Mi immediately replied: "Me, obviously"

One of the gods remarked: "This is a serious violation of the rule regulating Rites! A woman should never speak first, since this is one of man's duties and privileges. No wonder your children are not what they ought to be."

The couple followed the advice of the gods to the letter, and soon their children changed for the better, becoming beautiful and strong, worthy heirs of their divine legacy. Izana-Mi did not just give birth to children, but also became the mother of four thousand islands, big and small, which eventually made up Japan. The other countries of the world slowly emerged from the waters through a geological and natural process, which took centuries to unfold. This is why, unlike other countries, Japan is a "divine" land: it originated from a goddess!



Everything went smoothly till the day when Izana-Mi gave birth to the god of fire. Due to the very nature of this god, the goddess died a fiery death when he was born. Her body was taken to the netherworld, the dwelling of the dead. Her husband, Izana-Gi, descended into these lower regions to reclaim his wife's body from the Lords of these regions. As soon as he arrived, he was ordered to wait before the door beyond which laid the body of the goddess.

After waiting for a long time for the door to open, he committed a forbidden act and opened the fatal door himself. Immediately he smelled the smell of death! This experience had a negative effect on Izana-Gi, and right away he decided to rise up to the "world of the living." Nevertheless, he felt impure for having been in contact with the powers of decay and death. Having reached the river Kamo, he decided to take a bath and took off the fourteen layers of his clothes.

While he was washing himself, suddenly some divine beings emerged from the water. At the same time, those fourteen layers became themselves gods. The water that he used to wash his left eye became the Lunar God, while the water he used to wash his right eye became the Solar Goddess, Amaterasu. [1] The water he used to wash his nostrils became the God of Wind and Storms, Susa-no-wo.

Susa-no-wo was an evil god. He loved to torment the Solar Goddess with all kinds of tricks. One day, after causing the carcass of a dead animal to fall on the head of Amaterasu from the top of the ceiling in a room she was working in, Amaterasu decided she had had enough of Susa-no-wo's pranks. She withdrew, feeling very angry, inside a cave and blocked the entrance with a huge stone. Despite the prayers and supplications to be forgiven, Susa-no-wo did not succeed in changing Amaterasu's mind. She remained in the cave, refusing to come out.

Because of this, there was no longer light on earth. Everywhere darkness reigned, and the earth no longer produced good fruits: crops were lost and life itself was in danger for lack of solar light.

The gods were desperate and did not know how to solve this serious problem. At last, one of them, a goddess, had an inspiration. Knowing that Amaterasu was naturally curious, she approached the entrance of the cave and improvised a rather funny and indecent dance, arousing laughter among the gods. Amaterasu wanted to know the reason for this general hilarity and came close to the entrance of the cave to understand what was going on outside. She peeked through an opening between the cave and the huge stone blocking the entrance, but she could hardly see anything. Then she tried to use her mirror to get a better look. The other goddess, outside, slowly began to walk away from the entrance, forcing Amaterasu to stick her head out. Suddenly the gods jumped on her and pulled her out of the cave by her head, forcing her to leave her hiding

place. At that point the light returned on earth.

On his part, Susa-no-wo decided to leave the residence of the gods and just like many other divine heroes who lived on earth, he became a monster-slayer. One day he saw a huge dragon about to devour a young maid. He came to her rescue right away and killed the dragon. He eventually married her and became the forefather of several large Japanese noble families. Knowing that the dragon had a sword inside his stomach, Susa-no-wo cut it open and claimed it for himself. [2]

Amaterasu wanted to give Japan (the land of the rising sun) a leader who could take control of the islands. She begat a child and told him to go to the land of the rising sun to take charge of the destiny of the people who lived there, but her son did not want to accept such responsibility. He openly told his mother that he did not intend to go to such a land, since its inhabitants spent most of their time quarrelling among themselves. He said: "Send another in my place, my son Ninizi." And so it was. Ninizi had three children, one of whom, A-Ho-Demi, had married the Sea God's daughter. She had brought him as a present the magical jewel of the high and low tides through which he could rule over and control the water.

His son, Jimmu-Tenno, was the first "historical" Emperor of Japan. His dynasty has ruled without interruption from then on. Jimmu-Tenno enjoyed a long reign; however his rule is measured in "years" rather than in "centuries," as in the case of his predecessors. According to Japanese tradition he came to power on February 11th, 660 BC.

At the same time a Greek traveller named Eudoros landed on the southern coast of Gaul, married the daughter of a local Gallic chieftain and founded the city known today as Marseilles. Today, February 11th is still a national Japanese holiday.



We have already mentioned the Jewel, the Sword and the Mirror. With these objects endowed with a magical and divine power, the Empress Jingo conquered Korea in 200 AD. According to Japanese tradition, the gods had told her husband (who in the meantime had died), that the lands west of Japan "awaited to be conquered." Today, the three most sacred symbols (the Mirror of the goddess Amaterasu; the Sword that Susa-no-wo found in the belly of the Dragon which he slew; the magical Jewel of the high and low tides given to Ho-Demi by his wife's father, the Sea God) are kept in the Temple of Ise, which is the sanctuary most venerated by the Japanese.

In 1941, the imperial government sent an official delegation to this temple, in order to ask the national gods: "Should we declare war on the US?" The gods, through the priests officiating the national cult, answered in the positive. On December 7th, 1941, Japanese planes attacked the naval base of Pearl Harbor, located in Hawaii. In 1945, after the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as a result of nuclear bombs, the

gods were again consulted by the Japanese government in the Ise Temple. The question was phrased in these terms: "Should we die fighting to the last man or should we capitulate and prepare to fight again in the future?" The gods' reply was: "Surrender, because we love your people." The rest is history.

The American occupation, which lasted several years, never completely broke the spirit of Japan, namely, the spirit of Shinto. Shinto is the national Japanese religion. Its essence may be summarily contained in these terms: the cult of the Sun, which is the main god of Japan, and the cult of national heroes and of the ancestors. In Japan all religions are tolerated. Many even classify it as a Buddhist nation. This is true in a certain sense. Buddhism was introduced in Japan in 550 AD, from neighboring Korea, thanks to prince Shotoku, who died in 601 AD. However, in order to thrive, Buddhism had to incorporate several Shinto beliefs and practices. Several Japanese rulers, such as those of the well-known dynasty of Shoguns which lasted until 1866, embraced Zen Buddhism. However, the heroic-warrior spirit of Shinto, which worships nature, the Sun and the Japanese race's ancestors, was always present in them.

There are several unforgettable texts and poems that express this Shinto spirit embodied in the life of Japanese people. These texts talk about the supreme detachment exhibited in every action of the lives of the members of the national Japanese cult. Hideyoshi Toyotomi, the great warrior and administrator who built the famous fortress of Osaka, apparently wrote shortly before dying: "Like a drop of water I will disappear and turn into air, but the Osaka fortress will stand like a wonderful dream." To this day this fortress is still standing, strong and proud, as a national monument.

On August 14th, 1281, Kublai Khan, Genghis Khan's nephew, sent his war fleet, comprising several hundred vessels, to conquer Japan. The Japanese could not have deflected this threat for a long time. Nevertheless they were ready and determined to fight and die to the last man in order to defend their land against the Mongol invader. Suddenly a strong wind, forerunner of a horrible storm, totally destroyed the powerful enemy fleet. Six centuries later the Emperor Meji wrote in a poem: "Do as much as you are able through your natural powers; but then kneel down, and thank and worship the divine wind of Ise, which destroyed the Tartars' fleet."

There are several popular sayings that illustrate the Shinto spirit, such as this: "Be like the sakura (the cherry's blossom) when its time to fall and die comes. When the storm will shake the tree, you will surely fall and die. But you will fall and die gracefully."

The Japanese people knew how to "fall gracefully" in the course of their history. Nevertheless, they always knew how to save face and to live by their values. We cannot remember without admiration the famous kamikaze pilots, young men who volunteered to die aboard their planes

which became "flying bombs." These young people immolated themselves on American war ships and especially on aircraft-carriers. We ought to remember their attacks on the aircraft carriers "Repulse" and "Prince of Wales." I was told that these pilots were anxious to reach the "great day" of their sacrifice; as their final day drew closer they became increasingly happy to donate their lives for their Country and their Emperor. In their last thoughts they remembered their brief lives and their loyalty to the Rising Sun, which was embodied in the solar dynasty of the Emperors. Before crashing they cried for the last time their war cry which aptly expressed their state of mind: "*Heike Tenno Banzai!*" [3] Then, calmly and firmly, they guided their airplanes loaded with high explosives onto the enemy targets that had been chosen to be hit and destroyed.

Shinto scriptures, particularly the *Kojiki* (*The Book of the Gods*) and the text known as the *Nihongi* (*The Book of the Emperors*), written around 720 A.D., eight years after the compilation of the *Kojiki*, dedicated to various leaders and Emperors (who, according to national tradition, were children of the sun), were written during the reign of the Emperor Jimmu, in the eighth century. Shinto took its shape as a religion of nature and of heroes thanks to two great Japanese scholars, Maturi and Hirata. When Japan surrendered in 1945, the landing of American troops on Japanese soil represented a unique event in Japan's national history, since they were the first ever to occupy the land of the Rising Sun. The American army was the only one in Japan's history to have set foot on its territory. Moreover, this Army came to impose on the Japanese people an ideology radically foreign to their mind-set, spirituality, and national identity.

One of the first policies of the American occupational government was to prohibit the teaching, in all the schools of Japan, of the above mentioned Shinto texts, namely of *The Book of the Gods* and *The Book of the Emperors*. The Japanese posed no resistance to these hostile actions. (But then again, why should they have resisted? The gods had clearly said that it was necessary to accept the terms of surrender and to go on "living"). Japan bowed its head with a smile: "Democracy? Sure! The Emperor is a man like everyone else? Very well! You call our political and military leaders 'War criminals.' We assume that you are right, since you have won the war, and as history teaches, the winners are *always right*." The Japanese smiled until a peace treaty, relatively and comparatively not too harsh, was signed. They smiled until the day when the last soldier of the American occupation forces left the land of the Rising Sun. The following day, the sacred texts of Shintoism were re-introduced in the classrooms. Moreover, school children were taken to visit (a practice still followed nowadays) the remains of the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which had been destroyed by nuclear bombs, to admire the genial work of the "defenders of mankind." As if that was not enough, students were taken to visit the Temple of Gamagori, which holds the remains of general Hideki Tojo and other "war criminals" killed by the Americans. Every Japanese student has the honor of lighting a small incense stick to venerate the memory of these men who sacrificed themselves for Japan

and for its people. These "war criminals" are still regarded today as national heroes and their persons are and will be venerated as such in the centuries to come. [4]

Oh, poor Japan, faithful to your sons, our ally during WW II! I admire and envy you! When will we Europeans build a Temple or at least a monument to honor the memory of our heroes, of our dead, of our leaders, which our enemies still call today "war criminals"? When will we publicly and freely pay homage to our dead as you do to yours?

We too would have been able to faithfully honor our fallen comrades if our Princes and Kings, a long time ago, beginning with the fifth all the way to the fifteenth century in Prussia, would not have imposed Christianity, through sheer force, on our Aryan populations. Do not forget, dear Japanese friends, that Aryans, before being converted, were "*worshippers of the Sun*," faithful followers of the cult of heroes, blood and soil, just like you! One of your fellow countrymen, who worked at the Japanese Embassy in Calcutta in 1940, was right when he told me, "Your National Socialism is, according to us, just a Western form of Shinto!"

Notes

[1] The solar character of the religious tradition of Japanese Shinto is embodied in the divine figure of the emperor, believed to be of heavenly origins. He is regarded as a direct descendant of the goddess Amaterasu, whose solar character is found throughout the entire religious tradition of Japan.

[2] The sword, together with a mirror and a jewel are sacred symbols still employed in Shinto rituals.

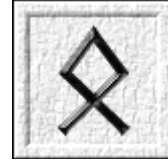
[3] The meaning of this expression is: "May the Emperor live ten thousand years!"

[4] For a complete description of how these so-called Japanese "war criminals" died, see the French translation of *La voie de l'Eternité* (1973), by Pierre Pascal, of Shinsho Hanayama's book *The Way of Eternity*. This author spent time with these heroes of the Rising Sun during the last months of their lives.

"Shinto -- La via degli dei," *Arya*, no. 4 (July 1980). Trans. Guido Stucco. Savitri Devi's essay "Shinto -- The Way of the Gods" was written in English in New Delhi in 1979. It was then translated into Italian by Vittorio De Cecco for the Italian-language NS periodical *Arya*, published in Montreal. The English original of the essay is lost; the text above is Guido Stucco's translation of a translation. Portions of Savitri's "Shinto" may have first appeared in Asit Krishna Mukherji's *Eastern Economist*, which was published in collaboration with the Japanese from 1938-1941.



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The Egyptian Conquest of Nubia

by *Savitri Devi*

Edited by *R.G. Fowler*

German Translation



*The following brief article (1,005 words) appeared in the January-February 1979 issue of **White Power** (page 11). At first reading, it struck me as unworthy of Savitri Devi. It is surely the least significant of her works. It is a brief historical vignette, padded out with long quotations and offering scarcely any analysis. Furthermore, the assertions that ancient Egypt was an “Aryan” nation and that an Egyptian Pharaoh had “fine, Nordic features” struck me as suspicious, because they are errors that Savitri Devi never would have made. The Ancient Egyptians were a Mediterranean Caucasoid people. They were not Aryans, and although they did have fine features, they were not Nordic.*

*The origins of this article were clarified by Martin Kerr, the then editor of **White Power**, who sent me a photocopy of the original manuscript of the essay, which, along with an accompanying letter, I have transcribed [here](#).*

The letter makes it clear that Savitri herself did not think much of her efforts and explains why, under the circumstances, that she could not do better:

I hope I didn't bore you with my “bit of ancient history.”

I was too crushed by the awful heat of Delhi's summer (it is summer, here, since March) to go to the length of writing something of my own inspiration for *White Power*. I am not of those privileged ones who have air-conditioning in their lodgings. I have merely a fan above my bed, in my one room and kitchen tiny flat. And that fan—under which I am *lying*, whenever I am not forced to get up, either to go and get food for my cats, or to go and teach my few private pupils: earn my living and that of my animals, home ones and strays who depend on me—that fan, I say, does nothing more than agitate burning air (45 degrees centigrade in my room, under the fan, a few days back: hardly less than *outdoors in the shade*). Now you can imagine the *furnace* in the sun! And when one goes *out on* foot, be it to walk to the station where one can hire some conveyance, you can imagine what it feels like. I am exhausted when I come home from my lessons or from shopping, and the *only* thing I am fit for is to call back into my mind the little I once learnt about ancient times.

[. . .]

Excuse me if for just now I do not write any more. I intend to write about my late husband—Sri A.K. Mukherji—for the *National Socialist World*. He deserved it. But I must wait till I can be myself again—after this heat. End of June, beginning of July, the “monsoon rains” are expected. Hurray! That means on the first day a sudden fall in temperature of 25 degrees (centigrade) and a downpour, amidst thunder and lightning. Lovely!

*Apparently Savitri had volunteered to contribute to **White Power**, but the enervating heat of the New Delhi summer had robbed her of the creativity and concentration necessary for writing anything original, so she dashed off a few lines about 12th dynasty Egypt and Nubia.*

*The manuscript is also revealing. First, it makes clear just how much Savitri was suffering from the heat, for she did not even finish the Nubia article, but broke off in mid-thought and, in effect, turned the text into a personal letter. Second, it is clear that the last few paragraphs of “The Egyptian Conquest of Nubia” as published in **White Power**—including the mistaken racial descriptions of the Ancient Egyptians—were written by another hand. According to Martin Kerr, he was their author. I have indicated these additions in **bold** below. The title, illustrations, and captions were also provided by Kerr.*

According to Kerr, the additions were not shown to Savitri before the article was published, but he was confident that they would meet her approval, and if they did not, he would have published her corrections in a subsequent issue. Savitri never complained.

It should be noted that the additions to Savitri's text, aside from the minor errors of racial anthropology, are quite intelligent. They draw an edifying lesson for the present day from an otherwise abortive historical vignette.

—R. G. Fowler

“This is the Southern Frontier. . . No Negro is permitted to pass this boundary northwards, either by foot or by boat . . .”

Which awful racist wrote these words? Shocking they sound! The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith should look into the matter, surely.

It is too late, however, for the Jews to punish this author. These words were written—cut into hard stone—over 4,000 years ago.

The ADL, or any equivalent of it, was not yet invented, and any attempt to bring the spirit of such a body into action would have been met with universal contempt on the part of the people and with the severest penalties on the part of the authorities in power.

The quoted words are part of the inscription which can be seen to this day upon the boundary stone set up by the order of Pharaoh Senusret III (the fifth king of the Twelfth Egyptian dynasty) at Semneh, one of the two fortresses he had built upon the hills on each side of the Nile, some 30 miles above the second cataract.

The fortresses were built after his first military expedition into Nubia (the Sudan of today) in the eighth year of his reign. The expeditions of Senusret III followed those of his predecessors. Already under Senusret the First—three generations before—the region of the third cataract was Egyptian and ruled by Hapzefa of Siut, who was buried at Kerma under a mound, with his slaves slain all around him.

The main motive of the Twelfth dynasty pharaohs in conquering Nubia was their desire to control the Nile more effectively and to be able to foresee more accurately the probable height of the yearly inundation on which the prosperity of Egypt depended. The regulation of the great river was looked upon as the highest duty of the Egyptian ruler—which is true even today.

In addition to this, there was also the desire to acquire the gold with which the Wadi Alaki and other areas of the Nubian desert valley were full.

The military expeditions into this region brought the ancient Egyptians—a proud Aryan people—into close contact with the primitive Blacks who inhabited the area.

The remainder of Senusret III's inscription at Semneh is interesting: “No boat of the Negroes is to be allowed to pass northward forever . . .”

And a few years later:

Year 16, third month of Peret, His Majesty fixed the frontier of the South at Heh . . . I advanced up-river beyond my forefathers; I added much thereto. What lay in my heart was brought to pass by my hand.

I am vigorous in seizing, powerful in succeeding, never resting; one in whose heart there is a word which is unknown to the weak; one who arises against mercy; never showing clemency to the enemy who attacks him, but attacking he who attacks him. For to take no notice of a violent attack is to strengthen the heart of the enemy.

Cowardice is vile. He is a coward who is vanquished on his own frontier, since the Negro will fall prostrate at a word: answer him and he retreats! If one is vigorous with him, he turns his back, even when on the way to attack.

Behold! These people (the Negroes) have nothing frightening about them; they are feeble and insignificant; they have buttocks for hearts! I have seen it, even I, the majesty, it is no lie!

I have seized their women; I have carried off their folk; I have marched to their wells; I took their cattle; I destroyed their cornseed, I set fire to it. By my life and my father's, I speak the truth!

Every son of mine who shall have preserved this frontier which My Majesty has made, is indeed my son and born of My Majesty, verily a son who avenges his father and preserves the boundary of him who begat him. But he who shall have abandoned it, he who shall not have fought for it, behold, he is no son of mine he is none born of me.

Behold! My Majesty has set up an image of My Majesty upon this frontier, which My Majesty has made, not from the desire that ye should worship it, but from the desire that ye should fight for it!

In the days this was hewn out of the granite by the scribes of Senusret III, **Egypt was a mighty Aryan nation, a military power to be reckoned with, a centre of learning and culture.**

Today, Egypt is no longer a world power, nor is it an Aryan nation. It is impoverished, and populated by mongrels and half-castes. It was vanquished by the very people it had enslaved centuries earlier—a people which is not known for its heroism and warlike spirit: the Jews. How far the civilisation of our ancestors has fallen!

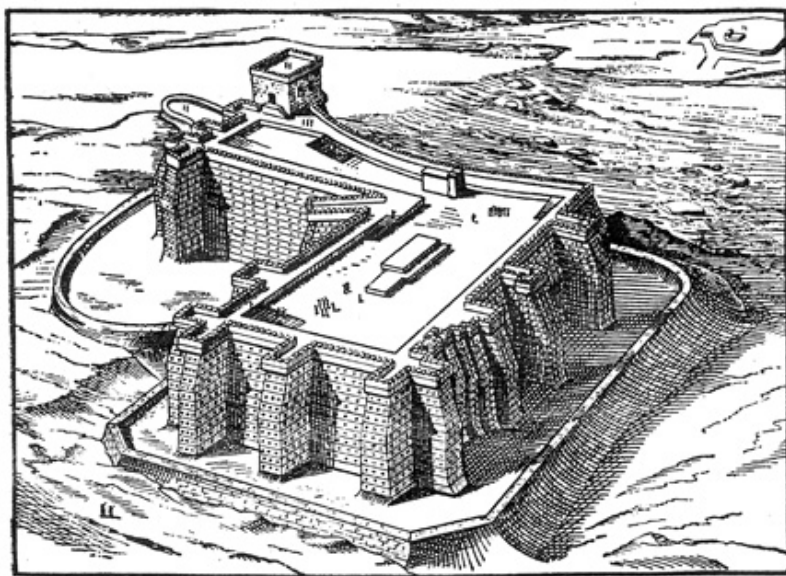
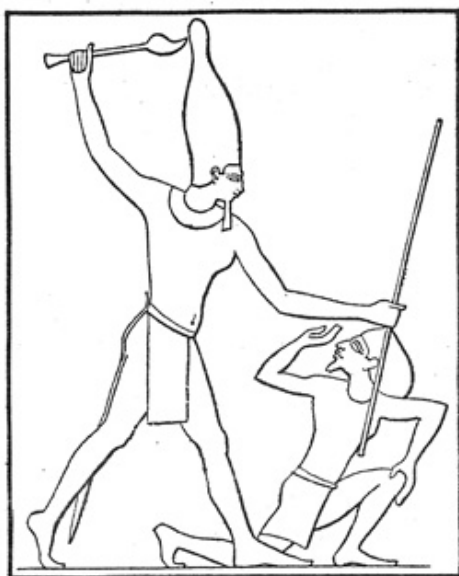
Without realising it, Senusret III himself tells us how this came to be: “. . . I have seized their women; I have carried off their folk . . .”

And thus the stage was set for race-mixing which inevitably leads to the destruction of the greatness which lies in the purity of Aryan blood.

“Cowardice is vile.” “(The Negro) is . . . insignificant.” “. . . for to take no notice of a violent attack is to strengthen the heart of the enemy.” “My Majesty has made (this boundary), not from the desire that ye should worship it, but from the desire that ye should fight for it!”

This inscription of Sensusret III contains much wisdom for 20th century Americans—if they choose to heed it Nothing, however, is more important than the unintentional lesson he teaches us concerning the pollution of the blood. Another great Aryan leader, who, unlike Sensusret III, was conscious of this, has expressed it better than anyone:

“Blood sin and desecration of the race are the original sin in this world and the end of a humanity which surrenders to it.”

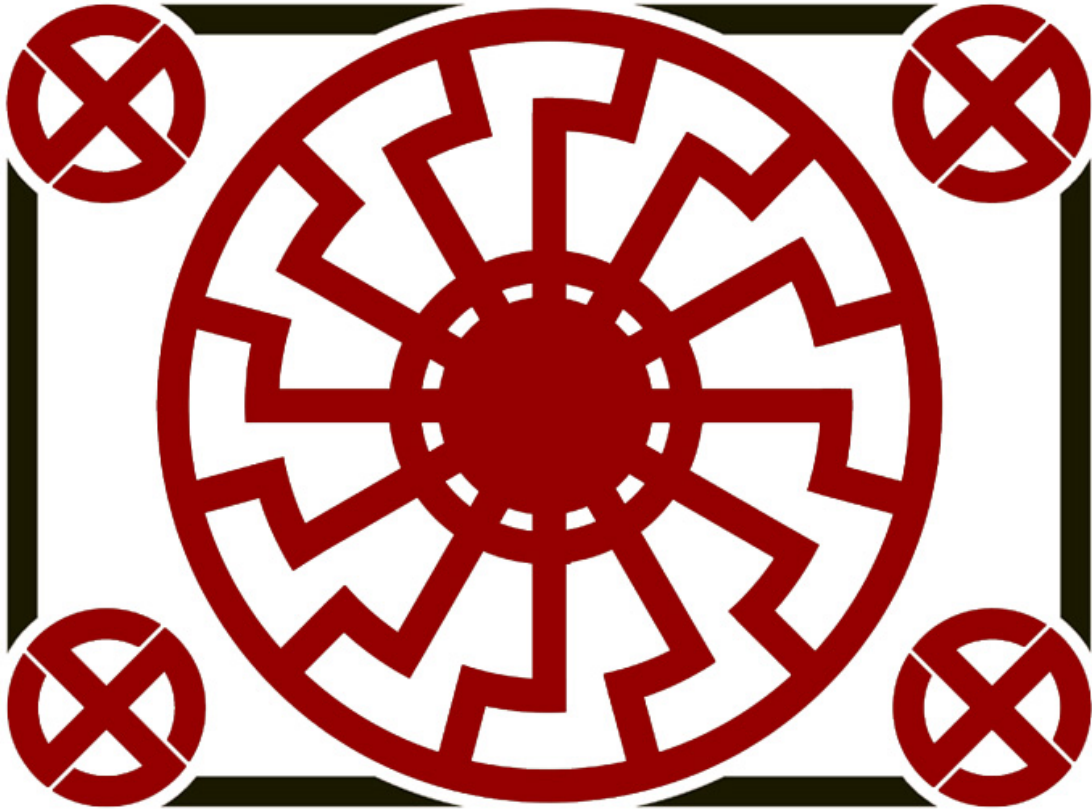


“I am one who arises against mercy!” An Egyptian pharaoh (left) with fine, Nordic features from around the time of Sensusret III executing a vanquished

Semitic enemy. Right, the fortress of Semneh, built to guard the portion of the Nile civilized by the Egyptians from marauding Negro tribes.

Illustrations and captions provided by *White Power*





THE LIGHTNING AND THE SUN

by

SAVITRI DEVI

Calcutta,
Temple Press,
1958

To the god-like Individual of our times;
the Man against Time;
the greatest European of all times;
both Sun and Lightning:

ADOLF HITLER,

as a tribute of unfailing love and loyalty, for ever and ever.



“The foolish disregard Me, when clad in human semblance....”

The Bhagavad-Gita, IX, verse 11.



“Was der Tod der Elf einmal bedeuten wird, vermögen heute nur wenige zu ahnen — noch weniger kann ich darüber schreiben. Wir stehen mitten in einer grossen Zeitenwende. Was wir alle durchmachen sind ihre Geburtswehen. Alles scheint negativ — und einmal wird dann doch Neues and Grosses geboren werden....”

RUDOLF HESS

(From a letter to his wife, written on the 28th October, 1946, — twelve days after the hanging of the Martyrs of Nüremberg).

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PREFACE

This book, — begun in Scotland in the spring of 1948, and written, at intervals, in Germany, between that date and 1956, — is the result of life-long meditations upon history and religions, as well as the expression of life-long aspirations, and of a scale of moral values, which was already mine before the First World War.

It could be described as a personal answer to the events of 1945 and of the following years. And I know that very many people will *not* like it. But I have not written it for any other purpose than that of presenting a conception of history — ancient *and* modern — unassailable from the standpoint of *eternal* Truth. I have therefore endeavoured to study both men and facts in the light of that idea of the succession of Ages, from pristine Perfection to inevitable chaos, which pertains not merely to “Hinduism,” but to *all* forms of the One, universal Tradition, — the Hindus being, (perhaps) but those who have retained somewhat more of that Tradition than less conservative people.

It may sound ironical that so intense a yearning after faithfulness to Tradition should have led me to an interpretation of historic personalities so different from that of most people who profess interest in things of the spirit. The endless future alone will tell who has understood divine Wisdom the best: those people or myself.

SAVITRI DEVI

Calcutta, 21st of July, 1958

PART I

TIMELESS PERFECTION

AND

CYCLIC EVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

THE CYCLIC VIEW OF HISTORY

The idea of progress — indefinite betterment — is anything but modern. It is probably as old as man's oldest successful attempt to improve his material surroundings and to increase, through technical skill, his capacity of attack and defence. Technical skill, for many centuries at least, has been too precious to be despised. Nay, when displayed to an extraordinary degree, it has, more than once, been hailed as something almost divine. Wondrous legends have always been woven, for instance, round such men as were said to have, by some means, been able to raise themselves, physically, above the earth, be it Etana of Erech who soared to heaven "borne upon eagle's wings," or the famous Icarus, unfortunate forerunner of our modern airmen, or Manco Capac's brother, Auca, said to have been gifted with "natural" wings which finally fared hardly better than Icarus' artificial ones.¹

But apart from such incredible feats of a handful of individuals, the Ancients as a whole distinguished themselves in many material achievements. They could boast of the irrigation system in Sumeria; of the construction of pyramids revealing, both in Egypt and, centuries later, in Central America, an amazing knowledge of astronomical data; of the bathrooms and drains in the palace of Knossos; of the invention of the war-chariot after that of the bow and arrow, and of the sand-clock after that of the sun-dial, — enough to make them dizzy with conceit and over-confident in the destiny of their respective civilisations.

Yet, although they fully recognized the value of their own work in the practical field, and surely very soon conceived the possibility — and perhaps acquired the certitude — of indefinite *technical* progress, they never believed in progress as a whole,

¹ While Icarus fell into the sea, the Peruvian hero was turned into stone on reaching the top of the hill destined to become the site of the great Temple of the Sun, in Cuzco.

in progress on all lines, as most of our contemporaries seem to do. From all evidence, they faithfully clung to the traditional idea of cyclic evolution and had, in addition to that, the good sense to admit that they lived (inspired by all their achievements) in anything but the beginning of the long-drawn, downward process constituting their own particular “cycle” — and *ours*. Whether Hindus or Greeks, Egyptians or Japanese, Chinese, Sumerians, or ancient Americans, — or even Romans, the most “modern” amongst people of Antiquity, — they all placed the “Golden Age,” the “Age of Truth,”¹ the rule of Kronos or of Ra, or of any other Gods on earth — the glorious Beginning of the slow, downward unfurling of history, whatever name it be given, — far behind them in the past.

And they believed that the return of a similar Age, foretold in their respective sacred texts and oral traditions, depends, not upon man’s conscious effort, but upon iron laws, inherent to the very nature of visible and tangible manifestation, and all-pervading; upon cosmic laws. They believed that man’s conscious effort is but an expression of those laws at work, leading the world, willingly or unwillingly, wherever its destiny lies; in one word, that the history of man, as the history of the rest of the living, is but a detail in cosmic history without beginning nor end; a periodical outcome of the inner Necessity that binds all phenomena in Time.

And just as the Ancients could accept that vision of the world’s evolution while still taking full advantage of all technical progress within their reach, so can — and so do, — to this day, thousands of men brought up within the pale of age-old cultures centred round the self-same traditional views, and also, in the very midst of the over-proud industrial cultures, a few stray individuals able to think for themselves. They contemplate the history of mankind in a similar perspective.

While living, apparently, as “modern” men and women, — using electric fans and electric irons, telephones and trains, and aeroplanes, when they can afford it, — they nourish in their hearts a deep contempt for the childish conceit and bloated hopes of our age, and for the various recipes for “saving, mankind,” which zealous philosophers and politicians thrust into circulation. They know that nothing can “save mankind,” for

¹ *Satya Yuga*, in the Sanskrit Scriptures.

mankind is reaching the end of its present cycle. The wave that carried it, for so many millenniums, is about to break, with all the fury of acquired speed, and to merge once more into the depth of the unchanging Ocean of undifferentiated existence. It will rise; again, some day, with abrupt majesty, for such is the law of waves. But in the meantime *nothing can be done to stop it*. The unfortunate — the fools — are those men who, for some reason best known to themselves, — probably on account of their exaggerated estimation of what is to be lost in the process — would like to stop it. The privileged ones — the wise — are those few who, being fully aware of the increasing worthlessness of present-day mankind and of its much-applauded “progress,” know how little there is to be lost in the coming crash and look forward to it with joyous expectation as to the necessary condition of a new beginning — a new “Golden Age,” sunlit crest of the *next* long drawn downward wave upon the surface of the endless Ocean of Life.

To those privileged ones — amongst whom we count ourselves, — the whole succession of “current events” appears in an entirely different perspective from that either of the desperate believers in “progress” or of those people who, though accepting the cyclic view of history and therefore considering the coming crash as unavoidable, feel sorry to see the civilisation in which they live rush towards its doom.

To us, the high-resounding “isms” to which our contemporaries ask; us to give our allegiance, *now*, in 1948, are all equally futile: bound to be betrayed, defeated, and finally rejected by men at large, if containing anything really noble; bound to enjoy, for the time being, some sort of noisy success; if sufficiently vulgar, pretentious and soul-killing to appeal to the growing number of mechanically conditioned slaves that crawl about our planet, posing as free men; all destined to prove, ultimately, of no avail. The time-honoured religions, rapidly growing out of fashion as present-day “isms” become more and more popular, are no less futile — if not more: frameworks of organised superstition void of all true feeling of the Divine, or — among more sophisticated people — mere conventional aspects of social life, or systems of ethics (and of very elementary ethics at that) seasoned with a sprinkling of out-dated rites and symbols of which hardly anybody bothers to seek the original meaning; devices in the hands of clever

men in power to lull the simpletons into permanent obedience; convenient names, round which it might be easy to rally converging national aspirations or political tendencies; or just the last resort of weaklings and cranks: that is, practically, all they are — all they have been reduced to in the course of a few centuries — the lot of them. They are dead, in fact — as dead as the old cults that flourished before them, with the difference that those cults have long ceased exhaling the stench of death, while they (the so-called “living” ones) are still at the stage at which death is inseparable from corruption. None — neither Christianity nor Islam nor even Buddhism — can be expected now to “save” anything of that world they once partly conquered; none have any normal place in “modern” life, which is essentially devoid of all awareness of the eternal.

There are no activities in “modern” life which are not futile, save perhaps those that aim at satisfying one’s body’s hunger: growing rice; growing wheat; gathering chestnuts from the woods or potatoes from one’s garden. And the one and only sensible policy can but be to let things take their course and to await the coming Destroyer, destined to clear the ground for the building of a new “Age of Truth”: the One Whom the Hindus name Kalki and hail as the tenth and last Incarnation of Vishnu; the Destroyer Whose advent is the condition of the preservation of Life, according to Life’s everlasting laws.

We know all this will sound utter folly to those, more and more numerous, who, despite the untold horrors of our age, remain convinced that humanity is “progressing.” It will appear as cynicism even to many of those who accept our belief in cyclic evolution, which is the universal, traditional belief expressed in poetic form in all the sacred texts of the world, including the Bible. We have nothing to reply to this latter possible criticism, for it is entirely based upon an emotional attitude which is not ours. But we can try to point out the vanity of the popular belief in “progress,” be it only in order to stress the rationality and strength of the theory of cycles which forms the background of the triple study which is the subject of this book.

* * *

The exponents of the belief in “progress” put forth many arguments to prove — to themselves and to others — that our

times, with all their undeniable drawbacks, are on the whole, *better* than any epoch of the past, and even that they show definite signs of improvement. It is not possible to analyse all their arguments in detail. But one can easily detect the fallacies hidden in the most wide-spread and, apparently, the most “convincing” of them.

All the advocates of “progress” lay enormous stress upon such things as literacy, individual “freedom,” equal opportunities for *all* men, religious toleration and “humaneness,” progress in this last line covering all such tendencies as find their expression in the modern preoccupation for child-welfare, prison-reforms, better conditions of labour, State aid to the sick and destitute and, if not greater kindness, at least less cruelty to animals. The dazzling results obtained, of recent years, in the application of scientific discoveries to industrial and other practical pursuits, are, of course, the most popular of all instances expected to show how marvellous our times are. But that point we shall not discuss, as we have already made it clear that we by no means deny or minimise the importance of *technical* progress. What we do deny is the existence of any progress at all in the value of man as such, whether individually or collectively, and our reflexions on universal literacy and other highly praised “signs” of improvement in which our contemporaries take pride, all spring from that one point of view.

We believe that man’s value — as every creature’s value, ultimately — lies not in the mere intellect but in the spirit: in the capacity to reflect that which, for lack of a more precise word, we choose to call “the divine,” i.e. that which is true and beautiful beyond all manifestation, that which remains timeless (and therefore unchangeable) within all changes. We believe it with the difference that, in our eyes, — contrarily to what the Christians maintain — that capacity to reflect the divine is closely linked with man’s race and physical health; in other words, that the spirit is anything but independent from the body. And we fail to see that the different improvements that we witness to-day in education or in the social field, in government or even in technical matters, have either made individual men and women more valuable in *that* sense, or created any new lasting type of civilisation in which man’s possibilities of all round perfection, thus conceived, are being

promoted. The Hindus seem to be, to-day, the sole people who, by tradition, share our views; and they have, in course of time, failed to maintain the divine order — the rule of the natural ruling castes. And we, the only people in the West who have tried to restore it in modern times, have been materially ruined by the agents of those forces of false equality that the modern world calls forces of “progress.”

Progress? — It is true that, to-day, at least in all highly organised (typically “modern”) countries, nearly everybody can read and write. But what of that? To be able to read and write is an advantage — and a considerable one. But it is not a virtue. It is a tool and a weapon; a means to an end; a very useful thing, no doubt; but not an end in itself. The ultimate value of literacy depends upon the end to which it is used. And to what end, is it generally used to-day? It is used for convenience or for entertainment, by those who read; for some advertisement, or some objectionable propaganda, — for money-making or power-grabbing — by those who write; *sometimes*, of course, by both, for acquiring or spreading disinterested knowledge of the few things worth knowing; for finding expression of or giving expression to the few deep feelings that can lift a man to the awareness of things eternal, but not more often so than in the days in which one man out of ten thousand could understand the symbolism of the written word. Generally, to-day, the man or woman whom compulsory education has made “literate” uses writing to communicate personal matters to absent friends and relatives, to fill forms — one of the international occupations of modern civilised humanity — or to commit to memory little useful, but otherwise trifling things such as someone’s address or telephone number, or the date of some appointment with the hair-dresser or the dentist, or the list of clean clothes due from the laundry. He or she reads “to pass time” because, outside the hours of dreary work, mere thinking is no longer intense and interesting enough to serve that purpose.

We know that there are also people whose whole lives have been directed to some beautiful destiny by a book, a poem — a mere sentence — read in distant childhood, like Schliemann, who lavishly spent on archaeological excavations the wealth patiently and purposely gathered in forty years of dreary toil, all for they sake of the impression left upon him,

as a boy, by the immortal story of Troy. But such people always lived, even before compulsory education came into fashion. And the stories *heard* and remembered were no less inspiring than stories now read. The real advantage of general literacy, if any, is to be sought elsewhere. It lies not in the better quality either of the exceptional men and women or of the literate millions, but rather in the fact that the latter are rapidly becoming intellectually more lazy and therefore more credulous than ever — and *not* less so; — more easily deceived, more liable to be led like sheep without even the shadow of a protest, provided the nonsense one wishes them to swallow be presented to them, in printed form and made to appear “scientific.” The higher the general level of literacy, the *easier* it is, for a government in control of the daily press, of the wireless and of the publishing business, — these almost irresistible modern means of action upon the mind — to keep the masses *and* the “intelligenza” under its thumb, without them even suspecting it.

Among widely illiterate but more actively thinking people, openly governed in the old autocratic manner, a prophet, direct mouthpiece of the Gods, or of genuine collective aspirations, could always hope to rise between secular authority and the people. The priests themselves could never be quite sure of keeping the people in obedience for ever. The people could choose to listen to the prophet, if they liked. And they did, sometimes. To-day, wherever universal literacy is prevalent, inspired exponents of timeless truth — prophets — or even selfless advocates of timely practical changes, have less and less chances to appear. Sincere thought, real *free* thought, ready, in the name of superhuman authority or of humble common sense, to question the basis of what is officially taught and generally accepted, is less and less likely to thrive. It is, we repeat, by far easier to enslave a literate people than an illiterate one, strange as this may seem at first sight. And the enslavement is more likely to be lasting. The real advantage of universal literacy is to tighten the grip of the governing power upon the foolish and conceited millions. That is probably why it is dinned into our heads, from babyhood onwards, that “literacy” is such a boon. Capacity to think for one’s self is, however, the real boon. And that always was and always will be the privilege of a minority, once recognised

as a natural *élite* and respected. To-day, compulsory mass-education and an increasingly standardised literature for the consumption of “conditioned” brains — outstanding signs of “progress” — tend to reduce that minority to the smallest possible proportions; ultimately, to suppress it altogether. Is that what mankind wants? If so, mankind is loosing its *raison d’être*, and the sooner the end of this so-called “civilisation” the better.

What we have said of literacy can roughly be repeated about those two other main glories of modern Democracy: “individual freedom” and equality of opportunities for every person. The first is a lie — and a more and more sinister one as the shackles of compulsory education are being more and more hopelessly fastened round people’s whole being. The second is an absurdity.

One of the funniest inconsistencies of the average citizen of the modern industrialised world is the way in which he criticises all institutions of older and better civilisations, such as the caste-system of the Hindus or the all-absorbing family-cult of the Far East, on the ground that these tend to check the “liberty of the individual.” He does not realise how exacting, — nay, how annihilating — is the command of the collective authority which *he* obeys (half the time, unknowingly) compared with that of traditional collective authority, in apparently less “free” societies. The caste-ridden or family-ridden people of India or of the Far East might not be allowed to do all that they like, in many relatively trifling and in a few really all-important matters of daily life. But they are left to *believe* what they like, or rather what they can; to feel according to their own nature and to express themselves freely about a great number of essential matters; they are allowed to conduct their higher life in the manner they judge the wisest for them, after their duties to family, taste and king have been fulfilled. The individual living under the iron and steel rule of modern “progress” can eat whatever he fancies (to a great extent) and marry whom he pleases — unfortunately! — and go whenever he likes (in theory at least). But he is made to accept, in all extra-individual matters, — matters which, to us, really count, — the beliefs, the attitude to life, the scale of values and, to a great extent, the political views, that tend to strengthen the mighty socio-economic system of exploitation

to which he belongs (to which he is forced to belong, in order to be able to live) and in which he is a mere cog. And, what is more, he is made to believe that it is a privilege of his to be a cog in such an organism; that the unimportant matters in which he feels he is his own master are, in fact, the most important ones — the only really important ones. He is taught not to value that freedom of judgement about ultimate truth, aesthetical, ethical or metaphysical, of which he is subtly deprived. More still: he is told, — in the democratic countries at any rate, — that he is free in *all* respects; that he is “an *individual*, answerable to none but to his own conscience,” ... after years of clever conditioning have moulded his “conscience” and his whole being so thoroughly according to pattern, that he is no longer capable of reacting differently. Well can such a man speak of “pressure upon the individual” in any society, ancient or modern!

One can realise to what an extent men’s minds have been curved, both by deliberate and by unconscious conditioning, in the world in which we live to-day, when one encounters people who have never come under the influence of industrial civilisation, or when one happens, oneself, to be lucky enough to have defied, from childhood onwards, the pernicious pressure of standardised education and to have remained free amidst the crowd of those who react as they were taught to, in all fundamental matters. The cleavage between the thinking and the unthinking, the free and the slaves, is appalling.

As for “equality of opportunities,” there can be no such thing anyhow, really speaking. By producing men and women different both in degree and in quality of intelligence, sensitiveness and will-power, different in character and temperament, Nature herself gives them the most unequal opportunities of fulfilling their aspirations, whatever these might be. An over-emotional and rather weak person can, for instance, neither conceive the same ideal of happiness nor have equal chances of reaching it in life, as one who is born with a more balanced nature and a stronger will. That is obvious. And add to that the characteristics that differentiate one race of men from another, and the absurdity of the very notion of “human equality” becomes even more striking.

What our contemporaries mean when they speak of “equality of opportunities” is the fact that, in modern society

— so they say — any man or woman stands, more and more, as many chances as his or her neighbour of holding the position and doing the job for which he or she is naturally fitted. But that too is only partly true. For, more and more, the world of to-day, — the world dominated by grand-scale industry and mass-production, — can offer only jobs in which the best of the worker's self plays little or no part if he or she be anything more than a merely clever and materially efficient person. The hereditary craftsman, who could find the best expression for what is conveniently called his "soul" in his daily weaving, carpet-making, enamel work, etc., even the tiller of the soil, in personal contact with Mother Earth and the Sun and the seasons, is becoming more and more a figure of the past. There are less and less opportunities, also, for the sincere seeker of truth — speaker or writer — who refuses to become the expounder of broadly accepted ideas, products of mass-conditioning, for which he or she does not stand; for the seeker of beauty who refuses to bend his or her art to the demands of popular taste which he or she knows to be bad taste. Such people have to waste much of their time doing inefficiently — and grudgingly — some job for which they are *not* fitted, in order to live, before they can devote the rest of it to what the Hindus would call their *sadhana* — the work for which their deeper nature has appointed them: their life's dedication.

The idea of modern division of labour, condensed in the oft-quoted sentence "the right man in the right place," boils down, in practice, to the fact that *any* man — any one of the dull, indiscriminate millions — can be "conditioned" to occupy *any* place, while the best of human beings, the only ones who still justify the existence of the more and more degenerate species, are allowed no place at all. Progress....

* * *

Remain the "religious toleration" of our times and their "humaneness" compared with the "barbarity" of the past. Two jokes, to say the least!

Recalling some of the most spectacular horrors of history — the burning of "heretics" and "witches" at the stake; the wholesale massacre of "heathens," and other no less repulsive manifestations of Christian civilisation in Europe, conquered

America, Goa, and elsewhere, — modern man is filled with pride in the “progress” accomplished, in one line at least, since the end of the dark ages of religious fanaticism. However bad they be, our contemporaries have, at any rate, grown out of the habit of torturing people for such “trifles” as their conception of the Holy Trinity or their ideas about predestination and purgatory. Such is modern man’s feeling — because theological questions have lost all importance in his life. But in the days when Christian Churches persecuted one another and encouraged the conversion of heathen nations by means of blood and fire, both the persecutors and the persecuted, both the Christians and those who wished to remain faithful to non-Christian creeds, looked upon such questions as vital in one way or another. And the real reason for which nobody is put to torture, to-day, for the sake of his or her religious beliefs, is *not* that torture as such has become distasteful to everybody, in “advanced” twentieth-century civilisation, *not* that individuals and States have become “tolerant,” but just that, among those who have the power of inflicting pain, hardly anybody takes any vivid, *vital* interest in religion, let alone in theology.

The so-called “religious toleration” practised by modern States and individuals springs from anything but an intelligent understanding and love of all religions as manifold, symbolical expressions of the same few essential, eternal truths, — as Hindu toleration does, and always did. It is, rather, the outcome of a grossly ignorant contempt for all religions; of indifference to those very truths which their various founders endeavoured to re-assert, again and again. It is no toleration at all.

To judge how far our contemporaries have or not the right to boast of their “spirit of toleration,” the best is to watch their behaviour towards those whom they decidedly look upon as the enemies of their gods: the men who happen to be holding views contrary to theirs concerning not some theological quibble, in which they are not interested, but some political or socio-political Ideology which they regard as “a threat to civilisation” *or* as “the only creed through which civilisation can be saved.” Nobody can deny that in all such circumstances, and specially in war time, they all, perform — to the extent they have the power, — or condone — to the extent they have not, themselves, the opportunity of performing, —

actions in every respect as ugly as those ordered, performed or tolerated in the past, in the name of different religions (if indeed the latter ugly be). The only difference is, perhaps, that modern cold-blooded atrocities only become known when the hidden powers in control of the means of herd-conditioning — of the press, the wireless and the cinema, — decide, for ends anything but “humanitarian,” that they should be, i.e. when they happen to be the enemy’s atrocities, not one’s own — nor those of one’s “gallant allies” — and when their story is, therefore, considered to be “good propaganda,” on account of the current of indignation it is expected to create and of the new incentive it is expected to give the war-effort. Moreover, after a war, fought or supposed to have been fought for an Ideology — the modern equivalent of the bitter religious conflicts of old — the horrors rightly or wrongly: said to have been perpetrated by the vanquished are the only ones to be broadcasted all over the world, while the victors try as hard as they can to make believe that *their* High Command at least never shut its eyes to any similar horrors. But in sixteenth century Europe, and before; and among the warriors of Islam, conducting “jihad” against men of other faiths, each side was well aware of the atrocious means used, not only by its opponents for their “foul ends,” but by its own people and its own leaders in order to “uproot heresy” or to “fight popery,” or to “preach the name of Allah to infidels.” Modern man is more of a moral coward. He wants the advantages of violent intolerance — which is only natural — but he shuns the responsibility of it. *Progress*, that also.

* * *

The so-called “humaneness” of our contemporaries (compared with their forefathers) is just lack of nerve or lack of strong feelings — increasing cowardice, or increasing apathy.

Modern man is squeamish about atrocities — even about ordinary, unimaginative brutality — *only* when it happens that the aims for which atrocious or merely brutal actions are performed are either hateful or indifferent to him. In all other circumstances, he shuts his eyes to any horrors — especially when he *knows* that the victims can never retaliate (as it is the case with all atrocities committed by man upon animals,

for whatever purpose it be) and he demands, at the most, not to be reminded of them too often and too noisily. He reacts as though he classified atrocities under two headlines: the “unavoidable” and the avoidable. The “unavoidable” are those that serve or are supposed to serve modern man’s purpose — generally: “the good of humanity” or the “triumph of Democracy.” *They* are tolerated, nay, justified. The “avoidable” are those which are occasionally committed, or said to be committed, by people whose purpose is alien to his. They alone are condemned, and their real or supposed authors — or inspirers — branded by public opinion as “criminals against humanity.”

Which are, anyhow, the alleged signs of that wonderful “humaneness” of modern man, according to those who believe in progress? We no longer have to-day, — they say — the horrid executions of former times; traitors are no longer “hung, drawn and quartered,” as was the custom in glorious sixteenth century England; anything approaching in ghastliness the torture and execution of François Damien, upon the central square of Paris, before thousands of people purposely come to see it, on the 28th of May, 1757, would be unthinkable in modern France. Modern man also no longer upholds slavery, nor does he (in theory, at least) justify the exploitation of the masses under any form. And his wars — even his wars! monstrous as they may seem, with their elaborate apparatus of costly demoniacal machinery — are beginning to admit, within their code, (so one says) some amount of humanity and justice. Modern man is horrified at the mere thought of the war-time habits of ancient peoples — at the sacrifice of twelve young Trojans to the shade of the Greek hero Patrocles, not to speak of the far less ancient but far more atrocious sacrifices of prisoners of war to the Aztec war-god Huitzilopochtli. (But the Aztecs, though relatively modern, were not Christians, nor, as far as we know, believers in all-round progress). Finally — one says — modern man is kinder, or less cruel, to animals than his forefathers were.

Alone an enormous amount of prejudice in favour of our times can enable one to be taken in by such fallacies.

Surely modern man does not “uphold,” slavery; he denounces it vehemently. But he practises it nevertheless — and on a wider scale than ever, and far more thoroughly than

the Ancients ever could — whether in the Capitalistic West or in the Tropics, or (from what one hears outside its impenetrable walls) even in the one State supposed to be, to-day, the “workers’ paradise.” There are differences, of course. In Antiquity, even the slave had hours of leisure and merriment that were all his own; he had his games of dice in the shade of the columns of his master’s portico, his coarse jokes, his free chatter, his free life outside his daily routine. The modern slave has not the privilege of loitering, completely carefree, for half an hour. His so-called leisure itself is either filled with almost compulsory entertainment, as exacting and often as dreary as his work, or — in “lands of freedom” — poisoned by economic worries. But he is not openly bought and sold. He is just *taken*. And taken, not by a man in some way at least superior to himself, but by a huge impersonal system without either a body to kick or a soul to damn or a head to answer for its mischief.

And similarly, old horrors have no doubt disappeared from the records of so-called civilised mankind, regarding both justice and war. But new and worse ones, unknown to “barbaric” ages, have crept up in their place. One single instance is ghastly enough to suffice. The long-drawn trial not of criminals, not of traitors, nor regicides, nor wizards, but of the finest leading characters of Europe; their iniquitous condemnation, after months and months of every kind of humiliation and systematical moral torture; their final hanging, in the slowest and cruelest possible manner — that whole sinister farce, staged at Nüremberg in 1945-1946 (and 1947) by a pack of victorious cowards and hypocrites, is immeasurably more disgusting than all the post-war human sacrifices of the past rolled in one, including those performed according to the well-known Mexican ritual. For there, at least, however painful might have been the traditional process of killing, the victims were frankly done to death for the delight of the tribal god of the victors and of the victors themselves, without any macabre mock-pretence of “justice.” And they were, moreover, taken from all ranks of captured warriors, not malignantly selected from the élite of their people only. Nor did the élite of the vanquished people represent, in most cases, — as it actually did in the shameful trial of *our* progressive times — the very élite of their continent.

As for such unthinkable atrocities as took place in France and in Spain, and many other countries, from the Middle Ages onwards, one would find quite a number of episodes of the recent Spanish civil war — not to mention the no less impressive record of horrors performed, still more recently, by the “heroes” of the French *résistance*, during the Second World War, — to match them and, more often than not, to outdo them.

And, curiously enough, — although (they say) they “hate such things” — a considerable number of men and women of to-day, while lacking the guts to commit horrible actions personally, seem to be just as keen as ever on watching them being performed or, at least, on thinking of them and gloating over them, and enjoying them vicariously, if denied the morbid pleasure of watching. Such are the people who, in modern England, gather before the prison gates whenever a man is to be hanged, expecting goodness knows what unhealthy excitement from the mere fact of reading the announcement that “justice has been done” — people who, if only given an opportunity, would run to see a public execution, nay, a public burning of witches or heretics, no doubt as speedily as their forefathers once did. Such are also millions of folk, hitherto “civilised” and apparently kind, who reveal themselves in their proper light no sooner a war breaks out, i.e. no sooner they feel encouraged to display the most repulsive type of imagination in competitive descriptions of what tortures every one of them “would” inflict upon the enemy’s leaders, if he — or more often *she* — had a free hand. Such are, at heart, all those who gloat over the sufferings of the fallen enemy *after* a victorious war. And they are also millions: millions of vicarious savages, mean at the same time as cruel — unmanly — whom the warriors of the so-called “barbaric” ages would have thoroughly despised.

* * *

But more cowardly and more, hypocritical, perhaps, than anything else, is “progressive” modern man’s behaviour towards living Nature, and in particular towards the animal kingdom. Of *that* I have spoken at length in another book,¹ and

¹ “Impeachment of Man,” written in 1945-46, and yet unpublished.

I shall, therefore, here, be contented with underlining a few facts.

Primitive man, — and, often, also, man whose picturesque civilisation is anything but “modern” — is bad enough, it is true, as far as his treatment of animals is concerned. One only has to travel in the least industrialised countries of southern Europe, or in the Near and Middle East, to acquire a very definite certitude on that point. And not all modern leaders have been equally successful in putting an end to age-old cruelties to dumb) beasts, whether in the East or in the West. Gandhi could not, in the name of that universal kindness which he repeatedly preached as the main tenet of his faith, prevent Hindu milk-men from deliberately starving their male calves to death, in order to sell a few extra pints of cow’s milk. Mussolini could not detect and prosecute all those Italians who, even under his government, persisted in the detestable habit of plucking chickens alive on the ground that “the feathers come off more easily.” There is no getting away from the fact that kindness to animals on a national scale does not ultimately depend upon the teachings of any superimposed religion or philosophy. It is one of the distinctive characteristics of the truly superior races. And no religious, philosophical or political alchemy can turn base metal into gold.

This does not mean to say that a good teaching cannot *help* to bring the best out of every race, as well as out of every individual man or woman. But modern industrial civilisation, to the extent it is man-centred — not controlled by any inspiration of a super-human, cosmic order — and tends to stress quantity instead of quality, production and wealth, instead of character and inherent worth, is anything but congenial to the development of consistent universal kindness, even among, the better people. It hides cruelty. It does nothing to suppress it, or even to lessen it. It excuses, nay, it exalts any atrocity upon animals, which happens to be directly or indirectly connected with money-making, from the daily horrors of the slaughter-houses to the martyrdom of animals at the hands of the circus-trainer, the trapper (and, also, very often, of the skinner, in the case of furry creatures) and of the vivisector. Naturally, the “higher” interest of human beings is put forward as a justification, — without people realising that a humanity which is prepared to buy amusement or luxury, “tasty food,” or even

scientific information or means of healing the sick at such a cost, as that, is no longer worthy to live. The fact remains that there has never been more degeneracy and more disease of all descriptions among men, than in this world of compulsory or almost compulsory vaccination and inoculation; this world which exalts criminals against Life — torturers of innocent living creatures for man's ends, such as Louis Pasteur, — to the rank of “great” men, while condemning the really great ones who struggled to stress the sacred hierarchy of human races before and above the over-emphasised and, anyhow, obvious, hierarchy of beings, and who, incidentally, built the only State in the West whose laws for the protection of dumb creatures reminded one, for the first time after centuries (and to the extent it was possible in a modern industrial country of cold climate) of the decrees of Emperor Asoka and Harshavardhana.¹

Such a world may well boast of its tender care for prize dogs and cats and for pet animals in general, while trying to forget (and to make better civilisations forget) the hideous fact of a million creatures vivisected yearly, in Great Britain alone. It cannot make *us* overlook its hidden horrors and convince us of its “progress” in kindness to animals, any more than of its increasing kindness to people “irrespectively of their creed.” We refuse to see in it anything else but the darkest living evidence of that which the Hindus have characterised from time immemorial as “Kali Yuga” — the “Dark Age”; the Era of Gloom; the last (and, fortunately, the shortest) subdivision of the present Cycle of history. There is no hope of “putting things right,” in such an age. It is, essentially, the age so forcefully though laconically described in the Book of books — the Bhagavad-Gita — as that in which “out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes; out of the confusion of castes, the loss memory; out of loss of memory the lack of understanding; and out of this, all evils”;² the age in which falsehood is termed “truth” and truth persecuted as falsehood or mocked as insanity; in which the exponents of truth, the divinely inspired leaders, the real friends of their race and

¹ I refer to the laws against cruelty to animals that were, in my eyes, one of the glories of the National Socialist regime in Germany.

² The Bhagavad-Gita, Transl. of E. Burnouf, I, 47 and foll.

of all the living, — the god-like men, — are defeated, and their followers humbled and their memory slandered, while the masters of lies are hailed as “saviours”; the age in which every man and woman is in the wrong place, and the world dominated by inferior individuals, bastardised races and vicious doctrines, all part and parcel of an order of inherent ugliness far worse than complete anarchy.

This is the age in which our triumphant Democrats and our hopeful Communists boast of “slow but steady progress through science and education.” Thanks very much for such “progress”! The very sight of it is enough to confirm *us* in our belief in the immemorial cyclic theory of history, illustrated in the myths of all ancient, natural religions (including that one from which the Jews — and, through them, their disciples, the Christians — borrowed the symbolical story of the Garden of Eden; Perfection at the *beginning* of Time.) It impresses upon us the fact that human history, far from being a steady ascension towards the better, is an increasingly hopeless process of bastardisation, emasculation and demoralisation of mankind; an inexorable “fall.” It rouses in us the yearning to see the end — the final crash that will push into oblivion both those worthless “isms” that are the product of the decay of thought and of character, and the no less worthless religions of equality which have slowly prepared the ground for them; the coming of Kalki, the divine Destroyer of evil; the dawn of a new Cycle opening, as all time-cycles ever did, with “Golden Age.”

Never mind how bloody the final crash may be! Never mind what old treasures may perish for ever in the redeeming conflagration! The sooner it comes, the better. We are waiting for it — and for the following glory — confident in the divinely established cyclic Law that governs all manifestations of existence in Time: the law of Eternal Return. We are waiting for it, and for the subsequent triumph of the Truth persecuted to-day; for the triumph under whatever name, of the only faith in harmony with the everlasting laws of being; of the only modern “ism” which is anything but “modern,” being just the latest expression of principles as old as the Sun; the triumph of all those men who, throughout the centuries *and* to-day, have never lost the vision of the everlasting Order,

decreed by the Sun, and who have fought in a selfless spirit to impress that vision upon others. We are waiting for the glorious restoration, this time, on a world-wide scale, of the New Order, projection in time, in the next, as in every recurring “Golden Age,” of the everlasting Order of the Cosmos.

It is the only thing worth living for — and dying for, if given that privilege, — now, in 1948.

Written in Edinburgh, on the 9th April, 1948, — the 707th anniversary of the famous battle of Liegnitz.

CHAPTER II

TIME AND VIOLENCE

From the few facts that I have recalled in the preceding chapter, it is pretty clear that there are no cruelties in ancient history — no Assyrian horrors, no Carthaginian horrors, no old Chinese horrors, — which the inventiveness of our contemporaries of East and West, aided by a perfected technique, has not outdone. But cruelty — the violence of cowards — is merely one expression of violence among many, though admittedly the most repulsive one. Aided and encouraged by more and more staggering scientific achievements, which can be put to use for *any* purpose, man has, throughout history, become more and more violent, — and not less and less so, as people fed on pacifist propaganda are often inclined to think! And, which is more, *it could not have been otherwise; and it cannot be otherwise* at any period of the future, until the violent and complete destruction of that which we call to-day “civilisation” opens for the world a new “Age of Truth”; a new Golden Age. Until then, violence, under one form or another, is unavoidable. It is the very law of Life in a fallen world. The choice given us is not between violence and non-violence, but between open, unashamed violence, in broad daylight, and sneaking, subtle violence — blackmail; between open violence and inconspicuous, slow, yet implacable persecution, both economic and cultural: the systematic suppression of all possibilities for the vanquished, without it “showing”; the merciless “conditioning” of children, all the more horrible that it is more impersonal, more indirect, more outwardly “gentle”; the clever diffusion of soul-killing lies (and *half*-lies); violence under the cover of non-violence. The choice is also between selfless ruthlessness put to the service of the very Cause of truth; violence without cruelty, applied in view of bringing about upon this earth an order based on everlasting principles, that transcend man; violence in view of creating, or maintaining, a human State in harmony with Life’s highest purpose, and violence applied to selfish ends.

The two parallel alternatives are indeed one and the same.

For it is a fact that, the more disinterested be its aims and the more selfless its application, the more frank and straightforward violence is; while, on the other hand, the more sordid be the motives for which it is in reality used, the more it is, itself, hidden, nay, denied; the more the men who resort to it boast of being admirers of non-violence, thus bluffing others and sometimes also themselves; acting as deceivers and being deceived — caught in the network of their own lies.

As time goes on and as decay sets in, the keynote of human history is *not* less and less violence; it is less and less honesty about violence.

* * *

Only an “Age of Truth,” in which all is as it should be — a world in which the social and political order on earth is a perfect replica of the eternal Order of Life — can be nonviolent. And in the eloquent legends of all old nations, ideal society at the dawn of Time is said to have been naturally so. There was, then, nothing to be changed; nothing for which to shed one’s own or other people’s blood; nothing to do but to enjoy in peace the beauty and riches of the sunlit earth, and to praise the wise Gods — the “devas,” or “shining Ones,” as the ancient Aryans called them — Kings of the earth in the truest sense of the word. Every man and woman, every race, every species was, then, *in its place*, and the whole divine hierarchy of Creation was a work of art to which and from which there was nothing either to add or to take away. Violence was unthinkable.

Violence became a necessity from the moment the sociopolitical order in this world ceased to be the undistorted reflexion of the eternal cosmic Order; from the moment a man-centred spirit, exalting indiscriminately the whole of humanity at the expense of glorious living Nature, on one hand, and at that of the naturally superior individuals and naturally privileged races, on the other, arose, in opposition to the life-centred Tradition which had been sanctioning, for no one knows how many happy millenniums, the harmonious, divinely ordained hierarchy of peoples, animal species and vegetable varieties; from the moment a vicious tendency to uniformity — ultimately

leading to disintegration — set in, in opposition to primeaval Unity within infinite, disciplined diversity. From that moment onwards, we repeat, violence became the law of the world, for good and for evil. The only way to avoid resorting to it was, henceforth, either to cut one's self off, entirely, from the world, as it is, to turn one's back to life and to move about in an artificial, dream-like time — the illusion of an illusion — or else, to live outside Time altogether. Pretty few individuals were sufficiently foolish to take the first course, and fewer still sufficiently evolved and, at the same time, sufficiently indifferent, to take the second.

But violence is not a bad thing in itself. True, it set in as a necessity only after the world had become, to a great extent, “bad” i.e., unfaithful to its timeless archetype; no longer in keeping with the creative dream of the universal Mind, that it had once expressed. The very appearing of violence was a sign that the “Age of Truth” was irretrievably closed; that the downward process of history was gaining speed. Yet, violence cannot be judged apart from its purpose. And the purpose is good or bad; worth its while, or not. It is worth its while when those who pursue it do so, not merely unselfishly — with no primordial desire of personal glory or happiness, — but also in keeping with an Ideology expressing timeless, impersonal, more-than-human truth; an Ideology rooted in the clear understanding of the unchanging Laws of life, and destined to appeal to all those who, in a fallen world, still retain within their hearts an invincible yearning for the perfect Order as it really *was* and will again be; as it cannot but be, at the dawn of every recurring Time-cycle. Any purpose which is intelligently, objectively consistent with the war-aims of the undying Forces of Light in their age-old struggle against the forces of Darkness, i.e., of disintegration, — that Struggle illustrated in all the mythologies of the world, — any such purpose, I say, justifies any amount of selfless violence. Moreover, as the “Era of Gloom” in which we are living proceeds, darker and darker and fiercer and fiercer year after year, it becomes more and more impossible to avoid using violence in the service of truth. No man, — no demi-god — can bring about, to-day, even a relative amount of real order and justice in any area of the globe, without the help of force, specially if he has

but a few years at his disposal. And, unfortunately, the further this world advances into the present age of technical wonders and human abasement, more the great men of inspiration are submitted to the factor of *time*, as soon as they attempt to apply their lofty intuitive knowledge of eternal truth to the solution of practical problems. They just *have to act*, not only thoroughly, but also *quickly*, if they do not want to see the forces of disintegration nip their priceless work in the bud. And whether they like it or not, thoroughly *and* quickly means, almost unavoidably, with unhesitating violence. One can say, with more and more certainty as the “Dark Age” goes on, that the god-like men of action are defeated, at least for the time being, *not* for having been too ruthless (and thus for having roused against themselves and their ideas and their collaborators the indignation of the “decent people”), *but for not having been ruthless enough* — for not having killed off their fleeing enemies, to the last man, in the brief hour of triumph; for not having silenced both the squeamish millions of hypocrites and their masters, the clever producers of atrocity-tales, by more substantial violences, more complete exterminations.

From all this it is quite clear that, to condemn violence indiscriminately is to condemn the very struggle of the Forces of Life and Light against the Forces of disintegration, — struggle, all the more heroic and all the more desperate, also, as the world rushes on towards its doom. It is to condemn that struggle which, at every one of its age-long, varying phases, and even through temporary disaster, has been securing for the world, beyond its deserved doom, the glorious new Beginning, which the few alone deserve. Within the bondage of Time, specially within this “Kali Yuga,” one cannot be consistently non-violent without contributing, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or unknowingly, to the success of the forces of disintegration; of what we call the death-forces.

* * *

As for that violence which is used to forward the war-aims of the death-forces, it is, and has always been twofold: directed on one hand against Life itself — first, against the whole of innocent living Nature, then, against the vital interests of higher mankind, in the name of “the common plan” — and, on the

other, against those particular men who, more and more conscious of the tragic realities of a darkening age, put up a stand in favour of the recognition of Life's eternal values and of the restoration of order upon its true, eternal basis.

In the attempt to bring about the triumph of the worthless and the slow but steady disintegration of culture, in fact, less and less violence is needed. The world evolves naturally towards disintegration, with accelerated speed. It might have been, once, necessary to push it on along the slippery path. It has no longer been so, for centuries. It rolls on to its own doom, without help. In that direction, therefore, the champions of disintegration enjoy an easy task. They only have to follow and flatter the vicious tendencies of the increasingly despicable majority of men, to become the world's darlings. But in their war against the few, but more aware and practical exponents of the higher values, — the upholders of the natural hierarchy of races; the worshippers of light, of strength, of youth; — they are (and are bound to be) more and more violent, nay, more and more relentlessly cruel. Their hatred grows, as history unfolds, as though they knew — as though they felt, with the sharpness of physical perception, — that every one of their victories, however spectacular it be, brings them nearer the final redeeming crash in which *they* are bound to perish, and out of which their now persecuted superiors are bound to emerge as the leaders of the New Age, — the supermen at the beginning of the next Time-cycle, — more like gods than ever. Their hatred grows, and their ferocity too, as the redeeming crash draws nigh, and, along with it, the dawn of the universal New Order, as unavoidable as the coming of spring. As the history of the last three years has shown,¹ — as the history of darkest Europe (and of proud, unfortunate Japan) would show to-day, if only its hidden horrors were revealed — nothing surpasses in violence the persecution of the world's best men and women by the agents of the death-forces, during the last period of the "Era of Gloom." Like the children of Light, these too — though for contrary reasons, — act under the inexorable pressure of time. They have but a few years to try to stamp out the undying, divine Ideology; to crush as many of its votaries as they can,

¹ This chapter was written in 1948.

before they are, themselves, ground to dust in a fratricidal war of demons against demons.

They are in a hurry — not, as the heroic “*élite*,” out of generous impatience; not out of any longing to see the “Age of Truth” re-established before its time, but out of feverish lust; out of the will to snatch from the world, for themselves, all the material advantages and all the satisfactions of vanity they possibly can, before it is too late. And as time goes on, their hurry amounts to frenzy. The one obstacle that stands in their way and still defies them — that will always defy them, till the end — is precisely that proud *élite* that disaster cannot discourage, that torture cannot break, that money cannot buy. Whether consciously or unconsciously, whether they be, themselves, thoroughly wicked, or just blind, through congenital stupidity, the workers of disintegration wage war upon the men of gold and steel, with unabated, hellish fury.

But theirs is not the frank, unashamed violence of the inspired idealists striving to bring forth, speedily, a lofty sociopolitical order too good for the unworthy world of their times. It is a sneaking, creeping, cowardly sort of violence, all the more effective that it is, outwardly, more emphatically denied, both by the scoundrels who apply it, or condone it, and by the well-meaning fools who actually believe that it does not exist. It is prompted by such feelings as one cannot possibly exhibit, even in a degenerate world, without running the risk of defeating one’s own purpose: by bare hatred, rooted in envy — the hatred of worthless weaklings for the strong, for no other reason that they are strong; the hatred of ugly souls (incarnated, more often than not, in no less ugly bodies) for the naturally beautiful ones; for the noble, the magnanimous, the selfless, the real aristocracy of the world; the hatred of the unhappy, and, even more so, of the bored, — of those who have only their pockets to live for, and nothing at all to die for, — for those who live, and are ready to die, for eternal values. Such is, more and more, the wide-spread violence of our times, less and less recognised, in its subtle disguise, even by the people who actually suffer through it.

The Ancients knew better than our contemporaries who were their friends and who were their enemies. And this is natural. In a world rushing to its doom, there is bound to

be increasing ignorance — ignorance precisely of those things one should know the best, in order to survive. The Ancients suffered, and knew whom to curse. Modern men and women, as a rule, do not know; do not really care to know; are too lazy, too exhausted, too near the end of *their* world to take the trouble to enquire seriously. And clever rascals, themselves the authors of all the mischief, incite them to throw the blame of it upon the only people whose unfailing wisdom and selfless love could have saved them, had they but wanted to be saved; upon that hated élite that stands against the current of Time, with the vision of the glorious new Beginning beyond the doom of the present-day world, clear and bright before its eyes. The whole amount of nonsense written and spoken since the end of the Second World War (and already before its end, in the newspapers and from the radio stations controlled by the Democratic Powers) about the sufferings of the European people, is the latest glaring instance of this broad-scale systematic lying, more and more common as the forces of disintegration become, with time, both more successful and snore sneaking. Europe lies in ruins — the consequence of six years of inhuman bombing. The United Nations did the bombing, in order to stamp out National Socialism — the only thing that could have restored order and sanity in Europe, if absolute selflessness, coupled with genius, were able to turn the tide of time, in a doomed world. And now the people are told that National Socialism is responsible for all the evils that bombing has occasioned, and that its inspired Founder is the greatest selfish megalomaniac who ever trod this earth. Some people believe it — even in Germany; or were prepared to believe it in 1945 before they got a taste of the substitute which the Democracies offered them in the place of the much criticised régime. Most people believe it in the rest of Europe. The cunning rogues, utterly dishonest about violence, who set the tune to this propaganda, have an easy task: they work *in the sense of Time*: for disorder, leading to disintegration; for the destruction of all that is still strong and valuable in present-day humanity; of all that is destined to survive, in spite of all, *their* coming destruction. And they exploit the very characteristics of a decaying epoch: the hatred of all obvious discipline and of all visible and tangible (and responsible) leadership, allied to increasing

conceit, increasing imbecility, and, consequently, increasing gullibility.

* * *

We have spoken of two sorts of violence. Nowhere is the difference in the very nature of the two more apparent, perhaps, than in the attitude of the upholders — or condoners — of each, towards living creation outside mankind.

The frank and courageous violence, which any idealist with real vision is sooner or less bound to use as soon, as he attempts to translate his intuition of eternal truth into action, in a stubbornly degenerate world, bent on its own destruction, that violence, we say, is never exercised — and can, logically, never be exercised, save, perhaps, in certain cases of vital emergency, — against any living creatures other than people. Its only purpose is to crush, as quickly and completely as possible, all resistance to a socio-political order imposed too soon to be appreciated by all those whom it affects. As we shall see, it does not, in fact, affect human beings alone. It concerns, and must concern, also, in the long run, all the living. If it did not, it would not be an order based upon everlasting truth, and the violence displayed to impose it would not be justified. But human beings alone can and do oppose such an order. They alone are, therefore, to the extent they become obstacles to its establishment or continuation, the victims of the necessary violence of those whose duty it is to defend it. As a consequence of the fact that they have nothing to do with the shaping of human society, innocent animals are never tormented by men who believe that, if at all, torture can only be excused when applied to forward such impersonal political ends as are in harmony with eternal principles.

Such men can never tolerate the infliction of pain upon living creatures for the sake of researches destined, in the minds of the torturers and of their supporters, to alleviate the sufferings of diseased humanity or to satisfy a mere lust for “scientific” information. For if they really be the exponents of Golden Age ideals, — men of action, with an awareness of everlasting Truth and a burning love of perfection, — they cannot possibly share, either about humanity or about disease, or about the

morbid craving for idle knowledge at any cost, the common prejudices which have been developing, for centuries, as a result of growing degeneracy in this world. They cannot possibly believe that every human life, however debased, is necessarily worth saving. And they must believe that the best way to stamp out disease is not so much to find out new treatments as to teach men and women to live healthier lives, and, before all, to strengthen the naturally privileged races through a systematical, rational policy, applied, in the first place, to the basic art of breeding. And they must feel a sane contempt for all forms of useless research, let alone for that criminal curiosity about the mystery of life, which has turned hundreds of men like Pavlov, or Voronoff — or Claude Bernard — into downright monsters.

There is more. The very Ideology of the strong naturally goes hand in hand with repulsion for every form of cruelty towards helpless and beautiful beasts. Nietzsche has exalted kindness as the highest virtue of the superman — “the last victory of the hero over himself.” And kindness that does not embrace all life is no kindness at all. Kindness that prompts man to “love his enemies” without prompting him *a fortiori* to love the innocent creatures of the earth, which did him no willful harm; kindness that urges him to spare the former’s lives while allowing him to chase and eat the latter, and to wear their skins, is either hypocrisy or imbecility. The Ideology of the strong rejects that two thousand year-old contradiction, with utter contempt.

This is so true that the only people who have, in our times, striven to create a socio-political order upon the basis of such an Ideology, and that, through the most frankly acknowledged ruthlessness; the people who uphold the most consistently that healthy, necessary violence which is inseparable from any selfless struggle against the forces of decay, — the makers of National Socialist Germany, are precisely *the* ones who have the most sincerely stressed love of all living Nature in their educational system, and done whatever they could to protect by law both animals¹ and forests; it is so true, that the

¹ In National Socialist Germany, not only was the horrid “kosher” killing of animals forbidden, but traps were also not allowed. Animals killed for food had to be dealt with by means of an automatic pistol bringing instantaneous death. And cruelty to *any* beast was severely punished. (I know of the case of a person having spent three and a half years in a concentration camp for having killed a pig “in a cruel manner.”)

Leader who inspired them — Adolf Hitler, now so shamelessly slandered and so bitterly hated by a worthless world, — not only abstained from flesh in his own daily diet, but is, as far as I know, the only European ruler who ever seriously contemplated the possibility of a continent without slaughterhouses and actually intended to make that dream a reality as soon as he could.¹

Contrast this with the treatment of creatures at the hands of the majority of those people who deny the superior individuals and races the right to be ruthless in their heroic struggle against Time; of those who would like us to believe they “love their enemies” and have a genuine horror of atrocities! We have seen, we see every day, how the hypocrites treat their enemies — when they catch them. And we know what atrocities they can perform on human beings — or order, or at least condone, — when it suits their purpose. They treat animals no better. They take the hidden crimes daily committed against them in this increasingly wicked world, as a matter of course, just as they do those committed against the men and women whom they look upon as “dangerous fanatics,” “war criminals” and so forth.

Of course, they find good excuses for their attitude, — one always does; logic was granted to man in order that he might justify himself in his own eyes, whatever monstrosity he might choose to support. But their premises are entirely different from those of the selfless people who fight with consistent ruthlessness for ideals in harmony with the perfect cosmic order. Their basic argument is “the interest of humanity” — indiscriminately; the “interest of humanity” as a whole; of “the majority” of human beings, good bad and indifferent; and of

¹ “An extended chapter of our talk was devoted by the Führer to the vegetarian question. He believes more than ever that meat-eating is wrong. Of course, he knows that, during the war, we cannot completely upset our food system. *After the war, however, he intends to tackle this problem also.* Maybe he is right. Certainly the arguments he adduces in favour of his standpoint are very compelling.”

—The Goebbels Diaries, edit. 1946 (Entry of the 26th of April 1942)

human beings alone. Their ideals — expression of the downward tendency of Time, which is hurrying man to his doom — are anything but Golden Age ideals.

Which humanity indeed do our kind-hearted agents of the dark forces struggle to “save,” at the cost of untold suffering inflicted upon healthy, innocent and beautiful creatures in the torture-chambers of “science”? Surely not the strong and proud élite of mankind, waiting for its Day to start a new historical Cycle, upon the ruins of the present world. Such men and women as belong to that healthy minority need no such laboriously discovered medicine, and would not accept it, even if they did. No. The majority of our contemporaries who support the infliction of pain upon living creatures for the sake of “research” are concerned with the relief of “suffering” humanity. They are full of that morbid love for the sick and the cripple, for the weak and the disabled of every description, which Christianity has once made fashionable and which is, undoubtedly, one of the most nauseating signs of decay in modern man. Whether they be professed Christians or not, they all cling to the silly belief that it is a “duty” to save, or at least to prolong, at whatever cost, *any* human life, however worthless — a duty to prolong it, just because it is human. As a consequence, they are prepared to sacrifice any numbers of healthy and beautiful animals, if they imagine that it can help to patch up the failing bodies of people who, most of them, would not have been allowed to live or, rather, would never have been born, in a well-conceived and well-organised society. In their eyes, a human idiot is worth more than the most perfect specimen of animal or plant life. Indeed, as our species degenerates, its conceit grows! And that conceit helps to keep men satisfied, though they be completely cut off from the vision of glorious, healthy perfection that dominated the consciousness of the world in its youth and that still is, and will remain till the end, the inspiring vision of a decreasing minority.

The account of the atrocities committed upon innocent animals in order to find out means to combat disease in a more and mote contaminated humanity, or even means to encourage

vice in a daily greater number of outspent degenerates,¹ would fill volumes. That of similar abominations performed out of mere scientific curiosity, would also. This is not the place to expatiate upon that gruesome subject. Yet, when one remembers that people who excused those and other horrors, nay, who approved of them — who admired such a fellow as Pasteur, and who had never spoken a word against other ones such as Claude Bernard or, in this century, Pavlov, — when one remembers, I say, that such people had the cheek to sit as judges in 1945, 1946, 1947,² etc., and, with the consent of the world, to sentence to death German doctors, rightly or wrongly charged with having performed far less cruel experiments upon active or potential enemies of all they loved and stood for, then one is disgusted at the depth of hypocrisy that mankind has reached in our times. For never, perhaps, has such a theatrical exhibition of indignation over particular acts of violence gone hand in hand with such universal toleration of acts of violence by far more horrible.

* * *

That general dishonesty about violence, which has been steadily increasing from the dawn of history onwards, is manifest to-day in the way people deliberately conceal from themselves and from others all the horrors which they condone but cannot possibly justify.

Many of the atrocities performed on animals with a view to add to medical knowledge are so gruesome that, in spite of their alleged “justification,” it is “in the interest of science” — and in the interest of the commercial concerns dealing in patent medicines, — not to allow the public to know about them. And the public is deliberately kept in ignorance — induced to believe that the horrors do not really exist, or that they are not, in reality, half as blood-curling as they sound. *A fortiori*, the numberless cruelties committed for the sake of sheer curiosity or for the sake of luxury, or amusement, are all the more hidden — subtly denied. Thousands of well-meaning

¹ We refer, here, to Voronoff’s experiments performed upon live monkeys, with a view to give back sexual potency to old men.

² During the infamous Nüremberg Trial and other similar ones.

fools who talk about “moral progress” in our times have no idea whatsoever of what goes on (behind the screens) in scientific institutes, in the fur trade and in circuses.

Thousands of equally well-meaning and equally foolish people, who take for granted whatever they are given to read and enquire no further; have also no idea of the horrors perpetrated by their compatriots in other people’s countries as colonists or as members of occupying armies, nay, no idea of what goes on in their own country, behind prison bars, in torture-chambers for political investigation, and in concentration camps. Indeed, in England and in other democratic nations, many are under the impression that *their* government never tolerated such things as concentration camps and torture-chambers for human beings. Only “the enemy” had them — so they believe. Years ago, they would have thought nothing of admitting that “everybody has them”; must have them; that one cannot run a war without those unpleasant but extremely useful accessories. But now hypocrisy concerning violence has reached its pitch. Never has there been, in the world, so much cruelty, allied to such a general attempt to hide it, to deny it, to forget it and, if possible, make others forget it. Never have people been so willing to forget it, in externally “decent” and kindly surroundings — houses and streets in which no torture of man or beast can be *seen* or *heard* — provided, of course, it is not “the enemy’s” cruelty. The only time modern men and women do *not* try to minimise horrors but actually exaggerate them (and often deliberately invent them) is when these happen to be (or are intended to be presented as) “the enemy’s” horrors — never their own. And that is itself only a further instance of the world-wide characteristic of our times: the general love of lies.

What has set the whole world so bitterly against the frank upholders of ruthless methods both in government and war, is not so much that these were violent, but that they were frank. Liars hate those who speak the unpleasant truth, and who act in accordance with it.

* * *

The “unpleasant truth” is that pacifism, non-violence

and so forth are, most of the time, just rackets in the service of the forces of disintegration; dishonest tricks to bluff the fools, to emasculate the strong, and to set millions of cowards and hypocrites (the bulk of the world) against the few people whose inspired policy, pursued ruthlessly to its logical end, could perhaps, even now, arrest the decay of man. And if they are *not* that, then, they are nonsense.

As we have said in the beginning, non-violence can only exist in a world in which the temporal socio-political order is, on the human scale, the replica of the eternal Order of the Cosmos. Any effective preaching — and any partial practice — of pacifism in politics; i.e., within Time, outside such a temporal order, only leads, ultimately, to greater violence; to a greater exploitation of living Nature *and* a greater oppression of man at the hands of those who work for the death-forces. But, for millenniums already, that perfect earthly order has ceased to exist. It has to be created anew before peace can reflourish. And it cannot, *now*, be created anew, without utmost violence, exerted, this time, in a selfless spirit, by men of vision.

The best course for those who sincerely desire a just and. lasting peace would, therefore, naturally be to do all they can to give over the world to those men of vision, as soon as possible; at least, not to try to prevent them from conquering it. Unfortunately, most pacifists either do not really want peace at all, but merely pretend to, or else, want it, but only under certain ideological conditions which are incompatible with its establishment, *now*, and with its duration, and which will only become more and more so, till the end of the present historical cycle. Any obvious violence directed against human beings shocks them. People who openly support the use of force — be it in the most disinterested spirit and for the best of purposes, — are, for that very reason, anathema in, their eyes. Help *them* to conquer and to rule the world? Oh, no! Anything but *that*! The ideals of the ruthless men of vision may well be Golden Age ideals; but their methods! — their cynical attitude towards human life; their relentless chase and pitiless disposal of even *potential* obstacles to the rapid attainment of their selfless aims; their “appalling logic” (to quote the words

of a French official in occupied Germany, after this war)¹ — our pacifists could never stand for these! As a result, they stand for far worse, — generally without knowing it. For, through their refusal to face facts and take the only reasonable attitude that a true lover of peace should have, today, they become tools in the service of the forces of disintegration.

For one cannot have it both ways: whoever is not *for* the everlasting Forces of Light and Life, is against them. Unless one lives “outside” or “above” Time, one either walks in the sense of the unavoidable evolution of history — i.e., towards decay and dissolution, — or one stands against the current of centuries, in a bitter, apparently hopeless, but nevertheless beautiful struggle, one’s eyes fixed upon those perennial ideals which can be fully translated into material reality only once, at the dawn of every successive Cycle, by every successive new humanity. But it is true that the bold minority of men of action who fight, “against Time,” for Golden Age ideals, is bound to become, as time goes on, more and more ruthless in its effort to overcome an increasingly well-organised, increasingly elusive, and increasingly universal opposition. And for that very reason, it will become more and more difficult for the squeamish pacifists to follow it. In all probability, they will continue to prefer identifying themselves with the lying agents of the Dark forces. And this is natural. Again it is within the law of Time. The forces of death must have practically the whole world under their grip, before a new Beginning can start as a re-assertion of Life’s triumph.

And thus, day after day, year after year, now and in the future, the conflicting Powers of light and darkness cannot but carry on their deadly struggle, as they always did, but more and more fiercely as time goes on. And as time goes on, also, the struggle will more and more be between openly acknowledged and openly accepted violence and violence dishonestly disguised, the former being put to the service of Life’s highest purpose on earth — namely, the creation of a perfect, or “Golden Age” humanity — and the latter, to that of the enemies of Life. It has to be so until, after the final crash, — the

¹ “Cette logique effroyable” was the expression used by Monsieur R. Grassot, of the French Information Bureau in Baden-Baden, in his conversation with me on the 9th October 1948.

“end of the world” as we know it, — the leadership of surviving mankind falls to that victorious élite who, even in the midst of the long, general decay of man, never lost its faith in the everlasting cosmic values, nor its will to draw from them, and from them alone, its rule of action.

That élite will, then, no longer be compelled to resort to violence in order to impose its will. It will rule without opposition in a peaceful world in which the New Order of its age-old dreams will appear to all as *the* only natural and rational state of affairs. Until man again forgets unchangeable Truth, acts as though the iron Laws of cause and consequence did not concern *him* — God’s darling! — and again decays.

Nothing can stop the wheel of Time.

CHAPTER III

MEN IN TIME, ABOVE TIME AND AGAINST TIME

All men, inasmuch as they are not liberated from the bondage of Time follow the downward path of history, whether they know it or not, and whether they like it or not.

Few indeed thoroughly *like* it, even at our epoch, — let alone in happier ages, when people read less and thought more. Few follow it unhesitatingly, without throwing, sometime or other, a sad glance towards the distant lost paradise into which they know, in their deeper consciousness, that they are never to enter; the paradise of Perfection *in* time — a thing so remote that the earliest people of whom we know remembered it only as a dream. Yet, they follow the fatal way. They obey their destiny.

That resigned submission to the terrible law of decay — that acceptance of the bondage of Time by creatures who dimly feel that they *could be* free from it, but who find it too hard to try to free themselves; who know before hand that they would never succeed, even if they did try, — is at the bottom of that incurable unhappiness of man, deplored again and again in the Greek tragedies, and long before these were written. Man is unhappy because he knows, because he feels — in general — that the world in which he lives and of which he is a part, is not what it should be, what it could be, what, in fact, it *was* at the dawn of Time, before decay set in and before violence became unavoidable. He cannot whole-heartedly accept that world as his — specially not accept the fact that it is going from bad to worse, — and be glad. However much he may try to be a “realist” and snatch from destiny whatever he can, when he can, still an invincible yearning for the better remains at the bottom of his heart. He cannot — in general — will the world as it is.

But few people — as rare as the liberated ones, for whom Time does not exist, and perhaps rarer, — can and do; and act up to that will. These are the most thorough, the most mercilessly effective agents of the Death-forces on earth: —

supremely intelligent, and sometimes extraordinarily farsighted; always unscrupulous to the utmost; working without hesitation and without remorse in the sense of the downward process of history and, (whether they can see or not as far as that) for its logical conclusion: the annihilation of man and of all life.

Naturally, they do not always see as far as that. But when they do, still they do not care. Since the Law of: Time is what it is, and since the end must come, it is just as well that *they* should draw all the profit they possibly can from the process that is, anyhow, sooner or later, to bring about the end. Since no one can re-create the primeaval lost Paradise — no one but the wheel of Time itself, after it has rolled its full course — then it is just as well that *they*, who can completely forget the distant vision, or who never had a glimpse of its dying glow; they, who can stifle in themselves the age-old yearning for Perfection, or rather, who never experienced it; it is just as well that they, I say, should squeeze out of the fleeing moment (whether minutes or years, it matters little) all the intense, immediate enjoyment they can, until the hour copses when they must die. It is just as well that they should leave their stamp upon the world — force generations to remember them, — until the hour comes for the world to die. So they feel. It makes little difference what suffering they might cause to men or other living creatures, by acting as they do. Both men and creatures are bound to suffer, anyhow. Just as well through them as through others, if that can forward the aims of these people.

* * *

The aims of these people — of the men *within* Time, *par excellence*, — are always selfish aims, even when, owing to their material magnitude and historical importance, they transcend immeasurably any one man's life, as they actually do, sometimes. For selfishness, — the claim of the “part” to more place and to more meaning than is naturally allotted to it within the whole, — is the very root of disintegration, and therefore a characteristic inseparable from Time. One can practically say

that, more a person is thoroughly, remorselessly selfish, more he or she lives “*in Time.*”

But, as we have said, that selfishness is manifested in many different ways. It can find expression in that mere lust for personal enjoyment, which characterises the shameless voluptuary; or in the miser’s insatiable greed for gold; or in the individual ambition of the seeker of honours and position; or in the family ambition of the man who is ready to sacrifice every interest in the world to the welfare and happiness of his wife and children. But it can also be brought out in the exaltation of a man’s tribe or country above all others, *not because of its inherent worth in the natural hierarchy of Life*, but just because it happens to be the tribe or country of that particular man. It can be, nay, and often is, brought out in the undue exaltation of all human beings, however debased, above all the rest of living creation, however healthy and beautiful — the passion which underlies the age-old tyranny of “man” over Nature; the “love of man” not in harmony with the God-ordained duties and rights of each and every species (as of every race and of every individual) according to its place, but in a spirit of mere solidarity with one’s kith and kin, good or bad, worthy or unworthy, solely because they are *one’s own*. Men “in Time” only know what is “their own” and what is not, and they love themselves in whatever is *theirs*.

* * *

As there are men “in Time,” so there are, also, philosophies and religions — “ideologies” — “in Time”; false religions, all of them, for true religion can only be above time. Such doctrines are more and more numerous, more and more varied, and more and more popular as the world proceeds nearer to the end of every historical Cycle. There was an epoch when they did not exist; an epoch in which a man “in Time” was necessarily against all professed doctrines. To-day, nearly all interpretations of age-old, true religions, and nearly all the “isms” that have replaced religions, are of the type “in Time.” Their function within the scheme of things, at this stage of world-history, is just to deceive the well-meaning weaklings and fools — the hesitating people, who want an excuse,

a justification for living “in” Time without the unpleasant feeling of a guilty conscience, and who cannot find one for themselves. These are only too glad to catch hold of a philosophy loudly professing to be unselfish, which allows them, nay, encourages them, to work under its cover for their selfish ends. The ones who use a really unselfish doctrine, — an originally “timeless” philosophy, — for that purpose, lie all the more shamelessly to themselves and to others. And, by doing so, they help in reality to forward the great tendency of history: to hasten the decay which leads to the great End and, beyond — to the following new Beginning.

* * *

But the actual, typical men “within Time” need no justifying ideology in order to act. Their thoroughly selfish attitude is, in all its glaring shamelessness, far more beautiful than that growing tendency of the tiny men to slip down the path to perdition while hanging unto some “noble” ends such as “liberty, equality, fraternity” or “the rights of international proletariat,” or unto some misunderstood religion. Whatever they may tell the people whom they wish to deceive, — whom they *have* to deceive, in order to succeed, — the real men “in Time” never deceive themselves. They know what they truly want. And they know the way to get it. And they do not care what it costs to others *or* to themselves. And, specially, they do not, at the same time, want anything *else*, which is incompatible with their aims.

And so, — whether on an ordinary scale, like the consistent voluptuary or the single-purposed miser, or on a nation-wide or continent-wide scale, like those who stir millions and sacrifice millions of people, that *they* might impose their own will, — they act, in a way, as gods would act. And, both in the grandeur of their achievements and in the beauty of the first-rate qualities of character which they put to the service of their purpose, a few of them really have something god-like — as, for instance, that greatest conqueror of all times, whose extraordinary career forms the subject-matter of a part of this book: Genghis-Khan. They possess the awful splendour of the great devastating forces of Nature; of the roaring sea, rolling out

of its bed over the land; of a lava stream, burning its way through all obstacles; of the lightning, that men used to worship, when they still understood what is divine.

Naturally, this can be said only of those men whose action exceeds, by its very magnitude, the limits of what is “personal.” It is difficult to imagine any mere seeker of physical pleasure, or even of individual riches, attaining such a grim, god-like greatness. The importance of the men “in Time,” as such, depends upon the nature of their action itself and upon the breadth of the surroundings which it influences, no less if not more than upon the way in which, and the one-sided, cynically selfish purpose for which, they act. And this is understandable, for reasons other than the sheer aesthetic impression which the true story of a mighty life can leave upon the reader or the bystander. It is the consequence of the fact that, like the great forces of Nature which we mentioned, real men “in Time” are blind powers, serving unknowingly the purpose of the Cosmos. The same is true, of course, of the petty seekers after small profits, in their limited sphere of activity. They too are blind powers of destruction. But small ones, at our scale at least. We experience the awe of the Divine in presence of the big ones only — as we do, for instance, before a storm upon the Ocean, while the sight of a pool of water disturbed by the wind leaves us indifferent.

When the ends, — however petty and personal in themselves, — are masterfully served through such action as stirs the whole world; when, in order to attain them, a man “in Time” displays, upon the international stage, superhuman qualities worthy of much higher ends, then, one feels one’s self in presence not of a *man* “in Time” but of the divine Destroyer — Mahakala; Time Itself, — everlastingly rushing the Thing that seems to annihilation followed by new birth and then again by further decay and annihilation.

The man “in Time” can have *any* aim, with the exception of a disinterested one (which would at once raise him “above Time”). He himself is always like a blind force of destructive Nature. (That is the reason why so many thoroughly “bad” characters in literature and in the theatre are so attractive, in their forceful evil.) He has no ideology. Or rather, his ideology is himself, separated from the divine Whole — i.e., it is the

disintegration of the Whole (of the universe) for the benefit of himself, and, ultimately, the destruction of himself also, although he does not *know* it or does not care. And that is the case in every instance. But under certain conditions, when his action takes, in human history, the permanent importance that a great geological cataclysm has in the history of the earth, then, as I said, the man “in Time” disappears from our sight, and in his place — but still bearing his features, — appears, in all His dramatic majesty, Mahakala, the eternal Destroyer. It is Him Whom we adore in the great lightning individuals such as Genghis Khan — Him; not them. They are only the clay images inhabited by Him for a few brief years. And just as the clay image hides and suggests the invisible God or Goddess — Power everlasting — so does their selfishness both hide and reveal the impersonal purposefulness of Life; the destructive phase of the divine Play, in which already lies the promise of the new dawn to come.

And just as volcanic convulsions or invading sea-tides prepare, in the course of centuries, a new growth, in a re-shaped physical universe, so do the great men “in Time” bring us nearer the liberating end and thereby prepare the way for the next glorious Beginning. “Scourges of God,” in a way, they are also blessings in disguise. Far better their frank, brutal destructiveness for selfish ends than the silly patch-work of the ordinary well-meaning people who try to “do good” in this fallen world, without having the courage to strike and burn and tear; who have only “constructive” schemes — all useless! For destruction and creation are for ever linked. That is why we adore the Lightning as well as the Sun, and are overwhelmed by a feeling of sacred awe at the thought of the grand-scale exterminators *without* ideologies, human likenesses of great Mahakala.

* * *

But there are also men “outside Time” or rather “above Time”; men who live, here and now, in eternity; who (directly at least) have no part to play in the downward rush of history towards disintegration and death, but who behold it from above — as one beholds, from a strong and safe bridge, the irresistible rush of a waterfall into the abyss — and who

have repudiated the law of violence which is the law of Time.

Of such men, most live a very special life, away from the world; a life of which the whole inner discipline, spiritual, moral and physical, is systematically devised to keep them in constant union with the great Reality beyond Time: the Thing that is, as opposed to the Thing that seems. They are the real ascetics (in the etymological sense of the word: those who have “trained” themselves to live in eternity). Others — far rarer — live in eternity without a particular “training,” even while living, outwardly, the life of the world; while being husbands and wives, parents and educators of children, manual or intellectual labourers, citizens, soldiers, rulers, etc.

Of those who live “outside” or “above” Time, some are saviours. Others just leave things and people go their way, feeling that they are not called to intervene in anyone’s destiny and knowing that, in the course of centuries, all souls that care to be saved will, anyhow, evolve towards the timeless life of the saints. The distinction between these two types of “liberated” people corresponds, in Buddhist terminology, to that between the Bodhisattvas and the Arhats. Both these are free beings, outside the law of birth and rebirth — the bondage of Time. But, while the Arhat remains completely aloof from the fallen world, the Bodhisattva is born over and over again, of his own free will, in order to help living creatures to work themselves out of the ocean of life within Time.

But the salvation which the men “above Time” offer the world is always that which consists in breaking the time-bondage. It is *never* that which would find its expression in collective life on earth in accordance with Golden Age ideals. It is the salvation of the individual soul, never that of organised society. For the men “above Time” know fully well *that* that cannot be saved before the beginning of a new Time-cycle — specially not by peaceful preaching or even edifying examples. And even when they do, to some extent, try to bring a certain amount of organisation into being among a restricted number of disciples, — in monastic communities, for instance, — they know that, however saintly it be, the community as such is bound to degenerate sooner or later. The Buddha foretold the corruption of his *sangha* “after five hundred years.”

It is true that some — though extremely few — men, of those whom we have characterised as “above Time,” have been (or have tried to be) reformers in the worldly sense, by non-violent means. But none of them were “saviours” of society, really speaking. The saviours in the worldly sense of the word — those who set out to perfect not merely men’s souls but men’s collective life and government, and international relations — are what we call men “against Time.” And *they* are necessarily violent, although not always physically so. They may be, — in fact, they should be, — personally free from the bondage of Time, if they are to act with the maximum of foresight and efficiency. But they have to take into consideration the conditions of action “within Time” to live “in” Time, also, in a way. The others — the men “above Time” who appear to have been reformers — have not really tried to remould the world according to their understanding of eternal truth (otherwise, they would not have remained non-violent). What they did was to live *in* the world their own timeless philosophy. And to the extent that they occupied a position of importance — like that most remarkable of them all, Akhnaton, King of Egypt, who was in his days the most powerful man on earth — their lives could not but have a repercussion upon those of their contemporaries.

It might seem strange that the Founder of a State-religion — for the cult of the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” *was* that, undoubtedly — should not be counted among the “saviours” of the world, but rather among those extremely rare men “above Time” who have lived the life of this earth while stubbornly remaining foreign to this earth’s grim realities. But appearances are deceitful. And we shall see, further on, in examining the nature of the much misunderstood Cult of the Disk and the life of King Akhnaton, its Promoter, that this view is the right one.

* * *

The most distinctive trait of the men “outside” or “above” Time, as opposed to those who live “in” Time or “against” Time, is perhaps their consistent refusal to use violence even in order to forward the most righteous cause. Not that they are at all squeamish about violence, like the weaklings, neither

good nor bad, who compose ninety per cent of mankind at our epoch. They could not possibly disapprove of the warrior-like ideal of detached, selfless violence preached by Lord Krishna — the divine Preserver of the Universe, Himself — in the Bhagavad-Gita; for that ideal is in harmony with everlasting truth, which any man who has transcended Time is bound to acknowledge. Only *they* are not Kshatriyas by nature, whatever be their race, their social position, their inherited responsibilities; they are not men of action, by nature, let alone fighters. *Their* action, like that of the Sun, lies essentially in their personal radiation of power, beauty and goodness. What they do is, of course, the integral reflexion of what they are, nothing more; nothing different; nothing which is foreign to them, for they are fully conscious of their being. And if they have any substantial influence at all, it is, like that of the Sun, an influence from above and from afar, characterised by its absolute impartiality, its indiscriminate and impersonal goodness. They do nothing to compell others — nothing, at least, beyond certain limits, even if they live *in* the world. They know they cannot force the evolution of things, nor suppress the part played by Time in the lives of those who are still submitted to its iron law. Again, like the Sun, they shine. If the seed is alive, it will ripen sooner or later, never mind when, Violence would only help to produce an artificial growth. And if the seed be dead? Let it be! There are new seeds; new creations, for ever and ever. The people who live in eternity can wait.

We have said: those who remain “above Time” do not resort to violence. This does not mean that all men who abstain from violence are necessarily liberated souls, living “above Time.” First, an immense number of cowards are non-violent for fear of taking risks. And they are- anything but free from the bondage of Time. Then, that which one often takes for non-violence, — that which actually goes under that name, — is, in reality, but a subtler form of violence: pressure upon other people’s feelings, more oppressive and — when one knows, in each case, what feelings to appeal to, many a time more effective than pressure upon their bodies. Late Mahatma Gandhi’s much admired “non-violence” was of that type: moral violence; not: “Do this, or else I kill you!”, but: “Do this, or else I kill myself!”

Knowing

that you hold my life as indispensable. It may look “nobler.” In fact, it is just the same — apart from the difference in the technique of pressure. It is, rather, *less* “noble” because, precisely on account of that subtler technique, it leads people to, believe that it is not violence, and therefore contains an element of deceit, an inherent falsehood, from which ordinary violence is free.

Late Mahatma Gandhi was by no means what we have tried to define as a man “above time.” He was what we shall call a man “against Time,” aiming *now* — far too late or... a little too soon, — at the establishment of a tangible order of justice (Ram raj) on this earth. But, inasmuch as it lacks the frankness of brutal force, his so-called “non-violence” — moral violence — is characteristic of our epoch of dishonesty (however honest and sincere *he* might have been himself.) It is, perhaps, the first instance in history of a disguised form of violence applied, on a broad scale, *in a struggle* for a good purpose. Its popularity in India can partly be credited to the fact that it was, or seemed to be, the only practical weapon in the hands of totally disarmed and, to a great extent, naturally apathetic people. But it enjoyed abroad, also, a tremendous publicity, quite out of proportion with its real value (and late Mahatma Gandhi’s tremendous reputation of “holiness” is no less out of proportion with his real place among the great men of India). The foreigners who have done the most to popularise it are people typical of our degenerate age: people who recoil at the mere thought of any healthy and frank display of force, but who cannot even detect moral violence; men and women (especially women) of the Western Democracies, the most hypocritical half of the world. It appealed to them precisely to the extent that it was violence *in disguise*. Even English people (some of whom had lived in India; some of whom had, nay, occupied a high position within the ranks of British colonial officialdom) could not help admiring it. It was not that hated brutal force which other great men “against Time” had used in, the course of history (or were using at our epoch) to bring about an age of justice. Oh, no!

But it surely was not, either, the non-violence of the men “above Time” who, if they cared at all to take an occasional stand against the unavoidable fall of mankind, would either use no real pressure at all to enforce their good laws — and

fail, from a worldly point of view, as King Akhnaton did, — or else, exert “against Time” any amount of violence that might be necessary, in the spirit of the God Who speaks, in the Bhagavad-Gita, to the Fighter for a just cause (provided the latter happens to be, like Arjuna, a *Kshatriya*, i.e., a warrior by race and by nature).

* * *

The men who remain “above Time” seem to be those who have the least influence of all upon the course of events in this world. And that too is to be expected in a world which is sinking deeper and deeper every day into the abyss. In the Age of Truth, and even in later ages pictured in the sacred books of India, the men “above Time” — the true Brahmins, in union with eternal Reality — were the natural *and actual* counsellors of kings; genuine spiritual authority then backed legitimate temporal power. But as the temporal order on earth became more and more unlike the ideal heavenly Order, kings were less and less inclined to act according to the commands of an increasingly rare timeless wisdom. And what is true of kings is, also, here, true of commoners. As a result, men “outside Time” or “above Time” enjoy less and less authority as the world proceeds towards the end of every Time-cycle. Even when, — like King Akhnaton — they themselves happen to be rulers endowed with absolute power, their lives do not — cannot — in what the Hindus call the “Kali Yuga,” leave upon the sands of time the trace which they normally should.

Moreover, sometimes, — and that, even if they be ascetics, apparently separated from the world, — men “above Time” can, like the Sun, with which we have constantly compared them, be destructive, indirectly. Their light, indiscriminately shed upon the righteous and the unrighteous, can have the most varied and unexpected effects amidst a humanity evolving from bad to worse. One can think of the destructiveness of King Akhnaton’s “Golden Age” attitude to international affairs, viewed from the Egyptian side. One can think also of the true religions, conceived by such men “above Time” as were *not* in possession of temporal power, and then distorted by clever people who lived, most of them, entirely “within

Time,” and used by them in the service of the most selfish, the most destructive of all worldly ends. It is, naturally, “not the fault” of the men “above Time” — any more than it would be “the fault” of the Sun, if, in some land where the heat of the sun-rays is unbearable, a man were to tie his enemy to a pillar in a shadeless place and leave him to die there. Truly speaking, it is not “the fault” of the men “within Time” either. It is a consequence of the law of general decay, inseparable from life in time: as the world becomes less and less capable of penetrating their eternal meaning, even the best things are misunderstood, and, either hated and rejected or else put to some criminal use.

Exiles of the Golden Age in our Age of Gloom, the men “above Time” either live entirely within their own inner world, or else live and act in this one also, but as though it were still in its Golden Age. They either renounce this world or ignore it — or, better, forget it, as a man forgets the scars of sin and sickness upon a once beautiful face, which he still loves, in spite of all. They see the everlasting and unchangeable behind the downward rush of the stream of time; the Thing that *is*, behind the thing that seems. Even when they live in the world of forms, colours and sounds as earnestly and intensely as King Akhnaton — that supreme artist — did, still those impressions take on, for them, a meaning entirely different from that which they retain in the consciousness of people submitted to the bondage of Time. Men “above Time” enjoy with detachment, as people who know they will never die. They also suffer with detachment, being constantly aware of their blissful real Self, which is beyond pleasure and pain.

And the fallen world can never understand them, i.e. know them, any more than *they* can understand the fall of man, in which they have no part, as others, who share it, can, and do. And yet, untiringly, — like the Sun, far away and omnipresent — they shed their light; that light which is, in our growing gloom, like a glimpse of all the past and future dawns.

* * *

But, as we have said, there are also people with a Golden Age outlook, — fully aware of what a splendid place this world

could be, materially and otherwise, — who can, however, neither renounce life “as it is” nor ignore it; people who, in addition to that, are endowed with what the Hindus would call a “Kshatriya” nature: born fighters, for whom difficulties exist only to be overcome, and for whom the impossible has a strange fascination. These are the men “against Time,” — absolutely sincere, selfless idealists, believers in those eternal values that the fallen world has rejected, and ready, in order to reassert them on the material plane, to resort to any means within their reach. As a consequence of the law of Time, those means are necessarily all the more drastic and all the more brutal as every historical Cycle draws nearer to its end. The last Man “against Time” is, in fact, no other than He Whose name, in Sanskrit Tradition, is Kalki, — the last Incarnation of the divine Sustainer of the universe and, at the same time, the Destroyer of the whole world; the Saviour Who will put an end to this present “yuga” in a formidable display of unparalleled violence, in order that a new creation may flourish in the innocence and splendour of a new “Age of Truth.”

Men “outside Time” or “above Time,” at the most saviours of *souls*, have, more often than not, disciples who are definitely men “against Time.” (Sometimes even men “*in* Time”; but we do not speak of these, for they are mere exploiters of religions or ideologies for selfish ends, not sincere disciples of saints.) The true disciples — and, in some rare instances, the Masters themselves — who are “*against* Time,” thorough organisers, unscrupulous propagandists and ruthless fighters, are the actual founders of most of, if not all, the great Churches of the world, even when the religions preached by those Churches are doctrines originally “above Time,” as they generally are. And this is unavoidable inasmuch as a Church is always or nearly always, not only itself a material organisation, but an organisation which aims at regulating the lives of thousands, when not millions, of people *in* this world — in Time. Apparently, the one exception to that law is Buddhism, the only important international religion which has conquered over half a mighty continent without the help of men “against Time” and without the use of violence; the one in the name of which persecution of other faiths was never carried on but twice in the whole course of history, — and that, by men “*in*

Time,” and for reasons decidedly political, not religious.¹ But then, we must remember that this creed is, more than any other, dominated by the yearning to escape the bondage of Time, and that it is, in fact, not intended at all for life *in* Time. A person who accepts its postulates cannot possibly think of a better world, except if it be “outside” or “above Time.” But, as a result of this, there is perhaps a more shocking disparity between the high ideals of the religion and the life of the faithful in Buddhist countries than anywhere else. The religions that have spread and maintained themselves partly through violence, have had, in spite of many shortcomings, and of less high moral standards, a greater practical influence upon the lives of their followers as a whole, strange as this may appear.

One does not always realise this clearly enough, when one criticises the great active disciples for being inconsistent with “the spirit” of their contemplative masters. One does not realise that, without the ruthless passion of those men, the organisations that have, one must admit, kept to some extent “the spirit” alive, would just not exist, in, many places where they still flourish, and that many “spiritual treasures,” that one values so much, would be lost to the world. *If* one really values those “treasures,” one should not find fault with the men “against Time” or, more often than not, “*in* Time,” who recoiled from nothing so that they might be put, and kept, within man’s reach. Without the brutal methods of Charlemagne, the Saxon-slayer, so obviously anything but “Christ-like,” the Germans would perhaps, to this day, have remained attached to their old gods; so would have the Norwegians, without the drastic sort of evangelisation imposed upon them by King Olaf Tryggvason. Without the equally sincere, equally fanatical, and even more brutal activities of many men “against” or “in” Time, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, half Goa, and the whole of Mexico and

¹ Once in Central Asia, in the early thirteenth century, by the “Gurkhan” of the Kara-Khitai, against both Islam and Nestorian Christianity, and another time, in seventeenth century Japan, by the first Shoguns of the Tokugawa Dynasty, Iyeyasu, Hidetada and Iyemitsu, against Christianity.

Peru would probably not be, to-day, professing the Christian faith. Christianity owes a lot to men “against Time” — and perhaps still more to men “*in Time.*”

We, who are not Christians, may — and do, — deplore it. We are aware of the fact that many spiritual treasures other than those contained in the Gospels — the truths contained in the old European Paganisms, or long preserved in the solar cults of Central and Southern America; treasures of which, to-day, one knows much too little, — were lost to the world precisely through the impersonal zeal of religious-minded men, by nature “against Time” (or through the wanton destructiveness of men “*in Time*”) such as those we have mentioned. But we believe that, wherever such losses were suffered, there was something wrong not with the forgotten truth (which is eternal) but with the people who should have managed to stand for it against the new and hostile doctrine; we believe, in fact, that there were not enough men “against Time” among *those* people — not enough persons in whose Eyes the now lost teachings were, then, sufficiently alive to be made a basis for the organisation of human society against the growing current of decay; not enough who, in order to defend them on those grounds, were prepared to be as ruthless and as perseverant as the Christians were in order to destroy them.

* * *

The relation between the Master, permanently “above Time,” and the ardent realist “against Time” — builder and defender of all militant Churches — who happens to be his disciple, has never been so perfectly pictured as in the words addressed to the Christ by the grand Inquisitor, in Dostoyevsky’s famous episode of “The Karamazov brothers.” “Thou hast resisted the three temptations of the Devil” — refused the means to rule, offered to Thee by the! One who knows men and time, better than any other. “Thou hast refused to turn stones into bread” — to give the multitudes material goods; “Thou hast refused to throw Thyself from the height of the Temple” — to give the people astonishment and awe; “Thou hast refused to bow down to Me — the Master of lies; the

Master of Time — to live “*in Time*,” to some extent at least. “As a result, the people have drifted away from Thy teaching and from Thyself, and Thou canst not save them. It is we” — we the unscrupulous, we, the violent, the men who stop at nothing to make the truth they love a reality in this world — “it is we, I say, who save them, in Thy stead, by doing all that which Thou hast refused to do and therefore by damning ourselves in Thine eyes. And we accept that damnation for the love of Thee — for Thy name to be praised.”

This is the substance of the Inquisitor’s discourse, if not its textual wording. And the militant champion of the organised creed tells the Christ: “*Do not come back!* — do not destroy the work that we are doing in this fallen world, for Thy glory!”

For no *organisation* can live “outside Time” — “above Time” — and hope to bring men back, one day, to the knowledge of the eternal, values. *That*, all men “above Time” have realised. In order to establish, or even to try to establish, here and now, a better order, in accordance with Truth everlasting, one *has to* live, outwardly at least, like those who are still “in Time”; like them, one *has to be* violent, merciless, destructive — but for different ends. Therein lies the tragedy of bringing into reality any dream of perfection. And the more perfect the dream — the further away from the conditions of success in this fallen world, — the more ruthless must necessarily be the methods of those who sincerely wish to impose it upon men, too late or... too early.

Knowing this, the real men “above Time” are the first ones to understand and to appreciate the wholehearted efforts of their disciples “against Time,” however “awful” these might appear to ordinary people neither good nor bad. The Christ, in Dostoyevsky’s famous page, says nothing. What could he say? There is nothing to be said which the leader of the militant Church could understand. To the Inquisitor, the Christ will always remain a mystery. But the Christ understands the Inquisitor and values his love. Before leaving the prison-cell — and the world of Time — *he kisses him*.

* * *

As we have pointed out above, no man “outside Time”

can enjoy any real influence upon human society unless he has such disciples, or unless he is himself prepared to become, also, a man “against Time.” For it is a fact that one can be both “above Time,” in one’s personal outlook, and “against Time” in one’s activity in the world. All the really great creative men “against Time” possess these two aspects: they are men of vision aware of timeless truths; but they are, also, men who have been stirred to the depth by the glaring contrast between the ideal world, built according to those truths, and the actual world in which they live; men who, after what they have seen and experienced, can neither remain any longer cut off from time, in their own inner paradise, nor act in life as though all were well, but who *must* devote their whole life and energy to the reshaping of tangible reality on the model of their vision of Truth. One such Man is the warrior-like Prophet Mohamed who dreamed a world-theocracy and succeeded in founding a great civilisation, lasting to this day. Another one, — whose unparalleled greatness is yet unrecognised, because his follow lost a war instead of winning it — is the tragic and beautiful figure that dominates the history of the West in our own times: Adolf Hitler.

I have compared men “in Time” to the Lightning, and men “outside Time” or “above Time” to the Sun. Using the same metaphorical language, one can say that men “against Time” partake both of the Sun *and* of the Lightning, inasmuch as they are truly inspired by Golden Age ideals, rooted in timeless Truth, and as, — precisely in order to be able to stand for such ideals on the material plane, in the Age of Gloom, against the current of Time — they are compelled to display all the practical qualities of the men “in Time”; inasmuch as the only difference between them and the latter lies *not* in their methods (which are the same, and cannot but be so) but in their selfless, impersonal ends.

They serve those ends with merciless realism but, to the extent they are “above Time” also, with the detachment preached to the warrior in the Bhagavad-Gita. In fact, the Teaching of the Bhagavad-Gita is nothing else but the philosophy of the perfect Man “against Time,” *yogi* in spirit, warrior in action; a Man like King Akhnaton, the Only-One of the Sun, free from the bondage of Time, and whose strength

is cosmic Energy Itself, *but...* who uses that strength, on the material plane, in the service of his ideals, with all the remorseless logic of a Genghis Khan.

Alone Kalki — the last Man “against Time,” at the end of every historical Cycle; the last Saviour, Who is also the greatest Destroyer — impersonates that double ideal perfectly, and succeeds completely. It is He Who restores to the world its primeaval health, beauty and innocence, thus opening a new Time-cycle.

The other men “against Time” — *before* the very end of each humanity — succeed, and are recognised and exalted by millions, permanently, inasmuch as they, or their followers, abandon their spirit and work decidedly “in” Time, compromising with the forces of death; in other words, inasmuch as they have in them, — like the Prophet Mohamed,¹ — more “lightning” than “sun.” Otherwise, they are defeated by the agents of the dark forces, broken in their might by the down-ward rush of history, which they are unable to stem. And such a fate awaits, always, until the very end of any Time-cycle, those who are too magnanimous, too trusting, too good; those who put too much confidence both in foreigners and in their sown people; those who do not “purge” their following often enough and thoroughly enough; who love their people too much to suspect ingratitude or actual treachery where it lies; who are not merciless enough, and sometimes spare their, fleeing enemies; in one word, those who, like Adolf Hitler, have, in their psychological make-up, too much “sun” and not enough “lightning.” Be He, himself, but the last one in date of these, come back with superhuman might after apparent annihilation, or a new one altogether, “Kalki” will avenge them and the people who struggled at their side, for no visible result whatsoever, in their days. And then, He will make their apparently impossible dreams the living reality of the next great Beginning!

In every great Beginning, the men “above Time,” lonely ascetics, saviours of souls, or planners of an ideal order, too good for the fallen earth — Arhats, Boddhisatwas, or Rajrishis, to use the Sanskrit terminology, — meet the great Ones “against Time” on the material plane as on every other. Then, in

¹ See the life of the Founder of Islam.

a world in which violence is no longer necessary, nay, no longer thinkable; in which freedom and order go hand in hand, things *are*, according to the very law of manifestation in Time, what both the men “above Time” who cared to give a thought to collective life, *and* the greatest men “against Time” wanted them to be. The City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk as King Akhnaton dreamed it; the “Seat of Truth” which, even in his far-gone days, he failed to establish upon earth, and the world New Order which Adolf Hitler fought in vain to install in the midst of our present-day, worthless humanity, are, then one and the same living, tangible reality in time, — as long, at least, as unavoidable decay does not once more set in.

And thus, through the perfect, impersonal — mathematical — justice of the Cosmos, each different agent of universal Destiny has the success which is due to him as a man. Those who work for the immediate result of their action, in a selfish spirit, obtain that result (and what a tremendous one, sometimes!) and play their part in the evolution of a world that *must* pass through degradation and death before it can experience the glory of a new birth and of a new youth. They bring that world nearer to its end. On the other hand, those who have renounced the bondage of Time and, purposely, either do not act, or else act in the selfless spirit of the warrior in the Bhagavad-Gita, get the glorious result of their life’s thought and work at the beginning of the following Time-cycle. And it may well be that the efforts of the men “against Time,” apparently wasted upon an ununderstanding and ungrateful world, actually *do* add to the beauty of every new Beginning, and that they even hasten its advent. For nothing is *ever* lost.

And as we have said, Destruction and Creation are inseparable. Even the most destructive men “in Time” are creative in their way. Men “above Time” are also destructive in their way — indirectly, as the former are creative. Men “against Time” are actively, consciously, *willingly* both creative and destructive — like Lord Shiva Himself: the divine Principle behind all change; the Destroyer, Who again and again creates; and like Vishnu, the Preserver, Who, once at least in every Time-cycle, comes as Kalki, to destroy completely.

In them, the Cosmos is for ever seeking its Principle, against the irresistible Law of Time, which steadily draws it away from It, from the beginning to the end of every successive material manifestation in time.

Completed in Karlsruhe railway station on the 6th December, 1948.

57-58

PART II

THE LIGHTNING

(Genghis Khan)

CHAPTER IV

THE CHILD OF VIOLENCE

Just as the physical universe is the masterpiece of divine creativeness in space, so is the history of any "Cycle" the masterpiece of the same impersonal Artistry, in time. No man knows the importance of certain events until they have taken their place as unavoidable details of a historical pattern. But once one can see them in their proper perspective, — however insignificant they may appear, outwardly, when isolated, — one cannot but admire the consistency of the implacable Force which binds cause and effect and compels decaying humanity to hasten to its doom in perfect order.

Some eight hundred years ago, in the country east of Lake Baikal, along the border of the River Onon, a man of the Merkit tribe was taking home his pretty, newly wedded bride, a girl of the Olhonod clan, round-faced, slit-eyed and dark-haired, adorned with heavy silver jewelry and beads of bright blue turquoise. The girl was called Hoelun. She did not know herself what an exceptionally strong, masterful woman she was, nor what a staggering destiny awaited her. She did not know that the "dwellers in felt tents" — the men of the steppes — were to praise her name for all times as the mother and grand-mother of conquerors; the ancestress of dynasties. She merely knew that she was following her husband, for whom she was to work and bear sons, like any other wife. And she was happy. In her complete ignorance of immediate distress and ultimate glories, she smiled to the sweet present. She watched the reflexion of the Sun in the rapid waters of the river, or played with the blue beads of her necklace.

But suddenly her blood went cold. She saw three men on horse-back ride towards her, and she at once understood their purpose. She knew that her one man could not overcome three, and she herself urged him to flee and save at least his own life. She would be lost to him anyhow. So the Merkit fled. The three men galloped nearer and nearer until they reached the girl, seized her and dragged her off. As they carried her away, she wept and lamented. But along the

borders of the Orion and from the endless grasslands over which her ravishers rode with her, no answer came to her cries. The bright sky shone above, and the wind swept the green immensity all round her. One of the three men roughly told Hoelun to stop lamenting. “Though thou shouldst weep, thy husband will not turn his head. Seek his traces, thou shalt not find them. Stop thy cries, then, and cease to weep!”¹

And on they went — the three brothers, on horseback, and the sullen girl in her *kibitka*, drawn by one of the horses — until the day faded over the grasslands without end and the ragged rocks here and there and the burning dust of the barrens; until the hills in the West grew dark against the fiery background of the sky, and the dry air became suddenly cold. The men talked little. A flight of wild birds crossed the sky, far above their heads, and they watched it pass, with sharp, hunters’ eyes. The wheels of the *kibitka* creaked at regular intervals. Hoelun had ceased weeping. And she did not speak. Resigned — for there was nothing she could do, — she was already beginning to adjust herself to the circumstances that were to mould her life. Unknowingly, she was preparing to make the best of them, as a wise girl she was. The creaking wheels were carrying her nearer and nearer to the tents of the Yakka Mongols, amidst whom she was to fulfill her glorious destiny. The silent and robust young man riding the horse that drew her *kibitka* was the chieftain of his tribe. His name was Yesugei.

She watched his darkening silhouette that moved before her above that of the horse.

* * *

The Sun had set when, at last, they reached the young man’s *ordu*. Above the western horizon, still glowing crimson, layers of unbelievable hues — limpid gold, and pale, transparent green, and pink, and violet, — succeeded one another, abruptly. The mountains in the east were the colour of lilac. But Hoelun, to whom the splendour of the moistless Mongolian sky was an everyday sight, paid little attention. She only saw the camp into which the men were driving her: the round

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 56.

felt *yurts*; the evening fires; the forms of herdsmen and warriors, before the fires. She heard voices of men and women; children's laughter; the neighing of horses, the barking of dogs — the voices of life. There were not as many *yurts* as she had expected. This was a poor *ordu*. Yet, it was her new home, now. Not the one her father had planned to give her, but the one the Kings of the invisible world — the spirits of the Eternal Blue Sky, who rule all things visible, — were giving her, because such was their pleasure, and the world's destiny.

She looked at the strange faces of the new, strange place, with childish curiosity mingled with apprehension and the vague feeling of something momentous. She was being driven. Towards what? For a second, she recalled the familiar countenance of the young Merkit warrior to whom she had been wedded, and she was sad. But she was given no time to ponder over the past. Joyful shouts were already greeting the return of the chieftain Yesugei and of his two brothers, who had dismounted. Women were gathering round her *kibitka* to have a look at her. And, as many were commenting upon her fair appearance, she felt pleased.

She was given to Yesugei, and there was a feast at the camp, that night. The warriors ate and drank a lot, and minstrels sang. Hoelun's new life had begun. She was assigned a *yurt* of her own, and serving women. And Yesugei now spent his nights in that *yurt*.

She neither lusted after him nor loved him as she had the young husband for the loss of whom she had wept. But she knew that it was her fate to be his wife — to bear sons to the strong man who had stolen her away from the one who had fled. And she submitted to her fate. She worked for Yesugei by day — cooking his food; making felt; dressing skins, and splitting cords from sinews.¹ And at night, when he came to her, she hid her fear of him and her reluctance. She submitted to his passion as the cool, passive, ageless earth submits to the fury of the devastating and fertilising thunder-storm, and she kept her feelings to herself. He was drawn to her by a direct and elemental force like that which gathers together the heavy restless clouds, and loosens rain upon the earth,

¹ Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 51.

a force that was beyond him and beyond her, and beyond all men, and that merely used their bodies in order to fulfill the inexorable, hidden logic of evolving history: the superhuman command of Destiny.

During one of those nights, the spark of life was kindled in her womb. And she conceived the son who was to render her name and that of Yesugei immortal; the Child of lust and violence and of divine, irresistible purpose; the future Genghis Khan. But Hoelun did not know it. Nor did Yesugei. No man knows what he is doing when he soothes the fire of his loins in a woman's belly.

In the camp of the Yakka Mongols and in the wide world outside the camp, everything was — or seemed — the same as on any other night. The bitter wind howled over the barrens, and the River Orion rushed on to mingle its waters with those of the Ingoda and, finally, those of the mighty River Amur. Now and then, the howling of a jackal or of a wolf could be heard within the howling of the wind. But, although no one noticed it, the position of the stars in the resplendent heavens was an unusual one, full of meaning.

And while Hoelun busied herself with the monotonous everyday tasks of life — while she tended her new husband's *yurt* and cooked his food, or slept at his side — the child of Destiny took shape within her body. He was born in the year of the Hare according to the Calendar of the Twelve Beasts — the year 1157 of the Christian era, — clutching a clot of blood within his right hand.

CHAPTER V

THE WILL TO SURVIVE

“He came into the world with little else except the strong instinct to survive,” writes a modern historian¹ about Temujin, son of Yesugei: the child who was to become Genghis Khan. And this is not merely a true statement concerning the baby; it is the key to the man’s whole life; the explanation — if there be any — of the conqueror’s extraordinary career. There is no impersonal inspiration, no disinterested love behind Temujin’s long, stubborn struggle against tremendous hostile forces — a struggle that any onlooker would have judged hopeless, at the time. There is no “ideology” of any sort behind his battles, and behind the iron discipline — the *order* — which he imposed upon the people of fifty subdued kingdoms. There is only a patient, methodical, overwhelming will — the will to survive, — assisted by clear intelligence, and unfailing knowledge of men, or, rather, by an unfailing instinct, clearer, surer and more powerful than that which we generally call intelligence; a mysterious but absolute knowledge of all that was (or could be made) *useful* to him, and a constant readiness to act in accordance with what he knew. Admirable qualities, which would raise any man far above all men, and which did not fail to set Temujin aside as *the* greatest conqueror and one of the greatest men of all times. But they were means to an end. And the end was first to keep Temujin alive and then to make him and his family secure. The vision that was to fill the consciousness of the great warrior more and more compellingly as time and victory increased his power beyond all limits was neither the salvation of the world for its own sake, nor its destruction, but the organisation of the world for *his* own benefit and that of the *Altyn Uruk* — the “Golden Family” — *his* family; for the survival of himself and of his power in his sons and grandsons, clad in luxury and seated upon thrones.

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 41.

Moreover, Temujin — Genghis Khan — is, as far as I know, the first man in history to have shaken two continents while prompted by such a simple, eminently practical aim. There was no vanity in him, as in many a lesser conqueror; no lust for dramatic effects, — although his career be, no doubt, one of the most splendid living dramas ever staged upon this earth. And, despite the “pyramids of skulls” and other such grim realities connected with his name, no superfluous cruelty either; no cruelty out of impulse as occasionally, in Alexander the Great; and no cold-blooded, yet purposeless cruelty for the sheer pleasure of it, as in Assur-nasir-pal, King of Assyria.¹ He was too strong — and too practical — to be impressed by the by-products of power. He knew what he wanted, and patiently made himself ready. And when ready, he struck straight at his aim, with the irresistibility — and the divine indifference — of lightning. He is perhaps the first historic figure embodying *to the full* that which I have called, in the first part of this book, the power of Lightning — the power of Time in its merciless onward rush. His destructiveness was the passionless destructiveness of Mahakala, all-devouring Time. And his aims, so personal, so precise and practical, were but the pretext used by the everlasting forces of disintegration to quicken the march of mankind towards its doom. No one has indeed deserved, more than he, the title of “Scourge of God” given him, in fear, by whole crumbling civilisations. But “God” was, in reality, not the man-loving God of the Christian and Muslim chroniclers, but the impersonal creative-destructive Power immanent in all growth, in all life. The “scourge” came from within, not from without. Genghis Khan was an instance, not a punishment. For his attitude to the living world, manifested on the broadest possible scale, his merciless self-centred claims, were but those of every man in a decaying humanity in which all activity has become more and more self-centred — provided every man had the sincerity, the courage and the strength to admit that, in his eyes, nothing matters but himself, and to carry on that attitude to its logical conclusion. It was the attitude of a doomed humanity, but completely devoid of that monstrous hypocrisy which makes a doomed humanity so repulsive.

¹ 884-859 B.C.

And it is that harsh frankness of purpose, along with his almost miraculous achievements on the plane of physical reality, that give Genghis Khan that sombre, god-like grandeur in comparison with which the glory of so many men of fame, nay, of so many men of war, appears feeble — “all-too human.”

* * *

From the very beginning, Temujin was schooled by circumstances to believe that he alone mattered. In the rough society in which he was born, many a son of a chieftain doubtless thought the same. Men did outside Mongolia, with less commendable innocence. But most men, at least most children, had protectors and friends, whom they could trust. Temujin was, very early in life, left with none. He had to be ruthlessly self-centred in order to live.

We get a glimpse — but just a glimpse — of his person in his very early years in the words Dai Sechen, the shrewd old father of Bortei the Fair, addressed Yesugei, as he met him riding with the boy towards the camp of the Olhonod (Hoelun’s clan) in search of a bride for him: “Shining eyes and a bright face has thy son...,”¹ and in the much less flattering last words of Yesugei himself to Dai Sechen as, after the betrothal, he left the future “Emperor of all men” to his care, according to an old custom: “My son is afraid of dogs. Do not let dogs frighten him...”² Temujin was then a mere child. And however proud the Mongol chieftain, his father, might have been — as every one of the *baghatur* (valiant men) of the steppes was, — he was far from suspecting how amusing his simple statement and request would one day appear, when printed in history books, in many foreign languages. And old Dai Sechen’s praise indicated nothing extraordinary in the lad’s physical features or bearing. Many a healthy and intelligent child has “shining eyes and a bright face,” whether on the banks of the Onon or on those of the Rhine. As far as we know, there was, in Temujin, nothing that foreshadowed a conqueror, apart from his latent capabilities and his horoscope — his nature, which circumstances would reveal, and his

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 57.

² Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 59.

destiny. Even in later years, when chroniclers of East and West started recording his world-shaking deeds, none was to dig out of the great warriors remote childhood any significant episode, sign of irresistible might to be, as others had once, for instance, pictured nine year-old Hannibal swearing ever-lasting hatred of Rome before the altar of his grim gods. And, which is more, if one possesses any of that particular historical intuition that puts one, so as to say, in direct touch with the great men of the past, one feels that, had Temujin remembered such an episode from his boyhood, he never would have referred to it in following years. As I said before, he was more interested in his precise purpose than in the exaltation of himself; in solid power than in glory. There was not a trace of conceit in him. Action alone — victory alone — mattered in his eyes; not the long genealogy of victory. *That* was to be *lived*; the resplendent result alone, to be recorded. Personal latent capabilities mattered only when they ceased being latent.

But Destiny was soon to begin forging its instrument. A few days after Temujin's betrothal to Bortei, Yesugei was dead — poisoned on his homeward journey by some Tatar chieftain whose treacherous hospitality he had enjoyed for a night. Temujin was sent for. He came back at once, only to find that his father's followers had deserted the *ordu*, that his mother had been refused admission to the tribal sacrifices by the Shaman, and expelled with her children, with ignominy by the other women of the clan. Riding after them alone, with the banner of the nine yak tails, — the standard of the Yakka Mongols, — in vain had the courageous widow tried to shame some of the tribesmen and urge them to return and swear allegiance to the son of their deceased *khan*. According the law of the steppes, she was now the head of her husband's *ordu*, and their legal chieftain until her sons came of age or until a new *khan* was elected. But the warriors who had come back for a while had slipped away again. "The deep water is dried up," had they declared, in the poetic language of the nomads; "the strong wheel is broken. Let us go!" And they had joined the Taijiut chieftains, who were powerful.

An outcasted woman and her children — four sons and a daughter — and two other boys, sons of Yesugei by another wife, and an old slave, left to fend for themselves by the

River Orion while the many tents and flocks moved on towards the summer pastures under the guidance of new *khans*: that was all that remained of Yesugei's *ordu*; that was all Temujin's inheritance; — that *and* his indomitable will; the will to survive; the will to endure; the will to win a place for himself among the merciless men who had thrown him aside like a useless burden. A place “among” them? No, but *at the head of them*, for he was their *khan*; — the will to hold his own in the merciless world that belonged, belongs, and always shall belong to the single-minded, the cunning and the strong.

He was a mere boy in his early teens. He knew not how to read or write — nor was he ever to know. But he possessed that superhuman will, and he knew what he wanted: first, to live; and then, to live well: to acquire power for himself and for his family, and plenty for his people; to put himself in his place in the world as a khan by divine birth-right. The situation that he now faced could not have been more accurately summed up than in that tragic dilemma which another staggering Embodiment of the Will to survive (but of the collective Will, this time)¹ was to set, seven hundred and fifty years later, before a whole great nation: “Future, or ruin!” He did not bother to analyse it. He was too young. And also, abstract thought would have taken time; and he had no time. He set about to hunt; — to live. And he kept in mind his mother's constant talk about the vengeance that he was one day to wreak upon his enemies, the two Taijiut chiefs, Yesugei's kinsmen, for whom his people had deserted him.

He hunted — or trapped — whatever there was to be caught: small game; marmots, even field mice; anything that would fill his stomach. He even caught fish and brought them home to he cooked and eaten — such despised food, in the eyes of the Mongols, that none would touch it unless bitterly compelled by the pangs of hunger; but Temujin *was* hungry. He struggled to keep himself alive — and fit — at any cost. He quarrelled and fought with his brothers and half-brothers over the game they captured, and angry shouts and

¹ Adolf Hitler, one of whose first great public speeches was on the subject: “Zukunft, oder Untergang.”

hard blows were a feature of his and their everyday life, in the tiny settlement on the fringe of the woods by the Onon. Already at that early age, Temujin seems to have known no scruples, and no pity. Apparently — like all naturally single-minded people, from the absolutely selfless idealists, men “against Time” as I have called them, down to people such as himself, with no ideology and no idealism whatsoever, but just a precise, self-centred and unwavering purpose, — he classified the rest of mankind under three well-defined categories: the useful; the useless (but harmless), and the dangerous. In his case, this meant the useful *to him*, the useless as far as he was concerned, and the dangerous *to him* — those who stood in his way. His brother Kasar, strong, and skilled with the bow, and full of an almost dog-like devotion to him, was eminently useful, and was to remain so all his life. But Bektor, his half-brother, although he had not his cunning, was stronger than he, and often robbed him of the best part of his hunt. Temujin decided in his heart that he was dangerous. And one day, taking Kasar with him to help him if need be, he walked to the place where Bektor, unprepared and suspecting nothing, stood, peacefully herding the few horses that the family possessed, and he killed him straight away with an arrow.

He does not seem actually to have hated him. In cold blood, he just removed one of the first obstacles from his path. And when the unfortunate lad, dying, begged him not to harm or desert Belgutei, — the other son of Yesugei by the same mother, — he readily promised that he would not. And he kept his word — without difficulty. For Belgutei was not dangerous. (He even proved useful in later life).

Such an episode shows already, in the lad Temujin, the remorseless ruthlessness of the future Genghis Khan. But, however important it might have appeared to him in the heat of his anger, the issue was not worth the deed. The eldest son of Yesugei had better things to think of. And the wise widow, Hoelun, — a woman not merely of courage, but of vision also, — reminded him of the greater issue; of the *one* issue worthy of all his strength, watchfulness and cunning at that stage of his life: vengeance upon his foes; the reassertion of his rights; his rise, from the status of an outcast to that of a chief, once more. She reminded him and his

brothers of their absolute isolation in the midst of a hostile world, and of the compelling struggle constantly before them — the struggle that should make them forget all pettiness, all jealousy and hatred among themselves. “Save your shadows,” said she, “you have no companions. Save your horse’s tail, you have no whip. The wrong done unto you by the two Taijiut chiefs is unbearable. And when you should be thinking of avenging yourselves on your foes, you go and do this!”¹ She was burning with bitter indignation and contempt. She did not blame her sons for killing another boy, and a defenceless one, and their own half-brother. She blamed them for wasting precious time and energy by doing so — already by *wishing* to do so, — instead of thinking *solely* of their revenge upon their real enemies. She blamed them — she blamed Temujin — for allowing a side-issue to take, even for a short time, the first place; for not being sufficiently possessed with the one-pointed will, without which the most outstanding qualities are as naught.

Although Temujin thought no more about the incident, he never forgot the lesson.

* * *

Hoelun also told him of his ancestors, the Borjigin, the Blue-eyed heroes, sons of the legendary Blue-Wolf. “Their voices,” said she, “rolled as thunder in the mountains; their hands were as strong as bears’ paws — breaking men in two as easily as arrows. In winter nights, they slept naked by a fire of mighty trees, and they felt the sparks and embers that fell upon them no more than insect bites.”²

And the lad listened with elation to those ancient tales, in the evenings, by the fire of his mother’s *yurt*, while the bitter wind, — that same wind that had stirred the steppe with aimless fury, on the night he was conceived, — howled in the near-by birch-tree forests and over the grassy expanses, endlessly. And the howling of the wind sounded like the unearthly lament of ten thousand hungry hounds; like the persistent call of ghostly trumpets; like the cry of dying men and horses upon a battle-field as broad as the world. Terrible

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 61.

² Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 41.

presences from the superhuman sphere — *kelets*; spirits of the Everlasting Blue Sky, whom even the bravest dread, for one cannot fight that which one cannot see, — filled the freezing starry night. But Temujin was not afraid. In those moments of pride and elation, his deep instinct told him that the *kelets* of the Sky never would do any harm to him; on the contrary, that they would help him in whatever he would undertake; that he was their Chosen One for some great work of power, of which he knew nothing yet. He felt within himself their frightful, impersonal irresistibility. But he was no dreamer. And when the morning came, he put that might, stirred in him by the voice of his racial past and by the voice of the Unseen, to the service of the one aim which he understood and pursued as worth its while: his own survival; his own victory over hunger, poverty and humiliation; over the difficulties of his everyday life as an outcast, keeping in mind, all the time, that the first condition of security for him was the annihilation of his father's kinsmen who had robbed him of his ordu. For, young as he was, he already knew that he was to spare no man who stood in his way.

His mother's tales of the half-mythical Borjigin only stimulated in him the natural self-confidence which is the privilege of the strong. He too had blue eyes, like those ancestors who, visualised through Hoelun's poetic speech, appeared as demi-gods. And his thick hair had the colour of fire. He too was a son of the Blue-Wolf. He set himself to his day to day task the hunt for food; and the watch against constant lurking danger — with increasing determination to snatch the best out of every circumstance, turning even the greatest set-backs to advantage.

Guided by his hunter's instinct, patiently, methodically, he traced his eight stolen horses — all his, horses but one, — for three days over the trackless plains, found them, and drove them back, shooting his unfailing arrows at the pursuing thieves until at last night fell, and they lost sight of him. And at the same time, he won the friendship of Borguchi, a lad who had helped him in this difficult undertaking and who was all his life, to remain his faithful retainer.

On another occasion, captured by Targutai-Kiriltuk and Todoyan-Girte, the Taijiut chiefs, his foes, he escaped them, although a heavy Chinese stocks had been locked around his

neck; and he hid himself entirely in the icy-cold waters of the Onon for a part of the night, the top of his head concealed among the reeds, until a serving man, who admired his courage and cunning, helped him to free himself from the stocks and to reach his tent in safety. And so he grew in years, in strength, in skill, in self-possession. And the irresistible appeal of his personality grew with him. Indeed, from these early days of his life as an outcast, he seems to have developed his ability to bind to his service, for ever, the very best among all those who came in touch with him. And, as in all men predestined to stir multitudes into organised action, the appeal of his personality was the almighty appeal of natural leadership, which leaves none unmoved, save of course those whom their jealousy and envy of the born-leader have rendered stubborn in their hatred of him, and... the congenital idiots.

His strength increased. Constant danger quickened his instinct, sharpened his wits. Repeated reverses stimulated his determination to overcome whatever might have caused them; multiplied his resourcefulness; roused his genius. And the field of his struggle broadened as years passed, and was to broaden throughout his life until it reached gigantic proportions. But his aim always remained the same: his *own survival*; the survival of his family; his revenge upon the bitterness and destitution of his early years — the very aim he had when he used to trap and eat marmots and mice, failing better game, and wait for hours in hiding until he could no longer hear, in the distance, the hoofs of the Taijiut horsemen who had been seeking to kill him.

Temujin was now a hardy, crafty young man with a handful of admiring friends — ready followers — and his first task lay before him, namely, the task of winning back his people from the Taijiut chiefs. But he never was rash. He took his time felt the ground before proceeding, and allowed the patient play of circumstances — his invisible allies — to work for him. However, as soon as his instinct told him that the auspicious moment for a decisive step had come, he acted straight away.

Just now, he rode once more to the tents of the Olhonod clan to claim Bortei, his betrothed, from old Dai Sechen. The latter, feeling in him a promising young *baghatur*, did not hesitate to give her to him, although Temujin was poor and

still powerless. But he was far from suspecting that, by doing so, he was making the beautiful young girl immortal. Along with her, he handed over to his son-in-law a black sable coat: her dowry. It was a magnificent gift, and the first treasure the son of Yesugei ever possessed.

He valued it, no doubt, for he loved splendid and precious things. Still, his reaction was neither to remain happy in its ownership, nor to exchange it for gold or silver — other treasures of the same class. There was but one treasure worth struggling for, in Temujin's eyes: a life of freedom and of plenty, which implied — which always implies — a life of power; his birth-right; the life of a *khan* of the blood of the Blue-Wolf, son and father of khans. He presented the sable coat — *all* he had — as a gift to the powerful chief of the Kerait Turks, Togrul Khan, whose numerous tents, some of which were said to be made of cloth of gold, were pitched not far from the Great Wall of Cathay. And he asked him nothing in return... save his friendship, i.e., his potential usefulness. The Khan, a crafty old man, whose reputation of riches had even reached far-away Europe,¹ had been pleased to bestow his protection upon some of the smaller chieftains of the steppes and he had accepted to be Yesugei's *anda* or sworn brother. Temujin turned to him. He needed an ally in his bitter struggle for survival, and this one could prove handy. In a gesture of diplomatic genius, he gave him his all, and spoke to him of the old oath and of the son's filial allegiance to the father's patron. Togrul Khan was flattered and felt inclined to help the young *baghatur*, if ever need there were.

Need soon came. The forest Merkit had never forgotten the insult done to them by Yesugei when he had snatched Hoelun away from one of their men. They raided the small camp on the border of the Orion, carried off newly-wedded Bortei to avenge upon her the old wrong, and pursued Temujin as long as they could — until he reached Burkan Kaldun, the “mountain of Power,” and took refuge in the thick woods upon its slopes.

All seemed lost, now. All *was* lost, save Hoelun, the

¹ A convert to the Nestorian form of Christianity, Togrul Khan the fabulous “Prester John” of mediaeval tales.

grim, warrior-like mother, the prophetess of deadly struggle and merciless revenge, and Temujin himself, with his invincible determination to win back his right to live, and with the seal of Destiny set upon him, already before his birth. While the exultant Merkit, shouting and singing and jeering, carried Bortei the Fair and Yesugei's second wife, Belgutei's mother, to their camp; while they feasted and got drunk round the bright camp fires, until dawn, the future master of Asia slept under the cover of Burkan Kaldun's living mantle, the dark forest. He wasted no energy in grief for his losses, nor in anticipated fears for what was likely to befall him. He just slept — leaving the forces of the invisible world to work for him in their mysterious way, since there was nothing else he *could* do. And when morning came — while his enemies slept a drunken sleep, — he humbled himself before the Unseen and All-pervading, the Power of the Eternal Blue Sky, Which the Mongols worshipped.

In a ritual gesture, as a man making submission to an over-lord, he took off his cap and hung it upon his waist, and unbuckled his leather girdle and hung it round his neck, and thus bowed down nine times before the rising Sun, acknowledging his own nothingness in the face of the Source of all life and all power. And he poured a libation of *kumys*, mare's milk, and made a promise: "Burkan Kaldun has saved my poor life," said he; "henceforth I shall make sacrifice here, and call on my children and grandchildren to do likewise." He was grateful to the Unseen for his survival. He now realised that a Power far beyond him wanted him to survive; was his ally. But he did not know yet to what purpose, or if he did, dimly, — for he was ambitious, and no dreams were too great for him, — he did not allow the lure of an undefined future to interfere with the stern, precise preoccupations of the present. He only knew that the spirits of the Sky, and also the spirits of the earth and forests and waters were with him, and that he would triumph, in the end, over his immediate enemies: over those who had hunted him on that night and also over those who had been hunting him all his life; he knew that he would, one day, make good for his losses, and live as a khan should live.

In the meantime, he stood before the radiant Blue Sky, on Burkan Kaldun, near the head waters of the Onon, of the

Kerulen, of the Tula — of the tributaries of the River Amur as well as of those of Lake Baikal; of the rivers flowing east as well as of those flowing west and north, he who was, one day, to conquer in the four directions. He stood there, grateful and humble — strong, as only the sincerely humble can be. And the rays of the Sun, Source of power, shone upon his greasy face¹ and upon his thick, fiery-red hair, that the wind shuffled. And in this blue eyes — sign of the more-than-human blood of the Borjigin, — one could have read the joyous serenity of a man who knows that nothing can crush him.

Soon, with the help of Togrul Khan's warrior's and of Jamuga Sechen — Jamuga the Wise — who had become his sworn brother, Temujin raided the Merkit camp, bringing back much loot (or what appeared to him as “much loot,” at this early stage of his career) and a number of captives who swore allegiance to him. He won back Bortei. But he was never sure whether her first-born, Juchi — “the Guest” — was his son or that of the man to whom she had been given on that night of shame. However, the boy was sturdy — a future warrior. He would be useful. (In fact, he was, one day, to conquer and rule the steppes beyond the Caspian Sea). He was welcome, whosever son he might have been. For Temujin was too intelligent, too practical not to realise that “healthy children are the most precious possession of a nation.” But, unlike the superman who uttered these memorable words on several occasions, in our times,² he was no idealist. He was only interested in potential warriors inasmuch as their devotion to him, and their efficiency, would help *him* to assert himself as a lord in the steppes, after crushing all his foes. The very Power of the Eternal Blue Sky before which he humbled himself — conscious as he was of its awful limitlessness, — he regarded as his ally in his struggle for power and plenty, like most primitive men look upon their gods as helpers in the pursuit of personal ends. At the bottom of his heart, he believed in himself alone. He felt as though the forces of the great Unseen were the first to come under the spell of his boundless, magic will.

But the impersonal Power of the Blue Sky — if at all

¹ The Mongols used to smear their skin with fat, to keep out the cold.

² Adolf Hitler.

conscious of itself and of him, — must have regarded him as one of the most perfect instruments of its everlasting, serene and merciless Play.

* * *

Nothing seems to bring further success as success itself. Now, after this first victory, Temujin witnessed many followers come to him of their own accord, to offer him their services. He already had his own devoted brother, Kasar, the Bowman, and faithful Bogurchi — the youth who had once lent him his horse to ride in search of his eight stolen ones, — and Jamuga, his *anda* or sworn brother, and Jelmei, the son of one of Yesugei's former vassals, who had joined him after the rumour had spread over the steppes that he had renewed his father's friendship with Togrul Khan.

Now Munlik, to whom Yesugei had once entrusted him, as a helpless boy, soon to be an orphan, and who had nevertheless deserted him like the rest of the *ordu*, came back to, him with his seven (presently grown-up) sons, one of whom, named Kokchu, was to win fame as a shaman. Others came too: some from Temujin's own Kiyat clan,¹ some from other clans, some from altogether other tribes: Jebei, Kubilai, great warriors; and the very embodiment of valour, virtue and military genius, Subodai, destined, one day, to lead the Mongols across Europe, now a bare youth in his teens, full of passionate devotion to the rising Khan.

Few men in history have inspired in their followers such absolute loyalty as Temujin. "I shall gather for thee like an old mouse, fly for thee like a jackdaw, cover thee like a horse blanket, and protect thee like al felt in the lee of the wind. So shall I be towards thee,"² young Subodai is said to have told him, as he joined his nucleus of heroes. And if so, he indeed kept his word to the end. The other paladins, whatever picturesque similies, different from his, they might have Used to express their devotion, were equally eager to stand or fall, with Temujin in his bitter struggle for survival. They loved him, not for the sake of any great idea behind him

¹ Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 41.

² Ralph Fox, "Genghis Khan" (edit. 1936), p. 76.

there *was* none — but for himself; for the magnetic appeal of his person and personality; for the complete satisfaction which he gave, in them, to the natural need of man to be led by a real leader and to worship a living god. He was a leader, if ever there has been one. And he was a god in the sense that, even before his staggering victories, nay, even in the depth the forest where he hid, upon the slopes of Burkan Kaldun, at a hair's breadth from destruction, he had in him all the qualifications that were to give him, in years to come, the empire of Asia. The forces of the Invisible had actually set him apart, above other men, and associated him with their power. As the shamans of Mongolia were soon to say, “the power of the Everlasting Blue Sky” had “descended upon him.” Here, upon earth, he was “Its agent.”¹

I repeat: there was no ideology behind any of his undertakings. Even the great dream of Mongol unity, which was soon to take shape within his consciousness, if it had not already done so by now, was not the dream of an idealist. In its materialisation, Temujin merely saw a preliminary condition of his own survival and security. It is for *his* survival and *his* security that his paladins fought. Also for the loot that they would share with him, naturally, — and they knew that he was generous, and that he never broke the promises he made to his friends — but, first of all, for him; for the sheer pleasure of fighting at his side.

Few men in history have understood — felt — as keenly as Temujin the eternal, meaning of war, that vital function of healthy mankind (so long, at least, as man lives “in” Time) as natural as eating or mating. Few have painted out as clearly as he that destructiveness without hate — such as that of the hunter, — can never replace the intoxication of victory over human enemies whom one does hate. His companions, to whom he had once asked what they considered to be a man's greatest joy, had replied, as simple Barbarians would, describing to him the pleasures of the chase. But the future “Scourge of God” said: “No, ye have not answered well.” And he gave them *his* conception of happiness in a few typical sentences: “The pleasure and joy of man,” said

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 54 and 57.

he, “lies in treading over the rebel and conquering the enemy; in tearing him up by the root; in taking from him all that he has; in making his servants wail, so that their tears flow from eyes and nose; in riding pleasantly upon his well-fed geldings; in making one’s bed a litter upon the belly and navel of his wives, in loving their rosy cheeks and kissing and sucking their scarlet lips.”¹

Not that he was not always ready to strike, even without the feeling of aggressive hostility — lust of vengeance, or mere hatred of opposition — at those whom he regarded as obstacles. That, he surely was, as one can clearly see in every act of his career, from the casual murder of Bektor, in his childhood, to the systematic wiping out of all the useless (or those whom the Mongols considered as such) among the population of conquered cities, years and years later. Expediency, of course, always came first, with him, the ultimate incentive of all his actions being his reckless determination to survive and succeed. But his emotional incentive, whenever he had one also, was always the pleasure of breaking down whomever and: whatever prevented his own expansion; whomever stood in the way of his fullest possible self-assertion; whomever threatened his person, his security, his hold upon things: the rebel; the rival; *the enemy*. It is the everlasting incentive of all men of action-warriors and others — who live entirely “in Time.” But only the best ones among them, — those who are, like Temujin, free from hypocrisy, — have the sincerity to admit it to themselves, let alone to tell it to others as plainly as he did. Of such ones, the son of Yesugei is, perhaps, the first one in date to have made history on a continent-wide scale (the first in date, at any rate, about whom enough is known to enable us to trace his psychology, to a certain extent). That is why we find that frankness in him. Of the other great self-centred destroyers *after* him, hardly any is without a notable amount of hypocrisy in his make-up. And that amount increases — as it is to be expected — as we get nearer our own times, while in Temujin, — the “Lightning” — man *par excellence*, as I have called him, — there is no pretence.

* * *

He did not remain’ idle after his victory over the Merkit.

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 88.

The powerful Taijiut chiefs, still in possession of the greatest part of his father's *ordu*, viewed his alliance with Togrul Khan with suspicion and his first victory with resentment. This son of Yesugei was surely a *baghatur* full of possibilities. They hated him all the more for it, and regretted they had not killed him years before, when he had been a helpless captive in their hands. Now he knew of their hatred — his mother had been reminding him of it all his life — and he knew that he would never survive unless they were destroyed. And he waged war upon them at the first opportunity.

In one of his encounters with them he was wounded in the neck, by an arrow, and only lived thanks to the devotion of Jelmei, his faithful squire, who sucked the wound clean and risked his own life in order to bring Temujin some curds mixed with water, to drink. As one of his modern biographers says, “nothing was to come easily to this man.”¹ The Taijiut were a numerous tribe, and Targutai-Kiriltuk and Todoyan-Girte were fierce warriors. Yet, in the end, Temujin's nucleus of an army, in which he was already beginning to enforce that iron discipline that was to make the Mongols invincible, beat them in a major battle in which Targutai was slain. Todoyan-Girte, captured, was also put to death. The future conqueror was never to allow an unreconcilable enemy to live. But a number of minor chiefs who submitted and swore allegiance to him, were spared, despite some assertions of the contrary, dismissed by modern historians as tales of fear, or deeds of other *baghaturs* erroneously attributed to Temujin.² And the bulk of the tribe was also spared, its able-bodied men soon being incorporated into the all-powerful military machine that was taking shape in the Mongol's hands: the *horde*. Temujin could, no doubt, inflict suffering. Traitors to him, when found out, were condemned to death by torture. To such a death he had, also, after his victory over the Merkit, condemned the man who had raped Bortei. But this he did with a view

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 69.

² Harold Lamb (in “Genghis Khan, Emperor of all men”) dismisses the story of seventy captured chieftains boiled alive at Temujin's orders, as “most improbable,” while Ralph Fox (Genghis Khan,” edit. 1936, p. 82) states that this treatment was inflicted *not* by Temujin upon the Taijiut, but by Jamuga, upon seventy of Temujin's followers, after war had broken out between the two sworn brothers.

to strike terror into the hearts of potential enemies. Other-wise he was too practical to indulge in cruelty for its own sake. He killed to remove obstacles.

Now, after the defeat of the Taijiut, he was the paramount chief in northern Gobi — quite an important man among the so-called Barbarians, but nothing to be compared, in riches, with Togrul Khan; and still totally unknown to the outer world West of the Altai Mountains and beyond the Great Wall of Cathay. The Chinese, always busy playing a game of balance of power among their turbulent nomad neighbours, — seeking who was prepared to help them humble the latest tribe that had given them trouble — did not turn to him but to the Kerait Turk, to ask for his collaboration in an expedition which they led against the Tatars. But Temujin joined Togrul Khan in the expedition and defeated the Tatars. The patronising officials of Cathay gave Togrul Khan the Chinese title of Wang, which is translated as “prince,” while Temujin was named something which means “Commander of the frontier” — a modest military distinction, in comparison. But he does not seem to have cared. As all practical and single minded people, he never attached undue importance to external signs of power. The Tatar chiefs now swore allegiance to him. The Tatar warriors now increased the ranks of his potential army. He knew what he wanted and where he was going. He had the clear vision of a day when, in the steppes, he, Temujin, would no longer have any rival or any enemy; when he, who had been hunted all his life, would emerge at last more secure and more powerful than his father had ever been. And then... the will to survive might give way to the will to conquer... In the meantime, he let the Kerait chief be “Wang Khan” — “the prince” — and entirely devoted himself to the organisation of, his warriors and of his increasingly numerous *ordu*.

The discipline he imposed at first seems to have been rude and primitive enough. At some feast, at which his drunken followers had started quarrelling, it is said that he himself brought them to their senses with a wooden club — the only argument that was sure to be understood, in that rough society. But the nomads appreciated the fact that, whatever were the methods he employed, he always managed to control his men; and also that he kept them in good fighting condition.

“He feeds his warriors, and keeps his *ulus* in good order”¹ was the opinion the tribesmen had of him. And it was a much higher opinion than it may sound to sophisticated people.

But then, he soon proceeded to create a real army out of his hitherto unruly warriors, and a nation out of the coalesced clans of the Mongols and of the subdued nomad people. The bravest and most efficient warriors among those who were blindly devoted to him, companions of his early struggle for survival, became at the same time his trusted bodyguard and his General Staff. Others were made officers in command of tribal levies. All those were the *nokud*, owing allegiance to no one but to Temujin himself, and invested with absolute power — with the right of life and death — over the men under their command. Temujin lay down strict rules, codified in the broader *Yasa*, of which I shall speak later on, concerning the equipment, routine and discipline of the troops. He trained his soldiers and his officers until he had in hand a force that moved and acted as a single man, — absolutely reliable; absolutely efficient. He put a stop to all feuds between the tribes that had submitted to him, crushed individual quarrelsomeness, killed the spirit of individual independence, moulded the proud Mongols (and the conquered tribes) into one increasingly numerous, highly disciplined collectivity, in which each and every unit had but one duty: to obey the authority set immediately above it, without murmuring, without questioning. The army dominated that nation in the process of formation. And he, Temujin, was the guiding and organising intelligence, the will and the soul of the army. The faithful chosen few among those commanders of genius who were to help him take the world unto himself, were, in his hands, like hounds in the hands of a mighty hunter — hounds “fed on human flesh and led on an iron leash,” as the terrorised tribal chieftains, yet unsubdued, were beginning to think; and whom they described, in the forceful language of the steppes, full of suggestive similies, the language of warriors and poets: “They have skulls of brass: their teeth are hewn from rock; their tongues are shaped like awls; their hearts are of iron. In place of horse-whips, they

¹ Ralph Fax, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 110.

carry curved swords. They drink the dew and ride upon the wind.... The foam flies from their mouths, and they are filled with joy.”¹

* * *

The friendship between Temujin and Togrul Khan, the rich Kerait chieftain, — now “Wang Khan” — was not to endure. True, Temujin had, in many ways, made himself useful to his father’s *anda*, whom he courteously called his “foster-father.” He had been warrying at his side not only against the Tatars but against the forest Merkit also (who, although once defeated, were yet far from subdued) and against the Naiman. He had (in exchange of payment of course) protected caravans against the attack of unruly tribes and made the trade routes safer than ever before. And in the prosperous Kerait settlements — half camps and half markets, — the merchants were grateful to “Wang Khan” for the alliance he had made. But Wang Khan started intriguing against Temujin with Jamuga, Temujin’s ambitious sworn brother, who had a personal conception of Mongol unity, different from his. And the son of Yesugei did not feel safe until he had broken booth these new foes.

But he did not yet feel strong enough to challenge Wang Khan openly, in a war to the finish, and, after a first indecisive encounter with him, he sent him an outwardly friendly message mentioning old, bonds, old services, and expressing the desire of lasting peace — although he knew there could be no such thing. The old Kerait, and his cunning son, Sen-Kung, knew that also, and rejected Temujin’s advances. Temujin, again at one of the tragic hours of his career — again before the same momentous alternative which he had faced years before, in the pine woods of Burkan Kaldun; the alternative of “future or ruin,” to quote once more the immortal modern words — withdrew with his trusted warriors to the marshes round Lake Baljun and waited. And again the spell of the indomitable will to survive was to compel — so as to say — the power of the Everlasting Blue Sky to descend upon him and to carry hint to victory; I say “the spell,” for there is a positive magic

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 101.

Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 54.

potency in the one-pointed, concentrated will, that stops at nothing.

The Sun rose and set over the waters of Lake Baljun, and Temujin's companions hunted for food in the salty marshes. One dreary day succeeded another. Temujin thought: "The victory of the Kerait would mean the end of me. Therefore I must overcome him, never mind by what means. Where force is insufficient, let cunning supplement it!" And he bade his devoted brother, Kasar, the Bowman, send a message to Wang Khan — a lying message, stating that Temujin had fled no one knew where to, and that he, Kasar, in despair, was planning to desert his banner and to surrender to the Kerait Khan, whose protection he wished to secure. "Treachery," would say the chivalrous and the truth-loving, and those who value spotlessness more than life. "Necessity," would reply Temujin, and, with him, all single-purposed men of action, including the most unlike himself, the selfless idealists, to the extent that they too are, practical, and wish to accomplish something in this world of untruth, hatred and stupidity; necessity — the only choice of the fighter who feels himself cornered and who, yet, is determined to win.

Wang Khan believed the clever lie — believed in peace and security — and ordered a feast. Temujin, appearing by surprise, stormed the Kerait camp. The old chief was captured and killed while attempting to flee. His son went south, only to meet his death a little later. Those of the Kerait Turks who were not slain in battle were incorporated into Temujin's confederation of tribes under Mongol overlordship. Their most desirable women were as usual given to the chieftains of the army. Temujin kept for himself one of the two beautiful nieces of Wang Khan, allotted to him in the division of the spoils. She became his fourth wife. (He had taken his second and third one from the defeated Tatars.) The other he gave to Tuli, the youngest of his sons by Bortei. She was the famous Siyurkuktiti, fated to become the mother of three conquerors.

And now, he turned his forces against the Naiman, a numerous, semi-settled people whose Khan, Tayan, had a Uighur chancellor, and many subjects who professed Buddhism or the Nestorian form of Christianity, apart from those who clung to the old spirit-cult of the steppes. Temujin's *anda*,

Jamuga, had been intriguing with Tayan against him — pointing out, in him, the enemy of the tribesmen's proud, personal liberty (which indeed he was; for individual liberty and iron organisation do not go together.)

The Naiman, despite their number, were defeated, their chief, killed, and Jamuga, who had fled, captured and brought before Temujin. There was no longer, for him, any hope, any possibility of becoming important, let alone powerful. And Temujin, who knew this, was willing to pardon the man who had sworn him eternal friendship... once, long before, in the days when he had been poor and hunted, and without friends. In, victory, he could be generous to an enemy who had ceased being dangerous, *a fortiori* to an old friend. But Jamuga did not wish to live. Perhaps he felt that there could be no place for him in the new world that Temujin was forging out of discipline and war. He asked to be killed without spilling of blood so that, according to the belief of the Mongols — his spirit might continue to live, unchanged, in the world, and “help for ever the descendants of Temujin” (whom he could not keep himself from loving, at heart, for the sake of old times.) And he was smothered to death.

Temujin then broke the last resistance of the Merkit, his old enemies, taking from them his fifth wife, Kulan, whose beauty was to be praised through the ages by the minstrels of the steppes. Toktoa, the Merkit chief, was killed. Lesser tribes either were subdued by the irresistible Mongol horsemen, now organised into a regular army, or came forth and made submission of their own accord, feeling that there was nothing else that they could do.

* * *

Temujin was now the master of all those tribes which he had conquered and united, from the Altai Mountains to the Great Wall of Cathay. It had taken him years to win that position — years of patient, stubborn struggle, during which, more than once, all had seemed to be lost, while again and again his superhuman will-power had enabled him to triumph over every obstacle, compelling, as I have said before, through its invincible magic, the Powers of the Unseen to fight on his side. Thanks to that tremendous will, seconded by his

military genius — his skill at organisation; his knowledge of men; his inborn intuition of historical necessity; — he had indeed survived, he, once the hunted boy who had lived on the mice and marmots he managed to trap, robbed of his inheritance, rejected by his father's scornful tribesmen, harassed by his deadly enemies, day and night. And not only had he regained his father's position among the nomads, but he had created (apparently out of nothing!) that which the steppe-dwellers had not seen since the great rise of Turkish power seven centuries before: a real nomad kingdom, ruled from the saddle. From his very childhood, surrounded on all sides by treacherous foes, he had understood more and more clearly that only if he could become a king would he, at last, be safe. And he had fought to that end, and now, in the fiftieth year of his age, he was, at last, a king. It only remained for him to be solemnly recognised by the other chiefs of the steppes who, already, one after the other, willingly or by compulsion, had accepted his permanent overlordship in peace as well as in war. It only remained for him to be proclaimed by them as the khan above all khans: — the *Khakhan*.

So he summoned a general *kuriltai* — a meeting of chiefs — on the banks of the Onon, in the year 1206 of the Christian era, which was the year of the Leopard according to the cyclic Calendar of the Twelve Beasts. And the assembled chiefs elected him *Khakhan*, supreme Ruler “of all those who dwell in felt tents.” And he distributed honours and duties among them, fixing, in that historic meeting, the final structure of the great feudal State which he had been patiently building for over thirty years.

Every faithful chieftain was made a *noyon*, or prince, and given a definite domain, with its people — not necessarily all of the same tribe, — as his *ulus*, (his personal subjects) and the pastures that would feed their flocks. Every one had to send an appointed number of warriors from his *ulus*, to serve in the Khakhan's army and fight his wars. The few most tested and trusted officers — Temujin's companions all through his struggle, who had remained at his side in the darkest days, when his fortune had hung in the balance, — were confirmed in the command of his Guard, that élite of the Army, now a wonderfully disciplined, most powerful military machine. More will be said later on of the rights and duties of the new feudal

lords, of the equipment of the soldiers and of the organisation of the whole bulk of the people — steadily increasing — under the rule of Temujin or rather of Genghis Khan (for this was the title, variously translated, which he was now given); of the *Yasa*, that famous code of laws which assured the stability of rise conqueror's life's work, as long as his descendants would hold fast to its commandments *and to its spirit*. It is sufficient, here, to stress that the entire organisation of the new centralised State in the midst of the steppes was inspired by Genghis Khan's will not only — now — to survive, but to conquer the outer world in its length and breadth; and not only to conquer it, but to make his conquests permanent; to make himself, the Mongol Khakhan, also the emperor of all amen, and the "Golden Family" — *Altyn Uruk*; — *his blood; his race*, — the ruling family of the world, for ever.

Already a middle-aged man with tremendous achievements behind him — the unification of the tribes of the Gobi *was* indeed something enormous, — Genghis Khan thought of anything but "settling down" comfortably as king of all the lands between the Baikal Lake, the Altai ranges and the Great Wall. As he beheld the assembled khans who had just elected him as their overlord; and his own warriors, camped in hundreds of tents all round the place of the *kuriltai*; and as he looked back to his past miseries and triumphs — to that day to day struggle of over thirty years — from his conquered seat of power, he did not feel: "I am safe at last, and a *khakhan*. My work is done." No. For he had in him that everlasting youth which is the gift of the unbending, one-pointed will; that youth in the eyes of which nothing is ever "finished"; in the mind of which no opportunity ever comes "too late." He felt himself at the threshold of his career, not at the end of it. Now — now that he was at last a *khakhan*, — he would begin to assert himself. Whatever he had achieved up till then was only a preparation. He had survived. But why? To what end? Only to assert himself. Only to conquer; — to break new opposition, and to take more and more precious things — land; people; further sources of plenty and of safety, further possibilities, — from new enemies. His formidable war-machine — the first one of his time and one of the first ones of all times, — was ready: organised, drilled, equipped, experienced, and superstitiously devoted to him. With such an army at his

disposal he could assert himself indeed, he who had waited so long.

Beyond the Great Wall and beyond the distant Western mountains, the wide world, ripe for conquest, was blissfully unaware of him and of his *kuriltai*. And even if it had known, it would not have understood. It would not have realised what a momentous event had taken place in the election of this obscure and illiterate Barbarian as leader of other Barbarian chieftains, all of them as dirty, as picturesque and, outwardly, as insignificant as himself; men who, when they were not drinking and stuffing themselves with mutton and horse-flesh, or breeding, or sleeping, could do nothing else but fight, — or hunt; and who were, moreover, neither Christians nor Moslems — nor Buddhists; hardly human beings. To the Chinese, who despised soldiers, any minor meeting of scholars would have seemed far more interesting. To the Moslem world, the capture of Delhi by Mahmud Ghorī — of the true Faith — only ten years before, or the rapid rise of the Khwarizm Shah (whose territory now comprised half the kingdom of the Kara-Khitai and the whole of Afghanistan) would have appeared infinitely more impressive. While Europe — destined to be trampled under the hoofs of the Mongol cavalry exactly thirty-five years later — would doubtless have found the recent exploits of the French knights of the Fourth Crusade — that pack of bombastic third rate robbers, of no character, who had settled themselves in Constantinople and in Greece little over a year before the gathering on the banks of the Onon — much more noteworthy.

Contemporary history is always misunderstood.

At the appearing of the Mongol horsemen, the East and West were to realise what Genghis Khan's leadership meant. In the meantime, outside the steppes of High Asia, the *kuriltai* of 1206 remained as unnoticed as had, half a century before, the birth of the child Temujin, son of Yesugei. I repeat: great events, bearing endless creative or destructive after-effects, are never noticed at the time they happen. Still, they happen. And they bear their fruit. Genghis Khan, supreme ruler “of all those who dwell in felt tents,” was now ready to thrust his irresistible horsemen against the forces of “civilisation” and to conquer both the East and the West.

Written in Werl (Westphalia) in July and August, 1949.

CHAPTER VI

THE WILL TO CONQUER

Genghis Khan was to conquer. “But how? And why?” — so have bewildered men repeatedly wondered, at the thought of his extraordinary destiny. The right answer is, in the words of Kokchu, the shaman, a believer in miracles (and doubtless appointed by Genghis Khan himself to present his career in such a light as to strike the Mongols with sacred awe) “because ‘the power of the Eternal Blue Sky’ had ‘descended upon him.’ Because he was ‘here on earth, Its agent’.”¹ The right answer is, in the words of Ralph Fox, a believer in historical materialism: “Because Temujin-Chingis was born at a time of crisis among his own people, when all was ready for the leader who should build a new society; and because it was his fate also to be born when the two great feudal States on either side of him, the Khwarazmian Empire in Central Asia and the Kin Empire in China, were in full decay.”²

I said twice “the right answer,” for *both* explanations — the supernatural and mediaeval, and the modern, materialistic — are true to fact in the eyes of whoever sees, in the unfurling of events in time, the manifestation of a timeless Necessity. The next consequence of the state of the Universe at any given time and place — the “will of the Eternal Blue Sky” at that particular time and in that particular place, — is nothing else but that which has to be, according to the unchanging Laws that rule both the visible and the invisible world. And Genghis Khan *had to be*, like all the great ones who made history (while the implacable logic of previous history had made their appearing unavoidable, and sketched out the part they were to play upon the international stage). He had to be, and he had to conquer. And doubtless the socio-political

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 57.

² Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 50.

conditions in Asia, in his time — the conditions in the steppes, on one hand, and the conditions in the two Empires, on the other, — determined how complete his success was to be. But there is more to be said. His own will played, in his conquests, a part at least as important as that of those exceptional circumstances under which it manifested itself. And if those largely account for the succession of *events* in his career, the quality and the direction of his will, and the aspirations of his heart, give the key to *him* and situate him in his particular place among the god-like men of action.

As I said before, there was no ideology whatsoever behind his long bitter struggle for the mastery of the steppes. There was but the sheer will to overcome his enemies; to free himself from danger, — the will to survive. And behind those wars that were now to give him mastery over the greatest part of Asia, there was also no ideology; no sacred zeal. There was the desire of greater security, and the increasing lust of wealth and well-being for himself and for his family — nothing more. He conquered for booty. And he organised his conquests with admirable skill — imposing peace and security upon the terrorised survivors of the conquered people, — merely in order to make booty systematic, permanent, and more and more plentiful.

He “welded together into a new nation the people who dwelt in tents,” and above this nation, he set up “the Mongol clan, the *tarkhans* and *noyons*, companions of his early struggles.”¹ But above them (and, in his mind, for ever and ever) he set up the *Altyn Uruk*; the “Golden Family”; his own sons and their sons; his own blood — himself. His people were the servants of his sons, and his. No doubt, he rewarded their loyalty magnificently. Nevertheless, he and his sons were the real centre of all his care, the aim of all his efforts. He was a million miles away from the spirit of the disinterested modern idealist who wrote: “My son is but a part of my people.”² And it is *this* attitude — and *not* the necessary ruthlessness of his wars — which makes him, in our eyes, a man “*in Time*”; a typical “Lightning-man,” in the succession of

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 73.

² “*Mein Sohn ist nur ein Teil von meinem Volk.*” (Wolf Sörensen, in “Die Stimme der Ahnen”).

those great Ones that have changed or tried to change the face of the earth.

And the study of his campaigns abroad only deepens that overwhelming impression of self-centred power that one gathers from, the early history of his life.

* * *

As living instances of his thoroughness and efficiency, Genghis Khan's wars against Hsi-Hsia, against China and against the West, provide one of the most uplifting lessons in patience, will-power and intelligence that I can think of.

The sturdy Tangut kingdom of Hsi-Hsia — which lay just outside the Great Wall of Cathay — although at first only Superficially subdued, was sufficiently weakened not to become a danger to the Mongols during their expedition against northern China. That expedition was decided by Genghis Khan in answer to the pretention of the new Chinese Emperor to receive from him the traditional act of submission which the nomad chieftains beyond the Wall had given every new occupant of the Dragon Throne, for generations. It was but a formal act of submission. But Genghis Khan, well informed about the internal weakness of China in general and of the Kin Dynasty of northern China in particular, decided that the custom, — meaningless anyhow, — had lasted long enough. To break it meant war. But war was the only path to boundless power and increasing plenty; to the fulfillment of Genghis Khan's destiny.

The preparation of that war — as that of any other of Genghis Khan's campaigns, in fact, — is as admirable as the war itself; a masterpiece of patient, far-sighted, minute and thorough organisation, stretched over years. First, the silent, unassuming but absolutely efficient net-work of spies who, from all corners of the enemy's realm, regularly brought the illiterate son of Yesugei all the information he needed in order to think out his campaign and then to carry it to fruition, is enough to amaze even such people as are acquainted with more modern secret organisations of similar nature. The enemy was doomed before hand. Then come the series of actual military preparations: — another wonder. As his modern English biographer rightly points out, Genghis Khan "left nothing to

chance.”¹ From the sort of propaganda the most likely to give the Mongols the desired unity and the best possible fighting spirit, down to the smallest details concerning the diet of the troops and their daily exercises; down to the meanest item of military equipment, all was conceived and calculated with one aim in view: unflinching, machine-like efficiency. “The heavy cavalry wore armour consisting of four overlapping plates of tanned hide, which were lacquered to protect them against humidity,” notes the same biographer; “They were armed with lance and curved sabre. The light cavalry carried a javelin and two bows, one for shooting from horseback, and another for use on foot, when greater precision of aim was desired. They had three quivers, with different calibre arrows, one of which was armour-piercing. The troopers carried tools, a camp-kettle, an iron ration of dried meat, a water-tight bag with a change of clothes, which could also be inflated and used in crossing rivers. All manoeuvres were directed by signals, and the whole army worked as smoothly as a machine.”² And the soul of that extraordinary human machine was a newly born Mongol nationalism, which Genghis Khan cleverly kindled, and used to his own ends.

The numerical inferiority of the Mongols, compared with their enemies, is also a remarkable fact. Their astounding mobility, their thorough preparation and their discipline made up for it.

Finally, there is one thing which cannot but impress us as much as if not more than all the rest, at this stage of the conqueror’s life, and that is (if I may employ such an unusual combination of words) his own spiritual preparation for war. Indeed, before leading his army to the mountain passes and across the Great Wall that had, hitherto, seemed impregnable to the Mongols, — before engaging himself into a great war that was to last several years, — Genghis Khan “retired for three days into his tent, with a rope around his neck, to fast and commune with himself, and then, going to a hill-top, he took off cap and belt and made sacrifice to the Blue Sky.”³

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 144. Harold Lamb, (“The March of the Barbarians,” edit. 1941, p. 58), says: “He took no chances.”

² Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 145.

³ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 144.

He was now well in his “fifties” — for this was five years after the great *kuriltai* on the banks of the Onon. With infinite patience and caution, he had marched irresistibly on and on, and again he had just been taking every thinkable earthly step to make his new war a success. But his unflinching intuition told him that even this was not enough, that there were in war imponderable factors, and that there were means to victory which were neither military nor economic, nor, generally speaking, human. *What* exactly did the khakhan think, alone before the majesty of the Everlasting Blue Sky? No one knows. But he most certainly felt that there is a secret source of strength in the state of mind of the man who humbles himself in front of the eternal and implacable, putting himself and all his schemes into the hands of superhuman Forces, *after having done all that will humanly advisable in view of success*. But, as one reads that reference to his retirement on the eve of his victorious onslaught on China, one cannot help remembering that other time — now far away in his stormy past — when, having lost everything he possessed, including his newly-wedded young wife, he communed with the Unseen upon the slopes of Burkan Kaldun, at sunrise, making libations of mare’s milk to the mysterious Power that had saved his hunted life. One cannot help putting in parallel those two moments and admiring that quest of the conqueror for union with something divine, beyond himself, both at the lowest ebb of his fortune and now, on the eve of his long-prepared victory over the armies of Cathay. And one cannot help feeling that there *was* a divine purpose (of which he himself did not know) behind that stubborn man who fought for his own security and for the grandeur and riches of his increasing, family.

* * *

The swiftness and discipline of Genghis Khan’s army and the skill of his commanders — and his own — overcame all difficulties. The army of the Kin emperor was defeated in a major battle, the memory of which struck terror for a long time in the hearts of the Chinese. And slowly — for Peking was not to surrender till the summer of 1215, — but steadily, the Mongols conquered the whole country, unto the River

Hoang-Ho. At first, they avoided walled towns. They raided the land, driving off horses and cattle, and were content with taking the armies of the Kin Emperor by surprise and beating them in numberless encounters, while many “auxiliaries” of Mongol blood deserted the Chinese to join Genghis Khan’s banner. The terror of the Mongol name, already great, grew and grew. It increased beyond all measure when the invaders *did* begin to besiege towns successfully. For Genghis Khan showed no mercy to the people of the cities that he captured. “Any resistance was crushed with inhuman methodical massacre of all that lived within the walls.”¹

And although, even after the surrender of Peking, the resistance of the Kin by no means ceased,² the entire north of China, Manchuria — and Korea — were now a part of Genghis Khan’s growing empire, and a source of untold wealth to him and to his people.

In 1215, leaving behind him Mukuli, a trusted commander, at the head of the army of occupation, the conqueror, now nearly sixty, rode homewards. The steppes where he had grown up as a hunted wanderer and fought as the chieftain of a handful of warriors, now swarmed with foreign slaves; gold and silver, and priceless objects of ivory and of jade — treasures unheard of — filled the Khakhan’s coffers; his sons and faithful followers were “clothed in brocaded silk”³ as he had wished. Arid he now counted among his wives a Chinese princess, adopted daughter of the Kin Emperor. And a man of royal blood, wise Yeliu Chuts’ai, descendant of those Khitan Emperors whom the Kin had dethroned, was his counsellor. One could rightly have said of Genghis Khan that he had conquered his dream — and more still. He was now wealthy and dreaded, as he had longed to be all his life. He was a real king. And had he died at that moment of his career, still his name would have been great in the history of Asia; still he would have remained the builder of Mongol power and the father and founder of the new Yuan Dynasty that was to hold the Dragon Throne for over hundred and fifty years.⁴

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 59.

² It was not to be entirely broken till after the second Mongol campaign, under Ogodai, Genghis Khan’s son.

³ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 56.

⁴ Until 1370, date of the advent of the Ming.

But sixty years before — on that cold night when his mother, Hoelun, had conceived him from her ravisher, — the unnoticed pattern of constellations in the depth of the “Eternal Blue Sky” had marked him out to be more, far more than that.

* * *

Apparently, he could have stayed quiet and enjoyed his conquests; ate and drunk in peace and plenty among his people, now organised and prosperous. Maybe, he had himself no intention of doing anything else, and, as some of his biographers say,¹ did not actually want war at this stage of his life. Or, maybe, the insatiable lust for power and possessions was still as strong in him as when he had led his *tumans* through the open gates of the Great Wall, a few years before. We shall never know. But things were happening, and were soon to happen, in High Asia, that were to make war unavoidable. And the hidden, mathematical determinism of the: world, combined with his own irresistible destiny — the destiny of the child Temujin, tangible forecast of the changes that *had* to take place, — drew Genghis Khan to the West, to unprecedented military greatness; and Asia, to accelerated decay, after his death.

After Tayan’s death and the defeat of his tribe, which we mentioned in the preceding chapter, Kuchluk, the Naiman chieftain, had fled to Balasagun, the capital of the Kara-Khitai country which stretched from the Altai Mountains, and from the boundary of the former Hsi-Hsia Kingdom, to the River Syr Daria. The Gurkhan, head of the Kara-Khitai realm, had given him refuge there, and he, very rapidly, through all manner of treachery, had raised himself to the position of an, independent ruler. Genghis Khan could wait, but he never forgot. And, it was, with him, a principle, that no irreducible enemy should be allowed to live. So, well informed as he was of what had taken place, — and fully aware of the weakness of Kuchluk’s position in spite of such a rapid rising — he had ordered one of his trusted generals, Jebei-Noyon, to march into the land of the Kara-Khitai. The land had been conquered, and

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p, 162.

Kuchluk captured and put to death in 1218, three years after the surrender of Peking. And knowing how unpopular both he and the Gurkhan had made themselves by persecuting the Moslems and Nestorian Christians, and what bitter hatred these all nourished towards the Buddhists in the whole realm, the Mongol general had proclaimed complete religious freedom in the name of the Khakhan, a gesture which had made him appear as a liberator in the eyes of a great section of the people, and had immensely strengthened the hold of the Mongols upon the country.

Genghis Khan's empire now practically bordered that of the Khwarizm Shah, i.e., that of the Turkoman dynasty which ruled, in the place of the former Seljuk Sultans, over Turan and the whole of Iran, — from the mouth of the Ural River, and the land north of the Aral Sea, down to the Persian Gulf, and from Iraq to the Hindu Kush. But again, at first, nothing seemed to foreshadow war between the two potentates.

Yet, war was to break out. As I said: it was Asia's destiny, linked up with the extraordinary destiny of the son of Yesugei. The greed and folly of the governor of Otrar (a frontier town on the border of the two empires) and the incapacity of Mohammed ben Takash, the ruling Khwarizm Shah, to face the situation as a realist, were the pretext and the immediate cause of the war.

Genghis Khan had sent an embassy to the Khwarizm Shah — who had first sent him one, at the close of the Chinese campaign. A caravan, “a trading enterprise of the Moslem merchants” who now surrounded the Mongol conqueror, followed. “Its five hundred camels carried nuggets of gold and silver, silk, ... the furs of beaver and sable, and many ingenious and elegant articles of Chinese workmanship.”¹ When this caravan reached Otrar, the local governor had the merchants and their servants massacred and the treasures seized. Genghis Khan, who, even in great indignation, always remained too practical to be rash, did not, at once, in answer to that outrage, wage war on Mohammed ben Takash, however difficult it might have appeared to believe that the deed had been perpetrated without the latter's knowledge. He sent, instead, a second embassy, to demand of him the punishment of

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936).

the governor of Otrar and compensation for the losses. And it is only after the head of *this* embassy had been murdered by order of the Khwarizm Shah, in defiance of all accepted notions of right, and its other members shamefully treated, that he decided on war, and started preparing his march to the west as minutely and methodically as he had, years before, his onslaught on Cathay. There was no other honor cable course which he could take. But this war was to be a war to the finish. And the Khwarizm Shah must often have regretted not having avoided it while it was yet time.

For, in Genghis Khan, bitter, immediate resentment at the feeling of insult, and thirst of revenge, kindled the old will to conquer into a superhuman force of destruction. In all his campaigns the conqueror had shown, swiftness — no sooner the time of patient preparation had come to an end and action had started, — along with unprecedented ruthlessness. But in this one, — his last one, — he was to strike with the sudden irresistibility of Lightning and to bring about such wide-scale desolation as only great physical cataclysms — only God Himself — can work out upon the earth. He was to prove himself, if ever, animated with that which I have called in the beginning of this book, the spirit of “Lightning.”

With the same efficiency as always, the conqueror’s extraordinary “intelligence service” gave him all the necessary information about the enemy’s country and conditions of life and political intrigues, about his exact strength and weaknesses, before war actually started. As always, every detail concerning the mobilisation, the training, the equipment and transport of troops was patiently worked out, and every predictable difficulty surmounted before hand. And once more, in order to draw to himself the divine Power of the invisible world, which he felt at the back of all his achievements), Genghis Khan humbled himself before the one thing he knew to be greater than he; the Everlasting Blue Sky. “He went alone to a height near the Mountain of Power, and took the covering from his head, the girdle from his waist. For hours he communed with the spirits of the high and distant places; and he came down with a message: the Everlasting Blue Sky had granted victory to the Mongols.”¹ As Harold Lamb says,

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 62.

he probably had the intention of strengthening the morale of his people at the beginning of a great new campaign. But I somewhat feel there was more than that in this ritual gesture of allegiance to the Invisible. It was a gesture of supreme wisdom, without which Genghis Khan would not have been Genghis Khan. It was, on the part of the greatest conqueror of all times, the recognition that even *his* career was but an episode in endless Time, and even *he* but an instrument in the hands of the heavenly Forces that lead the Dance of Time; that, however much he fought for himself, he too fought for the purpose of all Creation.

The Dance of Time is the Dance of death — and rebirth; and the purpose of all Creation is destruction — before a new Creation; death, before the glory of a new Beginning. Many things were to be destroyed in old Asia. So, “tending the remount herds and the wagon trains,”¹ slowly but methodically, — as irresistible as Time Itself, — on went the Mongol *tumans* over the mountain ranges, the natural barrier between the Eastern steppes and the world of Islam. They felled trees, broke down rocks, and built roads and bridges as they went. They were not hundreds of thousands, as the vanquished were soon to imagine in their terror. They were, according to Ralph Fox, barely seventy thousand regular Mongol soldiers, to which estimate one should add an equal number of levies from the subject Turkish peoples,² and, according to Harold Lamb, “some fifteen divisions of ten thousand men.”³

A surprise raid of Juchi, the eldest prince, of the *Golden Family*, across the Ak-Kum Desert and the Kara-Tau Hills to the lower Syr Daria region, i.e., in the direction of the Aral Sea, deceived the enemy. While Jelal-ud-Din, son of Mohammed-ben-Takash, uselessly pursued the raiders (who disappeared as swiftly as they had appeared), Genghis Khan’s main army, concentrated near Lake Balkash, was resting, after its long and difficult westward march, and preparing to attack. All was ready by the autumn of 1219. Yet, not until the early spring of 1220 did Genghis Khan order his general Jebei-Noyon, (who, by the way, was not with the main army, but

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 62.

² Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 199.

³ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 62.

much further to the south, in the region of Kashgar) to march to Khojend, as though he intended to strike immediately at the two great cities of the Khwarizm Empire: Samarkand and Bokhara. The Khakhan had had time, during those six months, to make full use of his amazing “intelligence service” and to gather all the information he needed concerning the enemy’s preparations, and, also, the enemy’s weaknesses and blunders, so as to take the greatest advantage of all these in his own plans against him. The time which a superficial observer would have considered as wasted, had been, in reality, well employed — in a way that was to render possible the swiftness of the decisive blow. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable, in the history of *all* Genghis Khan’s wars, than the contrast between the apparent slowness of methodical, far-reaching preparations, and the lightning-speed of action at the decisive moment. Nothing renders those wars more admirable, from the standpoint both of the strategist and of the artist.

While Mohammed Shah’s attention was diverted by Juchi’s attack, the main Mongol army, divided into three sections, moved rapidly over the land that Juchi had just laid waste, and reached the River Syr Daria. Two forces each of thirty thousand soldiers, were commanded by Genghis Khan’s eldest sons; and the third, consisting of another thirty thousand men and of the Guard, was under the command of the conqueror himself, assisted by his younger son, and by the veteran of the China war and future hero of the European campaign, Subodai, one of the greatest generals of all times. The two princes, Juchi and Chagatai, went south — along the hank of the Syr Daria — to join Jebei and to attack Samarkand with him. Meanwhile Genghis Khan crossed the river, and conducted his *tumans* across the Kizil Kum Desert, suddenly appearing, a month later, “almost on the top of Bokhara, and try the rear of the Shah’s armies.”¹ As always, he had taken every precaution so as to assure the success of, such a march. Every trooper had been provided with the necessary supply of dried meat and water; remount herds of horses had been taken; and the time had been carefully chosen. “Such

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 202.

a march through the desert would have been impossible at any other season of the year”¹, says the modern biographer that we have quoted so many times.

Once more, swiftness of movement determined the Mongols' victory. On the 11th of April, 1220, while Mohammed-ben-Takash fled for his life, the son of Yesugei entered the prosperous and populous city of Bokhara — the hallowed seat of Islamic learning — without encountering almost any resistance. His first orders to the vanquished were to bring hay and water for his tired horses and food for his men.

For a few days, the Mongols gave themselves without restraint to feasting and to lechery. Then, they turned to Samarkand, that the combined forces of Juchi and Chagatai and Jebei-Noyon were attacking from the east. The famous “city of gardens and of palaces” had no choice but to surrender and to be plundered. Its inhabitants were not systematically killed as in the case of towns that resisted the Mongols. The great bulk of the people of Bokhara (who had also not resisted) had been driven before the conquerors to be used in groups “as a human shield for the first ranks of the Mongol attack on Samarkand.”² And the captives of Samarkand were later on driven off to help the Mongols fill the ditch round Urganj, the besieged capital of the Khwarizm Shah. In the meantime, during the autumn and winter 1220, Genghis Khan allowed the greater part of his army to rest in Samarkand while a force of thirty thousand men, under Subodai and Jebei-Noyon, had been commanded by him to pursue Mohammed Shah “like the flying wind,” wherever he might take refuge.

* * *

Mohammed-ben-Takash, the Khwarizm Shah, who, for weeks, had been hunted from town to town, expired alone on an island of the Caspian Sea — his last refuge — after learning that “his wives and children were prisoners and his treasure

¹ Ralph Fox, *Ibid.*

² Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 64.

on its way to Samarkand, under convoy.”¹ Subodai and Jebei-Noyon then crossed the Caucasus with their storming column, and made a successful raid into the Russian plains as far as the River Don, while the sons of Genghis Khan, Juchi, Chagatai and Ogodai, driving before them the captives from Samarkand, hastened to lay siege before Urganj. On account of its stubborn resistance, — as useless as that which any of the other towns had offered — the capital was doomed before hand; fated to be utterly wiped out.

Meanwhile the conqueror himself, taking with him his younger son Tuli and some of his grandsons, proceeded to deserve, in Khorasan and Afghanistan, that reputation of irresistible destructiveness which the terror of the crushed people has attached to his name for all times.

Any town that made even a show of resistance was “stormed or tricked into surrender”² and levelled to the ground — as Urganj had been, — while its people, with the exception of the useful artisans and of the young and desirable women, were systematically killed. This mass-slaughter evidently aimed at paralysing all will to resist, nay, all possibility of resistance.... It was practical and methodical, like everything the Mongols did, at Genghis Khan’s orders — and it was carried out “without evidence of sadistic torment.”³ The Mongols, says Harold Lamb, “led out the people of walled towns, examining them carefully and ordering the skilled workers — who would be useful — to move apart. Then the soldiers went through the ranks of helpless human beings, killing methodically with their swords and hand axes — as harvesters would go through a field of standing wheat. They took the wailing women by the hair, bending forwards their heads, to sever the spine more easily. They slaughtered with blows on the head men who resisted weakly.”⁴ It is said that about nine million people were thus put to the sword in and round the Place where had once stood the prosperous city of Merv. Fear caused, no doubt the contemporary Muslim chroniclers to exaggerate the number of the dead. Genghis Khan appeared

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 210.

² Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1943), p. 63.

³ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 65.

⁴ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 63.

to them as “the scourge of Allah” and, wherever his army passed, it was like the end of the world — the end, at least, of that world which they knew. Yet, even if the figures were to be brought down to their half, still they would suggest a magnitude of slaughter unprecedented in history.

It is noticeable that material signs of power, wealth or culture — strong walls, works of irrigation, libraries; — for which the conquerors had no use, were no more respected than human life; that the destruction was as complete and as impartial as it could possibly be when wrought by man’s imperfect weapons under the guidance of man’s will; as similar as it could possibly be to the total, indiscriminate destruction wrought by ever-changing Nature through her storms, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, or simply through all-devouring Time, the very Principle of Change.

Yet, it was destruction wrought by man, at the orders of a self-centred man of genius and, ultimately, for that man’s personal ends. Genghis Khan “deliberately turned the rich belt of Islamic civilisation into a no-man’s-land. He put an end to the agricultural working of the country, creating an artificial steppe here, on the frontier of his new empire; making it — he thought — suited to the life of his own people.”¹ And he did this, apparently conscious of the fact that only if his people, the nomad Mongols, *remained nomadic*, could sons and grandsons continue for ever to govern the empire he had won them, and to enjoy its wealth. He felt that he had to destroy so that he and his sons and their sons might thrive — *not* on account of any real or supposed natural right of theirs to domination, not in the name of any real or supposed naturally superior rank of theirs in the everlasting scheme of Creation, but simply because they were *his* progeny; his “Golden Family.” As I already stated: he loved himself in them — not them and himself in his broader and higher self: his race, integrated, in its proper place, in the still broader realm of Life, human and non-human, as a true idealist, a man “against Time” — capable of no less methodical and thorough destruction as he, but in an entirely different spirit — would have done in his place. He was essentially the embodiment of separativeness, the God-appointed agent of Death; of

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians,” (edit, 1941) p. 66.

all the men “in Time,” as I have called them in the beginning of this book, the nearest to the unchanging Principle of separativeness and destructiveness — of change —: Mahakala; *Time*.

Indeed, when one reads the description of the terror that followed his horsemen wherever they went in Khorasan and Afghanistan, and specially when one ponders over the emotionless, remorseless, methodical character of the mass-slaughter they wrought, one cannot help admiring the detachment and efficiency with which the latter was carried out, and secretly regretting that such wide-scale, machinelike power of killing was not applied in the service of a better cause — of some impersonal truth; of some more-than-human justice, in the spirit expressed by Lord Krishna when, exhorting the warrior Arjuna, in Kurukshetra, He told him, speaking of the enemies he was to slay: “These bodies of the embodied One, Who is eternal, indestructible and immeasurable, are known as finite. *Therefore fight, O Bharata!*”¹

But that was not the spirit of Genghis Khan, the warlord submitted to the bondage of self and therefore of Time. And now and then an episode that history has brought down to us — such as that of the annihilation of Bamyán — stands out to show what a gap separates the Mongol conqueror, despite all his undeniable grandeur, from the ideal of the warrior “against Time” as portrayed in the old Sanskrit Scripture. At the siege of Bamyán, in Afghanistan, Mukutin, son of Chagatai, and one of the young grandsons of Genghis Khan, was killed. As we have seen, in *all* the conqueror’s campaigns, cities that had, to any extent, resisted the Mongols, had been destroyed, and the greater part of their inhabitants put to the sword. But the blood of the Golden Family, even though it were shed through the veins of one single individual, was still more precious, in Genghis Khan’s eyes, than that of any number of Mongol soldiers, and cried for a greater vengeance. The old Khakhan, therefore, commanded that *all living creatures* — people without the customary discrimination between the useful and the useless; beasts; and the very birds of the air, — be killed to the last, in and round Bamyán, and that all trace of the town upon the earth be wiped out. And “the order was strictly carried out,”² notes the modern biographer

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, II, Verse 18.

² Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 214.

of Genghis Khan, — who cannot help contrasting the horror of that deed with the serene, unearthly beauty symbolised in “the great cave of Buddhas,” high up on the mountain-side, above the destroyed city full of decaying corpses. The opposition *is* indeed staggering. It is, carried to its utmost forcifulness, the lasting contrast between the man “*in Time*” and what we have called the man “above Time.”

But one should not miss its real meaning by allowing one’s mind to be swayed by hasty reactions. Despite all appearances, it is not the contrast between destructive fury and boundless kindness — love towards all creatures — which is the most remarkable, the actual contrast. It is the opposition between the family-centred, i.e., self-centred attitude of Genghis Khan, as illustrated by that as by many other of his actions, and the perfect detachment of the Indian Sage from all ties. There, — in what they *are* far more than in what they *do*, — lies the gap between the man “*in Time*” and the Man “above Time.” And, I repeat, had the self-same mass-slaughter taken place, but in the name of some impersonal necessity worth its while, and not for the sake of that primitive passion of family vendetta which, in the circumstance, animated Genghis Khan, the physical contrast between the beautiful, peaceful cave on high and the place of massacre, pervaded with the stench of death, would have remained; and it would, doubtless, have been equally impressive in the eyes of the superficial observer; nay, it would have stirred the same feelings, that one guesses, — the feelings nowadays so lavishly exploited in all cheap “atrocious campaigns” for mass consumption — in the hearts of unthinking humanitarians. But it would have been just a physical, an outwardly contrast; it would not have expressed any *real* contrast, from the standpoint of integral truth, for men “against Time” — capable of destruction in a detached spirit and “in the interest of Creation” — and men “above Time” walk along parallel paths, in eternity if not in history; along parallel paths different from that followed by those, however great, who are still within the bondage of Time.

* * *

During this whole lightning-like campaign, only once did the Mongols experience the bitterness of defeat; and that was at Perwana, where Jelal-ed-Din, the fugitive son of the

Khwarizm Shah, managed to get the best of Shigi-Kutuku, one of Genghis Khan's lieutenants. The Mongols who fell alive into his clutches were put to torture at the orders of the Turkish prince who, for a short time, enjoyed the pleasure of feeling himself the avenger of his father and of his people in a proper Turkish manner — or, should I not rather say: in the manner of a man who lived (despite the tremendous disparity between them) far more “in Time” even than his great enemy?

There was indeed, in this war, from the start to the end, as much deadly passion on one side as on the other. Only Genghis Khan's passion — his will to conquer, so that his sons and grandsons might be emperors, — was served with far more perseverance, and, above all, with far more lucidity, than his enemy's will to save what he could of the Khwarizmian Empire.

It was, in fact, if not by Genghis Khan himself, at least by more than one of his generals, — in particular, by virtuous Subodai, the very embodiment of boundless, disinterested devotion, — served with detachment; for those men had no personal lust, for power or riches; their lives were ruled solely by their love for their Khan and their stern sense of duty towards him and him alone; they were freer than he from what I have called the ties of Time; perhaps even some of them were men “against Time,” who saw in him the originator of a new organisation of Asia, destined, in their minds, to lead to lasting peace and prosperity — to the good of all people — and who followed him for that reason. I personally believe that the presence of such men in the conqueror's General Staff (and possibly also among the thousands who composed his army) was a considerable factor of victory on his side.

The calm with which Genghis Khan commented upon Shigi-Kutuku's misfortune, simply stating that defeat would teach him caution, and giving him and the other chiefs a practical lesson in strategy upon the site of the lost battle, shows how the conqueror could remain master of himself whenever self-control was useful in view of further efficiency — for he must have felt very deeply the grief of that one only defeat his soldiers had ever known.

In that immense and constant self-control, source of his extraordinary patience, coupled, with the capacity of taking

the right decisions in the wink of an eye *at the right moment*; in other words, in qualities eminently characteristic of those men whom we called men “above” and “against” Time, lies the secret of Genghis Khan’s greatness. The fact that he used these splendid qualities entirely in view of the materialisation of a self-centred purpose and in a self-centred spirit, makes him a man “*in Time*” all the more appalling, in certain of his activities, that one is more aware of what a warrior endowed with his virtues *could have been*, had he only cared to serve, in the words of the Bhagavad-Gita, “the interest of the Universe” — of the whole of Creation — instead of his own and that of his family.

It was, no doubt, difficult, and perhaps impossible, for a Mongol to raise himself to that attitude — and to cling to it, — specially when having attained absolute power after years and years of hardships and struggle. It would seem that the Mongol, nay, that man of Mongolian race in the broader sense of the word, can only be perfectly disinterested when he feels himself the follower of somebody — man or god — not when he happens to be, himself, the source of power. And yet... it is not easy to assert how far the great conqueror’s practical, pitiless self-centredness is an inherent trait of his race. Ralph Fox has, somewhere in his book, compared Genghis Khan’s practical qualities with those of “the founders of the great capitalistic enterprises of the last century, men who also stopped at nothing, who ruined their enemies gleefully and stole their wives and daughters no less gleefully; men who organised great empires, also, — empires of steel and power”;¹ — men like, him essentially self-centred; we would say: like him living essentially “*in Time*.” Yet, those were not Mongols. Nor was, before them, the overrated Corsican upstart Napoleone Buonaparte, he, at least, a warrior, — and one of undeniable military genius, although a pigmy even in that respect, when compared with Genghis Khan, — who led the French to the conquest of Europe in order to secure comfortable thrones for his worthless brothers. Nor were so many self-centred organisers of all sorts, of lesser magnitude, military or political — or both — who left somewhat of a name in history. The truth is that absolutely disinterested — selfless — characters, “men against Time” as we

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 88.

have called them, are extremely rare among the great nation-building warriors as, in general, among the remarkable men of action of *any* race or epoch.

* * *

Jelal-ed-Din did not enjoy for long the advantage given him by the one single victory he had won. His last stronghold fell to Genghis Khan in the autumn of 1221. By then, most of the *tumans* that had taken part in the siege of Urganj, or scaled the Caucasus and pushed into the Russian plains as far as the Sea of Azov, had joined the main Mongol forces. It seemed as though nothing could stem the conqueror's advance.

The Khakhan overtook the Turkish prince as the latter had reached the Indus River, and there he defeated him in a last pitched battle and sent a cavalry division in pursuit of him. But the raid beyond the Indus "was not pressed home"¹ and it is not till years later — after the death of Genghis Khan — that Jelal-ed-Din (who, in the meantime, had secured himself a new kingdom in Iraq) was again hunted along the highways by the Mongols, and that he met his end. Yet, one can safely say that at the moment he crossed the Indus he was, already, for all intents and purposes, "politically dead" — no longer able to stand in the way of the Mongols. And he never was to acquire, anyhow, but a shadow of power.

Before starting, in the spring of 1223, the long homeward journey back to his native Mongolia, Genghis Khan had a few conversations with one of those rare men "above Time" that Asia has never failed to produce, even in the darkest periods of her history: the Chinese sage Ch'ang Ch'un, a Taoist. The main reason why he had invited the wise Cathayan to his camp shows how much the conqueror was, despite all his greatness, submitted to the bondage of Time *and conscious of it*: he wanted to learn from Ch'ang Ch'un the secret of prolonging physical life and strength indefinitely. He had heard that the seekers of the *Tao* — the priests and monks of Ch'ang Ch'un's sect — were in possession of such a secret. From his boyhood he had been fighting in order to survive; and in order to leave his family power and riches — the greatest enjoyment of life — in inheritance. Now that he was growing old, he clung to life

¹ Ralph Fox "Genghis Khan" (edit. 1936).

more and more. His mind was not sufficiently detached to accept death joyfully — as so many of his own followers had accepted it for his sake. (His followers had him to love and to die for; but he loved nobody save himself and his progeny, being, in that respect, no better than millions of lesser men.) And when the serene man of meditation, the man “above Time,” told him that there was “no medicine for acquiring immortality,” he was disappointed. Yet, he was sufficiently impressed by Ch’ang Ch’un’s talk to grant him a decree exempting “all Taoist priests and institutions from the payment of tax.”¹

* * *

The journey across the mountain-ranges and steppes of Central Asia, back to Karakorum, took months. It was interrupted by great hunts and great feasts, after which took place athletic exercises and horse-races-sports dear, to the Mongols as to many other warrior-like peoples. It was saddened, for Genghis Khan, by the growing hostility that opposed Juchi to his other sons and by the departure of Bortei’s first-born — of doubtful birth — to the Kipchak steppes and, soon after, by the news of his death. But Genghis Khan’s own end was drawing nigh.

The years 1226 and 1227 were filled with the conqueror’s last campaign: his second war against the former Tangut kingdom of Hsi-Hsia, whose king had rebelled against Mongol yoke. Genghis Khan died in August 1227 — the year of the Pig, in the Calendar of the Twelve Beasts — after the Tangut had been defeated and while Kara-Khoto, their capital, was still besieged by his army. He died in the saddle, as he had lived, “on the upper Wei River, near the junction of the frontiers of the modern provinces of Kan-Su and Shen-Su.”² His last order was to put the Tangut king and all his followers to death, as soon as Kara-Khoto would fall.

The conqueror’s body was taken back to the *ordu* of the Yakka Mongols in the midst of which he had been born

¹ Ralph Fox. “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 234. Harold Lamb, loc. cit., p. 70.

² Ralph Fox. “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936), p. 240.

seventy years before. The men who carried him, lying in his coffin upon a two-wheeled wagon, killed every living creature, human being or beast, that they met on their way, according to Mongol custom.¹ In death as in life a trail of blood was to follow that extraordinary man, who had come into the world clutching a clot of blood in his right hand.

He was buried in some place that he had himself designated long before — probably somewhere in the shade of Burkan Kaldun, the “Mountain of Power,” on which he had once communed with the Eternal Blue Sky, in the hour of distress; near the head waters of the Onon and of the Kurulen, but no one knows *where*, to this day, save, perhaps, (it is believed) a very small number of Mongols, who keep the knowledge religiously secret.

When he lay in his grave, with offerings of meat and grain, with his bow and sword, and the bones of the last warhorse that he had mounted,² it was solemnly announced by the chief-shaman — the Beki, — who had presided over the burial ceremony, that his *sküldé* or life-spirit had left his body to abide for ever in the Banner of the Nine Yak Tails — the banner of the Mongol tribe — so that it might, there, continue to lead his army to victory. For, kindled by the consciousness of the sombre beauty of his great life, the will to conquer had survived the conqueror. And his sons would continue and extend his work: strengthen the hold of the ever wealthier and more powerful Golden Family upon Asia and — they hoped — upon the world.

¹ So that no enemies might see the death cart of the Khan (or be, indirectly, caused to learn of his departure). (Harold Lamb, loc. cit, p. 75).

² Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 77.

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE DANUBE TO THE YELLOW SEA

The impulse which Genghis Khan had given the Mongols did not abate with his death. On the contrary: conquest went on with amazing rapidity and thoroughness — and skill — under his immediate successors, as though the god-like warrior's *skiildé* had indeed taken abode in the Mongol banner.

As we have said, Genghis Khan died in August 1227. Soon afterwards, the last resistance of the Kin (whose Emperor had gone south) was broken, Nan-king stormed, and the whole of China down to the River Yang-Tse definitively brought to submission. This was mainly the work of Subodai, the veteran general, who had served Genghis Khan all his life. But Ogodai — now *Khakhan*, — and his brother Tuli (who died on his way back to Karakorum) had led separate armies operating together with his, all through the early part of the campaign. Then, but a few years later, — in the summer of 1236, — the Mongol *tumans*, rested, and equipped anew, (provided with “a corps of Chinese engineers under the command of a *k'ung pao*, a master of artillery”¹) were again marching west; covering the sixty degrees of longitude that separated them from the limit, of the already conquered lands, in order to conquer more. Batu, son of Juchi, of whom the rich grasslands of Russia were to be the heritage; Mangu, son of Tuli; the promising young war-lord Kaidu, son of Kuyuk son of Ogodai, and Subodai, led the irresistible forces. The same unbelievably patient and cautious preparations as in the days of the dead conqueror, followed by the same swift action at the decisive, moment, characterised this new great campaign — the second one without the material presence of Genghis Khan. (They were to characterise all the following Mongol campaigns, for another thirty years.)

The results are known. They are: the total collapse

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 121.

all Russian resistance and the conquest of half Europe by Genghis Khan's countrymen. "In the month of February (1237), writes the historian, "twelve walled cities were obliterated. In the short space between December and the end of March, the free peoples of central Russia vanished. And the sturdy and turbulent independence of the Variag-governed Slavs ceased to be."¹ The half-byzantine city of Kiev, which the Mongols named "the Court of the Golden Heads" on account of the resplendent domes of its many churches, was stormed on the 6th December 1240 and completely destroyed. And the Western march culminated in the famous battle of Liegnitz, (at which, on the 9th April, 1241, Kaidu crushed the coalesced armies of Henry the Pious, Duke of Silesia, and of the Margrave of Moravia, before King Wenceslas of Bohemia had had time to join them,) and, nearly at the same time, in the defeat of King Bela on the banks of the River Sayo, and, in the conquest of Hungary by Subodai and Batu, soon followed by a further advance of the Mongol hosts, who, crossed the frozen Danube on Christmas Day and who, "with Gran smoking behind them, circled Vienna and pushed on as far as Neustadt."² The arrival at the Mongol camp, in February 1242, of a courier from far-away Karakorum, with news of the Khakhan's death and the order to march back to the *kuriltai* to be held in the homeland, put an end to the conquest of Europe. But Russia was to remain under Mongol yoke for over three hundred years.

But that was not all. A little later — in 1253, when Mangu, son of Tuli, had succeeded short-lived Kuyuk son, of Ogodai, as, Khakhan, — Kubilai, Tuli's second son, "was ordered to march against the Sung Empire in southern China, that had never been invaded by Barbarians"³ while, at the other end of Asia, Hulagu, another of Mangu's brothers, started the campaign that was to make him the master of eastern Asia Minor, Syria and Iraq, extending the limits of the domination of the Golden Family to the shores of the Mediterranean and to the Arabian sands.

In 1258, Mostasem, last Khalif of Baghdad, was captured

¹ Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 130.

² Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 156.

³ Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 208.

in his city. Hulagu had him wrapped in felt and trampled under the hoofs of the Mongol horses, so that his blood — royal blood — might not be shed. Baghdad was put to sack, and ruined. And although, about to march into Egypt, the grandson of Genghis Khan turned from his conquest at the news of Mangu's death, to take part in the meeting of the Mongol princes in their distant homeland — as Subodai and Kaidu had turned from the conquest of Western Europe seventeen years before; — and although none of his descendants were ever to resume the onslaught against the civilised lands of the South, still, his son, Abaka, and, after him, five other princes of his blood, known in history as the “Il-Khans of Persia,” ruled in succession over the greater part of the lands he had conquered. The dynasty lasted till 1335.

Meanwhile, in the Far East, Kubilai, now *Khakhan* after Mangu, and the master of the whole of China and of Yu-nan after years of war, received the formal submission of the lords of Tong-King and sent his fleets “to raid the Malayan coasts, and officers in disguise to explore the distant island of Sumatra.”¹ And his descendants, known in the Chinese annals as “the Yuan Dynasty,” held their domination until the priest Chu, known as Tai-Tsong, overthrew Shun-Ti, the last of them, in 1368, becoming himself the founder of the Ming Dynasty.

In the steppes of High Asia, “from the forested Altai to the heights of Afghanistan”² — between the Chinese world, domain of Kubilai and of his sons, to the East, and the domain of the Il-Khans, sons of Hulagu, and that of the Khans of the Golden Horde, sons of Batu or sons of his brother Birkai, to the West, — ruled Kaidu, son of Kuyuk son of Ogodai; Kaidu, the victor of Liegnitz. “He had knit together the lands of the house of Ogodai — his own — and of the house of Chagatai.”³ With his warrior-like daughter Ai-Yuruk, — one of the most fascinating feminine historic figures of all times, — constantly at his side, he lived and fought in the old Mongol fashion, contemptuous of his uncles' increasing luxuries, and made frequent inroads into the lands of Kubilai Khan, to whom he never submitted. Of all Genghis Khan's grandsons and great-grand-sons,

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 275.

² Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 243.

³ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 274.

he was, perhaps, the one who resembled the great ancestor the most. Yet, in glaring contrast to him, “the one thing Kaidu lacked was patience.”¹ And that was enough to keep him in the background of history for ever, after the brilliant part he played under Subodai’s guidance, during the European campaign. One cannot help wondering what a different course events in Asia *might have taken*, had the gifted prince been also endowed with that mastery in the art of waiting, which is the quality of the strong, *par excellence*.

However, the fact remains that the map of the lands conquered by Genghis Khan *and* by his immediate successors under the impulse his genius had given them, is singularly impressive. *Never* had there existed on earth such a great empire. Its territory stretched, in latitude, from the frozen “tundras” of Northern Siberia to the Persian Gulf, the Himalayas, and the jungles of Burma and Tong-King, and, in longitude, from the Danube and the Eastern Mediterranean to the Pacific Ocean. And the varied peoples thus assembled under the yoke of one family comprised more than half the total number of human beings.

* * *

And that was not all. More impressive even than the extent of the Mongol Empire was its extraordinary organisation, and the peace and security that followed, wherever Mongol domination was firmly established. “The Mongols proved in practice that they were as splendid organisers as they were soldiers,”² writes one of Genghis Khan’s modern biographers, summing up the staggering impression of efficiency in peace as well as in war that thirteenth century European observers — both monks and traders — gathered from a close contact with the Empire of the steppes.

The most obvious mark of that amazing genius for organisation was, perhaps, the perfect safety in which travellers and merchants, and preachers of every faith, could move from relay to relay along the great post roads that ran in every direction, from one end of the Empire to the other. In Genghis Khan’s own days, or under his immediate successors Ogodai

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians,” p. 125.

² Ralph Fox, *loc. cit.*, p. 254.

and Kuyuk, it is said that a fifteen year-old virgin, covered with jewels, could have walked through Asia unmolested, so high was the standard of honesty and so strict the discipline imposed upon every human being by the conqueror's iron code of laws: the *Yasa*. And over a hundred years later, at the time the Florentine trader Francesco Balducci Pegolotti went along it as a representative of the important commercial firm of the Bardi, the land route to Cathay, which started from Tana on the Sea of Azov, was still "the safest in the world,"¹ thanks to the fact that the conqueror's policy had been, to a great extent, carried on by his descendants. A merchant needed no escort whatsoever. In spite of many changes in the political structure of the Empire, Genghis Khan's *Yasa* still preserved the "Mongolian peace" within all lands from Poland to the Pacific Ocean, at least as far as harmless travellers were concerned.

"Dictated by Genghis Khan from time to time and traced upon leaves of gold by his secretaries,"² the *Yasa* was a strange code of laws. Age-old tribal regulations designed to enforce, a certain amount of cleanliness among the Mongols or illustrating the nomads' particular conception of the spirit-world and their idea of its interference in human affairs, were to be found in it, side by side with dictates of a far broader scope — dictates revealing the conqueror's will to make his conquest everlasting and his actual capacity of doing so *if only*... his successors would faithfully abide by his commands. It was, for instance, among many other things, forbidden to urinate upon the ashes of a fire, or to pollute running water even by making ablutions or washing clothes in it, for that water was to be drunk (and in Central Asia streams are rare). It was also forbidden "to walk in running water during the spring and summer" or "to walk over a fire" so as "not to trouble the titular spirits of fire and water."³ But at the same time, all Genghis Khan's subjects were ordered "to respect all religious faiths without being bound by any one faith"⁴ and not to quarrel with one another on any account.

¹ Ralph Fox, "Genghis Khan" (edit. 1936), p. 187.

² Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 95.

³ Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 96.

⁴ Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 96.

The *Yasa*, in fact, imposed death penalty “for any evidence of quarrelling — even for spying upon another man, or taking sides with one of two who were disputing together”;¹ and religious toleration was enforced only in order to avoid further occasions of dispute and further germs of division among the millions of people that the conqueror wished to unite. Likewise, fornication, sodomy, magic and deliberate lying — all sins that could give rise to personal jealousies and sow seeds of dissension among people, and that could not but enervate them both physically and morally; or sins that might forward possibilities of rebellion — were punished by death; so was, also, and above all, “disobedience to an order” and “any attempt of a lesser man to use the authority that belonged to the *khakhan* alone.”² The only loyalty which both Mongols and subject people were to share was loyalty to the *khakhan* “Emperor of all men”; their one religion above all religions was to be the strong sense of duty that bound them to him through the representatives of his authority at all levels of that military hierarchy upon which rested, throughout the conquered world, what we have called “the Mongol peace.”

In other words, the *Yasa* was, first and foremost, a military code designed to stabilise for all times to come the result of Genghis Khan’s conquests — and of the conquests of his successors; — a legal system that would “hold his Mongols together as a clan through all changes in fortune,”³ and also hold down the subject people under them, permanently. And it is only to be expected that it went into many details with regard to the equipment and discipline of the army in war time,⁴ while it imposed upon all Mongols a truly military-like comradeship and equality in peace time as well. (No Mongol was “to eat in the presence of another without sharing his food with him,” and “no one was to satisfy his hunger more than another”).⁵ But it was also, as Harold Lamb has written, “a one-man’s family code,”⁶ for in Genghis Khan’s eyes Mongol domination meant nothing else but the domination of the

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 96.

² Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 96.

³ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 95.

⁴ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 121.

⁵ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 95.

⁶ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 97.

“Golden Family” — of *his* family — endlessly prolonging his own absolute rule. He had struggled all his life in order to assure riches and power — unshakable security, — for his sons and grandsons. He devised the *Yasa* and made it the one law binding together fifty conquered kingdoms, *not* in view of the happy evolution of these kingdoms under the best possible conditions, but in view of their most intelligent, most efficient and lasting exploitation for the profit of the children of his own blood — the only men who were allowed to touch the sheets of gold upon which the new Law was written. And he had in fact said: “If the descendants born after me keep to the *Yasa*, and do not change it, for a thousand and ten thousand years the Everlasting Sky will aid and preserve them.”¹

One of the most striking practical results of his legislation was that, during his lifetime — and for quite a long time afterwards, — he actually managed to eradicate crime among the Mongols and to make the various countries which the latter had conquered the best organised in the world. No doubt, the *Yasa* “worked hardship enough on subject peoples and those enslaved by the wars”;² yet those peoples, accustomed to the misrule of decaying dynasties or to the whimsical tyranny of petty chieftains, were benefited by it to the extent that order, however harsh it be, is always better than disorder.

But the self-centred family spirit in, which the iron code of laws was conceived was the very reason why it could not keep the Empire together for ever. Nothing short of the impersonal cult of truth — of absolute devotion to a state of things built upon objective truth, — can keep even a few thousands people together *for ever*. It is (when one comes to think of it) amazing that the *Yasa* remained “a sort of religion”³ to the Mongols themselves for so long after the death of the great conqueror.

* * *

The respect in which the legislation was held was due to the personal devotion that every Mongol felt for Genghis Khan, rather than to ideological reasons. Genghis Khan’s world

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 95.

² Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 97.

³ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 97.

was obeyed blindly, unconditionally, even years after his death, just because it was *his* word — the word of a victorious Leader in whom every Mongol revered the one appointed by the Everlasting Blue Sky to rule the earth. For two generations, nobody — save, perhaps, Juchi, and his son Batu, — dreamed of disobeying its dictates. It stated, for instance, that, at the death of a *khakhan*, the princes of the Golden Family and the chieftains of the army should gather, from wherever they might happen to be, in the Mongolian homeland, for the election of a new *khakhan*. So when, in February 1242, the news of Ogodai's death was brought to Subodai's headquarters on the Danube, the veteran general and the Mongolian army just about to move further west and to conquer the whole of Europe (where nothing could have stopped them) turned back, and started the long long journey to Karakorum as a matter of course. To Subodai, — and to every one of the chiefs, save Batu, — to disregard the summons to the appointed *kuriltai* was “unthinkable.”¹ And as the conqueror had expressly designed his second (or third) son, Ogodai, to be *khakhan* after him, the Mongol chiefs had sworn at their first *kuriltai* never to elect a *khakhan* who were not a member of the house of Ogodai; and at the second gathering of the blood-kin, after Ogodai's death, they elected Kuyuk, Ogodai's son. But although nobody — not even Batu — dreamed of questioning the authority of the *Yasa* openly, those of its dictates that stood in the way of mere than one ambitious member of the Golden Family were simply ignored (if not deliberately brushed aside) after Kuyuk had died; and more and more so, as time went on.

Mangu's election to the supreme dignity of *khakhan*, away from the Mongol homeland, in Batu's camp at the mouth of the River Imil, at a *kuriltai* at which not one of the princes of the house of Ogodai was present, was illegal from the standpoint of the *Yasa*. And even more so (if that be possible) was, after Mangu's death, the election of his brother Kubilai, in the Chinese town of Shang-tu, at an assembly attended only by the officers of the Left Wing of the army — of *his* army — and by Chinese officials. These elections, the result of both of which was a further blow to the unity of the Mongol Empire, in defiance of Genghis Khan's life-long

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 161.

aim and dearest dreams, were possible only because the members of the Golden Family that were thus favoured loved themselves and their own sons more than the memory of the great Ancestor to whose conquests they owed their place in the world; more than the Golden Family at large, whose domination *he* had struggled to secure at all costs. In other words, Mangu and Kubilai, (and, still more than they, their ambitious and patient mother, Siyurkuktiti, whose clever intrigues are at the bottom of the rise of the house of Tuli to supreme power) had Genghis Khan's own attitude to life: nothing guided them in their decisions but the lust of plenty and power — of security for ever, — for the sons and grandsons of their own loins.

No doubt, they were both remarkable men and they achieved great things in war as well as in the administration of the conquered lands. They both extended the limits of the already immense Mongol Empire. Yet, by accepting the khakhan's throne from an illegally assembled *kuriltai* (as Mangu did) or by actually grabbing it through a sort of *coup d'état* (as Kubilai did, when he gathered his followers in Shang-tu) they both rose against the order established by Genghis Khan and prepared the collapse of his life's work; they wrought the disintegration of what *he* had welded together and had intended to keep together. The Conqueror had indeed told his sons and their sons: "While you are together and of one mind, you will endure. If you are separated, you will be broken."¹ Mangu and Kubilai separated themselves from the rest of the Golden Family, in particular from the sons and grandsons of Ogodai, legitimate heirs to the domination of the steppes by Genghis Khan's own choice, — and that, nay, while there *was*, among others, in the person of Kaidu son of Kuyuk, the victor of Liegnitz and the hero of Hungary, a brilliant representative of the privileged House to which the Mongol chieftains had pledged their faith at the first *kuriltai* held after Genghis Khan's death.

Batu, of course, already years before, had not cared to go back to the Mongol homeland to attend the assembly that had raised Kuyuk to the throne. As it is, however, not sure

¹ Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 82.

whether his father, Juchi, was Genghis Khan's own son or not, his attitude may seem more natural than that of his cousins. But from the standpoint of the *Yasa*, it was no less censurable. Genghis Khan himself had given his sons the order to march against Juchi when the latter had failed to obey his summons to a gathering of the Mongol chiefs. For the *Yasa* was binding on all Mongols — no less than on the subject peoples that were barred from the Mongol privileges.

* * *

Batu's refusal to march back to Karakorum in order to sit there as lord of the West, among the other Mongol princes, his kinsmen, lords of various conquered lands, at the *kuriltai*, that was to appoint Kuyuk *khakhan*, "Lord of the world"; and, a few years later, the election of Mangu by an assembly illegally held in Batu's camp by the Lake of the Eagles; and, after that, the election of Kubilai, also away from the, Mongol homeland and against the will of more than half the Golden Family, were, as I said, acts of disobedience to Genghis Khan's order to his descendants to "remain together." A subtler, yet no less flagrant defiance of the conqueror's will is to be noted in the gradual conversion of all but a few princes of the Golden Family to various foreign religions and cultures — in their absorption into the civilisations of the subject nations.

Significantly enough, it is among those descendants of Genghis Khan who played in history the greatest part — the princes of the house of Juchi, rulers of Russia, and the princes of the house of Tuli, emperors of China and Il-Khans of Persia, — that Mongols, followers of the ways of the conquered peoples are to be found. Birkai, son of Juchi, "the first of the line of Genghis Khan to yield himself to a religion,"¹ embraced Islam and, what is more, championed the cause of Islam in war, against his cousin, Hulagu. And Sartak, Batu's eldest son, is said to have embraced Christianity, — although one has to admit that, in his life among many wives, amidst surroundings that appeared to the Belgian Friar William of Ruysbroek as those "of another age,"² he hardly seems to

¹ Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 194.

² Harold Lamb, "The March of the Barbarians" (edit. 1941), p. 195.

have taken the Christian standards of behaviour into account. At the other end of the earth, Kubilai, son of Tuli, who, in his youth, had learnt the pictographic script of Cathay along with elements of Chinese wisdom under Yao Chow, was more of a Chinese potentate than of a Mongol *Khakhan*. Before he conquered the south of China, he had himself, says the historian, “been conquered by the Chinese” and “he may not have realised, or he may not have cared, that, in uniting China, he had brought the Empire of the steppes to an end.”¹ But the Chinese can only have “conquered him” because the appeal which their luxuries and their wisdom had for him war” stronger than his attachment to Genghis Khan’s great dream. With Timur, Kubilai’s grandson and successor, who had “lost; the energy and simplicity of the barbarians,”² the old idea of military rule and of the Mongols’ aloofness from the conquered peoples was completely forgotten. The Buddhists were given new privileges.³ The Yuan Dynasty had already become a Chinese dynasty after many others.

And in Persia, where Hulagu himself had followed Genghis Khan’s Mongol policy detached from all religion, and where Abaka, his son and successor, kept an empty throne beside him, raised higher than his own, as a symbol of his submission to the distant, *khakhan* in the East (who then, happened to be Kubilai) Islam and Persian culture prevailed in the end among Genghis Khan’s descendants. At Abaka’s death in 1282, another of Hulagu’s sons became a convert to the faith of the Prophet and held the throne for two years under the name of Ahmed, until he met his fate in a popular rising. Arghun, son of Abaka, who then rose to power, was not a Mohammadan. But his successor, Ghazan, became one. And the following Il-Khans of Persia, easygoing patrons of art — with less and less of Genghis Khan’s blood in their veins — were definitively conquered to the religion and life of the land, over which they ruled with the help of Mohammadan wiziars and where “all trace of Hulagu” — and of Genghis Khan — “had been lost.”⁴

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 270.

² Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 233.

³ Harold Lamb, *Ibid.*, p. 281.

⁴ Harold Lamb, *Ibid.*, p. 287.

Alone the princes of the house of Chagatai and those of the dispossessed house of Ogodai (to whom Genghis Khan had wished to give pre-eminence over the others) remained unaffected by the lure of foreign vanities and foreign subtleties of thought; faithful to the old Mongol way of life. And they found in Kaidu son of Kuyuk son of Ogodai son of Genghis Khan a chieftain worthy of them, “a hard soul, indifferent to religion, determined to lead the steppe dwellers to war”¹ — a man who despised the refinements of decadence which others called civilisation. And Kaidu, to whom the elder Mongols had given the title of *Khakhan*² and who was the master of High Asia from Afghanistan to the Altai ranges, fought all his life against his uncle Kubilai who had turned from both the letter and the spirit of the *Yasa* to become the founder of the Yuan Dynasty of Cathay.

But it is difficult to say how far Kaidu was (any more than Genghis Khan himself) a disinterested idealist. He doubtless deplored the gradual absorption of the conquerors by the conquered people, the submission of Mongols to strange religions, contrarily to the great Ancestor’s command the prevalence of a different strange etiquette at each of the different new Mongol courts. He doubtless deplored the fact that “the Mongol empire was dismembering swiftly into its four quarters;” that “the homelands had ceased to have any significance”³ and that it was probably already too late to try to put things right again in accordance with Genghis Khan’s dream. Yet, at least from the little we know of his ardent life, all his bravery and skill — just like his great-grandfather’s, and that of the other Mongol princes — were put to the service of one purpose: *his own* survival and power and that of his family in the narrow sense of the word. He certainly should have been proclaimed *khakhan* in the place of Mangu, at Kuyuk’s death. And Mangu — and Kubilai — should have acted as his lieutenants, stabilising and extending the Mongol conquests for him and with him, with selfless zeal, so as to make Genghis Khan’s work everlasting. If they did not do so, it is because they loved themselves and *their own* families

¹ Harold Lamb, *Ibid.*, p. 242-243.

² Harold Lamb, *Ibid.*, p. 273.

³ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 244.

— the children, of their own bodies — more than any great imperial dream that could no longer be directly and personally connected with them; because they failed to feel for their nephew of genius, of the privileged house of Ogodai, that sort of loyalty which a knight feels for his king. But nothing we know of Kaidu's history goes to prove that he was, in any way, different from them in his purpose, however much he might have been in his tastes; nothing suggests that he was, any less than they or than Genghis Khan himself, what I have called in the beginning of this book a "man 'in Time'."

* * *

The actually disinterested characters, more than any others the makers of Mongol greatness in the thirteenth century, are to be sought among Genghis Khan's devoted followers rather than among his own grandsons and great-grandsons. Towering above them all stands one of the finest war-lords — and also one of the finest men — of all times: Subodai.

The very embodiment of the highest and purest warrior-like virtues, he had, from the early days of Genghis Khan's struggle for power — for fifty years; all his life — fought with irresistible efficiency, with vision, with genius, *not* for any profit or glory of his own but solely for the greatness and glory of the Leader whom he loved and revered. He had served him brilliantly in his westward lightning march, and scaled the Caucasus and raided the Russian plains at his command. And, after his death, he had conquered China down to Nanking for his successors, in a campaign that was a masterpiece of warfare, directing sieges with unfailing skill, and, just as in the West, ordering mass-massacres without a trace of either glee or horror — with perfect detachment — whenever he considered it a military necessity and had received no orders not to do so. He had conquered Russia, Poland, Hungary, — half Europe, — for Ogodai, Genghis Khan's son, and turned his back on his conquests as a matter of course, without resentment, without regret, when, at Ogodai's death, he had received the summons to attend the customary assembly of chiefs in far-away Karakorum. And then, when Kuyuk son of Ogodai was preparing to march against Bata, who had defied his authority; when, for the first time, Mongols were to fight

Mongols, he retired from active life, with the permission of the *khakhan*. He retired “to his yurt in the steppes by the River Tula.” And “there he put away the insignia of his rank and took to sitting on the sunny side of his yurt, watching his herds go out to grazing.”¹

“A soldier without a weakness”² in the words of John of Carpini, the first European to visit the Mongol realm of his own accord; “implacable as death itself,”³ in the words of the modern historian Harold Lamb, he had but one love: Genghis Khan, his Leader; and he knew but one law: the *Yasa*, expression of Genghis Khan’s will, and one morality: absolute obedience to that will. And when facts told him that that will no longer ruled the new world which he had helped to build, he retired from the world — back to his flocks, back to obscurity; back to the nothingness out of which Mongol grandeur had sprang through Genghis Khan, and into which it was, one day, to sink, once more, now that the conqueror’s command to “remain together” no longer bound the Golden Family. Absolute devotion can only exteriorise itself in absolute obedience or, — when obedience has lost all meaning; when the Leader’s will, which is the sole measure of right and wrong, is defeated on the material plane, — in silence.

It is the presence of such characters as Subodai — of men unconditionally devoted to Genghis Khan (or to his memory) without a trace of selfishness — at all levels of the Mongol military hierarchy, that enabled the conqueror’s work to last as long as it did. Had Genghis Khan’s own grandsons and great-grandsons all had that spirit, and had they “remained together,” contemptuously aloof from the beliefs and controversies and interests of the vanquished, — faithful to the *Yasa* alone, or at least to the purpose of the *Yasa*, — the stupendous Empire of the steppes might have endured for centuries. As things stood, it is, as I have said before, a wonder that it endured as long as it did.

For it was the monument of one extraordinary man’s successful ambition, not a historical structure based upon

¹ Harold Lamb, loc. cit., p. 178.

² Harold Lamb, loc. cit., p. 178.

³ Harold Lamb, loc. cit., p. 111.

truth; not a step towards a new world-order conceived on the model of the eternal Order of Life. And the *Yasa*, on the obedience to which its strength rested, was “a one man’s family code”¹ not the charta of a new faith nearer to truth than the then existing ones. It had been devised to keep the conquered world enslaved to the descendants of one man, because that man had fought and conquered for himself and for them, *not* because they had been given by Nature any special right to rule for ever; *not* because they represented in any way a permanently superior type of humanity.

One cannot but understand — and admire — Subodai’s devotion to his Leader. It was a glaring homage to the greatness of personality, that essence of leadership; a recognition of the unquestionable rights that personality enjoys, according to the laws of life. In devoting his genius to the strong man whom the Everlasting Blue Sky had appointed to rule the earth, Subodai was, in all humility and wisdom, faithful to those eternal Laws. And so were all those who, like him, followed Genghis Khan without even thinking of what advantages and glory they would thereby win for themselves.

But one has to admit that, beautiful as it certainly is in itself, such devotion is not enough to build up either a lasting empire or a lasting civilisation. That alone which is rooted in truth is lasting. And for absolute devotion to a Leader to have its full creative — and lasting — potency, (which is, *sooner or later*, bound to mould the course of history according to the Leader’s dreams) the Leader himself should be more than an ambitious self-centred man in quest of security and power for his own family; more than a man “in Time,” however great. He should be worthy of absolute devotion, worthy of life-long day to day unconditional sacrifice, not merely in the eyes of his enthusiastic followers, who might idealise him, but from the impersonal standpoint of what is called in the Bhagavad-Gita “the welfare of the Universe” — from the point of view of the purpose of Life. In other words, he should himself be a selfless soul; a man striving with detachment to “live in Truth” and calling others to do like-wise, — whether “above Time,” like King Akhnaton or the Buddha, or “against Time,” like Lord Krishna, the political

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 97.

karmayogi, in most ancient India; like the Prophet Mohamed or, in our times, the inspired Builder of the only order of truth in the world after many centuries: Adolf Hitler. In all other cases his work, however staggering it be, will perish with him or soon after him. Loyalty to him will die out, as it did in the instance of Genghis Khan, soon after the few of his contemporaries who followed him with disinterested love have all died, — or it will become as good as dead: an accepted tradition of reverence, perpetuating the leader's memory, but incapable of holding down the passions that stand in the way of complete obedience to his will. Loyalty to a man always dies out, sooner or later, when it is not at the same time loyalty to a system, to a faith, to a scale of values — to something *more than a man*, which alone that type of leader who is himself a disinterested idealist can represent; when it is not loyalty to impersonal truth.

As I said, there was no Ideology behind Genghis Khan's will to power; no conscious purpose other than the survival and welfare of himself and of his family. And therefore the Yasa represented no scale of values. Admittedly, it gave the Mongols special rights and forced upon them special duties, before all, the duty of remaining together, faithful to the Golden Family and aloof from the civilisations that they had set out to crush. But it laid down no rule of conduct that aimed at keeping them *in fact* — physically — different from the conquered nations. It forbade them to quarrel among themselves; it forbade them to yield, themselves to strange religions; but it omitted to forbid them to mingle their blood in marriage with that of the conquered Chinese, Persians, Russians, Magyars; to become, themselves, a new people. Genghis Khan, says Harold Lamb, had not allowed for “the effect of education on a simple people. He had thought, it appears, that they would learn and still remain nomads.”¹ We believe that they *could have* “learnt” and still have remained, if not “nomads” at least Mongols united in the pride of their common strength round a united *Golden Family*, had they not taken to wife women of ail nations. One of the main reasons why the Golden Family itself was gradually absorbed into the civilisations of the conquered (with the

¹ Harold Lamb, “The March of the Barbarians” (edit. 1941), p. 97.

exception of the houses of Chagatai and Ogodai, that remained in the steppes, isolated from the outer world) was that, from the start, — in the very *Yasa* — no stress was ever laid upon the necessity of avoiding mixtures of blood. And the main reason why Genghis Khan had never mentioned — let alone stressed — such a necessity, is to be sought in the fact that all he wanted after his own survival and domination was the domination *of his own family*, solely because it was *his own* — not because it was the most able to lead the Mongols to endless conquests, nor because the Mongols, as a people, had, even in his eyes, any greater *inherent* value than other nations, and any natural right to rule the world (which indeed they had not). To him, in fact, it mattered little how far his descendants would or not remain full-fledged Mongols, provided that they were his descendants; provided that *he* would live in them, anyhow. (But would he — *could* he — continue living in them, after they no longer would be, physically, full-fledged Mongols? We believe he could not. He apparently believed he could and would or, more probably, did not even put himself the question). He thought his iron code of laws was sufficient to keep the Mongols and the conquered outer world in obedience to his descendants for ever, if *they* — the latter — “remained together.” He did not realise what factors would unavoidably lead them to fall apart.

Curiously enough, it is precisely because his descendants had exactly the same outlook as he himself — because they too sought their own immediate welfare, their own power, and the future of their own sons, in other words, *themselves*, and *not* the triumph of any impersonal Ideology, in all their achievements; because they had no Ideology (any more than he had had) — that they started to disobey him: to quarrel among themselves; to build up separate kingdoms; to champion their newly acquired foreign faiths against one another; to turn their backs to the *Yasa*.

They had not for Genghis Khan, whom many of them had never known personally, the selfless devotion that Subodai had. And the conqueror had given them nothing to which they could, throughout centuries, pin their faith and give their love; nothing for which they could fight unceasingly, regardless of personal advantages and even of glory, as Subodai and so many others had fought for *him*. On the contrary,

he had left them the memory of a man who had struggled all his life for himself alone and whose patient, cunning, thorough, ruthless service of himself had led to the mastery of more than half Asia. They followed his example (not Subodai's), every one of them for his own account. They followed it without his genius, and without that spirit of binding solidarity that he had tried so hard to give them but failed to put into their hearts in the sole name of their common descent from him; — without that spirit of solidarity which it is not possible to infuse into any human collectivity for long, save in the name of some higher truth, rooted in the lives of the people but exceeding them by far; in the name of some higher purpose, sustained in the consciousness of absolute, eternal Truth. And after the third or fourth generation, they followed it without even being, most of them, as pure Mongols as before.

The result was the splitting up of the Mongol Empire and the acceleration of the material and moral decay of Asia as a whole, and, — after the empire had altogether ceased to exist; after the sons of Kaidu had sunk back into obscurity, and after the Mongol dynasties directly sprung from Genghis Khan had been overthrown in Persia, China, and finally Russia, — the tragic absence of any great force capable of helping Asia to rise from the ruins of the worn-out kingdoms that the Mongol horsemen had smashed or from the increasing apathy of the others (such as the Indian ones). Tamerlane and, a century later, Baber, warriors of Genghis Khan's race and, like him, men essentially “in Time” — centred round themselves, — were not able to arrest the decay, even though the latter built up in India an empire that endured over two hundred and fifty years; on the contrary, they rather hastened it, in the long run. And if the *selfless* warrior-like spirit, the true immemorial Aryan spirit expressed in the Bhagavad-Gita, never died in India, where it was in constant clash with foreign ideas, it was not alive enough to raise out of India such a *Kshatriya* as could play, on the political plane, a part of lasting international importance.

“The sword of Genghis Khan wrought a great revolution, but it was Asia in the end which lost by it, Europe, which gained,”¹ writes Ralph Fox, meaning thereby that the failure

¹ Ralph Fox, “Genghis Khan” (edit. 1936).

of Genghis Khan's descendants to create and to organise a new Asia on the basis of his Yasa resulted in the whole continent soon becoming the competition ground — and the prey — of merchants from Europe, whether Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, French or British; that it contributed more than one is generally inclined to believe to the growth of the new, cynically money worshipping world which was to replace mediaeval Christendom in the West and to subdue the whole earthly sphere (save an irreducible minority of genuine idealists) to the tyranny of its false values; of the ugly world dominated to this day by international Finance.

It is a noteworthy (and, in our eyes, *not* an accidental fact) that the only country in Asia that escaped both slavery to the great European trade Companies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the infection of modern Democracy in the twentieth, while on the other hand it also resisted the influence of the Christian missionaries (and even openly fought it, for a long time at least), is Japan — the one country to have victoriously defied the might of Kubilai Khan with the help of the “divine Wind of Ise.”¹ And it is hardly possible not to oppose the self-centred attitude of Genghis Khan's descendants no less than his own, to that disinterested, active, devotional nationalism of the Japanese, expressed to this day in the highest form of Shintoism: in the Emperor-cult and the cult of the Race, both merged into the cult of the Sun, the cult of Life; to that spirit that was, one day, to give birth to Toyoma and to make Tojo and the Japanese warlords and soldiers and people of 1941 the allies of the great European Man “against Time,” champion *par excellence* of the rights of Life in the modern phase of Life's age-old struggle against the dark Forces of disintegration and death.

¹ On the 14th August, 1281.

Written in Lyons (France) in 1951 and 1952.

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PART III

THE SUN

(Akhnaton)

CHAPTER VIII

“THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD OF THE LIVING ATON”

Two hundred years of victorious war had put Egypt at the head of nations in what was, then, — some 1420 years before the Christian Era, — the “known world.” Loaded with the spoils both of Semites and Nubians and Negroes, her young King, Menkheperura — Thotmose the Fourth — ruled in splendour from the waters of the Upper Euphrates to the Fifth and even to the Sixth Cataract of the Nile. And Thebes, his capital, was the most gorgeous city the world had yet seen, and the Great God, Amon, — the old tribal god of Thebes, raised to the rank of the supreme State-god, — the most honoured and the most feared of all gods, and his priests, the richest and the most powerful men in the land — hardly less powerful than the king himself, who was looked upon as son of Amon, and said to hold his absolute authority directly from him.

The sea-lords of Crete and of the Aegean Isles were doubtless great potentates. And so was the king of the Hittites, who ruled over a sturdy and stubborn people in far-away Hattushah, near modern Ankara. And so was the king of Babylon (India and China were too remote to speak of.) But none could be compared with Pharaoh. And that world above which Egypt towered like the Theban god Amon above the other many gods of the Nile Valley and of the Empire, was already thousands of years old. And within its diversity it possessed certain traits of culture which were common to all or nearly all its people, from the easy-going, art-loving Cretans to the merchants, sages and toiling masses of Dravidian India: it placed the authority of the priest (or priestess) above that of the warrior, nay, it sought in the super-natural the normal source of all authority; and it saw in the mystery of death something more important even than life itself. It was an old, old world, in which each people lived slowly and regularly

according to long-established Tradition, the origin of which was lost in the past, the meaning of which was being — or had already *been* — forgotten by all save perhaps a few initiates. And of all nations, Egypt was perhaps the one that had been living for the longest time to a slow rhythm.

Now, the Gods, who govern all things from within, put a strange desire into Pharaoh's, heart — an unheard — of yearning to mingle himself with that which lay beyond the limits of the self-contained world that he dominated, — and he asked Artatama, king of Mitanni, for one of his daughters to wife. This was against the immemorial custom of Egypt, where kings usually married their own sisters, or at least close relations. It was also, apparently, against the custom of Mitanni for “*six times* did Thotmose the Fourth make his request in vain.”¹ But it was the first and most decisive of the happenings that had to take place, in order to make possible the appearing of an extraordinary prince — true Child of the Sun — half a century later.

For beyond the boundaries of that self-contained Near and Middle East, in which Egypt was supreme, the young, beautiful — and gifted — Aryan race, whose tremendous destiny was not yet clear, except to the Gods themselves and to its own sages, was pushing forward from the North-West to the South and to the South-East, seeking further living space among the people of the old nations. It was, in duration of years, perhaps as old as they or nearly so, perhaps actually the youngest race on earth. But it was anyhow — and was fated to remain — young in outlook. It believed in the pre-eminence of Action over Speculation. It placed the warrior and king above the priest, and the worship of Life above the thirst of the Unknown which is beyond. It was confident in its own vitality, and confident in its God-ordained mission. And it worshipped Light as the most glorious visible expression of the Energy which is Life Itself, and the Sun as the Source of Light and Life. And the kings, Allies of Egypt, who now held sway over the land of Mitanni, within the great bend of the Upper Euphrates, still controlling what was, one day, to

¹ Sir Wallis Budge, “Tutankhamon, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism” (edit. 1923), p. 20.

be known as Assyria,¹ belonged to that predestined race (as did, for the last five hundred years, the kings of Babylon).²

Pharaoh's marriage to King Artatama's daughter was to bring together — for the first time to our knowledge, — two worlds that had hitherto co-existed without meeting save in occasional war: the “known world” headed by Egypt, with its close and remote connections in time and space: older Egypt, up to pre-dynastic days; minoan Crete, with its two thousand year-old past; immemorial Sumeria, and the kindred peaceful civilisation of the Indus Valley, and the Aryan world of the time and of unsuspected past and future ages, from the Germanic tribes, with their Sun and Star worship already centuries old,³ to rising Sanskrit India. The immediate result — to be experienced within a few decades, after a blaze of splendour, — was disaster, both for Egypt and for the Kingdom of Mitanni (which a weakened Egypt could no longer protect against the growing power of its neighbours). The result for all times was, in the person of the grandson of the royal couple, a lonely, short-lived pioneer of that Golden Age (of the *next* Time-cycle) that we are still awaiting; a Child of Light living “above Time” — “in Truth, for ever and ever,” — Akhnaton, Founder of the famous Religion of the Disk.

* * *

Six times had Thotmose the Fourth made his request in vain. We know it from a letter addressed by Dushratta, king of Mitanni — Artatama's grandson, — to Akhnaton.⁴ Mitanni was a small kingdom; nothing to be compared with the mighty Egyptian Empire. But was not Aryan blood to be kept pure? Was it not more valuable even than the Theban throne and all its glory? One can indeed find no other explanation of King Artatama's repeated refusal to give his daughter in marriage to the most powerful monarch of his times.

The friendship of the powerful is sweet, however; — sweet... and useful. And, harder than the desire to please

¹ R. H. Hall, “Ancient History of the Near East” (edit. 1936), p. 260.

² The Kings of the Kassite Dynasty.

³ Wilhelm Teudt, “Germanische Heiligtümer” (edit. 1929), p. 38 and following.

⁴ See Winckler “Die Thontafeln von Tell-el-Amarna,” No. 24, p. 51. The letter is — or was, till 1945, — preserved in Berlin.

Pharaoh — or the awareness that it was good policy to please him, — a Destiny was steadily pressing Artatama to accept, to submit, in the interest he knew not of *what*. And “after the seventh asking, the king of Mitanni gave his daughter to the king of Egypt.”¹ The new Queen forsook her Aryan name and adopted an Egyptian one, more in keeping with her new position — Mutemuya, or “Mut in the sacred bark”² — and is styled upon the monuments as “hereditary princess, Great Lady, presiding over the South and over the North.”³ Of her personality and actual influence nothing is known. It can only be surmised that she would, in her new home, feel herself drawn to the old Sun-gods of Ann, or On, which the Greeks were one day to call Heliopolis — to Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons; to Atem or Aton, the fiery, Disk — more akin than Amon to her native Aryan gods Mithra and Surya, rather than to the exalted tribal god of Thebes. Her real, undeniable contribution to the further history of Egypt (and of religious thought) lies however in the fact that she gave birth to King Amenhotep the Third — Amenhotep the Magnificent — who, whatever may have been his interest or lack of interest in philosophical matters, was *himself* half-Aryan.

* * *

Amenhotep the Third married one of the most remarkable feminine characters of Antiquity, Tiy, daughter of Yuua and of Tuau, or Tuaa.

Yuua, although he was a priest of the age-old Egyptian fertility-god, Min, was a foreigner “from North Syria” or, to be more precise, from Mitanni,⁴ Queen Mutemuya’s land, the ruling aristocracy of which was, like the king, Aryan, whatever mixture of Semitic and Hittite blood the bulk of its population may have been. Sir Flinders Petrie holds him to have been one of those numerous allied or vassal princes that were then brought up at the Egyptian Court. One does not know whether Queen Tiy’s mother, Tuau or Tuaa, who, according to most scholars, was of royal descent, was a full-blooded

¹ Sir W. Budge, “Tutankhamon, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism” (edit. 1923), p. 20.

² Sir Flinders Petrie, “History of Egypt,” Vol. II, p. 174.

³ Sir W. Budge, l.c., p. 20.

⁴ Sir Flinders Petrie, “History of Egypt,” Vol. II, p. 183.

Egyptian or partly or wholly Mitannian in spite of her Egyptian name. “In a letter sent by Dushratta, king of Mitanni, to Akhnaton, Tiy is called “*my sister*,”¹ which would indicate that she herself was, through one of her parents at least, if not through both, of royal Mitannian blood.

Much has been written about the probable influence of the many Mitannians who lived at the Egyptian Court — and in particular in Amenhotep the Third’s “house of women” — upon the *education* of the young prince who was to ascend the throne as Amenhotep the Fourth, and to become immortal under the name of Akhnaton. I have, in another book,³ striven to show how difficult such an influence is to prove, and stressed that Akhnaton’s conception of one cosmic Godhead as opposed to the many gods of Egypt, was the outcome of his *own* direct intuition, rather than that of any external influences ideas of genius always are. The truth is that the Religion of Aton — the Sun-disk, — which Sir Flinders Petrie judged “fit for our tittles,”⁴ is the one glaring instance of Aryan creativeness within an ancient Egyptian setting. It is so, however, not so much because its Founder was, or might well have been, *influenced* by people having an Aryan outlook (be it by his Mitannian step-mothers or by his own mother) as because *he was himself* surely half, if not more than half Aryan: a blending of the old blood of the kings of Thebes with that of the noble race from the North predestined to give the world, along with the heroic philosophy of disinterested Action, the lure of logical thinking and disinterested research — the scientific spirit.

* * *

He was born in the lovely Charuk palace, in Thebes, in or shortly after 1395 B.C.,⁵ — some thirteen thousand years

¹ R. H. Hall, “Ancient History of the Near East” (edit. 1936), p. 201. Arthur Weigall, “Life and Times of Akhnaton” (edit. 1923), p. 26.

² By Sir Wallis Budge, Arthur Weigall and others.

³ In “A Son of God,” (edit. 1946) p. 25, 26, 27. Also in “Akhnaton’s Eternal Message” (1940), p. 5-6.

⁴ Sir Flinders Petrie, “History of Egypt,” Vol. II, p. 214.

⁵ See Sir Flinders Petrie’s “History of Egypt,” Vol. II, p. 205. Other scholars place his birth a few years later (See A. Weigall’s “Life and Times of Akhnaton”; also Sir Wallis Budge’s “Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism.”)

after the last traces of the receding Great Ice had disappeared from Germany; two hundred years *before* the Trojan War; more than eleven hundred years before the Indian Emperor Asoka, like he, a Messenger of peace; two thousand years before the Prophet of Islam, whose faith, monotheistic like his, but of a totally different character, was one day to be the faith of his kingdom; more than two thousand five hundred years before Genghis Khan his most striking “opposite” in world history; — and three thousand three hundred years before the birth of *the* Man “against Time,” Adolf Hitler, who, accepting the Law of Violence, which he ignored, was to seek to build upon its only possible basis, the reign of Truth towards which he had aspired.

CHAPTER IX

THE HEAT-AND-LIGHT-WITHIN-THE-DISK

The new king was about twelve years old when he came to the throne, and, for some time, he merely reigned while his mother governed. (Dushratta, King of Mitanni, writing to congratulate him on his accession, addresses himself to Queen Tiy, not to him directly, and, even in later letters of this period — which are addressed to him — asks him on several occasions to “refer to his mother about important matters.”)¹ In the sixth year of his reign, after he had decidedly taken power into his own hands, he proclaimed his faith in one God — the Sun, which he designated by the name of Aton (i.e. “the Disk”; the fiery Orb) — to the exclusion of all others; built a temple to Him within the sacred enclosure of Karnak, in Thebes; gave the quarter of Thebes where the temple stood the name of “Brightness of Aton, the Great One” and changed the name of the capital itself from that of Nut-Amon — the City of Amon — to that of “City of the Brightness of Aton.” After the conflict into which he had entered with the powerful priesthood of Amon had become quite open, and bitter, he also changed his own name from Amenhotep (meaning: Amon is at peace) to Akhnaton (“Joy of the Sun”) and finally forbade the cult of Amon, and of the many gods of Egypt altogether, and had their names erased from the monuments and from private inscriptions, even from those within his own father’s tomb. Then, as he fully grew to realise that he would never succeed in making Thebes the centre of the new world which he was planning to build on the basis of his new (or very old) faith, he left the City and sailed down the Nile in search of a suitable spot to lay the foundations of another capital upon. The site which appealed to his intuition lies some hundred and ninety miles south of that of modern Cairo. King Akhnaton had boundary

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie, “History of Egypt” (edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 211. See the “Tell-el-Amarna Letters” (K. 28).

stones set up, with inscriptions relating the ceremonial birth of the new city, Akhetaton or “the City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk,” and stating its demarcation in length and breadth. And two years later — when the new capital, for the building and decoration of which the workmanship of the whole Empire and even of foreign lands, had been mobilised, was practically inhabitable, — he moved to it with all his Court and about eighty thousand followers.

And there he lived nine years, — until his premature death — teaching his lofty solar religion to those whom he deemed fit to understand it, and governing his City and Egypt and the Empire according to what he felt to be its implications, but without taking at all into account either the unbending laws that rule *any* development in Time, or the hard facts that characterise *any* “Age of Gloom” such as the one to which both he and we belong. He built and adorned temples, presented offerings, composed and sang hymns to the Sun, and lived in idyllic domestic life which was, at the same time, an object of edification for his subjects. He explained or tried to explain to a narrow circle of disciples the mystery of the Rays of the fiery Disk — Heat, which is Light; Light, which is Heat — clear to his extraordinary intuition, but so difficult to express in words, that the thinking world was to take thirty-three hundred years to evolve a theory to account for it. He set forth new canons in architecture, sculpture and painting and (although we have no *proof* of this) probably in music also — for all the arts are necessarily connected. He preached love of all living things and peace and good will among men, and neither hunted nor led an army to battle. And when there was unrest in Syria and Palestine, and when letters came to him from Egyptian governors and from vassal princes, informing him of rebellion of other vassal princes and of spreading disaffection, of inroads of wild tribes and of local movements of resistance against Egyptian rule, and begging him for help, he appears to have preferred to lose the Empire that he had inherited from his warrior-like forefathers, rather than to deny, through prompt and decisive military action, his conviction that the law of love was to rule (and, in the first place, that it *could* and *can* rule) international relations no less than private dealings

He died at the early age of twenty-nine, whether of

natural death or of slow poisoning — it is impossible to tell. His new capital was systematically ruined; his life's work destroyed; the few followers who had possibly remained faithful to him relentlessly persecuted, after the ephemeral reign of his immediate successor. His memory was solemnly cursed. To the Egyptians, who had returned to their many traditional gods, he became known only as “that criminal” — for it was a punishable offence even to utter his name. And he was gradually forgotten, and remained so for over three thousand years. It is not until *our* times that *something* of his Teaching and of the story of his life was, thanks to archaeological excavation, brought to light again, and that his greatness was recognised, — although his proper significance as perhaps *the* most eloquent known instance of a man “above Time” outside the host of such ones who have renounced the world, may not necessarily have been understood by most of his modern admirers, to say nothing of his detractors.

* * *

That is the essential of what we know for certain about Akhnaton's life. It is not much. Yet, it reveals an exceptional personality, with very definite leading features which one extremely seldom finds *together*: an enormous will-power and untiring energy entirely devoted to the service of that which he experienced as Truth itself; a ruthlessly uncompromising mind and no less uncompromising feelings — the natural intolerance of absolute earnestness — and, *along with that*, such a reluctance to violence that one is forced to believe that it was the expression of a moral principle of his, no less than a deep-seated, unsurmountable trait of his nature; in other words that, in his eyes, to accept slaughter, even when it could have made possible the triumph of his religion, would have been to deny the basis of the latter, and was, therefore, out of question.

Gifted with this most unusual combination of qualities, and inspired and sustained by his absolute devotion to his God — Aton — the young king declared war upon centuries of Egyptian tradition (or, to speak more accurately, upon that Which Tradition had become in Egypt in the course of centuries,) when he was eighteen. The main point — clue to the real nature of the conflict between him and the priests (and people) of his time — is: “Who was that new God (or what was that

new conception of a very old God) Aton, by Whom he strove to replace the whole pantheon of the Nile Valley?”

Aton has been identified with “a tender loving Father of all creatures”¹ by some of the most enthusiastic Twentieth Century admirers of the so-called “heretic” Pharaoh, and repeatedly compared by them with the personal God of the Christians — the “Father who is in Heaven” of the “Lord’s prayer” — obviously with the pious purpose of pointing out, in Akhnaton’s solar Faith, “a monotheistic religion second only to Christianity itself in purity of tone.”² This view, however, seems to be more the product of Christian wishful thinking than that of a rigorous and impartial deduction. It is surely not compatible with the fact that Aton is, before all, an *immanent* God, or rather immanent Godhead Itself. And that fact is perhaps *the one* which emerges with the maximum of certainty from all the data concerning Akhnaton’s religion.

Already in the earliest known list of his titles,³ Akhnaton (who, at the time the inscription was set up, still bore the name of Amenhotep) is called “Wearer of diadems in the Southern Heliopolis” and “High-priest of Ra-Horakhti-of-the-Two-Horizons,” rejoicing in His horizon in His name: “Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk,” apart from “King of Upper and Lower Egypt” and “Son of Ra,” like all Pharaohs since the Fifth Dynasty, and “Nefer-kheperu-Ra, Ua-en-Ra” — “Beautiful Essence of the Sun, Only-One of the Sun” — as he was to call himself in every one of his inscriptions, to the end of his reign.

On the other hand, in the beginning of both the surviving famous Hymns to the Sun, which are the main source of our knowledge of the Aton religion, the God is designated as “Living Horus of the Two Horizons, Who rejoiceth in the horizon in His name: ‘Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk,’ the Giver of life for ever and ever”⁴ or “Horakhti, the living One, exalted in the Eastern horizon in His name: ‘Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk,’ Who liveth for ever and ever.”⁵ And in the Longer Hymn he is called, in addition to that, “the living and great Aton; He

¹ Arthur Weigall, “Life and times of Akhnaton” (edit. 1923), p. 101-104.

² Arthur Weigall, “Life and times of Akhnaton” (edit. 1923), p. 250.

³ In the inscription of Silsileh. See Breasted’s “Ancient Records of Egypt” (edit. 1906), Vol. II, p. 384.

⁴ Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 116 (Shorter Hymn).

⁵ Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 122 (Longer Hymn).

who is in the Set Festival, the Lord of the Circle, the Lord of the Disk, the Lord of Heaven, the Lord of earth.”¹ What strikes us in those texts is the identification of Aton (or Aten) — the Solar Disk — with two very old Egyptian gods — Sun-gods, specially worshipped in the sacred city of On or Anu (the “City-of-the-Pillar,” i.e., of the Obelisk, which the Greeks were to call Heliopolis, the City of the Sun) — and the identification of those, in their turn, (and therefore of Aton *also*) with the mysterious Entity “Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk.”

Now, “wherever a solar god was worshipped in Egypt, the habitat of this god was believed to be the solar Disk, Aten or Athem. But the oldest solar god associated with the Disk was Tem or Atmu, who is frequently referred to in the religious texts as “Tem in the Disk”; when Ra usurped the attributes of Tern, he became “the Dweller in the Disk,” while “Horuakhuti (Horakhti) was ‘the god of the two horizons’ i.e., the Sun-god by day, from sunrise to sunset.”² To Akhnaton, however, the “Dweller in the Disk,” Ra, *is* the “Sun by day” and *is* the Disk itself: Aton. In the inscriptions upon the boundary-stones demarcating the king’s new capital, Akhetaton, the God who is, henceforth, to be the sole God of Egypt, and of the Empire, is actually designated as “Ra-Horakhti-Aton.”³ And Sir Wallis Budge, whose words are all the more significant while he does not seem aware of their immense metaphysical implication, notes, in connection with King Akhnaton’s conception of the Sun as the sole object of worship: “But to him” (Akhnaton) “the Disk was not only the abode of the Sun-god, *it was the god himself*, who by means of the heat and light which emanated from his own body, gave life to everything on earth.”⁴

But that is not all. *Shu* — that mysterious Entity “which-is-in-the-Disk” — “we must translate by ‘heat’ or by ‘heat and light,’ for the word has these meanings.”⁵ Which signifies that

¹ Sir Wallis Budge, “Tutankhamon, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism” (edit. 1923), p. 122.

² Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 64-65.

³ See Breasted’s “Ancient Records of Egypt” (edit. 1906), Vol. II, p. 386. See also A. Weigall, “Life and Times of Akhnaton” (edit, 1922), p. 88.

⁴ Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 80.

⁵ Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 80.

Akhnaton worshipped the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” — the Radiant Energy of the Sun¹ — which he looked upon not merely as inherent in, but *as identical in, nature to the material Disk itself, and to supreme Godhead*, whatever be the names by which men might try to characterise the latter, and under which they might worship It.

It is remarkable that, among those names, the young king chose to mention only those of Sun-gods of the Heliopolitan Tradition — doubtless because he considered this to be the most consistent solar tradition that Egypt had known, up till then; and one by far more akin to his own religious philosophy than anything that could be found in the Southern Egyptian school of Wisdom headed by the High-priest of Anon. Throughout his reign, Akhnaton was to *stress* the connection of his Teaching with the wisdom of the Heliopolitan seers of old, as well as with Egypt’s most ancient political tradition of divine royalty. (He himself, in his capacity of “High-priest of Aton,” took over the title of *Ur-ma* — “great One of visions,” i.e. “seer,” *initiate*, — which the High-priest of the Sun in Heliopolis had born from times immemorial.)

But that does not mean to say that his conception of the Divine was exactly that of the priests of Heliopolis. It was not. In particular, “the old Heliopolitan tradition made Tem, or Tem-Ra, or Khepera, *the creator of Aten, the Disk*, but this view Amenhotep IV rejected, and he asserted that the Disk was self-created and self-subsistent.”² And Akhnaton’s notion of “Shu” — “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” — which, to him, *is* supreme Godhead Itself and the same as the self-created and is self-sustaining Disk, is quite different from that of the “god” Shu, conceived (as in the old “Pyramid Texts”) as the radiation or emanation of Tem, or Tem-Ra, i.e. of the Creator of the Sun-Disk, *different and distinct from it*, and male counterpart of the “goddess” Tefnut (Moisture, also an emanation of Tem) who forms with him and with Tem the original Heliopolitan Trinity. It is the notion of Divinity conceived as Something absolutely *impersonal*, and undefinable; *immanent in all* material and non-material existence, and identical nature both to visible Matter (to the visible flaming Disk,

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie, “History of Egypt” (edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

² Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 80.

everlasting and self-created) and to invisible Energy — Heat-and-Light — also self-created and everlasting, and inseparable from Matter as Matter is from It.

And this is confirmed by the prayer inscribed upon the famous scarab discovered at Sadenga, in the Egyptian Sudan, and dating from the early period of Akhnaton's reign. The text, though short (and mutilated), is extremely significant. The God to whom it is addressed, and who can only be Aton (for he bears some of the titles that characterise Aton in other texts) is called "great One of roarings" or "great One of thunders," as though the king — and that, already *before* he had changed his name and entered into open conflict with the priesthood of Amon and with the traditional gods of Egypt, — had identified his one and pre-eminently solar God with a Storm-god. But, as I have tried to point out in another book,¹ coming from him, the worshipper of "Heat-and-Light" in the Sun-beams, such an identification can hardly mean anything else but the recognition of the equivalence of that very same "Heat-and-Light" to thunder in particular and to sound in general and, above all, to Lightning (Heat-and-Light inseparable from thunder), and to that mysterious form of energy, the presence and tremendous power of which Lightning and Thunder merely reveal: electricity, possibly better known, to the wise men, at least, in remote Antiquity, than we modern people, in our conceit, care to believe. We cannot help thinking, here, of the "threefold Agni" of the Vedas — Sun, Lightning, and Fire upon earth (and within the earth); Heat, Light, and electric Energy in one, — as well as of the modern scientific Idea of the equivalence of all forms of energy, and of the fundamental identity of Energy and Matter.

All this makes it clear that Aton — the Solar Disk which is the same as the "Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk" — is none other than He-She-It — *That* — which is the Essence of all material and immaterial existence; the undefinable Essence both of Matter and of Energy — "matter to the coarser, and energy to the finer senses"² — which is God. Not any God to, be compared with the loving "heavenly Father" of the Christians or with

¹ "A Son of God" (edit. 1946), p. 100-101.

² "A Son of God" (edit. 1946), p. 103.

any personal God — least of all with the ill-tempered, narrow-minded and jealous tribal god Jehovah, created in the image of the Jews, — but the equivalent of the immanent, impersonal *Tat* — That — of the Chandogya Upanishad, no less than of *das Gott* (as opposed to “*der Gott*”) of the ancient Germans, and the one conception of Divinity that modern science, far from disproving, on the contrary, suggests.

Such a God can neither “love,” in the all-too-human, Christian sense of the word, nor hate; nor give “commandments” and distribute rewards and punishments in the manner of a human king; nor perform “miracles” if, by such, one means actions in *real* contradiction with the iron Laws of Nature, which are His Laws; nor be “the Maker” of the world “out of nothingness,” in the sense a craftsman is the maker of an object, external to himself, out of metal, stone or clay.

There is no common measure between Him — between Him-Her-It, — and the current conception of “God Almighty” as it exists to-day in Christian or in Mohammanadan countries, or, rather, among pious people in countries where the influence of Christianity or Islam — any of the two great international monotheistic religions issued from Judaism, — has shaped religious and metaphysical ideas. And although He — He-She-It — be (substantially) less remote from the unknown and undefinable “Neter” or “pa Neter” — “God,” or *the* God behind all gods; formless, original creative Power, which existed of and by Itself, within the primeaval watery mass, Nenu, — of the most ancient Egyptians, than from that nowadays more popular conception of Divinity, He is different from him to the extent that “Neter,” according to the moral Papyri,¹ is still, for all practical purposes, endowed with a certain amount of anthropomorphic personality. Aton — Cosmic Energy, Essence of all existence; “Ka,” or Soul of the Sun (to quote a word from Akhnaton’s own hymns) identical to the Sun-disk itself and Essence of the material world — corresponds to a thoroughly impersonal and *positive* conception of Godhead. And, provided one takes the word “religion” in the sense the average

¹ See: “Precepts” of Kagemni (IVth Dynasty) and of Ptah-hotep (Vth Dynasty) of Khonsuhotep, or “Maxims of Ani”; of Amenemapt, (XVIIth Dynasty) (Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 145-148.)

modern European does, i.e., in the sense of a system of beliefs centred around a personal God, an ideal of conduct “according to his will” and a definite conception of life after death, H. R. Hall is right in saying that Akhnaton’s “heresy” was “a philosophic and scientific revolt against religion”¹ rather than a new religion.

* * *

Hall goes a little further and calls Akhnaton “the first example of the scientific mind,”² meaning, naturally, the first one that we are in a position to link with a definite name and date and individual personality, for the “scientific mind” is as old as mankind or, at least, as old as the youngest among the superior races, the Aryan or Indo-European, one of whose glories it is to have evolved exact sciences out of logical thinking, and to have carried them to perfection. And Sir Flinders Petrie pays the Founder of the Religion of the Disk a magnificent tribute for his “really philosophical worship of the radiant energy of the Sun.” “No one,” says he, “seems to have realised until within this century, the truth which was the basis of Akhenaten’s worship: that the rays of the Sun are the means of the Sun’s action, the source of all life, power and force in the universe. This abstraction of regarding the radiant energy as all-important was quite disregarded until recent views of the conservation of force, of heat as a mode of motion, and the identity of heat, light and electricity, have made us familiar with the scientific conception which was the characteristic feature of Akhenaten’s new worship.” And, a little further: “If this were a new religion, invented to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions, we could not find a flaw in the correctness of this view of the energy of the solar system. How much Akhenaten understood, we cannot say, but he certainly bounded forward in his views and symbolism to a position which we cannot logically improve upon at the present day. Not a rag of superstition or of falsity can be found clinging to this new worship evolved out of the old Aton of Heliopolis, the sole Lord of the universe.”³

¹ H. R. Hall, “Ancient History of the Near East” (ninth edit.), p. 599.

² H. R. Hall, “Ancient History of the Near East” (ninth edit.), p. 599.

³ Sir Flinders Petrie, “History of Egypt” (edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

Scientific — *rational* — seems indeed to be *the* word by which one should characterise Akhnaton's conception of Godhead, in opposition both to the crude polytheism of the Egyptian masses and to the monotheism of the Egyptian élite of his days, and, even more so, to the later monotheism of the Jewish prophets and of the Christians and Mohammadans who look upon them as "inspired men."

The expressions which one finds in the Hymns, pointing to Aton as to the one Creator, and exalting His love — "Maker of every land; Creator of whatsoever there is upon it"; "Mother and Father of all that Thou hast made";¹ "Thou fillest every land with Thy love,"², etc. — are not to be taken in the sense they would have in the case of a personal God. Other words in the same poems throw light upon them, while rendering, in a more precise manner, the idea of "creation" in connection with Akhnaton's impersonal God: "Thou Thyself art alone, but there are millions of powers of life *in* Thee, to make Thy creatures live";³ "Thou hast produced millions of creations (or *evolutions*) *from Thy one Self*."⁴ They suggest a creation which, far from being the exceptional act by which a God, distinct from the created world, causes it to spring out of nothingness (or, at the most, out of a primeaval Matter which is not He) consists in a gradual and endless manifestation into actual existence, of the different possibilities latent within perennial, unmanifested Reality.⁵ And the words "Father and Mother of all that Thou hast made" are neither the translation of an anthropomorphic idea out of keeping with that of a cosmic God such as Radiant Energy, *nor* a metaphor of mere literary import. They reveal an attempt at rendering, as forcibly as human speech can, the two complementary and inseparable aspects of the One Reality: the positive, active, or

¹ Shorter Hymn to the Sun, transl. by Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 116.

² Longer Hymn to the Sun, transl. by Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 122.

³ Shorter Hymn to the Sun, transl. by Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 116.

⁴ Longer Hymn to the Sun, transl. by Sir Wallis Budge, loc. cit., p. 122.

⁵ See "A Son of God" (edit. 1946), p. 127.

masculine, forever urging new forms out of dim possibilities — the *Purusha* of the Sanskrit Scriptures — and the negative, passive (or, if active, not organisingly active) or *feminine* — the equivalent of the Sanskrit *Prakriti* — sensitive receptacle of all latent qualities, and matrix of actual existence; the One, everlasting Power of differentiation, and the everlasting and ever-differentiated underlying Oneness.¹

As for the love of the One, impersonal, cosmic God, Aton, for the universe, it can mean nothing else but the relation of the Essence of all existence to the endlessly and orderly diversified individual lives, human *and* non-human, which are sparks of divine consciousness, more or less bright; an abstract, metaphysical relation of substantial dependence (illustrated in the word “bindest”), *not* an emotional one, for God conceived as “the Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk,” identical to the Sun-disk itself, — radiant Energy, Essence of Matter *and* of Life, — can have no emotions. That the Egyptians, Akhnaton’s own subjects, had no illusions about this, can be seen in the fact — put forward by Sir Wallis Budge and emphasised by J. Pendlebury — that “there are none of the pathetic appeals to the Aton for help or cure that we find addressed to other gods in happier times”;² that, indeed, such a God as the One Whose glory the young king proclaimed and sang, had “no time to worry about May’s headache or Sherira’s barrenness.”³

And the love of all men, nay, of all creatures, including plants, for Aton — the adoration of the divine “Ka” or Essence of the Sun by the whole scale of created beings, from the inspired Seer himself down to the humble water-lilies — is nothing more than the instinctive and universal love of life and sunshine, contemplated by a Man who really fell and worshipped the divinity of Nature; a Man who beheld the world and lived his own life in full consciousness of the Eternal manifested therein; in other words: a Man *above Time*. Such a Man saw the simple, everyday facts — birds circling round and round in the pure sky, with shrills of joy; beasts skipping about among the high grasses covered with morning dew; fishes, whose silver scales shine through the sunlit water, swimming up to

¹ See “A Son of God” (edit. 1946), p. 127.

² J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1935), p. 159.

³ J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1935), p. 159.

the surface of the river, and flowers opening themselves to the touch of the first sun-rays — in their *real* light; with the eyes of a man of the Golden Age, to whom the world appears as a visible Paradise because he is in tune with it and with himself. Not only did he recognise, in cool judgement (as anybody would) the grandeur of the daily miracle of conception and birth, but he *felt* it with all the piety of a perfect artist; he *felt*, the beauty of every new healthy pattern of Life — young bird, newly-born baby; from the standpoint of Eternity, equally irreplaceable — and the solemnity of its unique appearing and fleeting passage amidst the ever-moving infinity of beings, witnesses of Aton's inexhaustible creativeness. And he sang what he felt. And his song was — and could only be — a hymn of adoration unmarred by a shade of sadness; foreign to the idea of suffering and death; a hymn in the spirit of every one of the endlessly recurring Golden Ages, in which all is well with the visible and invisible world in complete harmony with each other and with their common divine archetype; the expression of more-than-earthly love and joy rooted in this sunlit earth, in this divine earthly life.

H. R. Hall, apparently unable to see into the psychology of a “man above Time” or “outside Time,” calls the elation expressed in Akhnaton's hymns a mere “cat-like enjoyment of the sun and of the fact that it is good to be alive.”¹ He thus intends to stress what seems to him to be a lack of spirituality. Yet, undignified as his sentence may sound, he is literally *right*, provided that one remembers that, to a man “above Time,” who actually feels the divinity of Life behind and within all diving forms, the purring of a cat, comfortably rolled up in the warm sunshine, *is* a hymn to the loveliness and glory of Life, as holy, in its innocence, and at its level, as any human words of praise; all the *more* divine that it is more spontaneous, more sincere, less penetrated with “intellect” as opposed to sensation and intuition; provided that one remembers that, to such a man, the joy of the whole created world at the feeling that “it is good to be alive” is an act of adoration. Akhnaton's own joy at the sight of the rising Sun was not different, in nature, from that universal joy. It was merely the supreme, fully

¹ H. R. Hall, “Ancient History of the Near East” (ninth edit.), p. 599.

conscious expression of it: the joy which is inseparable from the direct knowledge of a Man “above Time”; from his *experience* of himself as part and parcel of the divine Cosmos, which he loves because it is so beautiful, and the hidden Essence of which he feels shimmering within his own nerves.

* * *

In that joyous cosmic consciousness lies the secret of the apparent amorality of Akhnaton’s Teaching, and its actual moral meaning.

As I said already, such a God as “the Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” can issue no “commandments” like an exalted tribal deity made in the image of its worshippers. His laws are none but the unbending Laws of Nature, expression of the inner harmony of His own being at every stage and in every detail of His manifestation in Time. There *is*, indeed, and there can be no other rule of conduct for His worshippers but to “live in Truth,” i.e., in tune with the eternal Order of the Universe, accomplishing the diverse tasks which are theirs while remaining inwardly at peace with themselves and with every created being. And that ideal of life — which may well seem vague to those who do not grasp its implications — *is* precisely the one put forward by King Akhnaton. (The famous title “*Ankh-em-Maat*” — Living in Truth — accompanies his name in every inscription of his reign apart from the *very* early ones) And the only definite information that can be gathered about his actual practical Teaching, from the inscriptions in the tombs of his professed followers at Tell-el-Amarna, is that he preached the love of “truth” in all walks of life. “The King has put truth into me, and my abomination is to lie,”¹ declares one of the courtiers, named Ay, and “truth” cannot mean anything else but that which I have just said (and “lie,” its contrary), in the case of a religion centred around Solar Energy,

But neither Ay nor any other has attempted to make this clear and to describe the sort of conduct which he (or King Akhnaton himself) associated with “truth” and “living in truth.” None has even mentioned as an example, any action

¹ Inscription in the tomb of Ay at Tell-el-Amarna.

which, in his eyes, corresponded to such an ideal of conduct. None has alluded to any punishments (or mere consequences) of sin, i.e., of untruth, in this life or another, or to any rewards (or consequences of faithfulness to “truth”) — apart from the very tangible royal presents which they received for having “hearkened to” Akhnaton’s “Teaching of life.”

We know in fact nothing of the ethical code of the Religion of the Disk, and nay, all appears as though it never had an “ethical code” in the ordinary sense of the word — a list of “do”s and “don’t”s — nor implied any “sense of sin.” But that does not mean that it had “no ethics.” It *had*, I repeat, the only ethics that go hand in hand with faith in an impersonal God Who is the “Ka” or Essence (Soul) of the fiery Orb and of Life itself; the ethics implied in “*life in Truth*” — life according to the logic of the Universe: according to the biological and social laws that express the will of Nature, the will of the Sun; the supreme finality of Creation.

It is difficult to say how far the king’s followers were aware of all that this means. But the king himself certainly was. It is, of course, possible that he did set up some rules of conduct, of the evidence of which no trace has been found. After all, an enormous amount of documents of his reign were purposely destroyed after his death by the enemies of the Aton faith, and surely any inscription or papyrus referring to his Teaching, was, when not protected by the sanctity of the tomb, destroyed before any other. But it would not be, on the other hand, at all surprising if he had remained contented with formulating his moral ideal in the motto “living in Truth” — his favourite motto — and with developing at most *orally* all that it implied. The history of his reign, in particular the official correspondence of his vassals and governors, forces one to admit that no man ever was more estranged to the reality of Time, and more unaware of the inherent weaknesses and passions of his contemporaries, than he. As we shall see in the next chapter, he was convinced that he could, in this very Age of Gloom, — his Age *and* ours, — build up an ideal State without having to resort to violence. It is natural that such a man, — pre-eminently “above Time,” or “outside Time,” — should have looked upon the implications of “life in Truth” as something self-evident, and not deemed it necessary to formulate

a “code” of behaviour. In a way, taking into account the fundamental difference between the two creeds, one could set his motto of “life it Truth” in parallel with Jesus Christ’s well-known sole commandment of love towards one’s neighbours *which is the same as* love towards God, the spirit of which Saint Augustine expressed most adequately in his laconic and forciful sentence: “Love! — and do whatever you please!” Akhnaton, — like Jesus Christ, a Man “above Time”; a Solar Being in the full sense of the word, — could well have said: “There is but one Law: to live in Truth, holding all forms of falsehood in abomination. Stick to Truth — and do whatever you please!”

And “Truth,” to him, meant love — *love of all beings*, not of man alone, not of man specially; love of the sun-lit world (with all it contains,) for the sake of its beauty. It meant, also, *knowledge* of the eternal Order and of the eternal Values, through the contemplation of beauty, — for in every Golden Age, (*Age of Truth*), the visible is the faithful image of insible Perfection; and Akhnaton, being a Man “above Time,” lived (in spirit) in a Golden Age.

And although nothing even hints at the existence of a code of ethics attached to the Religion of the Disk, in the amount of evidence yet unearthed, there are, in his Longer Hymn to the Sun, three remarkable lines which express, more eloquently perhaps than any others, the young king’s idea of man — three lines which have not attracted, as far as I know, the special attention of any archaeologists: “Thou hast put every man *in his place*. Thou framest their lives. Thou givest everyone his belongings, reckoning his length of days. *Thou hast made them different in form, in the colour of their skins and in speech. As a Divider, Thou dividest the foreign people* (from one another.)”

These words clearly show that, far from putting “all men” on the same level, Akhnaton stressed the *differences* between one human race and another as an expression of that Will of the Sun that has moulded the world or, in modern speech, as a result of the fact that man, like the rest of creatures of this earth, is a “solar product,” owing his very being to a combination of definite bio-physical conditions. He states here without ambiguity that all features that differentiate one people

from another — features among which the racial ones: form and colour, are not only all-important but *fundamental*: the first ones mentioned, — are the Sun’s work: — “As a Divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people...” — which logically implies that those differentiating qualities should be taken into account in human legislation, if one is to have a world in which men “*live in Truth.*” The existence of different — unequal-human races comes within the pattern of the eternal order; *has to be*, according to the finality which lies, as a guiding principle, within the play of the immanent Creative Power: the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk.” One is not to mix or to forward the mixture of that which the Creative Power has divided, — nor, in any way, to hide or suppress the signs of division.

There is, here, of course, no question of *struggle* between races. There cannot be, in the mind of a man who is entirely “above Time”; who lives, in spirit; in a Golden Age, where all violence, nay, all conflict, is out of place. There is merely the idea of *harmony* between the different races, everyone of which has its place and purpose, its part to play in the universal concert, and *should remain different* in order to play it perfectly. There is a stress upon differences and division, which logically suggests that men have neither all the same rights nor all the same duties. And this is perhaps the ultimate reason why the ideal of “life in *Truth*” — life according to one’s place and purpose in the *natural* hierarchy of beings, — cannot be made explicit in any universal list of concrete “do”s and “don’t”s, such as modern Christian critics of the Religion of the Disk would have liked to have found. All one can say is that to “sin” is to *lie*; to deny the eternal Order of things which are, independently of man, by refusing to live according to it; to say “no” to the Will of the Sun.

One can agree with R. H. Hall that Akhnaton’s “enthusiasm for truth and for what was right was not really religious, but scientific.”¹ if one thinks of a religion of the hereafter settled, like Christianity, upon impenetrable dogmas. But if one bears in mind that the Religion of the Disk is itself built upon a scientific foundation — upon intuitions concerning this

¹ R. H. Hall, “Ancient History of the Near East” (edit. 1936), p. 599.

living visible world, that have, centuries later, proved to be in keeping with the data of science, even if they were, in the consciousness of its Founder, directly *experienced* (and anything but the result of observation and induction) — then one can only assert that science and *such* religion are not only in harmony with each other, but *identical* as regards their ultimate object; that the truth around which they are centred is the same. The real and only difference between them lies in man's approach to that truth: mainly — although never solely, — through the data of material experience and through the deductive (or more often inductive) mind, in the case of science; mainly when not solely through mystical yearning and direct intuition, in the case of "religion."

Morality — life in Truth, from the standpoint of the eternal (that was Akhnaton's) — cannot be codified. It can be defined as the application of knowledge to *right* action i.e. to one's contribution to the work of the Creative Power, in one's natural capacity and from one's natural place. We shall see that Akhnaton's personal fulfillment of his own cherished motto consisted in bearing witness to the glory of all the Golden Ages or "Ages of Truth," behind him and ahead of him, untiringly, even at the cost of material ruin and historical failure.

* * *

Archaeologists have more than once pointed out the foreign character of Akhnaton's religion. Maybe the names of the One God — Aton, Ra, Ra-Horakhti of the Two Horizons rejoicing in His Horizon in His name "Shu-which-is-in-the-Disk" — were Egyptian, and nay, some of them, many centuries old; maybe, the king lost no opportunity of stressing the connection of his new cult with the venerable old Sun-cult of Heliopolis — and, as we shall see in the next chapter, the connection of his new art with archaic Egyptian art.¹ "But" — notes Sir Flinders Petrie — "a glance at the character of the whole age marks it out as due to some completely un-Egyptian influence, which no Heliopolitan source could ever have originated."² While Sir Wallis Budge ascribes the failure

¹ Arthur Weigall. "Life and times of Akhnaton" (edit. 1923), p. 62-63.

² Sir Flinders Petrie, "History of Egypt" (edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 212.

of the Aton religion to the fact that it was “too philosophical to impose itself upon the Egyptian mind,” and “probably based upon esoteric doctrines that were of foreign origin.”¹ And he wonders whether Akhnaton’s “insistence upon the beauty and power of light” was not a sign of “the penetration into Egypt of Aryan ideas concerning Mithra, Varuna, and Surya or Savitri, the Sun-god.”²

Since the discovery of the famous text of the treaty between Shubbiluliuma, king of the Hittites, and Mattiuza, son of Dushratta, it is a known fact that the kings of Mitanni — themselves Aryans — worshipped Aryan gods. Four of these gods are mentioned as guarantors of Mattiuza’s faithful observance of the treaty. Their names are practically the same as those of the Vedic gods Mithra, Indra, Varuna and the Nasatya Twins, and their identification with the latter “seems to be certain.”³ From Mitannian proper names, such as “Shuwardata,” one can also infer the presence of the Vedic Sun-god Surya (who was also revered by the Kassites, the Aryan kings of Babylon, under the name of Suryash) in the Mitannian pantheon. And the similarity between Akhnaton’s One God and Surya is indeed striking. Not only does the Sanskrit description of the divine Source of Light — “As the Vivifier and Quickener He raises His long arms of gold in the morning, rouses all beings from their slumber, infuses energy into them, and buries them in sleep in the evening”⁴ — correspond perfectly to the picture of Aton given in the Egyptian king’s hymns, (and to the Sun-disk with rays ending in hands, the Symbol of his religion,) but the idea of a both male and female (i.e. two-poled) Principle suggested in the other Sanskrit names of the Sun — for instance Savita, and Savitri, Savita’s Energy, — finds its parallel in the expression: “Father-and-Mother of all that Thou hast made,” applied to Aton.

This has prompted number of writers to emphasise the supposed influence of his father’s Mitannian wives — nay, of

¹ Sir Wallis Budge, “Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism” (edit. 1923), p. 82.

² Sir Wallis Budge, *Ibid.*, p. 113.

³ Sir Wallis Budge, *Ibid.*, p. 21.

⁴ Wilkins, “Hindu Mythology,” p. 33.

the many Mitannians who doubtless were to be seen at the Theban Court, — upon the child who was to become Akhnaton, the Prophet of Godhead experienced as Radiant Energy; “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Sun-Disk.”

To what extent such an influence should be taken into account, is, however, difficult to determine, first because we have no records of Akhnaton’s life *before* his accession to the throne, and second, because, apart from the mentioned treaty with the king of the Hittites, there are no Mitannian texts yet known, which refer to the Aryan gods, so that we cannot tell how far the *Mitannian* religious outlook embodied in their cult was similar to that of the Sanskrit-speaking Aryans and to Akhnaton’s; and finally because it is, in the two hymns to Aton that have come down to us, quite obvious that the reality of his impersonal God, “the Heat-and-Light-which-is-in-the-Disk,” appeared to Akhnaton himself as the object of a revelation *from within*; — as truth directly experienced, which he was the only one to understand because he was (as far as he knew) the only one to *feel* it. “Thou art in my heart,” says he, addressing himself to the resplendent Orb, — God’s visible Face, — in the Longer Hymn; “There is no one who knoweth Thee except Thy Son, Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra. (Beautiful Essence of the Sun, Only-One of the Sun). Thou hast made him wise to understand Thy plans and Thy power.”¹ And as I have tried to point out in other writings, these words, coming from one who cared as little for conventions as Akhnaton did, express the innermost certitude of a self-realised soul who can sincerely say of God: “I am He” — or “I am *That*” rather than the pride of a king of Egypt in his solar descent.²

Of course, Akhnaton did not underestimate the privilege of that solar descent — of that double aristocracy of his, as offspring both of the kings of the Nile Valley and of the kings of Mitanni. The mere fact that he erected shrines to the memory of several of his ancestors (as we shall see) would suffice to prove that he was fully aware of all that he owed them. Nor should one brush aside that which he quite possibly owed to his

¹ Longer Hymn, Translation by Sir Wallis Budge.

² See “A Son of God” (edit. 1946), p. 26 and 27. Also “Akhnaton’s Message” (edit. 1940), p. 5-6.

contact, as a child, with the Mitannian and half-Mitannian — and Kassite — princesses of his father’s harem (and first of all with his own mother): memories of Aryan legends in which was exalted the triumph of the Forces of Light over those of Gloom, and — perhaps — the glory of a Sun-god with “long arms of gold,” the symbolism of whose image he may have felt very deeply, and never forgotten. Indeed, it must not have taken much to quicken the power of intuition and to awaken thought in such a child as he, marked out, already before his birth, to be a Man “above Time. “ Still, the part played by direct feeling must be given the first place in the genealogy of his conception of Divinity, i.e. importance must be given not so much to the *name* “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” (which he found already existing), as to that which *he* put behind that name; as to that conception of impersonal, two-poled Reality which is both Matter and Energy — the Sun out of which sprang the Earth itself, *and* His life-giving Rays — and which manifests itself nowhere as well as in radiant Heat-and-Light or, (if we remember the scarab of Sadenga) Heat-Light-and-Electricity — and creative Sound — Its manifold, imponderable Vibration.

We can well admit that Akhnaton was not unfamiliar with Aryan symbolism; that he had quite possibly heard of golden-armed Surya; even of Agni, the threefold Fire. But we should picture him, already as a prematurely thoughtful child, and then as an ardently sensitive adolescent, alone before the sight of the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets of Egypt, or before the deep blue infinity of the cloudless Egyptian sky. We should imagine him absorbed in contemplation, carried away, in almost physical rapture, by the feeling of “Heat-and-Light, and nothing else” — the consciousness of the burning blue Void in which nothing exists but Sun, rays, — or by the grandeur of the contrast between Light and Darkness in a country where dawn is sudden and overwhelming, and where there is practically no twilight.¹ And we should not forget that he was half if not more than half Aryan, — that he had in his blood that enthusiastic devotion to Light and Life which had created,

¹ That feeling is illustrated in the forciful words: “Thou risest, and Thy creatures live; Thou settest, and they die,” which those alone who have lived in tropical lands can really understand.

among the fair Conquerors of India, the myth of the threefold Fire as well as that of golden-armed Surya-Savitri and, among the Kelts, who had not yet crossed the threshold of history, the myth of Lugh Langhana — Lugh the Longhanded — the life-giving god of Light; — but that he had other blood *also*: the blood of that venerable old Southern race out of which had sprung the kings of Thebes and the priests of Amon. To a great extent, no doubt, he owed his deep meditative sensitiveness to that also remarkable half of his ancestry. He put the whole of his being — all the extreme, and apparently incompatible forces rooted within his double heredity — to the service of his one purpose: the glorification of Aton, the One God, “Heat-and-Light-which-is-in-the-Disk.”

For the sight of the fathomless blue of the sky, and of the gold and scarlet of dawn and sunset, had definitively torn him away from the gods of Thebes, exalted *totems* of very, very long before, to which the ingenious theological mind had given a more and more subtle symbolical interpretation. He could no longer feel attracted to them — in admitting that he ever had been, — after having merged himself, be it once, into the Soul of luminous Infinity. They seemed false to him; — clumsy, all-too-human caricatures of the One Reality. And they had, in his eyes, the pitiful ugliness of all caricatures, which becomes sacrilegious when connected with things divine. And much of that which was related to him of their legends must have shocked his Aryan mind athirst of logic. Some of it, of course, may well have appealed to his imagination. But the naked Truth which he *felt*, in his growing consciousness of the sunlit Void, receptacle of all life, was so immeasurably more beautiful! And from his early adolescence onwards, — perhaps even from his childhood onwards; such a man as he had surely been an exceptional child, — he knew that he could never worship anything but the “Sun and His Rays — Heat-and-Light — the Soul of the resplendent blue abyss. It is possible that other people’s utterances — his mother’s; his step-mothers; and those of any other Mitannians or half-Mitannians that he may have known — consciously or unconsciously suggested to him the idea of those Rays ending in hands — the arms of the Sun — that were to play such a characteristic part as the visible Sign of his religion. But it is his Aryan blood

that gave him his spontaneous joy in light and life *and* the unbending consistency — the scientific mind, coupled with uncompromising will-power — with which he conceived his Teaching and carried it out in his own life, and imposed it (as far as he could) with all its implications, upon Egypt and the Egyptian Empire.

* * *

Akhnaton's attitude to death seems to be (as far as one can make it out) a result both of his scientific thinking and of his natural and systematic rejection of all that is negative.

From what remains of the tombs of his followers, one is induced to believe that the whole Egyptian tradition concerning the Tuat — the World of the dead — and the journey of the departed soul to the throne of Osiris, — the seat of Judgment — through all sorts of trials and dangers, appeared to him, if not as “ridiculous fictions”¹ as Budge says, at least a s symbolical language, the accuracy of which could never be proved and had, after all, little importance. The idea of death seems to have inspired him neither fear, nor yearning, nor curiosity; like other negative ideas, such as violence, it simply had no place in his thought-world, which was the thought-world of a man of a Golden Age, faithful to this earth, and “long in duration of years” — of a man who, at least, *felt* himself to be so, in his realisation of the *true* world (the earthly Paradise) under (or beyond) the one which he saw without actually seeing it, and ignored.

One does not know enough of the Aton Teaching to be able to say whether the idea of the perennial Struggle between Light and Darkness — in the rhythm of day and night *and* on all planes — was stressed in it or not. In all that has survived of the Religion of the Disk, there is surely no hint at the negative qualities of the Sun; nothing foreshadowing in the least the meaning of the Greek name of the god of Light, which is a typically Aryan god from the Far North:² Apollon — the “Destroyer.” It would seem that Akhnaton refused to

¹ Sir Wallis Budge, “Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism” (edit. 1923), p. 94-95.

² Apollon *Hyperboreios*.

see anything outside beneficent Heat-and-Light in the divine Energy of the Sun-beams; anything outside beautiful, happy life, upon this earth.

He had to, in his time — some three thousand years after the Dark Age in which we are still living, had begun; and many myriads of years after the end of the latest Golden Age, in which all was perfect. He had to, being a man “above Time,” a complete “Sun-type” of a man, if he wanted at all to be “faithful to this earth”; to act upon earth as an earthly king and priest at the same time. His only alternative to that was either to turn from this earth or to impose his Golden Age Teaching by means of violence; to seek for himself and for others a way out of earthly conditions altogether, as the Buddha was to, some nine hundred years later; to live and act *in* this world without at all feeling bound to it, saying — like Jesus Christ was to, one day, — “My Kingdom is *not* of this earth,” or else to become a man “*against* Time,” and to fight dispassionately for the triumph of his timeless Truth on earth with the only weapons that work within the bondage of Time, and specially within the Dark Age: fear, — terror — and occasionally bribery; intelligent, discriminate bribery, and well-conducted terror. He could take no other course because there is no other to be taken. He loved this beautiful earth too much to follow the first way: the way of escape from the earthly conditions of life altogether, which is that of most men “above Time.” His dream was that of an *earthly* Paradise. And his inborn reluctance to violence was too great — and too deep-rooted — for him ever to accept the conditions of victory *in* Time or “against Time”; to uphold, or even to stress any manner of destructiveness.

His God, Aton, essentially an immanent and impersonal God, has surely very little, if anything, in common with the rather naive “loving Father” of the Christians, despite what Christian admirers of Akhnaton’s hymns may say or write. He may well be “international,” even “universal”: the “Heat-and-Light within the Sun-disk” could hardly be anything else. But He — He-She-It, — is so as a cosmic Entity, Principle of all life, human *and non-human*; adored not merely by “all men,” but also by all living creatures — quadrupedes, birds, fishes and plants; — full of sollicitude for all creatures, i.e. shaping them

(from *within*) and making them all grow, indiscriminately, impartially, as only an impersonal God can. And there lies all the difference: Aton is the one God the modern scientific mind could acknowledge without difficulty.

And He represents, under His Egyptian names and in spite of them, and in spite of the historical connection of His cult with that of the solar gods of Heliopolis, an Indo-European conception of Godhead — the eternal Idea behind long-handed Lugh; behind the almighty Father-of-Light — “*Lichtvater, der Allwaltende*” — of the ancient Germans; behind golden-armed Surya-Savitri — *not* because Akhnaton, who took consciousness of Him through some direct experience, had been influenced by Aryan people (specially by people of Mitannian origin), but because he — Akhnaton — was himself at least half-Aryan, and because, being so, he could not find a better expression of his inner experience — an expression that would both correspond to his direct intuition of the Supreme *and* satisfy his logical mind.

But Aton is an Indo-European god, or rather *the* Indo-European conception of Godhead, without that element of destructiveness inseparable from the notion of perennial Struggle against Darkness and Chaos, which is present in most Aryan gods of Light and Life; an Indo-European God, conceived by a Man faithful to this earth, no doubt, but who lived entirely “above Time” or “outside Time,” according to the vision of a Golden Age world-Order, — while the Indo-European or Aryan race (the youngest of our Time-cycle) is essentially *the* race “against Time.”

CHAPTER X

THE SEAT OF TRUTH

The Religion of the Disk was a State religion. From the beginning, Akhnaton had intended it to be. This fact is strongly emphasized by some archaeologists such as Sir Wallis Budge, while others seem to be more impressed by — and more interested in — the actually religious (or philosophical) side of the King's Teaching: its simple, and scientifically accurate, theology; its absence of any explicit moral code; its Founder's inherent reluctance to violence. I say: not merely a State *cult* — compatible with *any* religious views and moral principles (provided these were not, directly or indirectly, dangerous to the security or prestige of the State) like the cult of the traditional gods of Rome was one day to become, under the tolerant rule of the emperors, — but a State *religion*, dictating a definite metaphysical conception of the Universe and a definite ideal of life to a whole people, nay, to a whole empire and (in Akhnaton's mind) to the whole world; a State religion that was at the same time a world religion, *and* a religion exalting individual perfection — "life in Truth" — as its goal; such was, as I have tried to point out in another book,¹ that solar religion which Sir Flinders Petrie considered "fit to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions."² It was, in other words, not a way *out* of this life (or out of the endless cycle of birth and death and rebirth) into a Kingdom of Righteousness which is "not of this earth" or into the absolute peace of Nothingness, but a way of life here and now, upon this earth, in tune with this earth, and *therefore* a State religion — for life here and now, in tune with this earth, presupposes social order, political order, hierarchy — organisation — and religion, — *real* religion — whenever it is not a path of escape from life, is inseparable from any *real* State, as it is from life itself.

¹ "A Son of God" (edit 1946).

² Sir Flinders Petrie, "History of Egypt" (edit. 1899), Vol. II, p. 214.

This is no arbitrary assumption. We have, of course, no written records of any Age save of the one in which we are living to this day — the Dark Age (*Kali Yuga* of the Sanskrit Scriptures.) Archaeological evidence helps us to reconstruct something (be it extremely little) of the preceding Age. And Tradition alone gives us, in the absence. of any glimpse into the actual *history* of the two first Ages of our Time-cycle, — the long *Satya Yuga* (or *Krita Yuga*) and the *Treta Yuga* of the Sanskrit books; the Golden Age and the Silver Age of the ancient Greeks, — at least a hint as to the quality of their civilisations. Yet it is noteworthy — nay, visible already within this present Dark Age, — that, more one goes *up* the stream of time, more religion and State-power are tightly bound together, not separated. In the very early part of this Age of Gloom — two thousand and more than two thousand years before Akhnaton, — royal power and priestly dignity were the attributes of the same person. And it remained so for a long time. Every *patesi* in old Sumeria was chief-priest as well as king in the area over which he held sway. And so were, — and so remained, formally at least, for centuries, — the Chinese Emperors, “Sons of Heaven,” whose office it was to perform the Four Ceremonies and to fix the Calender, i.e. to put their realm in harmony with Space and Time. And in the former Age, and in the one before it, it was more and more generally so, if we believe Indian Tradition in connection with all the “rajrishis” — rulers and saints, i.e. men having realised the Divine within themselves while they maintained, or tried to maintain, the divine Order within the world, — some of whose names have come down to us. While in the Golden Age, in all countries, the gods themselves were kings — “the gods” i.e. supermen, as far above even the beautiful humanity of their times as average mankind is above average animality. The “separation of Church and State” is a modern invention or, to speak more accurately, an increasing necessity of the late Dark Age, readily recognised by the great men “within Time” — who are *all* tolerant towards the existing religions of their epoch (unless they consider it their interest to use one of them against the others) — and by any such men “against Time” who feel that they must, for practical reasons, *first* seize power, and then only set their higher programme, their *real* programme,

through. It is unconceivable in any time save the last period of our Age, even though, for centuries already, neither State nor “Church” any longer be what they should be, and what they *are*, to the supreme degree, in the Golden Age. It is less and less conceivable as one reaches back into remoter Antiquity; least of all in the Golden Age itself, — or in the minds of those men “above Time” who live in spirit within such an Age.

Akhnaton could not, any more than his fathers had, isolate religion from the State. He could not *want* such an unnatural and absurd separation. He could want it far less than they, who had understood the meaning and purpose both of religion and of the State less clearly and vividly than he. His religion was bound to be a State-religion, not because he was born a king, but because he was born a man “above Time” living in spirit within the Golden Age, *and* a man of action, faithful to this earth, and because, *along with that*, he happened to be a king.

* * *

But while the pharaonic State was the outcome of the slow evolution of the perfect theocratic State-idea of the “days of Ra” in the course of endless time, Akhnaton’s ideal City was to be (in his mind at least) built upon *that* State-idea itself. It was to be the living expression of nothing less than the original divine Order — i.e. of the Golden Age Order, — in its uncompromising purity; in other words: a broad-scale earthly Paradise. In it — over it — the direct, absolute, yet mild and peaceable rule of a god-like Man, “Son of the living Aton, like unto Him without ceasing,” — namely his own rule, — was to replace the less and less happy (and less and less effective) collaboration of temporal power and spiritual authority — royalty and priesthood, — that Egypt and practically all countries had hitherto gradually evolved. The “Teaching of Truth” could only be the State-religion of a Golden Age State organised according to its spirit.

And it really looks as though, with that youthful confidence in the irresistibility of Truth which was to characterise his whole career, Akhnaton had first tried to turn Thebes

into the capital of that State of his dreams. It is at least significant that, after building his first known temple to the Sun-disk within the enclosure of Karnak, already holy to the Thebans for hundreds of years, he renamed the glorious city of his ancestors “City of the Brightness of Aton.” It is no less remarkable that he seems to have done all he could to replace *smoothly and peacefully* the pharaonic *régime* of his time by his lofty Golden Age theocracy.

The nature of his faith was conducive to such a policy.

We have seen in the preceding chapter that, contrarily to the opinion of some modern authors, Aton — Ra-Horakhti-Aton, as He is called on the boundary-stelae of Tell-el-Amarna, — never was, — could in no way be — a “jealous” God; that, philosophically speaking, He had no quarrel with the all-too-human conceptions of Divinity which the Egyptians cherished, nay, not even with Amon himself. (Impersonal Energy manifested in the Sun-beams; “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk” — Aton *is* nothing else — could hardly be so narrow-minded!) The fact can never be too emphatically stressed. And it explains why there are, in the early part of Akhnaton’s reign, no signs of “religious intolerance” whatsoever — however much the young king may have looked upon many deep-rooted Egyptian beliefs with unmixed contempt; and however much he may have deplored the raising of Amon, a local tribal deity, to the rank of *the* Great God of the Empire, nay, his identification with the venerable Ra of Heliopolis, the Sun-god of those hallowed Pharaohs who had built the Pyramids. It explains why the fragments of sand-stone that were once part of the first Aton temple bear, besides the exalted name of Horus, the names of such other traditional Egyptian gods as Set, and jackal-headed Wepwat. It explains why the royal steward Apiy did not hesitate to mention Ptah and “the gods and goddesses of Memphis” in his letter to the king, in the fifth year of the latter’s reign — letter in which Akhnaton is still called Amenhotep, although he already bears the significant title: “living in Truth.” It explains why there was, originally, above the inscription of Silsileh commemorating the opening of quarries in the South, to provide stone for the earliest known Aton temple, a figure of the king worshipping *Amon*, while the Sun-disk — Aton — shed over him the famous

Rays ending in hands, symbol of Energy — “Heat-and-Light” — in the new religion.¹

As I have tried to show in other writings,² Akhnaton was then already conscious of what Godhead meant to him, and, which is more, already eager to preach his new (or rather eternal) religion, wherever he deemed any man worthy to hear of it, as it is quite clear from the inscription in the tomb of Ramose in Thebes.³

This signifies that the change that was soon to appear in his attitude towards the traditional gods of Egypt in general and towards Amon in particular, and the steps he was soon to take against the priesthood of Amon, had a political rather than a “religious” meaning, — but a political meaning that cannot be grasped apart from the Religion of the Disk as an organic system of thought; a meaning derived from the very definite conception of the State which goes hand in hand with it and with the fact of Akhnaton being a Man “above Time” who had *not* renounced this world.

That conception of the State, — that *régime*, to use a very modern word in connection with a very ancient reality, — was, as I said, a theocracy. Not an arbitrary government of priests pretending to rule on behalf of the Gods or “of God,” — that which one generally *calls* “theocracy” through a misuse of the word, — but the real thing: the government of God Himself, exercised by an actual “Son of God” “wise in the understanding of the plans and of the might”⁴ of Him Whom he had realised, and *rightly* endowed both with temporal power *and* spiritual authority.

It is *that* idea, *that* conception, to which the priests of Amon so strongly objected rather than to the king’s metaphysical conception of Aton. Unfamiliar, unorthodox — un-Egyptian, — as the latter may have sounded to them, they never would have deemed it worth while setting themselves in open, bitter opposition to the lawful Pharaoh in order to destroy it. Like all ancient religions, theirs recognised the fact that many and various ways lead to the knowledge of the Hidden One — Amon,

¹ Breasted. “Ancient Records of Egypt” (edit. 1906), Vol. II, p. 384.

² See “A Son of God,” Chapter 2 and 3.

³ Breasted. “Ancient Records of Egypt” (edit. 1906), Vol. II, p. 389.

⁴ Longer Hymn to the Sun.

Aton, whatever men may choose to call Him, — and that the Hidden One Himself has many and various attributes. It did not proclaim itself the only possible approach to Truth. And they were not fighting to forward the belief that it was, or that it should be looked upon as such. They were fighting for their *own* survival as *the* “spiritual Authority” behind the Egyptian throne — a “spiritual Authority” which had, in fact, long ceased to be purely spiritual, but that they claimed all the more violently to represent as a means to an end. They had become, in course of time, a more and more intriguing, more and more power-grabbing organisation. They were fighting to retain the possibility of indefinitely extending their privileges. Their ultimate goal (which they were to reach two and a half centuries later)¹ was not the defence of the pharaonic order *as it stood* — royal power separated from, yet in close alliance with priestly authority, — but nothing short of the seizure of the royal sceptre in their own hands and the establishment, to their own profit, of a theocracy in the most ordinary sense of the word, i.e.: of a régime under which both temporal *and* spiritual power would be theirs. They were fighting, apparently maybe, as champions of the existing order; but in reality, to forward that bold dream of priestly rule.

It was a necessity for them to crush Akhnaton and his dream of divine rule, under which they would have no place. It was a necessity for him to put an end to their intrigues, and to suppress their influence. From the sixth year of his reign onwards, he stood up alone against centuries of tradition and waged war on Amon and on practically all the gods of Egypt, not because his lofty impersonal God had suddenly become a “jealous” one in his eyes; *not because* he had, himself, become a religious “fanatic” (or an intellectual one), but because he had grown thoroughly conscious of the danger that the priests represented from *his* point of view, i.e., from the point of view of his State-idea.

The necessity that prompted him to action was more than “religious” or, to be more accurate, it was not religious at all in the narrow, individual sense of the word. It had nothing to

¹ In 1117 B.C., when, at the death of Ramose the Eleventh, Hrihor, High-priest of Amon, ascended the Theban throne.

do with his realisation of the Divine, which nobody contested, nor with the destiny of his personal soul, with which nobody interfered. It was the necessity of coping with danger. It arose as a consequence of the stubborn opposition of the priests of Amon to his conception of an ideal theocratic *State*, headed by himself, and specially to his attempt to make Thebes, — *their* sacred Thebes, stronghold of their power for centuries, — the centre of such a State. That opposition had to be overcome at any cost, if Akhnaton was at all to try to bring his Golden Age theocracy into existence. But it was powerful, for the priests of Amon were, as a body, fabulously rich. And it was bitter, — desperate; — for the issue at stake presented itself to them in the form of the tragic dilemma: to rule or not to rule, which, to their ambitious hearts, meant: to be or not to be.

We do not know what they actually *did* to confound the king's plans. But they surely did something which provoked Akhnaton's greatest indignation: we have an echo of his vehement reaction to their stand in an unfortunately mutilated inscription upon one of the boundary-stones of Tell-el-Amarna; the text is eloquent, even though many words are missing,¹ and shows at least that the Founder of the Religion of the Disk saw in the priests of Amon an essentially *evil* force. Evil, and mighty. Exceptional situations — dangerous situations — call for exceptional measures. King Akhnaton answered the priests' hostility by a declaration of war to the finish: he banned the name of Amon as the symbol of the hitherto pharaonic State in which those priests had had so much to say, and as that of the priestly State — the false theocracy — by which they dreamed of replacing it one day; and he had it and all representations of the Theban god erased from all public and private monuments, even from the walls of his own father's tomb; he changed his own name, Amenhotep, which meant "Amon is at peace," into Akhnaton — "Joy-of-the-Solar-Disk." And he confiscated the priests' wealth: their enormous land-property, and all their treasures on which he could lay hands. And he caused

¹ "For as may Father liveth ... more evil are they (the priests) than those things which I have heard in the 4th year; more evil are they than those things which King ... heard; more evil are they than those things which Menkheperura (Thutmose IV) heard ... in the mouth of Negroes; in the mouth of any people!"

the doors of the great temple of Amon in Karnak to be closed. Then, seeing in the priesthoods of the many other gods a force that could only ally itself to that of Amon's servants in their struggle against himself and against the State he intended to build, he soon dismissed them *also*, and had the names of the traditional deities and the plural word "gods" erased from the inscriptions, and *all* temples closed (with the exception of those of the Sun-gods of Heliopolis, in connection with whose tradition he intended to give his Aton religion a hold upon his people). And finally, — when he realised that the City of Amon would irredeemably remain hostile to his plans; when he lost all hope of making it the centre of his ideal State — he moved from Thebes in search of some virgin soil upon which he could lay the foundations of the City of his dreams, new capital of the Egyptian Empire; political *and* religious centre of a new world.

From there, his struggle against the priests of Amon — now dispossessed, but never persecuted, for Akhnaton, the Man "*above* Time," was opposed to all violence — would no doubt continue; and so would, from all Egypt, their struggle against him. It was, however, we repeat, — for one can never repeat it and stress it enough — anything but a struggle between his God-conscious "individual" soul and the traditional gods of the community: the national gods as such. It was, least of all, a struggle between "monotheism" and "polytheism." It was a conflict between the Golden Age conception of the State ruled by an actual King-god — one of the rare divine Men that appear now and then in all ages, but with less and less power on earth as time follows its downward course, — and the conception of the State ruled by a king assisted, and gradually dominated — overshadowed, — and finally replaced by an increasingly powerful priestly class; conception which leads ultimately to priestly rule (in the name of the gods, for the benefit of the priests.) It was the conflict between the long-forgotten State-idea implied in the "Kingdom of Ra," and that embodied in the pharaonic State rapidly evolving towards the kingdom of Hrihor; in other words, the conflict between real and false theocracy.

* * *

In the sixth year of his reign, Akhnaton founded the City that was to be the pattern and the capital of his ideal State. And he named it Akhetaton — the City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk.

As stated above,¹ the place which he selected — and where the ruins of the City are still to be seen, — lies some hundred and ninety miles south of the site of modern Cairo, on the eastern bank of the Nile. It is a crescent-shaped bay, some eight miles long and three miles wide, at the foot of the limestone desert-cliffs which, to the north and to the south of it, abruptly recede from the river.

It is difficult to tell what hidden reasons — what mysterious but all-potent cosmic correspondences — prompted the young Prophet of the Sun to order his ships to be anchored and his, following to land, as he beheld the predestined bay on his right hand side, during his slow and thoughtful journey down the Nile. There must have been such reasons; there always are for the determination or, rather, for the discovery of a sacred spot, anywhere upon the surface of the earth. And from what one can guess of his religious sensitiveness, Akhnaton was surely aware of their existence, even though it be rash to assert that he “knew” them, intellectually, i.e., that he could have formulated them in clear sentences; *explained* them. However, two factors undoubtedly played a decisive part in his conscious choice of the site: first, it was beautiful; in the distance, the light-grey lime-stone cliffs — that looked white under the dazzling midday sun, pink or violet at sunset — resplendent between the yellow desert-sand and the pure sky, unbelievably blue. And, coming from the South, one could see their clear-cut outlines, bordering the bay to the North, above the shining, greyish-blue waters of the Nile. Under moon-light (in supposing that Akhnaton had a first glimpse of it at night) the place was no less if not even more dream-like. And, in addition to that, it was virgin land — religiously speaking; sacred, no doubt, according to the untraced cosmic parallelism that made it so, but never yet noticed, never yet recognised and utilised as such; never connected with the cult of any of the man-made deities, or with the life of any king. In the words of the first boundary-stelae of Tell-el-Amarna, it belonged “neither to a

¹ Page 135.

god nor to a goddess; neither to a prince nor to a princess.”¹ It was awaiting its first consecration — like the new, purified earth, at the opening of every further Time-cycle. It *symbolised* that innocent and beautiful new Earth.

Akhnaton consecrated it to the fiery Orb, Aton, Source of Life, whence the atoms of its material substance had sprung, milliards of years before; to Aton Whose Essence — Heat-and-Light; vibrating Energy, — he had experienced, *realised*, to be the same as the essence of his own being, and Whom he could therefore rightly call his “Father.”

He caused a solemn sacrifice to be offered. And then, proceeding to the South and to the North, he halted, and fixed the limits of the holy territory. And he caused the words of consecration to be inscribed upon the stelae set up at its limits: frontier-posts between the world as it was — the world that had refused his message — and the earthly Paradise, like unto that in the far-gone “days of Ra,” which he hoped to reinstall upon that stretch of land, which had never before born a temple or a palace: “It belongs to my Father, Aton; mountains, deserts, meadows, islands, high-grounds, low-grounds, land, water, villages, embankments, men, beasts, groves, and all things which Aton, my Father, will bring into existence, forever and ever.”²

The area occupied by the demarcated territory, which stretched on both sides of the Nile “from the Eastern hills to the Western hills” (including the island in the midst of the river) was indeed very small: it measured roughly eight miles (from north to south) by seventeen (from east to west) — a spot, in comparison with the surface of Egypt, not to speak of the Egyptian Empire and of the whole Earth. And Akhnaton swore a great oath that he would not extend it. He felt, perhaps, that he hardly could expect to bring the world of his dreams into existence, unless it be (to begin with, at least) within a very restricted area.

The size of the place has, however, little importance. What counts is the spirit — the meaning — of its consecration; the intention behind the symbolical gesture opening (or, to be more accurate, haltingly foreshadowing, God alone knew how many

¹ Tell-el-Amarna boundary-stelae.

² Second Foundation inscription, quoted by A. Weigall, “Life and times of Akhnaton” (new and revised edit. 1922), p. 89-90.

thousands of years in advance, the opening of) a new era. As I said, this era was to be nothing less than the “Era of Truth” — the Golden Age — in which the world, aware of all that is implied in its filiation to the Sun, is governed by “gods,” real “Children of the Sun,” *not* for the greatest “happiness” of the greatest number of men (a decadent idea) but for the fulfillment of Lifer’s highest purpose, which is to be a *conscious* hymn to the Sun. And the words of consecration and the oath, first pronounced “on the 13th day of the fourth month of the second season,” in the sixth year of the king’s reign, were repeated, according to a tablet, “on the 8th day of the first month of the second season,” in the eighth regal year, when Akhnaton came back to inhabit his newly-built capital; repeated, nay, with renewed stress: “It” (the dedicated territory) “shall be *for* Aton, my Father: its hills, its deserts, all its fowl, all its people, all its cattle, all things which Aton produces, on which His rays shine; all things which are in Akhetaton, they will be for my Father, the living Aton, unto the temple of Aton in the City, forever and ever. *They are all offered to His spirit.* And may His rays be beautiful when they receive them.”¹

The oath the young king had sworn not to extend the sacred territory beyond the limits he had given it, did not bind him to remain, within it, cut off from the rest of the world, as though in an ivory tower. It merely emphasised the extraordinary importance which he gave the demarcated land (possibly for mystical reasons, unknown to us) and his desire to restrict to it (doubtless for practical reasons) his direct experiment of the ideal State. We know, in fact, from the famous Tell-el-Amarna tablets — a part of his diplomatic correspondence with other kings and with his own high officials and vassals in Syria and Palestine — that he continued governing the Empire from his new capital (only that he governed it in the strange manner of a man who did not live in his own Age). And we know that, apart from the City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk, he founded at least two other towns dedicated to Aton, and intended (in his mind) to be, like the capital, radiating centres of the new worship: one somewhere in Syria — we

¹ Quoted by A. Weigall, “Life and times of Akhnaton,” 1922, p. 93.

do not know where, — and one, named Gem-Aton, in Nubia, near the Third Cataract of the Nile.¹

As I have pointed out elsewhere² one is tempted to see, in the choice of these two places, one at each end of his dominions, a sign of Akhnaton's effort to prepare his whole Empire to become sacred territory, "property of the Sun" in the highest sense of the word. His *ultimate* desire was, no doubt, to see the rule of the Sun — the socio-political (and religious) earthly order identical to the divine cosmic Order, — established in *every* land: the Religion of Light and Life as cosmic Energy cannot be limited to a particular area of the earthly sphere. But after his bitter experience in Thebes, he was aware of the difficulties that stand in the way of such an achievement, and of the necessity of acting gradually. The best he could do, to begin with, was to see to it that at least three dedicated cities were built within his Empire. And of these, Akhetaton, the capital, founded upon holy ground which he had personally selected, and directly governed by him, was to be the first visible and tangible instance of the Golden Age theocracy of his dreams: the first example of what the earth can become when a true child of the Sun "causes it to belong to Him Who hath made it."

* * *

This is not the place to describe in details the City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk. That has been done by archaeologists far better than I could do it. But it is not superfluous to point out that the most suggestive observations of those who, themselves, without prepossessions, have "dug up the past" upon the famous site, confirm that which I have stressed concerning Akhnaton's tremendous dream, and show, at the same time, how lamentably the City, even when it was at the height of its splendour, fell short of it — for even a Man "above Time" is, in connection with his practical achievements, a prisoner of the Age in which he lives; and no earthly Paradise is possible in a Dark Age.

¹ J. Baikie, "The Amarna Age" (edit. 1926), p. 263. Also A. Weigall, l.c., p. 166.

² "A Son of God," p. 65.

One of the most pathetic facts about Akhetaton, the “Seat of Truth,” is certainly the haste with which it was built.

Within about two years — between the date of the solemn consecration of the holy territory, in the sixth year of Akhnaton’s reign, and the date at which he came and settled there, early in the eighth year, — the new capital took shape, with the result that, in many instances, instead of finely-cut masonry, “rubble was used, with a thin stone facing. Mud brick was white-washed to look like lime-stone.”¹ Even the tombs, — “houses of eternity” — that the king caused to be hewn out of the live rock, in the desert hills to the east of the City, for those of his followers that he particularly wished to honour, “also witness to the furious hurry in which everything was done and to the lack of sufficient skilled artisans and artists.”² It was as though Akhnaton had known from the start that his days were numbered, and had been obsessed by the tragic dilemma: “Now, — or never!” (which *is*, in fact, the dilemma hanging over the genesis of *all* great achievements within Time, more or less at *any* period, save at the beginning of a new Time-cycle, and whatever be the *quality* — “in Time,” “above Time” or “against Time” — of the men fated to act; the dilemma more and more inseparable from action in Time as such, as one advances towards — or into — the Dark Age.)

And yet, — in spite of that haste, — the City, the central part of which at least was “particularly well laid out,”³ was, on the whole, an exceptional abode of order and beauty. It stretched between the light, greyish-yellow sand of the desert and the orchards and gardens that bordered the Nile, over a distance of five miles from south to north, on either side of two main avenues. One of these is, to this day, known to the inhabitants of the near-by villages as “the Imperial Way” — *Sikket-es Sultan* — while the other, somewhat further east, has been given the name of High-Priest Street by the modern excavators of the site — as though the theocratic idea that gave birth to the short-lived capital had imposed itself upon their

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1935), p. 17.

² J. D. S. Pendlebury, *Ibid.*, p. 56.

³ J. D. S. Pendlebury, *Ibid.*, p. 41.

sub-conscious mind. In the Northern Suburb, “High-Priest Street” is continued as “West Road,” while another thoroughfare, parallel to it, — “East Road” — has been cleared to the east of it. A number of other streets ran from West to East, at right angles to the former. The breadth of the town was roughly three quarters of a mile. In the centralmost locality, fronting on the main avenue — the “Imperial Way” — lay the king’s vast estate, with its private and official quarters, its gardens and pleasure-lake, its beautiful private temple, and, to the North of it, the Great Temple of Aton. There was another palace at the northern end of the City, and several more temples. In fact, every house — whether that of a well-known courtier or high-official, lodged in the immediate neighbourhood of the royal estate, or that of a man of less exalted condition, such as those who lived in what is now known as “the Northern Suburb” — was provided with a chapel. About a mile to the South of the capital, were the famous gardens of Maru-Aton, — the nearest approach to an earthly Paradise, if any, — with their fresh green arbours, their colonnaded pavilions and their artificial lakes full of pink and white lotus-flowers. While to the East, between the City and the lime-stone hills that limited the landscape, lay a small walled village, regularly planned, with neat rows of cottages all alike, destined, — the archaeologists presume, — to the workmen occupied on the tombs in the Eastern hills.

In glaring contrast to all the older temples of Egypt — and, may I add, to the classical temples of India, to this day, — in which the holy of holies, abode of the hidden God, is the smallest and the darkest room, “the Temple at Amarna was a true sanctuary of the Sun, with airy courts open to the sky succeeding one another as far as the High Altar.”¹ And this is true of *all* the religious buildings of Akhnaton’s capital, from the Great Temple of Aton, which was to be the centre of the new worship in the whole of the Egyptian Empire, down to the most modest private chapel, comprising just one altar in the midst of a small court.

The spirit of the new worship, — the idea that enthusiasm at the sight of light and beauty is the best form of adoration, —

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna,” p. 77.

is everywhere obvious. A curious fact, however, — too curious not to be mentioned — is that, while in the State temples the altar was always approached facing the East, “orientation did not seem to matter in the private chapels, which faced “in all directions.”¹ Was this, on the part of many a house-owner, a senseless and spectacular reaction against Tradition, taken indiscriminately, as a whole? And if so, how is it that the king — who did *not* reject that which, in Tradition, actually symbolised eternal facts or laws, — allow his subjects to disregard such an important matter as the orientation of their Sun-chapels? The only possible answer to that question is that, although he considered it his duty to observe the potent symbolism of orientation with regard to State temples, (thus putting the State in harmony with the Solar System) Akhnaton was, like all those who have risen above the bondage of Time and Space, convinced that “wherever one turns, there is God,” and that he therefore judged it unnecessary to interfere — taken, of course, for granted that he *knew* that so many chapels within his sacred City were not oriented. To him, as I just said, the most important thing in religion was reverent, adoring joy at the awareness of supreme beauty. The right sense of symbolical correspondences was, indeed, the natural outcome of true devotion to true Divinity. Its natural outcome, but not its generator. The important thing, in practice, remained the creation of that atmosphere of beauty and innocent joy of life — that actual Golden Age atmosphere, — external expression of wisdom “above Time” and yet “faithful to the earth,” in the midst of which the symbolical correspondences — signs of harmony between earth and cosmos, — would automatically appear, and be felt.

Everything in Akhetaton — everything, at least, which lay within the king’s power; everything that illimited wealth and unfettered artistry could produce, at the command and under the inspiration of a god-like Man who was himself an artist,² — was designed to forward such an atmosphere.

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury, Tell-el-Amarna.”

² J. D. S. Pendlebury, (Tell-el-Amarna,” edit. 1936, p. 92) suggests that Akhnaton quite possibly used himself to paint. “Two paint brushes of palm-fibre, several fish-bones for use of drawing quills, the end still stained with colour, and a good deal of raw paints were found in a private room of the king’s palace.”

Both the Great Temple of Aton and the king's main palace were buildings of unbelievable splendour.¹ The decoration of the latter, — its painted pavements in the new, free "Amarna style," representing calves gambolling through high grasses full of poppies, or wild ducks waddling their way through marshes, (or, in the more public rooms, processions of the subject-races of the Empire: Negroes and Nubians, Libyans and Semites); its wall-frescoes picturing birds and butterflies fluttering over ponds covered with water-lilies, while silver-scaled fishes swam between the reeds; its painted ceilings, picturing flights of pigeons, — was, like that of the Northern Palace, a hymn to the loveliness of Life; the visible equivalent of the well-known songs of praise through which we infer the essential of Akhnaton's religion. And one can hardly imagine the impression that one must have had on entering what seems to have been its immense reception hall, the 542 palm-shaped pillars of which bore capitals inlaid with gold and richly-coloured glazes.

And although the temple has been so utterly destroyed that nothing is left of it but the foundations, we can safely presume that it was no less beautifully adorned than the king's own dwelling.

Indeed, even the ordinary middle-class house in Akhetaton, the type of which can be studied in the remains of the Northern Suburb of the City, was more lovely than many a rich flat of our modern world. Not only was it independent, — self-contained — and practically always situated within extensive grounds,² but it had more than a sufficient number of rooms to secure privacy to the members of a large household and was provided with all the comfort that was possible in Eighteenth Dynasty Egypt. And the walls were painted with birds and garlands, less elaborately, of course, than those of the palace, but in the same nature-loving spirit, and the inside of it, though simple, "must have been a glow of colour,

¹ See the description of them in Arthur Weigall's "Life and Times of Akhnaton" (edit. 1922) — in Baikie's "Amarna Age" (edit. 1926); in J. D. S. Pendlebury's "Tell-el-Amarna" (edit. 1935), etc.

² The house T. 36, 11 studied by J. D. S. Pendlebury, lay, for instance, in an enclosure of seventy yards by fifty. (See Pendlebury's "Tell-el-Amarna," edit. 1935, p. 102 and following.)

with the patches of bright paint and the gilded or polished furniture.”¹

The remains of the whole place testify to Akhnaton’s attempt to make it the pattern and the centre of a world of beauty and happiness; of a world regenerated through utmost truth to Nature — faithfulness to the spirit of the Sun. And more eloquent, perhaps, than all the rest, are the ruins of the “workmen’s village” to the East of the City. There stood regularly planned “neat rows of cottages side by side,”² along roads at right angle to one another. Each labourer shared with his family one of those little cottages, which comprised “a front room, used both as a kitchen and as a parlour, bedrooms, and a cupboard at the back. Inside the houses, rough paintings on the mud walls hint at the effort of the individual workman to decorate his surroundings and to express his piety; the charms and amulets picked up on the floor show which of the many goods of Egypt were most in favour with working men; scattered tools and implements tell of the work of each, or of his pursuits in leisure hours.”³ And if, as it has sometimes been supposed, — as the single entrance to it, the “marks of patrol roads all round it,” the surrounding walls “in no way defensive” but high enough to “keep people in,”⁴ and its apparently intentional aloofness from the City, would perhaps suggest, — this “workmen’s village” was, in fact, a place of internment for men who had disobeyed the king, (what people call to-day a “re-education” camp, when they are polite, or a concentration camp, when they are not, or when they speak of “the enemy’s” institutions), then its evidence would be even more eloquent still. For, dreary as they may have looked, in their uniformity, those little houses all in a row were far better than any “coolie lines” of modern India (before 1947, at least), nay, better than the English workmen’s dwellings of the dark years of industrial growth, in the nineteenth Century. And their

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1935), p. 109.

² J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1935), p. 58 and 118. See also Sir Leonard Woolley, “Digging Up the Past,” p. 61-63.

³ Sir Leonard Woolley, *Ibid.*, p. 62.

⁴ See J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna,” (just quoted).

inmates — whether free labourers or “internees” — *had* “leisure hours.” And they were not asked — or “conditioned” — to, pay homage to the faith in power, as people are to-day under every capitalistic and non-capitalistic form of Democracy. “They clung to their old gods, and their favourite seems to have been Bes, the little dancing lion-dwarf.”¹ Akhnaton was a forerunner neither of Christianity nor of Democracy nor of Marxism, nor of any man-centred faith of this world or of the next, — product of decay, typical of an advanced stage of the Age of Gloom or misapplication of a doctrine of despair and escape from earth. He was, as I said before, one of the very rare men “above Time” who, while refusing to accept the conditions of the Age of Gloom, *did not* turn their backs to this world; and perhaps the only such one endowed, in historical times, with absolute power. Only if one considers him — and it — in this light, can one hope to understand his creation: Akhetaton, centre of true solar theocracy and capital of a new earth.

* * *

Only if one considers it in its political symbolism — as an expression of Akhnaton’s claim to embody the oldest and true — the perennial-solar Tradition, in contrast to what that Tradition had become through the gradual rise of Amon (i.e. of Amon’s priests) to prominence, — can one grasp the right meaning of the most discussed and most misunderstood aspect of the “Amarna style,” namely, of the treatment of the king’s own figure, and of that of the members of his family, in nearly all but the very early paintings and reliefs of his reign.

In all these pictures “the skull is elongated; the chin, as seen in profile, is drawn as though it were sharply pointed; the flesh under the jaw is skimped, thus giving an upward turn to the line; and the neck is represented as being long and thin,” details to which one must add the prominent paunch and the abnormally large hips and thighs, “though from the knee downwards, the legs are of more natural size.”² The explanation given for those anatomic abnormalities by many,

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1936), p. 58.

² Arthur Weigall, “Life and Times of Akhnaton” (edit. 1922), p. 59.

may, by most archaeologists, is simple — *too* simple, in fact. It rests upon the following reasoning process: in all its *other* aspects, (as one can see from the scenes of animal and plant life on the walls and pavements of the palaces,) the Amarna art excels in faithfulness to nature; it has represented Akhnaton with a misshaped head and an ungainly body; *therefore* he must have been afflicted with both.” Too simple, I say, for this is contradicted by several likenesses of the king such as the life-size lime-stone bust of the Berlin Museum,¹ which is anything but out of proportion. The true explanation is to, Ie sought elsewhere: in the time-honoured tradition that “Ra-Horakhti had once reigned on earth,” and in the comparison of the strangest “portraits” of the king, queen and princesses with the Egyptian “wood and slate carvings and ivory figures of archaic times.” “The similarity between the treatment of the human body in this archaic art and the “new” art of Akhnaton at once becomes apparent,” writes Arthur Weigall, the one archaeologist who, to my knowledge, and whatever may have been his prepossessions about the Aton religion, hinted at the right significance of the strange “exaggerations” of the Amarna artists; “in all representations of archaic men, one sees the elongated skull, so characteristic of the king’s style; in the clay and ivory figures is the prominent stomach; and here also, most apparent of all, are the unaccountably large thighs and ponderous hips.”² And he produces, in support of this statement, two royal heads and a statuette in archaic style discovered by Sir Flinders Petrie at Abydos and Diospolis,³ works of art in which the “Amarna features are obvious,” and he boldly holds Akhnaton’s “new style” for what it is: *not* the realistic portraiture of an ungainly model, still less the sickly creation of decadent artists in search of *bizarrierie*, but an “archaic renaissance” with a deep political meaning; the external sign of a return to the old idea of divine kingship, with its old implications.

This is indeed the only explanation of the “Amarna style” In the light of which the apparent contrast between the utter realism in the rendering of nature scenes (and in *some* of the

¹ Now in Wiesbaden.

² Arthur Weigall, “Life and Times of Akhnaton” (edit. 1922), p. 63.

³ See the pictures in Weigall’s quoted book (p. 64).

portrait painting and sculpture) and the strangeness of the distorted “portraits,” disappears. The figures of calves and ducks and papyrus-reeds and water-lilies merely had to be true to life — and decorative; the figures of the king, son of the Sun, had *first* (and even at the cost of external beauty) to be true to the meaning and purpose of his reign; they had, through unmistakable filiation to models as archaic as possible, to manifest, in a manner likely to strike the Egyptians, the filiation of Akhnaton’s new order to the “days of Ra,” past and to come; they had, nay, to be a sign that, with him, in Akhetaton at least, the “days of Ra” had returned.

The same intention, the same theocratic symbolism, is to be noticed in the fact — equally stressed by A. Weigall, — that the king is nearly always represented with the crown of Lower Egypt — by far the oldest of the “Two Lands,” and the immemorial seat of that Heliopolitan Sun-worship with which he tried so hard to connect his, In the minds and hearts of his subjects, — and that “the names of the new God were placed within royal cartouches”;¹ also in the fact that, wherever one turns in Akhetaton, the person of the King is honoured, exalted — adored — along with the Disk with rays ending in hands, Sign of impersonal, cosmic Godhead.

This can be seen in the most simple, the most average private houses of the sacred City. Every house was, as stated above, provided with a more or less elaborate private chapel, the place of worship of the family. There, “on the back wall behind the altar” — the wall one faced when standing *before* the altar, in the attitude of prayer-would be placed a stele not merely picturing the Sun-disk, Symbol of the all-pervading He-She-It, “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk,” but “showing the King worshipping the Disk of the Sun.”² And there were representations of the King, as well as written words in praise of Aton, in more than one part of the house outside the chapel; many a niche or false door, sunk into a wall for the sake of symmetry, was inscribed with prayers, and “one at least shows a scene of the king making an offering,”³ while “the

¹ Arthur Weigall, “Life and Times of Akhnaton” (edit. 1922), p. 65. J. D. S. Pendlebury, l.c., p. 14.

² J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1935), p. 102.

³ J. D. S. Pendlebury, *Ibid.*, p. 109.

lintel of the front door” (in the same house) bore a picture of the owner of the house “worshipping the royal and divine Names, and saying a short prayer.”¹

This can be seen also, and no less glaringly, in the twenty-five tombs in the desert hills, to the East of the City. “Taken together,” those tombs, where not a single reference to Osiris or to any of the old mythology of the Netherworld is to be found, and where only two funeral scenes are depicted,² “only reveal one personality, one family, one home, one career and one mode of worship. This is the figure, family, palace and occupations of the King, and the worship of the Sun — which also was his.”³ Of course, scenes from the career of those men to whom the tombs were destined, — in the tomb of Mahu, for instance, scenes showing the latter’s efficiency as Commander of the Police, — were *also* represented upon the walls. But they are *always* connected, in one manner or another, with the person of the King. They tell the loyalty which the courtiers (outwardly at least) professed to him; their readiness to “hearken to his Teaching of life”; the generosity with which he lavished rewards upon them for their zeal in the discharge of their official duties and for their alleged orthodoxy regarding the Religion of the Disk. And the scenes of domestic life—the naturalness of which has been emphasised by all archaeologists, — show the life of the royal family. And the scenes of worship picture the King and Queen before the altar of the Sun. And in their prayers, the noblemen, owners of the tombs, beg Aton, the Source of life, Who is also the Ruler of Destiny, to grant them to continue serving the King beyond the gates of death, and proclaim, again and again, in beautiful words, Akhnaton’s divinity as Son of the Sun: “Thou hast formed him out of Thine own Rays... He is Thy Emanation...”;⁴ “Thy rays are upon Thy bright Image, the Ruler of Truth, who proceedeth from Eternity; Though givest him Thy duration and Thy years... As long

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury, *Ibid.* p. 103.

² In the burial chamber of Princess Makitaton, and in the tomb of Huya.

³ Norman de Garis Davies, “The Rack Tombs of el-Amarna,” p. 18-19.

⁴ Tomb of Vita (Inscription).

as Heaven is, He shall be!”¹ “Thou art eternal, Neferkhepe-rura Ua-en-Ra” (Beautiful Essence of the Sun, Only One of the Sun); “living and sound art thou, for He begat thee.”²

One has indeed to follow the stream- of history nearly three thousand years — namely, down to the relatively modern great Sun-state of South America, the Inca Empire, to find such an absolute identification of the person of the King with the Sun, Principle of cosmic Godhead. But there is an enormous difference — a difference in nature, in meaning, not merely in years, — between that latest in date of the traditional Sun-kingdoms³ and the short-lived City of the Horizon of Aton. The Inca State was perhaps *the* most eminently “totalitarian” State of all times (if I be allowed to apply that fashionable word to a reality centuries old), a State in which everything, — including private individuals’ marriages — was firmly and minutely regulated by the Government, and, in addition to that, a warrior-like State, — a State in which the necessity of war was, at least, fully recognised, although its kings were not wantonly aggressive. With its lofty solar religion, — very much the same as Akhnaton’s and, contrarily to that of Japan, the only religious force in the land,⁴ — and its great ideal of social justice, it was what I would call a State “against Time.” Akhnaton’s holy City was a place of individual liberty as well as a place of beauty, and his new order, an order of peace, for *he* was a Man “above Time.” They were fully so, however, only to the extent it was for him materially (and psychologically) possible to bring his dream of an earthly paradise into existence. And this was *not* possible for, as I said before, there is and there can be no State “above Time” in the Dark Age.

¹ Tomb of May (Inscription).

² Tomb of Ay (Inscription).

³ Japan, the one Sun-State of our contemporary world is *much older*. But I do not mention it in this connection because of the very long eclipse of the Emperors’ personal rule, (from the days of Yoritomo, the first *Shogun*, (1186-1199) to 1866.) Also because of the part played by thought currents *other* than State Sun-worship (Buddhism; Confucianism, etc.) in Japanese history.

⁴ Even before 551 A.D. (date of the introduction of Buddhism) Japan had other important gods besides the Sun-Goddess. Legend shows that for a long time the supremacy of the latter had to be won over the claims of her powerful and troublesome brother Su-sa-no-wo, the tempest god.

* * *

There can be none, because every State rests upon coercion — i.e. violence — nay, because, *always*, save at the very dawn of a new Time-cycle, — and all the *more* as one advances into an Age of Gloom, — life itself is inseparable from violence under some form or another. And archaeological evidence shows that, with all its loveliness, Akhnaton's City was no exception to the eternal Laws. However much the sight of it may have been, as a whole, “like a glimpse of Heaven,”¹ it bore, even materially, the signs of the Dark Ages: behind the beautiful estates that lined the roads in the North Suburb and the “second ring of medium-sized houses” at the back of these, “finally came the slums: a mere tangle of hovels, sharing common court-yards.”² In spite of his endeavour to give everyone a place within his sacred territory; nay, in spite of the fact that he had, in his hymns, laid down the principle of the separation of races, implying the idea that *only natural differences* among men should be sanctioned and stressed in a society copied upon the eternal Order of heaven, Akhnaton could not, even in the City of his dreams, avoid the bitter struggle for space between the well-to-do and the poor, *on grounds of wealth alone*, struggle that had, in his days already, long become one of the permanent features of human life. It is indeed difficult to say whether, in that “tangle of hovels” — the back streets of the Northern Suburb, — no Egyptian lived, whom his sincere adherence to the Religion of the Disk and his qualities of character should have recommended to the king's attention and won him a private house as comfortable as that which Pnahesi the Ethiopian (or the Negro)³ occupied to the South of the official Quarters.

There is more. As I said above, the so-called “workmen's village,” some miles to the East of the capital, looks strangely like a model convicts' camp, run under exceptionally humane conditions. Now, even if it were just a workmen's village (which is, possible, despite the isolating walls, and the traces

¹ Inscription in the tomb of May (tomb 14) at Tell-el-Amarna.

² J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1935), p. 45.

³ Sir Wallis Budge, “Tutankhamon, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism,” p. 92.

of patrol roads all round it), still the fact would remain that there existed an armed police-force in Akhetaton, and that this force did not confine its activity to mere parades. This is unmistakably shown upon the walls of the tomb of Mahu, “Chief of the Police,”¹ where malefactors are actually pictured “led handcuffed into the presence of the Vizier and other nobles, for examination.”² There is, admittedly, no evidence at all of the death-penalty, or even of drastic repression methods, having existed within the sacred area (or, in fact, anywhere in Egypt) during Akhnaton’s reign. (Sir Wallis Budge’s assumption of the contrary is a purely gratuitous one, based, as he himself states, upon the mere fact that Akhnaton’s was an “Oriental” Court.)³ And even the priests of Amon — the King’s arch-enemies, — were merely dispossessed of their fabulous wealth, and, apparently, neither killed nor in any way persecuted (otherwise, this would have been recorded — and stressed — in such inscriptions as the Cairo stele, describing conditions under Akhnaton’s government, retrospectively, after the restoration of the cult of Amon). Yet, the mere existence of a force of coercion in Akhetaton shows that the City was not the earthly paradise of the king’s dreams.

The maintenance of a police was not the only willing or unwilling — conscious or unconscious — concession of the Man “above Time” to the necessities (or to the standing conditions) of this Dark Age. All archaeologists agree that not only was Akhnaton himself “no hunter,” but that there is in his reign no evidence of hunting, as though the cruel sport had been forbidden, or at least strongly discouraged, as contrary to the spirit of a religion which exalted the beauty and sanctity of Life. Yet, on the other hand, it is more difficult to deny the evidence of at least occasional animal-sacrifices in connection with the Religion of the Disk. Even though the offerings may have consisted “mostly of vegetables, fruits and flowers”;⁴ even though a passage of Sir Wallis Budge relating to the altars in the open courts of the Great Temple of Aton

¹ Tomb No. 9, (southern series) at Tell-el-Amarna.

² J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1915), p. 52.

³ Sir Wallis Budge, “Tutankhamon, Amenism, Atenism and Egypt, Monotheism, p. 107-108.

⁴ A. Weigall, “Life and Times of Akhnaton” (edit. 1922), p. 108.

would seem to suggest that no sacrifices were offered upon them, any more than on the altar which Queen Hatshepsut had erected to Ra-Horakhti in her temple at Der-el-Bahri,¹ there remains the first inscription set up in commemoration of the foundation of Akhetaton, which states that the King offered Aton a great sacrifice “of bread, beer, horned bulls, polled bulls, beasts, fowl, wine, incense and all goodly herbs”;² there remains the disturbing, even if not hundred per cent convincing, pictorial evidence of garlanded bulls,³ and of feasts in which the presence of meat and poultry is suggested.⁴ It may be, of course, that Akhnaton only allowed animal sacrifices in order to impress upon his people the filiation of his “new” cult to the immemorial Sun-cult of Heliopolis, of which such ritual blood-shed was a feature, — he needed spectacular concessions to deep-rooted tradition, if he was to impose upon Egypt, “peacefully,” a religion as “un-Egyptian” as his. It may be also that he realised that, if suppressed, the time-honoured rite, which at least regulated and restricted meat-eating to some extent, would only be replaced by a more extensive and more gruesome slaughter of animals in the name of gluttony alone (as it actually was to be, one day, in the Christian world). But whatever be the explanation one might put forward to reconcile his attitude in this matter with the lofty Golden Age wisdom that radiates from all we know of Akhnaton’s career, it cannot destroy the fact that the two *are* incompatible.

There never was and there never can be any killing of innocent birds and beasts, — be it as offerings to the Sun — in a

¹ Sir Wallis Budge, “History of Egypt” (edit. 1902), Vol. IV, p. 122: “...it is possible that the idea of the altars was suggested to the architect Bek, the son of Men, by the altar which Queen Hatshepsut, had erected in her temple at Der-al-Bahari. It is an interesting fact that *no sacrifices* of any, kind were offered up either on the Queen’s altar on the altars of her successors, and it must be noted that the Queen says in bar inscription that she had built the altar for her father Ra-Harmachis, and that Ra-Harmachis was the one ancient god of the Egyptians that Amenhotep IV delighted to honour.”

² Quoted by A. Weigall, “Life and times of Akhnaton” (edit. 1922), p. 83.

³ In the tomb of Merira, (tomb 4) at Tell -el-Amarna.

⁴ In the tomb of Huya, (tomb 1) at Tell-el-Amarna.

real Golden Age. And the toleration of this most ancient rite, even exceptionally, and with the most laudable practical justification, in Akhnaton's holy City, merely illustrates with further forcifulness how impossible it is for a Man "above s Time" — nay, *specially* for a Man "above Time" — to create an earthly paradise within our Dark Age.

* * *

But the most tragically instructive instance of the application of a Golden Age wisdom to the earth in this Dark Age, regardless of the conditions of the latter, is to be studied in Akhnaton's uncompromising "no" to war, in his refusal, as the head of an Empire, to accept the law of violence, which is the law of Time *par excellence* (and specially the law of Time in all Dark Ages.)

The story of the unrest in Syria and Palestine — i.e. in the whole northern portion of the Egyptian Empire, — in Akhnaton's reign has been pieced together from some three hundred clay tablets covered with cuneiform writing — the diplomatic script of his days, — found in 1887 and 1891 among the ruins of Akhetaton, and representing the despatches sent to the King by vassal dynasts and Egyptian governors of the war-torn lands. We do not — and, unfortunately, shall never — know the *whole* story, for over two thirds of the clay tablets were lost through senseless mishandling, after their discovery.¹ But from what we do know of it, the situation can be retrospectively summed up and characterised as "a great concerted anti-Egyptian movement"² led by local vassal princes in close alliance with wild plundering elements, apparently desert tribes: the *Sa-Gaz*, in North Syria, and the *Habiru* (in wham some authors are tempted to recognise the "Hebrews," in one of the invading waves that carried them to what they called their "promised Land") in Palestine, while at the back of it, invisible organiser of all the trouble, stood Shubbiluliuma, the ambitious and crafty king of the Hittites, whose aim it was to extend his own domination at the expense of the Egyptian Empire.

¹ Sir Flinders Petrie, "History of Egypt," Vol. 11, p. 259.

² S. Cook, "Cambridge Ancient History" (edit. 1924), Vol. 11, p 303.

The movement seems to have had two main centres: the land of Amor, in Northern Syria, and the Plain of Jezreel, in Palestine. The Amorite chieftain Abdashirta and his three sons — and, foremost among these, the famous Aziru, — and Ikatama, the “man of Kadesh,” and, in the South, Labaya (or Lapaya), Tagi, Milki-Ili, and others, were the most troublesome anti-Egyptian dynasts, — those whose names one reads over and over again in the complaining reports addressed to Akhnaton by loyal ones such as Abi-Milki of Tyre, Biridiya of Megiddo, and, above all, Ribaddi, the indefatigable “king” of Gebal (Byblos), and Abdikhipa, Governor of Jerusalem.

These both remained unflinchingly faithful to the end (even after Abi-Milki and many another staunch ally of Egypt had long gone over to the *Sa-Gaz* in sheer desperation, as no help had come to him from Pharaoh, in answer to his pathetic despatches.) Their messages are not only the most numerous (over fifty letters addressed to Akhnaton by Ribaddi alone have come down to us), but they are moving beyond words, even to this day, at a distance of three thousand three hundred years — moving, as completely selfless loyalty, (loyalty coupled with the certainty of disaster) always is. And at first, one can only experience bewilderment at Akhnaton’s attitude as *he* took knowledge of them; bewilderment and something more, at his apparent indifference to the fate of those who were dying for him with such faith. But let us recall in a nutshell the general course of events, as one follows it in the “Tell-el-Amarna Letters.”

The immediate impression one gathers from these most ancient diplomatic documents is extremely confusing. A number of local princes and chieftains, after equally lengthy and vehement protestations of their own loyalty to the King of Egypt, describe him the growing unrest in their particular areas, every one of them accusing his neighbour of being a friend of the *Sa-Gaz* (or of the *Habiru*) a liar and a traitor. It is only gradually, — as one reads further messages, — that one begins to understand who is really loyal and who is not. Then one reads of dynasts at first faithful to Egypt — such as Abi-Milki — who, one after the other, go over to the opposite — anti-Egyptian — camp. Their names are given in the letters of other local dynasts, who still hold on. But from the increasing

entreaty in their *own* messages — appeals for military help and protection — one concludes that no satisfactory answer had reached them from the distant Capital of the Sun, and that they have gone over to the enemy in sheer rage and disgust, not wanting to die uselessly for a king who did not seem to value their devotion to his cause. Soon, there are practically only two chieftains who have accepted to carry on, in the name of and for Egypt, the struggle against the *Sa-Gaz* and *Habiru* and whomever might stand on their side; two last sincere allies of Akhnaton as an emperor: Ribaddi and Abdikhipa. The letters of both of them give a rapidly darkening picture of the situation, and lay more and more stress upon the urgency of the Pharaoh's intervention, if the Empire is to be saved.

The progress of the Amorites, under Abdashirta and his sons, towards the South (and towards the sea-coast) makes Ribaddi feel threatened in his stronghold. And yet, *in the beginning*, his demands strike us as being indeed very modest, “May it seem good to my Lord, the Sun of the Lands, to send me twenty pairs of horses,”¹ writes he, in one of his early despatches. In another he merely asks for “three hundred men”² to help him to hold Gebal (Byblos) against the increasing menace. But that aid is, apparently, never sent. And although Abdashirta is killed in a skirmish, the Amorites push forward, now in alliance with Arvad, a coastal town that has thrown in its lot with theirs. And they are besieging Simyra, another — important — harbour. “As a bird in the fowler's snare, so is Simyra. Night and day the sons of Abdashirta are against it, by land, and the men of Arvad by sea.”³ Meanwhile, the elders of distant Tunip, in North-East Syria, send Akhnaton what is, certainly, one of the most moving official documents of all times: “Who could formerly have plundered Tunip, without being plundered by Men-kheper-Ra? (Thotmose the Third) ... May the king, our Lord, ask his old men if it be not so. But now, we no longer belong to Egypt” ... “Aziru will treat Tunip as he has treated Niy ... And when Aziru enters Simyra, he will do to us as he pleases, and

¹ Letter 103, (Knutzon Collection).

² Letter 93, (Knutzon Collection).

³ Letter 84, (Winckler Collection).

the King will have to lament... And now, Tunip, thy city, weeps, and her tears are flowing and there is no help for us. For twenty years we have been sending (despatches) to our Lord, the King of Egypt, but there has not come to us a word from our Lord — not one!”¹

Still no aid comes. It is as though Akhnaton were deaf to all appeals: as though the fate of his dominions did not interest him or, as though, perhaps, — one wonders — the Syrian news never reached him.

More local dynasts — Zimrida, of Sidon; Yapa-addu, and others, — join the enemies of Egypt. Ribaddi sends the king a list of the towns that “the sons of Abadashirta” have taken, describes his own plight, cut off as he is from the ports of Northern Syria and surrounded by enemies closing in on him, and begs, again and again, for troops to be sent to him, to help him defend Simyra. For if Simyra falls, Byblos is sure to fall. But no troops are sent. And a line or two upon a clay tablet tell Akhnaton the result of his refusal to fight: “Simyra, thy fortress, is now in the power of the *Sa-Gaz*.”²

Then follows the whole story of Ribaddi’s desperate stand, from the midst of a starving town in growing rebellion against him, — alone; loyal, to his overlord to the bitter end, in spite of every sign of the latter’s indifference; — and his last pathetic appeal: “O, let not my Lord the king neglect the city”³ and his last brief news: “The enemy does not depart from the gates of Byblos....”

As Byblos fell, he was captured by Aziru, and delivered into the hands of the confederate Amorite chiefs, to be put to death in a manner one is left to imagine. We know it from Akhnaton’s one surviving letter, written to Aziru after the happening. The King’s grief and indignation, as the deed was brought to his knowledge, seem hardly compatible with his constant refusal to help the most faithful and the bravest of all his vassals.

The despatches from Palestine give the account of parallel events succeeding one another at the same tragic tempo:

¹ Letter 41, (Winckler Collection) quoted (CLXX) by Sir Flinders Petrie “Hist. Egypt,” Vol. II, p. 292-293.

² Letter 56, (Winckler Collection).

³ Letter 137, (Knutzon Collection).

increasing pressure of the Habiru from all sides, and increasing disaffection of the chieftains hitherto loyal to Egypt, as they receive no aid in answer to their distressed letters; intrigues of the most able hostile princelings in order to bribe or threaten into their alliance (and that of the *Habiru*) those who still hesitate, wondering where their interest lies; and, from the one man faithful to Egypt to the end, namely Abdikhipa, Governor of Jerusalem, further reports of spreading lawlessness, — plunder and murder — and desperate appeals for help, and desperate warnings that, if no help comes, the whole land will become the prey of the rebels and of their allies — “If no troops come this year, all the lands of the king, my Lord, will be lost”;¹ — postscripts addressed to Akhnaton’s cuneiform scribe, with whom Abdikhipa seems to have been personally acquainted: “Bring clearly before the king, my Lord, these words: All the lands of the king my Lord are going to ruin.”² And finally, the faithful Governor’s last report of disaster: “Now, the Habiru occupy the cities. Not one prince remains; all are ruined,”³ — and his last protest of loyalty, in, spite of all: “The king has set his name upon the Land of Jerusalem, for ever; therefore I cannot forsake the Land of Jerusalem.”⁴

There is no evidence that Akhnaton did anything to defend his last stronghold in Asia, be it at the eleventh hour; or that he tried to recover any portion of the lost territories. And thus “from the boundaries of Asia Minor and Northern Mesopotamia to the Sinai Desert, Egyptian domination now became a thing of the past — a thing, nay, that was, despite the efforts and partial success of the Pharaohs of the next dynasty, never to be again.”⁵

And along with the Egyptian Empire (and with Akhnaton’s prestige at home, which alone victorious war could have strengthened) disappeared the chances of the Religion of the Disk to remain the State religion of Egypt and to become, in the form Akhnaton had given it, a world-force. In Syria, harsh

¹ Letter 183, (Winckler Collection).

² Same letter.

³ Letter 181, (Winckler Collection).

⁴ Quoted by J. Baikie, “The Amarna Age” (edit. 1926), p. 183.

⁵ See “A Son of God,” p. 208.

Hittite domination replaced mild Egyptian rule. And if the *Habiru* of the Tell-el-Amarna Letters really be the all-too-well-known Hebrews, it is hardly necessary to point out what far-reaching consequences — totally unpredictable in Akhnaton's days — their permanent settling in Canaan was to have for world history. This was not the last time that a ruler's reluctance to war was to originate developments far worse (in the long run) than war would have been, nor — if the above suggestion be right, — the last time that a generous dream was finally to forward the ends of the least generous of all races. But it was the first — and last — time that such a powerful potentate, — the mightiest of his epoch, — took on such a terrible responsibility for the sake of and sacrificed so much to an ideal of peace rooted neither in a philosophy of decay (like the pacifism of most of *our* contemporaries) nor in a lofty, but other-worldly wisdom, such as Emperor Asoka's Buddhism, but in a Golden Age conception of life, at the same time unquestionably generous *and* faithful to this earth.

For there is no reason to suppose, as some archaeologists seem to, that Akhnaton acted, or rather, abstained from acting, out of sheer ignorance of the situation. True, the Tell-el-Amarna Letters are confusing. True, the most decidedly treacherous vassals of Egypt, such as Abdashirta, or Aziru himself, express their allegiance to their “Lord, the King, the Sun of the lands” in the most glowing phrases (all the more glowing that *they* are more treacherous). True, there were at the Court of Akhetaton, elements of very, *very* doubtful loyalty (such as that Tutu, with whom Aziru was personally in correspondence, and to whom he used to send presents). And Akhnaton “may well have received a very censored and edited version”¹ of the Syrian despatches. Still, of all that amount of appealing distress, *something* must have reached him. And there remained to him, anyhow, one reliable way of finding out the truth, and that consisted in going to Syria himself, as his forefathers had, one after the other. That way he never cared — or wished — to take.

On the other hand, “supineness and apathy”² are not the

¹ J. D. S. Pendlebury, “Tell-el-Amarna” (edit. 1935), p. 221.

² J. Baikie, “The Amarna Age” (edit. 1926), p. 375.

proper words by which to describe his attitude, or one would not, in his one own surviving letter to Aziru, feel that sincere grief and righteous indignation at the news that Ribaddi has been handed over to the Amorite princes, his bitterest enemies — an indignation that prompts the king even to threaten his vassal with death. Nor would Akhnaton have done all he could and had his other most faithful supporter, Abdikhipa of Jerusalem, safely brought to Egypt according to the latter's expressed wish, if he just had not cared what happened to those who defended the Empire in his name. No, the young king's bewildering reaction to the Syrian war cannot be so lightly explained. There is, in fact, no logical explanation for it, outside that given by Arthur Weigall: "...Akhnaton definitely refused to do battle believing that a resort to arms was an offence to God. Whether fortune or misfortune, gain or loss, was to be his lot, he would hold to his principles and would not return to the old gods of battle."¹ Only, the ideal in the name of which he acted, (or, to be more accurate, refrained from acting), was *not* the Christian-like ideal of "brotherhood of all men" that Arthur Weigall supposes. It was a broader and more rational — truer — ideal; a *cosmic* ideal, in the light of which "peace on earth and good will towards men" were a mere implication of the established harmony between heaven and earth *on all planes*; the ideal of paradise here and now, in beauty and fullness of life; I repeat: a Golden Age ideal, faithful not to: this earth as it *is*, but to this earth as it *was and will be*, at the beginning of every Time-cycle, when strife is yet unconceivable.

In other words, he refused to act according to the law of violence, which is the law of any development in Time save in a Golden Age.

And yet he did *not* turn from this fallen world — renounce the responsibility of temporal power, as Prince Gautama (the Buddha) and Mahavira (the Founder of the Jain religion, also a Kshatriya by birth) were to do, some eight hundred years later. But he lived in it and for it, as though it were not fallen. He refused to become what I have described in the beginning of this book as a "man *against* Time." And yet

¹ Arthur Weigall, "Life and Times of Akhnaton" (edit. 1922), p. 202.

he did not seek, beyond the loveliness of this sunlit world — and beyond its unavoidable violence — the eternal Principle of that refusal, but found it in the beauty of his *earthly* Golden Age dream alone.

In this lies his unique position among the famous men “above Time.”

* * *

The great Indian Emperor Asoka, son of Bindusara, who was to appear eleven hundred years after him, is the one towering historical figure with whom one might compare him: a man “above Time,” like himself, endowed, like he, with unlimited temporal power; like he, a king who held both hunting and war in abhorrence. (The world-famous apostle of “non-violence” in our times, late Mahatma Gandhi, *is not in the same class* as either Asoka or Akhnaton. His “nonviolence” is, in reality, the subtlest form of *moral* violence — a typical product of our Dark Age that distorts and corrupts all vital instincts, and calls them by the wrong names. And he is, — or was — a most realistic man “*against* Time,” who used that distorted violence as a weapon, identifying it — falsely, though sincerely, — with the real non-violence of those who are not of this world and who do not fight for worldly ends).

But there are differences between the Maurya potentate and the “King of Upper and Lower Egypt, living in Truth.” First, a fundamental difference in the nature of their creeds; for, although Asoka might not be described as “an ascetic,” the creed in the name of which he protected all life (and first gave up war) *was* an ascetic one: a creed of renunciation of this world; a way explicitly intended to lead men out of the endless cycle of birth, death and re-birth, considered as a cycle of suffering. Non-violence was, to him, a consequence of that renunciation of the curse of earthly life — nay, of any form of individual life — while it was, to Akhnaton, an inseparable condition of life in beauty and truth, here and now. Then, an all-important difference in the *history* of the two potentates Asoka was a *convert* to his creed of detachment and love; Akhnaton was the originator of his, and had practised it from the beginning. This may be, from the standpoint of the

“soul” of the two great men, just the same. It is *not* at all “the same” from the standpoint of their creation in Time.

Chandasoka — Asoka before he became a Buddhist, — had not only taken violence for granted, as the most natural thing, but had exerted it himself, to the utmost extent. He had been a warrior, and a fierce one, — and, which is more, a victorious one. Dharmasoka — Asoka *after* the sight (and the experience) of the horror of war had changed his heart, — had Chandasoka’s career behind him. And, painful as the memory of it doubtless was to him — and ironical as the fact may be, — this gave him an immense practical advantage: *he did not need to sacrifice* an inch of his empire to his creed of non-violence: the people of Kalinga had been too ruthlessly crushed even to dream of rebellion. And thus, in the peace and safety won by his own sword at the time he still had been but a Kshatriya full of the lure of carnage and conquest, the great patron of Buddhism could devote his whole energy, and the revenues of a prosperous realm, to his new ideal of meekness and love towards all creatures — his new dream of escape from the bondage of Time. The consequence of his former ruthlessness — the existence of a strengthened centralised State, with increased resources — forwarded the unhindered development of his new creation: the *Buddhist* State, with its glorious laws regulating social welfare and restricting, and finally forbidding, the slaughter of animals, and its organised missionary activity infusing the spirit of non-violence and the yearning of renunciation — the ascetic contempt of this world within Time, — into human hearts, from Ceylon and Burma to Palestine, Alexandria, and even Greece and Italy.

Asoka never ceased taking the conditions of this Dark Age into full consideration: first, — when he was yet a man “in Time” — in order to conquer (through violence) and then, — as he rose “above Time” — in order to renounce this world, to reject it as his home, while still governing it in a spirit of non-violence — with infinitely more thoroughness and more logic than the Christians (with their dogma of personal immortality and their childish partiality towards “man” among all creatures) ever were to show. Arid he was, as the patron of the great other-worldly religion of peace and love, as successful as he had been as a warrior, and more so.

Akhnaton, who, although he had in him the will-power and uncompromising determination of a fighter, had never been a man of violence, lost everything for the sake of a creed that was anything but an ascetic one. He lost everything, and did not succeed in leaving the stamp of his Teaching upon the future, precisely because of his stubborn refusal to wage war, when war was the only way to that order and peace (and prestige) that he so needed, if his lofty solar philosophy was to continue to find expression in a State-religion. Nor did he, on the other hand, go as far as Asoka in the enforcement of non-violence in everyday life. He surely sang the loveliness of Life under *all* its forms, and was no friend of the chase. But no edicts of his forbade or restricted, as far as we know, the slaughter of creatures for man's food, as Asoka's did, and that alone must be looked upon as an abdication before the power of the Dark Age; as a recognition that he *could not* change its conditions of existence, or its scale of values.

But, as I already said, instead of combating these (in this and other expressions of theirs,) in the name of his religion of this world and of this life, and standing "against Time," as other great teachers and leaders were to do in the name of various creeds — some worldly, some other-worldly — he was contented with bearing witness to the beauty of his Golden Age wisdom in the splendid new capital — Seat of Truth — that he had built, but which, in spite of all his efforts, was not the perfect oasis of peace that he had wanted. He alone was, in the midst of it, an oasis of true peace — of inner peace, — and of invincible cosmic joy. Deaf to the noise of strife, blind to the conditions of this Dark Age, he carried on his earthly paradise experiment, feeling himself strong enough to create new, conditions, at least within his immediate surroundings. He presided over solar rites in which solemn music, hymns and sacred dances¹ played a great part; he burnt incense upon the altars of the Great Temple of Aton, under the open sky, so unbelievably blue; he entertained himself with his disciples (or those who pretended to be such ones) about the mystery of the divine Rays of the Sun — Light, which is

¹ Sir Wallis Burge, "Tutankhamen, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism" (edit. 1923), p. 92.

Heat; Heat, which is Light; — he set before his people the example of domestic harmony, symbolising (in him, the King, and in the Queen) the ineffable harmony within the Twofold Principle — He *and* She — kernel of all things, while messengers brought him such letters as those of Ribaddi and Abdikhipa; such ones as that of the elders of Tunip: “Tunip, thy city, weeps, and there is no help for us...” And with the sword in hand, — needing only to utter a word in order to send the whole Egyptian army across the border, — he chose not to fight. He chose to remain to the end, in the midst of strife, the witness of a long-forgotten world, the return of which seemed impossible: a world of beauty, without strife.

The result was material — and moral — disaster: the plight of endless streams of Egyptian and Syrian refugees, pouring across the Sinai Desert;¹ the king’s own premature death (perhaps due to slow poisoning: he had enemies even in his near *entourage*); the systematic destruction of his Capital after a few years; the relentless persecution of his already unpopular faith (many supporters of which changed their minds anyhow, as soon as he was no longer there to reward them with gifts of “gold and silver”); the anathematisation of his name as “that criminal of Akhetaton” and, finally, his fall into total oblivion for thirty-three hundred years-until his diplomatic correspondence and then his two surviving hymns to the Sun were brought to light in modern times. Disaster, as complete as that of any movement crushed in the bud — and without the hopes of speedy resurrection that the latter has, when its followers are of a better metal than those of the Egyptian king, and when they are, *also*, in the Dark Age, prepared to use Dark Age methods.² Disaster... And yet — within the endless downward evolution of history since the dawn of our Time-cycle, a unique stand: an extraordinary testimony to man’s immemorial yearning for the splendour of the Golden Age *as it was*: without the renunciation yet unknown

¹ “They have been destroyed, and their towns laid waste, and fire has been thrown (into their grain)...; their countries are starving; they are like goats upon the mountains.” (Words of an Egyptian officer, who was in charge of those refugees. See Breasted, in “Cambridge Ancient History” (edit. 1924), Vol. 11, p. 125.

² As it is, for example, the case, with the persecuted National Socialists of to-day.

known to it, and without the bitter struggle of the men “against Time”; a unique stand which springs, as I stated in other writings, from an essentially *aesthetic* standpoint, and which is beautiful in itself, despite the unavoidable failure implied in it.

Beautiful; and also *instructive*, inasmuch as the study of the imperfections of the Seat of Truth “like unto a glimpse of Heaven,” and that of the nature and consequences of Akhnaton’s “pacifism,” glaringly show the impossibility of carrying out, in our Dark Age, (or, by the way, at any moment of Time, save in a Golden Age itself) an earthly paradise programme through peaceful methods. Peace is not the law of action in a fallen world. One has either to accept violence — the condition of any development in Time, — and to fight, *with the methods of the fallen world*, against that world, and “against Time,” for a Golden Age ideal, or to project that ideal “outside” this visible and tangible earth, according to the words of Jesus of Nazareth “My Kingdom is not of this world” (and the words of the Christian hymn: “This world is not our home...”¹) which express the attitude of all men essentially “above Time,” with the one outstanding exception of Akhnaton, King of Egypt.

¹ A French Protestant hymn: “Non, ce monde n’ est pas notre patrie...”

CHAPTER XI

TOO LATE AND TOO EARLY

The tragedy of Akhnaton's life lies in what I am tempted to call the middle position which he occupies in our Age — i.e. in the Dark Age of the present Time-cycle, — and in our world of many races.

When he came into it, this world was nearly as old as it is to-day. (For what are thirty-three hundred years, compared with the aeons that the present Time-cycle had already lasted?) One still spoke, of course, of the hallowed and mysterious “days of Ra” or “days of the Gods” — the more and more distant Golden Age, when this earth had been in glorious harmony with the rest of the Cosmos and with itself. One will still speak of it, under some name or another, and with ever-increasing yearning, to the very last minute of this Time-cycle. But one had been, for millenniums and millenniums, out of touch with it, and it had become more and more mysterious. Even the Second great Age, or Silver Age, — into which decay had already set itself, in spite of the still clear and widespread knowledge of the original Nature-wisdom, — was so far away that one hardly distinguished it from the First. One had at the most, some faint idea of the last part of the Third Age — of the kingdoms before the Great Flood, — like now; and perhaps a more accurate idea of it and of them, then, through tradition alone, than now, through the painstaking piecing together of very scanty archaeological evidence. But one was, like now, already shut in the present Dark Age, just as in the court-yard of a prison. Like now, the Golden Age — “Age of Truth”; “Age of the Gods” — was not merely unreachable (even through Tradition) but *unthinkable*. The intuition even of such a man as Akhnaton could barely grasp but *some* of its glorious features, and stress *them*, while remaining impervious to others, and therefore incapable of evoking the *real* atmosphere of the divine epoch, in its organic integrity. Like now,

the latter was already something towards which one *tended*, rather than something which one could in any way describe. And there was undoubtedly, at the bottom of the hearts of those who “tended” the most ardently towards it, (even in Akhnaton’s own heart, at times, at least) the secret feeling that all efforts were useless; that *it was too late* to try to restore it — the saddest and most depressing of all feelings; and the one corresponding to the sole fact of which we *are* sure, with regard to the long golden Dawn of our Time-cycle.

On the other hand, if the thirty-three centuries that separate Akhnaton from us are nothing compared with the many myriads of years that stand between both him *and* us and that far-gone First Age of innocence and glory, they still represent a *long time* if one takes, as one should, into account, the acceleration of the tempo of decay within the Age of Gloom.

This earth was surely no paradise, in Akhnaton’s days. Not only did it contain the “germs” of degeneracy, — these are inherent in life in Time as such, and became noticeable as soon as the Golden Age had come to an end, but it was already glaringly stamped with all the characteristics of the Dark Age: selfishness, wanton brutality, superstition, conceit, fear and hypocrisy. Its wars were (outwardly) about as horrible as ours, despite the fact that *fewer* people were killed and *fewer* buildings destroyed. And the everyday life of its men and women was about as dreary as that of the majority of our contemporaries. And yet, in spite of all, it *was*, decidedly, anything like as bad. Technical progress was not, for three thousand years more, to turn men’s heads and hearts to the new superstition of “happiness” through ever-increasing production. Nor were the dangerous — and false — idea of human equality and the dangerous illusion of liberty to appear, for a very long time. And things were still called by the *right* names, and facts — hard facts; consequences of the Fall that had started the obvious process of decay, thousands of years before, — were faced without fear or squeamishness, as things that have to be. However *outwardly* barbarous, wars were, *innerly*, far more honest than those of our world: they were not called “crusades” against this or that idea which

people had, first, been systematically taught to hate,¹ or wars “against war,” but were frankly carried out “to extend the limits” of a king’s realm, and to exploit the vanquished after plundering them, — to acquire living space, raw materials and cheap labour, as those of us who are not liars say to-day. But then, everybody said it. There were acts of cruelty in war. But people were neither ashamed of them nor indignant about them — did not call them “war crimes” when they happened to be “the enemy’s,” and conceal them, when they were their own doings. Kings caused, as a matter of fact, accounts of such actions of theirs to be written down upon stone, to last forever.² There were, as now, enslaved people, — the spoils of war. And they worked in the victors’ mines, or rowed the victors’ ships. But many centuries were to pass before the victors’ priests were to bother their heads about their “souls” and offer them promises of hypothetical happiness in the hereafter, in compensation for their wretched lot on earth, — and many more centuries before the victors’ men of law were to give them lectures about an hypothetical “universal moral conscience,” the commands of which they should have obeyed, instead of ruthlessly fighting for their kings. They had no compensation for their lot, save the games of dice or the merry-making that occasionally relieved the monotony of daily toil, or — when they happened to be men of a higher type, — the pride of facing heroically a bitter, but unavoidable destiny.... Christianity as we know it — that anti-natural religion, based upon lies, — was not to appear for another one and a half millennium. And Jewish thought (for non-Jewish consumption) — the main factor of world disintegration from at least the third Century B.C. onwards, (if not from the fourth) — was yet totally inexistent.

And the perennial Paradise-dream, although it was just as unrealisable in practice as it is now, was purer, more sincere and more disinterested than all the pacifist utopias of later times. Its expression was not, like theirs, necessarily silly.

¹ Like Eisenhower’s disgusting “Crusade to Europe.”

² For instance. Amenhotep the Second’s account of his treatment of the seven Syrian Chiefs, and, later, the countless Assyrian written accounts.

It could be great, and beautiful. It *was* great and beautiful when it was the product of the yearning, imagination and logic of such an artist as Akhnaton. The time had not yet come when wise men of his spiritual class would either, in despair, turn their backs to all manifestations in Time and choose the way of renunciation, or else, fight with the weapons of violence against the downward current of history — “against Time” — also in despair.

In other words, the latest Golden Age behind Akhnaton (and us) was by far too remote in time for any attempt to restore it not to be a complete failure. While, on the other hand, the world was not yet ripe — not yet corrupt *enough*; not yet visibly enough *lost*, — for a wise man, inspired with the dream of earthly Perfection, i.e. with the dream of harmony between earth and Cosmos, to feel himself “cornered” and, either to call every manifestation in Time a thing of sin and sorrow and to seek for Perfection in escape from the conditions of fallen life, through inner discipline, or else, to stick to this world as to his home, and to fight the increasing effects of Time in the advanced Dark Age, and establish a State “against Time,” forerunner, amidst this fallen mankind; of the *next* Golden Age, ahead of us and, *a fortiori*, of him. The impossible State “above Time — the State “Seat of Truth” — was still dreamable; dreamable for the last time perhaps in the history of this Dark Age; dreamable, but yet, as impossible, in practice, as it had been for millenniums, and as it is, *a fortiori*, to-day. Akhnaton’s unique position in history lies in the fact that he is the last Man “above Time” who had enough faith in the remaining goodness of men (in spite of the Fall) and enough courage-and enough political power — to try, in all earnest, to bring it into being.

* * *

The last, I say, for all the well-known men “above Time” who have, after him, proclaimed their uncompromising condemnation of violence — considering the latter incompatible with timeless Truth, — have renounced every temporal power for themselves, and every hope of a temporal order of perfection in this fallen world. They have given up the fallen world as past praying for, and rejected, before hand, as doomed

utopias, all dreams of restoring the long destroyed harmony between Heaven and Earth, and turned to *the individual* “soul” — the only thing that one still can save, even up to the last day of the Dark Age. All the religions which they have preached: Buddhism, Jainism, Taoism *and*, finally, Christianity, (real Christianity as a purely personal faith and discipline, *not* as an organised Church), are paths leading *the individual soul* out of the sinking ship; out of this world, irredeemably unfaithful to its heavenly pattern: — out of the bondage of Time. And the “non-violence” common to all of them is *not* that implied in the lost Religion of the Sun-disk — not the radiant aura of an earthly paradise, but the tangible sign that the individual soul has given up its solidarity with this Time-ridden world, “its pomps and its vanities”; that it no longer accepts it as its real fatherland, and no longer is, therefore, bound to recognise the law of violence, which is its law.

Another characteristic of these religions of meekness and self-denial originated by men “above Time” is that they take absolutely no account of race either as a feature of the natural Order (as the Religion of the Disk did) or as a factor of salvation (as the oldest Way of life “against Time” which I can think of — Brahmanism, — did and still does.) And this is to be understood: they are, as I said, paths *out* of this fallen world; when one no longer belongs to this earth, the natural barriers within the realm of Life disappear no less than the artificial ones; the *Sannyasi* has no longer any caste. And it is written in the Book of books that “a sage” — i.e. a man who has freed himself from the ties of Time, — ”looks upon a learned Brahmin, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and even a man who eats dog’s flesh, in the same light,” or, according to another version, “sees in them the One Reality.”¹

But Brahmanism is, as I said, essentially a way back to world harmony and perfection, taking into full account the conditions of each Age, and particularly those of the present Dark Age; a way of life “against Time.” The *sannyasi*, the man who has renounced the world completely, and risen “above Time,” has first lived in the world the life of the world: as

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, V, verse 18.

a young man struggling to be, even in thought, master of his senses, as a householder with responsibilities, as a dweller in retirement. At all these three classical stages,¹ — as long as he has not yet renounced the world *completely* — a man's caste, — his race² — and the Age in which he lives, determine his duties and his rights. The higher his place within the natural hierarchy of races, the more exacting are his duties: what is allowed to a Sudra is forbidden to a Brahman or to a Kshatriya — a member of the Aryan castes. And also, the further one goes down the stream of Time, the stricter and the more exacting are the duties, and the greater the responsibilities of the higher race, destined to start a new world of perfection, here on earth, as soon as the Dark Age will — at last, — come to an end. Marriages that were, at former epochs, allowed to the members of the top-most castes, — the best *in fact* in a society dominated to this day by the ideal of blood-purity, — are, according to the Laws of Manu, no longer allowed within the Dark Age. And it is, — normally — less difficult for a man born as a Brahmin or a Kshatriya than for another, to become a real sage. Nay, he who has “fallen from yoga” — who has sincerely striven to attain the wisdom of Timelessness but who failed, — is finally “reborn *in a pure and blessed house*” and, “having recovered the characteristics of his former body, again laboureth for perfection.”³ Moreover, even the “sage” — as long at least as he has not severed all ties with human society, and become a mere meditative ascetic, — should act, and perform the duties of his race and position: fight and kill, in the name of a just cause, if he be of a race of warriors, “for there is nothing more welcome to a Kshatriya than righteous war.”⁴ But he should act with complete detachment “for duty's sake alone.”⁵ In other words, in all Ages but that in which the manifested Universe, realm of Time, still is in tune with Eternity, the perfect Man “above Time” should *also* be the most active and the most thorough Man “against Time,” faithful to race and

¹ The three ashrams: that of the *brahmachari*, of the *grihastha*, of the *vanaprastha*, which lead normally to the fourth: that of the *sannyasi*.

² *Varna*, one of the usual Sanskrit names for caste means “colour.” The other name for it “*jat*” means race.

³ Bhagavad-Gita, VI, 41-43.

⁴ Bhagavad-Gita, II. 31.

⁵ Bhagavad-Gita, III, verses 19-25-30.

State and duty in the natural sense of the word; faithful to this earth, in action, although living, in spirit, already in Eternity.

Akhnaton, in his youthful confidence in man and in his own power as a king, and the Founders of the great other-worldly religions of meekness and renunciation, in their thorough distrust of man taken *en masse* and of all mass-regulations and of all States, have both overlooked the fact that Life is irredeemably bound to the conditions of the Age through which it is passing. And both failed even to prepare the coming of the new Golden Age, save through the beauty of their own lives.

Akhnaton's ideal theocratic State — ever-peaceful Kingdom of the Sun on earth, — was, and remains, an impossibility in our Dark Age. It was from the beginning stamped with the sign of failure. And the “un-Egyptian” character of the particular solar Wisdom upon which it was to be built, was, perhaps, the pretext, but certainly not the deeper cause, of its failure. (Other nations had accepted, or were to accept and keep, outwardly at least, for centuries, religions that were anything but in harmony with the genius of their people: one only has to think of the Aryan wisdom of the Vedas, held sacred to this day by millions of Dravidians, sons of the “Dasyus” of old, the overwhelming majority of the Hindu population; or to consider how Christianity was successfully forced upon the Germanic people of Northern Europe, much against their will; or how Buddhism peacefully conquered millions of followers among the yellow races — in particular, how it managed to become one of the leading creeds of warrior-like Japan, — or how Islam spread, also peacefully, to the Isle of Java.). The cause of the failure of the Religion of the Disk to survive, even in an imperfect form, is to be sought in its own inner contradictions: in the fact that it rests, as I said before, upon a thoroughly Indo-European conception of the Divine and yet, that its wisdom is *not* a wisdom “against Time,” a warrior-like wisdom as would befit the young race predestined to open the *next* Time-cycle, and to rule the world in the coming “days of Ra,” after the collapse of this Dark Age; not a wisdom “against Time” and *also not* a wisdom of despair. It is to be sought further still, perhaps, in the deepest

contrasts of Akhnaton's own heredity, as scion of the aristocracy of elder mankind (akin to Sumerians and to Mohenjo-Daro Indians), and, at the same time, of the rising Aryan race.

The Egyptians shared with the other noble races of the pre-Aryan world a profound love of peace. This may seem in fiat contradiction with the history of the Twelfth and specially of the Eighteenth Dynasty.¹ Yet these recurring periods of conquest and of punitive expeditions in conquered land, even the hundred and fifty years of warfare that stretch (with one remarkable interruption)² from Sequenen-Ra to Thotmose the Fourth, — partly to be understood as a reaction against the twice as long and bitterly hated domination of the Semitic conquerors of Egypt, the Hykso Kings, — were but mere episodes in the endless history of the “Two Lands.” The Egyptian, like the Indian of the Indus Valley Civilisation, only fought when he felt himself forced to, and then, never with the wholehearted ness of either the Semite or the Aryan.

Akhnaton inherited that deep-rooted reluctance to violence, which his immediate forefathers had discarded. He inherited it *along with* outstanding Aryan qualities: creative intelligence; will-power and consistency; thoroughness. These qualities enabled him to grasp the idea of the “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Sun-disk” and to worship it as the one Thing divine. And he made further use of them to forward, in the name of that amazingly impersonal God, a Golden Age ideal of peace within a beautiful world; of peace *through* the love of Life and Beauty — in other words, to answer, or try to answer, here and now, the immemorial yearning of the older races for the mysterious lost Paradise at the dawn of our Time-cycle.

There was, in him, too much of the softness of the very old and refined South for him to become a man “against Time” — a fighter, accepting the methods of this Dark Age and working, with their help, in view of the *next* Golden Age. And the Dark Age was, in his days, not quite advanced enough for escape out of the conditions of life in Time altogether, to have

¹ See the great inscription of Senusret the Third (sixteenth year of his reign) at Semneh, thirty miles above the Second Cataract of the Nile. Also Thotmose the Third's hymn of victory at Karnak.

² The peaceful reign of Queen Hatshepsut.

become, for an uncompromising peace-lover and lover the Life, gifted with unbending logic and will-power, the only thinkable course.

* * *

Thus, myriads of years after the latest Golden Age, the hazy vision of which was the pattern of his impossible theocracy, and centuries before the redeeming crash that will put an end to this present Age of Gloom, Akhnaton, half-Egyptian, half-Aryan, — last heir, in direct line, of the Southern royal house of Thebes, and heir of the kings of Mitanni, — stands alone, as a pillar of light, at a great turning point in the downward stream of Time that nothing can hold back. He is the last man, at least the last great king and teacher, “above Time,” faithful to this sunlit world, like the earliest “sons of Ra,” or the “rajrishis” of most ancient India. After him, no peaceful divine rule on earth is even dreamable. (And he came already thousands of years too late for his solar theocracy to have been anything *more* than a dream). After him, at least in the Western half of what is now known as the old continent — from Europe to India, — the relatively peaceful non-Semitic Southern peoples were, gradually, to play a less and less active part in world history. The fair and vigourous Aryan race which, in its far-away (Northern home, had steadily clung to the perennial cult of Light and Life in its purest form, was to continue pushing southwards and eastwards, entering in contact with other cultures and, everywhere or nearly everywhere, while leaving the stamp of its creative genius upon conquered populations, forgetting something of the original solar Wisdom in an attempt to understand new myths or to account for new experiences. And the Semites were also to increase their influence — quite a different sort of influence — through political power and, later on, through faiths centred around a personal and transcendent God, the philosophical opposite of Akhnaton’s “Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk.” The overthrow of Mitannian tutelage by Ashur-Uballit, son of Erba-Adad, king of a yet unimportant Assyria, during Akhnaton’s reign, and the intensified infiltration of the *Habiru* into Palestine, at the same time, fare early signs of this new rise of the Semite, while, in faraway India, Aryans were devising the Caste system, or giving

it a new — racial — interpretation, and laying, in the midst of an immense foreign environment, the foundations of the oldest truly rational civilisation of the Dark Age: Brahmanism, a civilisation “against Time”; and while, less than a century later, the Thesprotian invasion was to carry to Greece “an overwhelmingly Aryan population”¹: the new blood that was to evolve Hellenism out of its own genius and of the old Aegean culture, still alive.

But, I repeat, no race and no man was ever to renew Akhnaton’s experiment of a *State* ruled in defiance of the conditions of the Dark Age, according to a creed of this earth. In fact, as the Dark Age goes on, States and *all* temporal organisms — with a few glaring exceptions — become more and more organisms “in Time,” the real aim of which is merely the worldly welfare of a ruling family or of a ruling minority, or of a whole people, without that family, group, or people being, from the standpoint, of the natural hierarchy of life, “the worthiest”; without its privileges being justified in the light of cosmic Truth. The great men “above Time” who appear after Akhnaton turn their backs to this hopeless world and seek, as I said before, the salvation or “liberation” of the individual soul; its escape from the bondage of Time altogether. The Buddhist *Sanga* and the even more unworldly brotherhood: of Jain ascetics, are communities of people who deliberately leave no descendants, and concentrate all their efforts upon never being, themselves, born again, if they can help it. The Kingdom of Jesus Christ is “not of this world.” And although it is, according to the actual, practical founder of the Christian Church, Paul of Tarsus, “better” for a Christian (as it is, by the way, “better” also for a Buddhist or a Jain) “to marry than to burn” (with passion), it is, for him, better still, whenever possible, to live in celibacy. The Christian doctrine is doubtless less consistent than the Buddhist or Jain, with regard to non-violence. The much over-rated “love” that it preaches is shockingly limited to *man*, of all living beings. But the Christian ideal — the *aim* of the religious discipline both of the individual mystic and of the mystical community, — is also an essentially ascetic and other-worldly one; one in the light of which the saint who

¹ H. R. Hall, “Ancient history of the Near East” (ninth edition), p. 67.

is not of this earth is looked upon as the highest type of human being; the type to which the faithful should aspire. Whether the saint be finally expected to reach the state of *nirvana* or the more personal bliss of the Christian "Heaven" is, from the standpoint of wisdom rooted in and faithful to this earth, just the same. In either case, he saves himself, leaving the doomed earth to her fate, — at the most coming back (being born again) of his own free will, as a "Bodhisattva," to help other *souls* out of the nightmare of existence in Time, or helping them directly, from the stage of bliss he has attained, in accordance with the Christian dogma of the "communion of saints" — the solidarity between the "triumphant" and the "militant" churches, which is nothing more than a natural fact expressed in religious language.

But he has no part in the one struggle, the aim of which is to prepare the coming of the *next* Golden Age: the struggle "against Time," here and now.

On the contrary: the great other-worldly religions that exalt escape from the conditions of this Dark Age in particular and of Time in general, — individual "salvation" or "liberation" — merely succeed, *in practice*, in making the conditions of the Dark Age all the worse. They do so for the simple reason that they draw the best of human energy, — and, to begin with, the best of human blood, — away from this earth. The first, and many of the latter well-known Buddhist ascetics, and many of the Jain, were Brahmins or Kshattriyas — Aryans, — and many of the unmarried Christian saints were of Germanic stock.

If only the ascetic religions really *could* draw *all* men away from this planet, their effect would not be so tragic. It would, in course of time, amount to the extinction of mankind through the most non-violent process of all: through lack of interest in reproduction; lack of desire to live in this world as anything save travellers to the next or, beyond death, as anything save "liberated" *souls* — *not* as new living men and women, inheritors of the character and possibilities of existing human races and of their Nature-ordained tasks, struggles and greatness. But only minorities are capable of carrying out an uncompromising teaching, to its last logical consequences. And therefore, no religion of however unworldly a character has, yet, as far as I know, ever had a sufficient appeal to lead the *whole* community

of its believers to that extinction through indifference to life, which I just mentioned. For next to the good monk who, in thought and deed, holds virginity to be better than marriage, is the lay man who merely remembers that “it is better to marry than to burn,” and who has a family. The monk, — who often is a man of the very best blood, — is lost to this earth, in the earthly sense. The lay man becomes positively dangerous as soon as he forgets that disregard of race is, at the most, permissible to those who tread the ascetic path, and who disregard life as such; to those who, already in this world, “neither marry nor give in marriage.” And he *always* forgets this sooner or later, in the course of decades or centuries, for not a single other-worldly creed has, to my knowledge, taken the trouble of stressing the fact. (Brahmanism has stressed the fact. But Brahmanism is not an “other-worldly creed,” a religion “above Time”; it is the one *social system* “against Time” in the frame of which there is place for all creeds (worldly *and* other-worldly) and all races, from the lowest of all to the pure Aryan, in a harmony which reflects — or is, at least, intended to reflect — the original harmony of Creation).

Thus the practical result of the great religions of escape from the conditions of Time, the practical result of the teachings of the great, men “above Time” after Akhnaton, is a lowering of the racial level and therefore of the quality of their own adherents and, through them and their proselytes, of mankind in general: not — unfortunately! — a generation of “sadhus” and meditative saints, followed by a planet without men (doubtless more beautiful than it has been for a very long time) but cross-products of Aryan and Mongolic, or Aryan and Jewish blood, and a further non-descript hotch-potch of all the races of the Far and Middle East, or of all the races of the Near East and of Europe, professing increasingly debased forms of Buddhism or Christianity, and breeding, breeding and ever breeding increasingly debased specimens of the two-legged mammal. In other words: a tightening of the grip of Dark Age conditions upon the world, and further disintegration.

It is hardly necessary to add that this disintegration has been encouraged and exploited by every power “*in Time*” in need of *Menschenmaterial* regardless of quality. The other-worldly

teaching according to which man is to be looked upon before all as “a soul” has been mobilised in support of schemes of unjustified worldly domination by the Christian Church itself and by a number of Christian rulers. A typical, but by no means unique, instance of this opportunism is that of Albuquerque’s policy in Goa, encouraging mixt marriages between Portuguese and Indian Christians of any caste. Every new crossbreed, christened by the holy Church, would be — at least Albuquerque expected, — a future saint in Heaven and, in the meantime, a loyal supporter of Portuguese interests. The Spanish viceroys of Mexico and Peru have encouraged mixed marriages in a similar spirit, and so did, long before them, in the Near East, the Byzantine Emperors and the Khalifs of Damascus and of Baghdad. It is the most natural policy of a ruler “*in Time*” whose religion happens to be a fraternity of *faith*, regardless of blood, — and all the more so if this religion be, like Islam, an other-worldly one, no doubt, but by no means a “non-violent” one.

Would the definitely non-violent but *not* other-worldly Religion of the Disk have followed, in practice, the same path, had it lasted? The path is in contradiction with the idea of the God-ordained separation of races, implied in Akhnaton’s words: “Thou hast put every man in his place; Thou hast made them different in shape, colour and speech; like a Divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people from one another.”¹ But who can ever tell what a religion might become in the hands of ambitious and greedy lip-adherents, when it has no hard and fast code of conduct, nothing to guide the faithful (as far as we know) save the intuition of an artist, in tune with the beauty of Creation? We know that several of Akhnaton’s contemporaries and professed followers were, at least, anything but such artists. It is difficult to say what would have been his further followers, and whether any great man would have — could have — arisen among them, to save that which could be saved of the young king’s Golden Age theocracy in this Dark Age, giving it the rigid laws that any Dark Age organism needs, in order to endure. All we can say is that such a leader would necessarily have been — would *have had to be* — a man “against

¹ Longer hymn to the Sun.

Time”; “above Time,” no doubt, but “*against Time*” *also*, not merely “above Time” as Akhnaton himself and as the Founders of the non-violent, other-worldly religions after him. There is, as I said, in the Dark Age, no place, no possibility of existence for a State “above Time.” However much the *inspiration*, the philosophy, behind the State rule be of a nonviolent nature, (worldly or other-worldly) the methods have to be the hard methods of the Dark Age. The one man who avoided these methods in his Buddhist Empire — Asoka, — was only able to do so because he had applied them, with a vengeance, *before* his conversion to non-violence.

In other words, there is, in this Dark Age, place only for religions “against Time” — apart from false religions “in Time.” The sincere, intelligent, and absolutely consistent follower of a teaching hundred per cent “above Time” — hundred per cent non-violent as such, — has only one course left to him: he should disappear. He does not belong to this planet in this Age; he should get out of it, — and never come back. Non-violence is not only incompatible with the existence of any State, nay, of any collective life, in any period of Time, apart from a Golden Age, (and, *a fortiori*, in *our* Age) but it is, save in a Golden Age, incompatible with Life itself.

Of all the followers of non-violent religions, the Jains are the ones who, apparently, have understood this the best. They are, no doubt, like others, divided into a minority of monks and a majority of people who live, — as non-violently as it is materially possible, — the life of this world. But their ascetics go further than any others I know along the path of renunciation for the sake of love towards all creatures. Not contented with respecting animal life alone, like the lay Jains and all the vegetarians of the world, they serenely refuse all compromise with the hard Law of Life in all times but the unthinkable Golden Age: kill, and eat; kill, and live. And, gradually pushing aside vegetables, fruits, and finally even water, they die of inanition in the name of the real logic of Non-violence — of the only logic of men of our Dark Age who cling to the bitter end to their will to defy the conditions of existence in Time.

There is one consistent alternative to this extreme position — one position as logical and as heroic as it — and that is the one of the philosophical equivalent of Brahmanical racialism in

our technically advanced and yet dangerously decadent world; the one of the modern creed “against Time” and “faithful to this earth” *par excellence*, or, to be more accurate, of the modern form of the perennial Wisdom of Light and Life: National Socialism, which short-sighted people mistake for a mere political creed and nothing *more*.

And this alternative is, for those at least who are of Aryan blood and of a warrior-like nature — for *Kshatriyas*, — the best of the two. For it is written in the Book of books, addressed k by God Himself — i.e., by the Genius of the Race, in human garb, — to a prince of *Kshatriyas*, that “action is superior to, inaction.”¹

Emsdetten in Westfalen (Germany), 23rd of May 1954

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, III, Verse 8

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PART IV

BOTH SUN AND LIGHTNING

(Adolf Hitler)

CHAPTER XII

THE LATE-BORN CHILD OF LIGHT

It was in 1889 — during the first year of Kaiser William the Second's reign.

Bismark — the Iron Chancellor; the maker of the Second German Reich — was still in power, though not for long. The hidden anti-German forces that were soon to cause his dismissal and then, gradually, to break the impetus he had given things, were already at work; had been at work for years. But there were imponderable factors — moral and mystical forces — besides and, nay, behind them: the very forces of disintegration that had been, for over two millenniums,¹ striving to lead the Aryan race to its doom. And it needed a more-than-political genius, nay, a more-than-human personality, to stand in the way of *those*.

Specially for the past hundred years, i.e., since the outbreak of the French Revolution, Europe had been sinking, more speedily than ever, under the influence of international Jewry and of its cunning agents: Free Masonry, and the various so-called “spiritual” secret bodies directly or indirectly affiliated to it. Centuries of erroneous application of Christianity — an essentially other-worldly creed — to worldly affairs, had prepared the ground for the triumph of the most dangerous superstitions: the belief in the “equal rights” of “all men” to life and “happiness”; the belief in citizenship and “culture” as distinct from and more important than race; the belief in illimited “progress” through a presumed universal receptivity to “education” and in the possibility of universal Peace and “happiness” as a result of “progress” — the wonderful

¹ I say “*over* two millenniums” meaning that the disintegrating influence of Jewry upon the Aryan race began *before* the advent of Christianity. The disastrous new scale of values drawn from the misapplied other-worldly religion, and the spreading of the creed itself, were the consequences of Jewish influence, not its causes.

discoveries of science being put to the service of “man”; the belief in the right of man to work against Nature’s spirit and purpose for his own brief pleasure or profit. One had increasingly stressed, exalted, made popular the sickly love of “man” as distinct from and opposed to all other creatures, or, to be more accurate, the love of a repulsive, standardised conception of “the average man,” “neither all good nor all bad” but weak, *mediocre*, — as foreign as possible to the age-old warrior-like Aryan idea of superior humanity expressed in the conception of the “hero like unto the Gods,” to use Homer’s words.

And colonialism was at its height, and Christian missionary activity also. Which means that, after having given herself up to the forces of disintegration, Europe was rapidly handing the rest of the world over to them; preparing the very last phase of the Dark Age: the state of biological chaos which is the preliminary condition of the rule of the worst and the systematic annihilation of any surviving human élite of blood and character.

* * *

At that time, an elderly, honest and hard-working Customs officer lived with his wife and family in Braunau, a pretty little town on the river Inn, on the border of Austria and Germany.

The town, with its main square, on one side of which an old fountain, dominated by a stone statue of Christ, is still to be seen; with its old houses and churches, its old streets, — clean, but often narrow, — and the four-storied “tower” — *Salzburger Turm*, — that already separated the main square from “the Suburb,”¹ was little different from any small town in the region. It probably looked much the same as it does to-day: small towns change less than large ones. And the Customs officer, whose name was Alois Hitler, lived and re-acted to, life as many a Government clerk. Gifted with enormous will-power and perseverance, he had, in his youth, worked himself up from the position of a village lad to that of a scribe in a Government office, which appeared to him as the summit of respectability. And now, after all these years, the days of

¹ *Die Vorstadt*.

which were so desperately alike, his dreary life did not seem dreary to him, for he had no time to think of it as such. Meticulously dutiful, he worked and worked. And days and years went by. Time would soon come when the honest clerk would retire, with a small pension.

Meanwhile, he lived in “the Suburb,” only a few footsteps from the *Salzburger Turm*, in an old, two-storied house that had picturesque arched landings at the top of each flight of stairs, and spacious rooms. His wife, Clara, was pretty: blonde, with magnificent blue eyes. Aged twenty-nine only, (she was his third wife) she was of an ardent, thoughtful and self-possessed nature; as imaginative and intuitive as her husband was unromantically pains-taking; as loving as he was dutiful; and capable of endless sustained sacrifice. She respected him deeply; he was her husband. But she loved her children — and God; God *in* her children. And she did not herself know how right she was, i.e., how truly the divine spirit — the divine collective Self of Aryan mankind, Whose manifestation appears now and then in the form of an extraordinary human being, — lived in the youngest baby son that she was nursing: her fourth child.

She had just given birth to him on the 20th of April, at six o’clock eighteen in the afternoon, in that large airy room on the second floor — the last on the right hand side, at the end of a narrow passage — in which she was now reclining, still feeling weak, but happy. The three windows opened on the street. Through their spotless glass-panes and white blinds warm sunshine poured in. The baby slept. The mother rested. She did not know that she had just been the instrument of a tremendous cosmic Will.

A few hundreds of yards away, — beyond the *Salzburger Turm* and the broad Square surrounded with relatively high houses, — on flowed the greyish-blue River Inn, tributary of the Danube. There was a bridge over it, like to-day. The landscape — soft green hills, with woods here and there; and neat and homely red-roofed houses, and, occasionally, the steeple of a church, between the river bank and the rich green slopes in the distance — as the same on both sides of the bridge. The people were the same: Bavarians; — Germans. But this side — where the main Square with its old fountain, the *Salzburger*

Turm and “the Suburb” stood — was called “Austria”; the other side: Germany.

The baby slept; the mother rested; was grateful for the bright sunshine and the coming summer. She would be able to take the child out, now and then, when she would find time. In the meantime she prayed to the Queen of Heaven that he might live: her three first children had died, one after the other.

* * *

The Child was christened Adolf.

Thirty-five years later, the Man into whom he had grown was to write: “It appears to me to-day that Destiny has happily appointed me Braunau on the Inn as a birthplace. This little town lies indeed on the border of the two German States, the unification of which we men of the younger generation consider as our life’s work, to be carried out by all means.”¹

He referred to “Destiny.” Had it not been for the oddness of such a statement in a book written for millions of Europeans hardly concerned with or interested in the idea of birth and rebirth, he could have, with equal if not greater accuracy, spoken of his “own choice.” For according to the Ancient Wisdom, men of such a quality as he *choose* to be born, without being compelled to, *and choose their birthplace*.

Invisible in the blue sky above the little frontier-town, the stars formed, on the 20th. of April 1889, at six o’clock eighteen in the afternoon, a definite pattern marking the return to earth of Him Who comes back; of the divine Man “against Time” — the incarnate collective Self of superior mankind, — Who, again and again, and every time more heroically, stands alone against the ever-accelerated current of universal decay, and prepares, in hard, bloody struggle, the dawning of the following Time-cycle, even if he be, for some years or decades, apparently bound to fail.

For the newly born Babe was none other than He.

* * *

¹ Adolf Hitler, “Mein Kampf,” p. 1.

Never had circumstances been more unfavourable to His recognition, nay, to the very possibility of His taking consciousness of His mission in the garb of a predestined ruler. Not only was there, as everyone will readily agree, a long way from the child's humble status to that which he had to attain in order to play, in the history of the West, the *political* part he was destined, but nothing seemed likely to prepare him for the accomplishment of his even greater task, namely that of awakening the Western Aryan Soul to *its own* natural wisdom. Aryan Wisdom, in its conscious, warrior-like form, in opposition to all the traditional values of Christianity, was unknown in the Western world of the time, let alone in Braunau on the Inn, — unknown, at least, to all but a few lonely thinkers such as Friedrich Nietzsche. The heavenly Powers, however, gave the divine Child two main privileges through which he was, amazingly soon, to become aware of it; to *reinvent it* of his own accord; first, a pure, healthy heredity, containing the very best both of Nordic and of Keltic blood — the fiery imagination and mystical intuition of the Kelt, allied to Nordic willpower, thoroughness, efficiency and sense of justice, (and insight *also*); and, along with that, a passionate, limitless and fathomless love for that German Land that stretched on both sides of the Inn as well as on both sides of the Danube and beyond, and for its people, his blood-brothers: not those who are perfect specimens of higher humanity (for there are none in this Dark Age) but for those who can and will *become* such ones, while they have the stuff in them.

Through that love — and through it alone — he was to raise himself to the intuitive certitude of the eternal Truth upon which he was to build the National Socialist Doctrine, modern form of the perennial Religion of Life; to that certitude which separates him from even the greatest politicians and sets him straight away into the category of the warring Seers, Founders of the healthiest civilisations we know; into the category of the Men “against Time,” whose vision grasps, beyond our sickly world, doomed to speedy destruction, the yet unthinkable following Golden Age, of which they are the prophets and will be the gods.

Written in Emsdetten in Westfalen (Germany), on the 14th of August, 1954.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STRUGGLE FOR TRUTH

Whether alive or dead in the flesh, the predestined Child of Braunau — Adolf Hitler, — lives forever in National Socialism, his creation and integral expression. To understand the latter is to understand him: to see him in the proper light and to place him — whether one be, personally, attracted to him or not, — on the proper *level* and in the proper *class* among the galaxy of exceptionally great men. And that is precisely what most National Socialists, even those who remained *after* 1945, irreproachable in their profession of faith — even “fanatical” ones — (let alone our enemies, and the world at large, which lies for the last ten years under their influence), apparently fail to do, out of lack of feeling for cosmic realities and, in particular, out of lack of awareness of the rhythm of Time which explains all laws of history, when not also all great happenings.

One should carefully distinguish the ephemeral N.S.D.A.P., — the National Socialist German Workers Party;¹ an organisation in view of precise aims, which have their place in German and European history, — from the everlasting National Socialist Idea.

The Party came (officially) into existence on the 24th of February 1920; *in fact*, already in 1919. It was a revolutionary body determined to win power for its Leader — and for its members, — to rid Germany of the enslavement and shame resulting from the Versailles Treaty, and — for the first time in the history of the West, — to apply, on a broad scale, solid — eternal — biological principles to social and to political life. It had, however, the characteristics of even the very best organisations of our Dark Age: their inherent clumsiness; their all-too-human short-comings. There were all sorts of people — fearless idealists and time-servers; heroes, nay, demi-gods, *and* an immense majority of irresponsible, sheep-like creatures, *and* a few

¹ Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiter Partei.

influential traitors — among the thirteen million members it had at the height of its glory. It achieved a lot, and yet it failed. It has, since 1945, ceased to exist as a body, and even if it be, one day, destined to rise again under its old name and everlasting Sign, will never be restored exactly as before. Cannot be; for it belongs to Time, and in Time nothing is ever *restored*. *Should not be*; for restoration would mean stagnation, whence incapacity to face new circumstances and overcome new dangers.

The National Socialist Idea is not the Party. Not only was it in existence — “in the air” — more or less in its present-day garb, *before* the Party (the Proclamation of Friedrich Lange’s “Deutsches Bund,” in Heidelberg, on the 9th of May 1894 — when Adolf Hitler was five years old — has all the traits of a National Socialist Manifesto; and so have Hans Krebs’ declarations in 1904), but it is, in its essence, as old as the oldest contact and first clash between the Germanic race and the outer world. Fundamentally, it is nothing else but the expression of the collective will of the race to survive and to rule; of its readiness to combat and eradicate all that which, from without or from within, stands in the way of its survival and expansion; of its healthy consciousness of itself — of its strength; of its youth; — and of Godhead *within itself*: a biological reality stressed in political and in social life, rather than a “political” idea. One could say that Theodoric the Great acted in the true National Socialist spirit when, fourteen hundred years before the famous “Nüremberg Laws,” he did all he possibly could to prevent marriages between his Goths and the racially less pure — less Aryan — people of conquered Italy, let alone people of altogether non-Aryan stock. And I have many times and in different writings pointed out that there is no difference in purpose and in standpoint between the National Socialist attitude to life and that of the ancient, warrior-like Aryans, worshippers of Light, who were conquering North-West India, setting the caste-system, conceived on a racial basis, between themselves and the conquered people, and praying the Vedic Gods for “many sons,” prosperous flocks, and “victory over the dark-skinned Dasyus” — for *Lebensraum* — several thousands of years before 1919, 1933, or 1935.

One could go a step further and state that, in its *essence*,

the National Socialist Idea exceeds not only Germany and our times, but the Aryan race and mankind itself and *any* epoch; that it ultimately expresses *that* mysterious and unfailing Wisdom according to which Nature lives and creates: the impersonal Wisdom of the primaeval forest and of the ocean-depth, and of the spheres in the dark fields of Space; and that it is Adolf Hitler's glory not merely to have gone back to that divine Wisdom, — stigmatising man's silly infatuation for "intellect," his childish pride in "progress" and his criminal attempt to enslave Nature, — but to have made it the basis of a *practical* regeneration-policy of world-wide scope, precisely *now*, in our over-crowded, over-civilised, and technically over-evolved world, at the very end of the Dark Age.

In other words, it is impossible to understand National Socialism unless one integrates it into the cyclic conception of history as suggested by Tradition, i.e., unless one sees in it not a political system among many others, — not an ephemeral "ism," product of ephemeral circumstances, — but the last, (or, as we shall see, the one before the last) effort of the permanent and more-than-human Forces of Life within this Time-cycle, against the accelerated current of degeneracy characteristic of any advanced development in Time, or, in one sentence, unless one sees in it the effort "against Time" at the very end of the last Age of our present Cycle.

Seen in this light, the whole well-known struggle to free Germany from the enslavement to which the Versailles Treaty had reduced her, — the National Socialist struggle for "freedom and bread." (and far space); for the German people's right to thrive in healthy creative activity, — is the last (or, rather, as we shall see, the one before the last) phase of the perennial Struggle for Truth within the present Time-cycle the form which that perennial Struggle was bound to take at our epoch, i.e., at the end of the Dark Age. And Adolf Hitler is the most heroic of the heroes who, in the course of history, stood in the way of the world's fated downward rush towards its doom; the One Who comes back, in His last desperate attempt to save that which is still worth saving, before it is too late, — the typical Man "against Time." He embodies that eternal Nature-wisdom to which I have alluded in the former paragraph — the only wisdom that deserves the name of divine, and opposed *it*, — *not* human arguments, — to the false science,

and false religion and false morality and, of course, *also* false political conceptions of our decadent Age, and made Germany's struggle for freedom the occasion of a broader systematic struggle for the liberation of higher mankind from the chains of the Dark Age. And made the Sign of the Sun — the Sign of Health¹ — the Symbol of both German and *Aryan* regeneration, and Germany, the holy Land of the West — the Stronghold of regenerate Aryandom.

Considered as the twentieth century expression of the age-old yearning of Aryan mankind to free itself, here and at once, from the appalling determinism of decay, National Socialism begins *before* Adolf Hitler's political career. Its un-recorded but real evolution as an incarnate Idea, — its true history — starts with the future German Führer's gradual awakening to the consciousness of his own scale of values, of his fundamental aspirations and repulsions, and of his mission: the awakening of the Man "against Time," as such.

* * *

There are, to my knowledge, — unfortunately, — no records of Adolf Hitler's childhood. And, enlightening as it surely is, the little one can gather about it from a conversation with his most sympathetic old tutor, Herr Mayrhofer, (who is still living in Leonding, near Linz, and whom I met twice) and the little he mentions himself in "Mein Kampf" (which is not an autobiography) is not enough to buttress such a definite (and unusual) view of him as the one put forth in the present study. The one apparently authoritative picture of the future ruler's life and character, years before he "decided to become a politician," is to be found in the very good book in which August Kubizek — the one friend he had in early youth, — has related the story of his four years' friendship with him, namely from 1904 to 1908.²

In those years — i.e., when he was over fifteen, less than nineteen, — Adolf Hitler's main traits of character were already fixed, and visible at every step of his: in all he said or did.

¹ The *Swastika*, "Swasthi," Sanskrit, meaning: "health," "well-being."

² August Kubizek, "Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund" (Leopold Stocker Verlag, 1953.)

His scale of values was already that one which was, in later years, to set him apart from every political leader of our times. And the psychological (the *real*) basis of his philosophy the source of his unshakable faith in it, and the key to his whole career, — was already definite. In other words, the man he was to be — the Man he could *but* be, under the given circumstances, — had already taken shape and was, with the sureness of instinct, with a mysterious, inner knowledge, a logic of his own that baffled all human calculations, invincibly following the path of his tremendous destiny. And the features of the rapidly awakening personality were unmistakably those, and the unfailing, baffling logic, that, of a Man of the type I have, in this book, characterised as “against Time”: of an inspired, ruthless and realistic — extraordinarily far sighted — fighter for a Golden Age ideal, in the depth of our Dark Age.

And, were we able to trace the history of Adolf Hitler’s evolution further into those very early years which he describes as providing (from the standpoint of events) “little to remember,”¹ it is not only probable but certain that we would find, in him, up to the very beginning of his life, the self-same, deeply distinctive traits of character, the self-same *fundamental* aspirations — the same *person*. Such men as he are not, as so many people seem to think, the “product of circumstances,” but predestined beings who *use* the given circumstances to the utmost, for a purpose which far exceeds the obvious, immediate aim of their action, or, to speak the language of ancient Wisdom, — and one is, ultimately, compelled to speak that language, — great free Souls,² no longer bound by the law of birth and rebirth, who choose to be born in *the* environment (within the race, the country, the social stratum) in which, and to grow into leading men and to struggle as such under *the* circumstances under which they are to act the most efficiently, in the highest interest of Creation. They are children and adolescents “against Time” before leaving in history the mark of their passage as Men “against Time.”

One of the most noticeable traits of people “against Time” — no less than of those I have described as “above Time” — is that they fit nowhere in the world as it is; that their moral

¹ “Mein Kampf,” I, chapter 1, p. 2.

² In Sanskrit “Mukta Purusha.”

and aesthetic — and practical — standards: their conception of happiness and unhappiness, their idea of “success” and failure, and of usefulness, in one word their *values*, and its, have nothing in common. And, from all that his friend A. Kubizek relates about Adolf Hitler’s adolescence in Linz, that appears precisely to have been the case of the future master of Germany, .at that time a no doubt remarkably gifted but, in the estimation of cool-minded grown-ups, “unpractical” youth, who had recently left the middle-school without completing the course of his studies, and nourished the ambition of becoming a great artist — a painter, or perhaps an architect — with little material prospects of fulfilling it, and who lived on his widowed mother’s meagre pension, and roamed about the streets — or the countryside — and occasionally went to the theatre (taking admittedly the cheapest seats,) and made gigantic plans and spoke — already — with compelling eloquence, — of things that interested nobody but himself, while other boys earned their living and helped their families, or were learning something “useful.” “He just fitted into no social frame whatsoever,”¹ concludes A. Kubizek, after having tried to, analyse the reasons why his friend, despite capacities by far above the average, failed, even in subsequent years, to “get on” professionally. “He had not the slightest ambition of securing himself a livelihood”² and of being comfortable. He did not wish to be “comfortable.” He did not — and never was to — think in terms of comfort or of personal “happiness.” What others called “enjoying life” was something absolutely foreign to him.³ Nor could he “take things as they came” and live lightly, free of worry, entirely within the present.⁴ He was, at a very early age, intensely aware that things were *wrong* in the world round him — wrong in every walk of life, in every domain of thought and action, from A to Z, — and he felt himself duty-bound to change them; not to change this or that *in* them, leaving the rest untouched, but to change them ruthlessly and radically, for they were radically wrong, and to build *everything* anew, according to principles different from those that had prevailed up till then.

¹ August Kubizek, “Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund,” p. 37.

² August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 36.

³ August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 37.

⁴ August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 43.

And this was not a mere wish, a more or less vague desire or day-dream. It was a purpose that he pursued with “deadly seriousness”¹ and unfailing consistency,² busying himself long before hand with the most minute details of his plans in every particular case, without for all that ever losing sight of the spirit and general lines of his creation as a whole, so much so that that “extraordinary seriousness” and consistency — and merciless radicality³ — struck all those who knew him as the main trait of his character. He pursued it — nay, already in those years in which he was not yet politically active; already while he himself still believed that art would remain, throughout life, his first and foremost concern — with that feverish impatience which finds its expression in the words: “Now, or never”; with the haste inherent in all earnest action “against Time.” And that impatience — that tragic awareness that “tomorrow will be too late” — was to stamp his whole career as a ruler and as the Founder of the last *true* civilisation within the Dark Age. In it, in fact, lies the source and the explanation of Adolf Hitler’s most drastic — and most criticized — steps in later life and the sign that National Socialism, that most heroic of all reactions against our Dark Age, *historically* still belongs to this Age, while transcending its spirit.

* * *

The ideal in the name of which Adolf Hitler constantly rebelled against practically all he saw in living life — already as an adolescent, and then *more and more* as a young man and as a man thirty and over thirty — was nothing less than that which I have described in this book as “a Golden Age ideal”; the inner vision of a healthy, beautiful and also peaceful (*necessarily* peaceful) world; of *the* real earthly paradise, faithful image of cosmic perfection, in which righteousness prevails as a matter of course. There can be no doubt about it if one reads not only that interesting story of his youthful years which his friend A. Kubizek has written, but also all that he wrote and said himself in later, active life. And in an epoch such as that in

¹ August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 43.

² August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 52.

³ August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 203.

which we are *now* living — when, all over the world, every possible attempt is made to present him not merely as “a war monger” but as the “war criminal” number one, — it is not superfluous to stress the fact that Adolf Hitler was, not only at the dawn of his awakening as a “Man against Time” but *all* his life, “a bitter enemy of war”¹ as such; the fact that he was by nature “gifted with deep sensitiveness, and full of sympathy for others”²; that his programme was essentially a *constructive* one, his struggle, the struggle for an exalted, *positive* aim, his aim: the regeneration of higher mankind (of the only section of mankind worth saving) and, ultimately, through the survival of regenerated higher mankind, the restoration of the long-destroyed harmony between the cosmic Order and the sociopolitical conditions on earth, i.e., the restoration of Golden Age conditions; the opening not merely of a “new era” for Germany, but of a new Time-cycle for the whole world.

It is not superfluous, in times like ours, to remind the reader of all the Führer’s efforts *to avoid* the Second World War, even at the price of heavy concessions, and then, (when this had proved impossible) to stop it, while it could yet be stopped. It is not superfluous to recall the words he addressed his old friend Kubizek on the 23rd of July 1940, i.e. when, from a military standpoint, all seemed to be going on splendidly; when the Swastika Flag was fluttering over public buildings in the capitals of seven conquered States, — “This war thrusts us years back in our constructive work. *It is deplorable*. I have not indeed become the Chancellor of the Greater German Reich in order to conduct war!”³ Not only was he against war for war’s sake (or for the sake of worthless motives) but he was against any form of useless violence, not to speak of “useless cruelty,” which was, under the Third Reich, according to law and (whenever detected) also in fact, a severely punishable offence.⁴ The news of even such an understandable outburst of broad-scale revengefulness as that which took place during the

¹ August Kubizek, “Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund,” p. 294.

² August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 44.

³ August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 345.

⁴ It is a fact, for instance, that Martin Sommer was, in 1943, i.e. under the N.S. regime and by a N.S. tribunal, sentenced to three years imprisonment for ill-treating internees in the Buchenwald concentration Camp.

“Kristall Nacht” (8th-9th of November 1938) — attacks on Jews and Jewish property, and burning down of synagogues *in answer to repeated Jewish provocation*, — brought him “to the pitch of indignation.”¹

That inborn reluctance to wanton violence is a trait common to all those whom I have called men “above Time” (such as King Akhnaton, the Buddha, or Jesus Christ) *and* to the great fighters “against Time,” Founders of new religious and cultural eras, such as Lord Krishna or, nearer to our times, the Prophet Mahomet, the only men with whom Adolf Hitler can be compared if one feels at all the necessity of drawing historical parallels.

It is one of the signs that his ultimate aim remained — like theirs — a state of deep-rooted, lasting, (more-than-human) harmony, *not* of conflict among men; in other words, I repeat, a restoration of the original Golden Age conditions upon earth, the only conditions under which absolute health — which means: perfection, — ever prevailed. Considered in the light of such an aim, every necessary violence is a “deplorable” necessity (to quote once more Adolf Hitler’s own words about, the Second World War in 1940). Every unnecessary violence is a denial of the spirit of such a struggle “against Time” as that of National Socialism for power; a foolish provocation of the Dark Forces that stand in the way of its success, and, therefore a sin against the Cause of Truth. And that is the real, deep meaning of the Führer’s bitter words, addressed to Dr. Goebbels at the news of the “Kristall Nacht”: “You people have thrust back National Socialism, and spoilt my work for many years when not for good, through this nonsense!”²

* * *

Adolf Hitler’s leading emotion is obviously his “love beyond all measure”³ for Germany and all that is German. “He lived *in* the German people; nothing counted for him, save they.”⁴ These words, describing the future ruler’s feelings al-ready in early youth, are true at *all* stages of his life. And his

¹ K. Hierl, “In Dienzt für Deutschland,” p. 138.

² Hans Grimm, “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” (edit. 1955), p. 184.

³ A. Kubizek, loc. cit., p. 292.

⁴ A. Kubizek, loc. cit., p. 115.

main intellectual, or rather, spiritual, feature, is perhaps that inborn, baffling intuition of history in the broadest sense of the word — of history as our planet's destiny, — which lifts him straight above all politicians, generals and actual kings, to the level of the great Seers, and gives his whole career that extraordinary, “dream-like”¹ character of which Hans Grimm so appropriately speaks. The originality of his genius lies in the fact that *he lived his German patriotism from a cosmic point of view*, giving both Germany and the history of our times their true significance in the light of not merely human but *cosmic* evolution.

I do not know whether Adolf Hitler would have been, at any period of his career, in a position to give a learned lecture about the cyclic conception of history according to ancient Wisdom. But I am absolutely sure that he felt, thought and acted, from beginning to end, in full consciousness of the eternal truth — both biological and metaphysical, — which this conception expresses. His writings — specially the general statements which he laid down in Chapter XI of the first part of “Mein Kampf” — his speeches before and after his rise to power, and more eloquently than anything, the great decisions of his life, prove that he did. The basical tenets and entire spirit of the National Socialist doctrine prove that he did. For what *is* the latter, if not a passionate denial of the wide-spread belief in the “dignity” of “man” as such (of *any* human creature of any race) and of the no less wide-spread and no less arbitrary idea of man's “mastery” over Nature, and of his illimited “progress”? The denial of these dogmas in favour of an aristocratic conception of the Universe and, in particular, of history, in the light of which the noble races (and, among them, in first rank, the Aryan, the noblest of all) are alone capable of bringing *collectively* into material fulfillment, the whole wealth of higher human possibilities? Their denial, also, in favour of the bold assertion that history is, — in *fact*, has always been, — a long process of more or less slow decay from original perfection to a final state of chaos out of which one rises once more *not through regular, unbroken evolution, but abruptly*, — i.e., through revolutionary methods — to the state of health, virtue

¹ *Traumhaft* is the word H. Grimm repeatedly uses (See quoted book).

and beauty, i.e., of earthly godhead, which marks the springtime (all the successive spring-times) of Creation?

Considered in its essence, it is, indeed, *that*, before anything else. More so: the fact *that* it is that governs, as we shall see, its attitude, — determines its position, —with regard to the various “questions” of our times, from the all-important, worldwide Jewish problem (which is anything but “modern”) to those affairs which, at first sight, seem to concern Germany alone. (And there lies precisely the hidden but actual source of its unpopularity in this Dark Age.)

Years before he came to power; nay, years before he started his political career, — Adolf Hitler was vividly aware of that incompatibility between this Age, this world as we see it, and the healthy, glorious world of his dreams. And he sought the reality of the latter, when not in the *historical* Golden Age of our Time-cycle — so far behind us and so different from all we know that it is practically unthinkable, — at least in as remote a past as his imagination could reach: in the legendary Age before the dawn of recorded German history; the Age pictured in the old Germanic *sagas*. He did not study that age, as a student of archaeology would have. He *lived* in it through his own visionary’s intuition and through the magic of Richard Wagner’s music, which he loved. And far from being the mere product of an ephemeral youthful enthusiasm, that consciousness of the World of the Sagas was precisely that which, more decisively than anything else, “conditioned his historical *and political* views.”¹ It was the consciousness of the world “to which he felt he actually belonged.” And “all through his life, he found nothing for which he could stand with such pious devotion as he did for that world, which the Sagas of the German heroes had opened to him.”²

In other words, it is the healthy, strong, beautiful Germans of the heroic Age who, in his eyes, represented *real* Germany; eternal Germany. Maybe they have, *historically*, lived only a few millenniums before the beginning of the present Dark Age (in what the Sanskrit authors call the *Dwapara Yuga*; the third of the four great Ages) maybe, already within this present Age of Gloom itself (I mean, in the very first part of it).

¹ August Kubizek, “Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund,” p. 99.

² August Kubizek, *Ibid.*, p. 99.

That is not the point. The point is that, faithful in fact to Tradition, Adolf Hitler believed in the existence of earthly perfection as a reality both of the future and of a very, very *remote past*. The point is that, whatever might have been the epoch in which they — or their historical prototypes — actually lived, the men and women of the hallowed “world of the Sagas” *signified*, symbolised, for him, that earthly perfection, that humanity without a flaw for which he yearned with all the ardour of his heart and nearer and nearer to which one reaches to the extent one follows Time further and further up-stream.

There is more. Strange as this statement may seem to the European, nay to the German reader himself, Adolf Hitler’s “immeasurable love” for his people is something greater than usual patriotism. It is, no doubt, rooted in that natural feeling of blood — solidarity which binds most individuals — and certainly *all* Germans, — to their countrymen. But it is, at the same time, the immediate outcome of a staggering intuitive knowledge; the expression of actual insight into the nature, meaning and destiny of Germany as *the* privileged Nation among all those of the same blood: the most gifted; the most *conscious*; the most fit to rule; in one word, the most objectively valuable section of Aryan mankind. It is, in spite of what many may think, nay, in spite of the judgement passed upon it by such a prominent figure of the National Socialist regime as Konstantin Hierl,¹ anything but the German counterpart of the British chauvinist’s attitude rendered in the well-known motto: “Right or wrong, my country!”

True, Adolf Hitler himself has written in “Mein Kampf” that, had he “been French,” and had France’s greatness meant to him all that Germany’s in fact did, he “could not and would not have acted any differently from Clemenceau.”² But, if one is to consider him, and to try to interpret his historical career in the light of Ancient Wisdom, (and subsequently, in connection with the destiny of the whole world) one is forced to say: he could not have been French — nor English; nor even Scandinavian. He could not have been anything else

¹ Konstantin Hierl, “In Dienst für Deutschland” (edit. 1954).

² “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), II, p. 766.

but German, nay, anything else but a *frontier* German, doubly aware of the tragic injustice of man-made frontiers and of the natural unity of the Reich beyond and in spite of them—and of the natural unity of the Aryan race beyond and in spite of the boundaries of the Reich. More still: one is bound to admit that, far from exalting Germany merely because *he* was a German, it is, on the contrary, he who *chose* to be born a German because of the predestined — God-ordained — part that Germany has played and is more and more called to play on the side of the eternal Forces of Light and Life in their struggle against the Forces of disintegration, now, as the end of this Dark Age is drawing nigh; because, *objectively* speaking, the earthly salvation of the Aryan race — the regeneration of higher mankind — can only come from and through Germany: the one Aryan Nation in which the race is still sufficiently pure to be, under given circumstances, capable of *total* regeneration, while, *at the same time* it has, through the unbroken experience of danger, remained sufficiently awake to be *fully* awakened, and sufficiently warrior-like to carry on, to its end, the struggle against Dark Age conditions: the perennial Struggle “against Time,” for integral Truth.

In other words, both the quality of her biological substance *and* the particular stamp which history has left upon her, have made Germany the one Nation capable of taking the lead of Western Aryandom (when not also of Aryandom as a whole) in the last life and death struggle — the struggle for the survival and rule of the best, who are the predestined founders of the *next* Golden Age; the last phase of the perennial Struggle “against Time,” marking the end of the present Age of Gloom. And the inspired Man “against Time” who was, *at the beginning of that phase*, to act on behalf of the Forces of Light and Life, was bound to be a German, nay, the very embodiment of eternal Germany. And Adolf Hitler was that Man. And he knew it in the depth of his heart. He was perfectly conscious of the fact that his policy, both at home and abroad, was the only *real* German policy, and therefore the only conceivable one in the interest of Aryan mankind as a whole and — consequently — of the whole realm of Lift the only conceivable one “in the interest of the Universe,” to quote the words of the Book of books. For alone regenerate

Aryan man can and will save what is, in spite of all, worth saving in this doomed world, and build a new earth — open a new Time-cycle — on the basis of principles eternally true. Adolf Hitler has repeatedly said so in his speeches. And repeatedly expressed in “Mein Kampf” the same fact, namely that he was acting “in the spirit of the almighty Creator” and struggling “for the Lord’s own work”¹ i.e. for Truth upon this earth: earthly Perfection; and that his “new ideas” are “in harmony with the primeaval meaning of things.”²

What August Kubizek relates of his life in Linz and Vienna from 1904 to 1908, shows how early the future ruler had acquired a clear conception of his ultimate aim — the “ideal State” — and become aware of the *spirit* of the whole programme he was, one day, to set forth and to work out, with the help of enthusiastic millions of people; how early he knew what his policy would be (what, in fact, any policy in accordance with *truth*, i.e. with Nature, can only be): — at the same time national and socialistic; nay, socialistic *because* it was to be — *is* too be — national in the full sense of the word, first in the sense of *racial*; and national in that sense because that Godhead within us which is *real* Godhead, is nothing else but the latent glory of our race in its original perfection.

To urge the German and, beyond the pale of the Reich, the Aryan in general — the youngest race of our Time — cycle, destined to the lordship of the divine Beginning of the *next* cycle — to yearn for and to strive with all his enlightened might towards that perfection on all planes, and to bring it, here and now, *collectively* as well as individually, into being (to the extent this is exceptionally possible, already during the Dark Age); to urge him to be, *now*, against the prevailing spirit of general contamination and general decay — against the current of Time, — the witness and the herald of the coming Dawn, and that, on a national, or rather on a racial scale, such is and remains the actual goal of National Socialism, the Hitler faith, however astounding this may yet appear to most people, to-day, in Year twenty-two³ after “the first Seizure of power.”⁴ Important

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 76.

² “Main Kampf” (edit, 1939), p. 440.

³ These words were written in 1955.

⁴ *Machtübernahme*, — which took place on the 30th Jan. 1933.

as they may have been after 1918 — or as they may be *now* after 1945, — the immediate political aims which could not and cannot be separated from the persecuted *Weltanschauung* are mere steps towards that one great positive, permanent goal.

* * *

As I have previously stated, Adolf Hitler was from early adolescence, and probably from childhood, conscious of the shocking disparity that exists between “real life” — life under Dark Age conditions — as it drew his attention through thousand and one details, and his own conception of earthly perfection, a living reflexion of which he sought in the world of the old Germanic Sagas (transfigured, for him, in Wagner’s musical dramas) and — Kubizek tells us, — in the stately blonde young maiden to whom he never spoke, but whom he idealised from a distance as the resplendent embodiment of perfect German womanhood.¹ Instances of human misery, nay — and the importance of this can never be sufficiently stressed — instances of the age-old exploitation of animals by man,² which another person would have deplored, but judged unavoidable, or looked upon as trifling, or not noticed at all, provided *him* with an opportunity to feel indignant and to crave for entirely new conditions of life. But it is during the years of grinding poverty and complete moral solitude, which he spent in Vienna as a young man, that the experience of the wretchedness and ugliness of this present Age imposed itself upon him for the first time in all its tragic horror. He has described it in immortal words.³ And, more than the daily contact with material misery itself (with material misery which *he*, by the way, not merely beheld, but actually *shared*), the sight of the degrading effects of that misery upon his people and upon their young children was unbearable to him.

Two facts should, at that stage of Adolf Hitler’s life, retain the attention of whoever wishes to understand him and the Movement he was to start ten years later, obviously as a

¹ A. Kubizek, “Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund,” p. 76 and following.

² August Kubizek, “Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund,” p. 61.

³ “Mein Kampf,” I, p. 23; p. 32 and following.

political Movement for the assertion of Germany's rights, in reality, also as the moral and metaphysical basis of a new civilisation: first, the aloofness in which he lived, amidst the surrounding misery and degradation; and then, the thoroughness and *detachment* with which he studied the latter, traced its deep causes under the immediate, superficial ones, and became, through that clear knowledge, more and more aware of his own predestined role in this Age of Gloom. "One cannot 'study' the social question from above," writes he, in "Mein Kampf."¹ One has, one's self, to experience the same perpetual insecurity of life, to be acquainted with the same pangs of hunger, to dwell in the same over-crowded, dirty, noisy surroundings as the disinherited classes, in one word, to *live* the wretchedness that gnaws into them and degrades them, in order to *know* what social misery means. The future German Führer has lived it, and suffered from it, personally, day after day, for months, for years, without it ever degrading or even changing *him*. He preferred to "exist" on hunger rations, rather than sacrifice his independence or sell more than it was absolutely necessary of the precious time he needed to study both books and men and *to think*. And when he had earned a little money, he preferred to buy himself a seat in the theatre — two or three hours' holiday in the beautiful world of the old Sagas, to the accompaniment of Wagner's solemn music, away, far away from the daily dreary wretchedness that seemed to be his lot for ever, — rather than treat himself to a substantial meal.² He refused publicity — and money — rather than to allow a story which he had written to be printed by a Jew.³ Nobody can understand him save a true artist who is, at the same time, a true revolutionary: a person of one dream and one aim, like himself. But how well every such a one — every creator and fighter of his *type*, when surely not of his magnitude, i.e. every person "against Time" — *does* understand him!

There is more. Not only did he live in uncompromising faithfulness to his ideals, inaccessible to the lure of material

¹ "Mein Kampf," I, p. 26.

² A. Kubizek, "Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund," p. 37.

³ A. Kubizek, "Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund," p. 298-299.

comfort and social advantages, but he shared none of the weaknesses of average mankind, not to mention the vices of that underworld into which fate had pushed him or, by the way, those of the so-called “better classes” of this fallen humanity. He rigourously abstained from alcohol and tobacco; and even when, occasionally, he could afford a diet other than his usual bread and milk, he ate pastry and fruits, not meat. His deeper instinct inclined him naturally towards that sort of food which people, in whose life an immemorial Tradition still plays a great part, call “pure.”¹ And the dictates of serious reflexion merely confirmed in him those of deeper, healthy instinct. Adolf Hitler was, in course of life, to become a more and more convinced vegetarian; and though disaster robbed him of the opportunity of attempting “after the war,” to give his views, gradually, the force of law, he remains, to my knowledge, the only ruler in the West who, both on hygienic *and* moral (and aesthetic) grounds, ever earnestly considered the possibility of suppressing meat-eating, and of abolishing thereby the standing horror of the slaughterhouses. This is reported by Dr. Goebbels in his “Diaries,”² and brilliantly confirmed by numerous statements ascribed to the Führer himself in the “Dinner-time talks,” also printed *after* 1945 by the bitterest enemies of National Socialism, certainly *not* with the intention of exalting him.

As a young man, and nay, a very attractive one, Adolf Hitler withstood the manifold temptations of the corrupt metropolis — ignored the solicitations of women, rejected with disgust those of men, and kept the sacred “flame of Life” (to use the word Kubizek quotes) pure and strong and constantly under control within himself. He did so without the slightest intention of “mortifying the flesh”; without the slightest desire of “acquiring merit” for the salvation of his soul; simply because he respected that energy given to man for a higher purpose, and looked upon every wanton waste of it as a sin against the Race at the same time as a profanation of the divinity of Life. The “flame of life,” felt he, was to be dedicated to the selfless service of the Race, visible Vehicle of Life eternal. It was to

¹ In Sanskrit: *sattwik*.

² See the “Goebbels Diaries,” entry of the 26th April, 1942.

be used, like man's *whole* physical and moral energy, "in the spirit of the Creator," i.e., in view of the attainment of perfection on earth. The entire National Socialist teaching concerning sex and sexual relations, with its well-known stress upon absolute health and racial purity, as laid down in "Mein Kampf,"¹ has its origin and its basis in that truly religious (although anything but "other-worldly") attitude; in that standpoint of the "Man against Time" seeking, in defiance of the corruption of the Dark Age, to re-establish, here and now, the biological — i.e. fundamental — conditions of the earthly paradise; preparing the privileged, natural élite of mankind for the part it has to play in the formation of the god-like Race of the new earth, that will thrive in peace after this Dark Age has come to an end.

And all Adolf Hitler's positive measures in view of the physical and moral protection of his predestined people, natural leaders of Aryan man, after he came to power: his admirable laws for the welfare of mother and child; for the creation of ideal living conditions for workmen's families; for the education of a healthy, self-confident and self-reliant, proud and beautiful youth; and his famous "Nüremberg Laws," forwarding the growth in Germany of a pure-blooded Germanic race (forbidding sexual relations with Jews and, in fact, with non-Aryans of any description), have no other origin and no other meaning. Their aim — nay, the practical aim of National Socialism as such — was and remains not merely to improve the material lot of the German labourers (however important a part this immediate aim doubtless played in the *success* of the Hitler Movement in Germany, after the first World War); not merely to make the new State, comprising all people of Germanic blood — that "holy Reich of all Germans"² of which Adolf Hitler already spoke in his adolescent's conversations with August Kubizek — a strong and prosperous State, but to regenerate the German people — the most conscious among the Aryans of the West — radically, and to organise them, in all walks of life, so as to create out of them the only dam capable of withstanding and thrusting back the threatening tide of

¹ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 444-446.

² A. Kubizek, "Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund", p. 109.

³ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 439.

inferior humanity, whose rise is, in this as in *every* Time-cycle, the increasingly tragic sign of an advanced stage of the Dark Age; capable of thrusting it back and of carrying, beyond its defeat, (and its destruction, at the very end of the Age of Gloom) the treasure of god-like life into the glory of the new Beginning.

As I said before, it is difficult to state how far Adolf Hitler could have *explicitly* given expression to this point of view. It was, nevertheless, in reality, his point of view. In particular, he was and remained all his life vividly aware of the compelling necessity of preserving, nay, of forwarding, *at any cost* the racial aristocracy of mankind — the best elements of the Aryan race, — if this planet is not, after an appalling period of chaos, (after the end of the present Time-cycle) “to go its way, void of human beings, through aetherial space, as it did millions of years ago.”¹ Standing alone, personally untouched by Dark Age conditions at their worse, although deeply and painfully acquainted with them, he observed their effects upon the people in whom his unflinching intuition forced him to recognise, in spite of all, *the* predestined biological substance of an infinitely better mankind: the ones who *are not* yet, but who (to quote Nietzsche’s words) are “*becoming*,” or at least are capable of becoming supermen: his own German people. And, with serenity and with realism, he sought the causes of physical and moral wretchedness; the many causes: selfishness of the owning classes; indifference or cowardice of men in power; the grip of international high finance upon national economy; the influence of Jewry upon the national body and soul, etc.; etc., but under those many causes, the one cause: the rule of false values; the exaltation of untruth, which is synonymous of sickness; in all domains, rebellion against the spirit of the divine Order of Nature. *That* is what he had come to fight, so that the “reign of Righteousness” be re-established.

* * *

Adolf Hitler’s second and even more shattering experience of the horror of the present Age began on the 10th of November 1918, as he stood, half-blind from the effects of poisonous

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), I, chap. XI, p. 316.

gas, among his wounded comrades in a hospital hall at Pasewalk in Pomerania, and heard from the clergyman the latest news: the “November revolution” and Germany’s capitulation; the tragic end of the first World War.

More than four years before, he had joined the war with enthusiasm, as a volunteer in a Bavarian regiment, *not* in an Austrian one, clearly showing thereby that he was prepared to die anytime for the German people and “for the Reich that embodied them,”¹ though not for “the State of the Habsburgs” — that artificial State of many nationalities. For he considered the war in no way as an Austrian concern, but as a struggle of the German people (including, naturally, those of Austria) “for their existence”² — as a just war. And, he had done his duty thoroughly; faithfully. And although he had, for months already, (specially since the general strike of 1917) been fearing — feeling — that some diabolical traitors’ intrigues were being carried on to rob the German front-soldier of a victory which he well deserved, yet he had not expected such an end, and so suddenly....

The grief, the indignation and temporary despair that took him over as he abruptly acquired “the most horrible certitude in his life”³ are so eloquently described in “Mein Kampf” that nothing can throw more light upon the future, Führer’s state of mind than an extensive, quotation of his own words: “I could not remain any longer” (i.e. remain hearing the news). “While my eyes once more stared into darkness, I sought my way back to the dormitory, threw myself upon my bed, and buried my burning head under the quilts and pillows.

Since the day I had stood before my mother’s grave, I had not wept. When, in my youth, Destiny had been mercilessly harsh to me, I had faced it with growing defiance. When during the long years of the war, death had taken many a dear comrade and friend of mine from our ranks, it would have seemed to me nearly a sin to complain — for they had died for Germany. And when, in the days of the terrible struggle, the

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 179.

² “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 178.

³ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 222.

slowly advancing gas had taken me in its grip, and begun to gnaw into my eyes, and when the fear of becoming blind for ever had made me feel, for a second, as though I would weaken, the voice of conscience had thundered to me: 'Miserable wretch! You feel like weeping, while thousands are faring worse than yourself!' And I had put up with my lot in silence. But now I could not help weeping. Now I experienced how completely every personal suffering fades away before the misfortune of one's Fatherland.

So, it had all been in vain! In vain all our sacrifices, and all the hardships we had endured; in vain, hunger and thirst, for months without end; in vain, the hours in which, facing the terror of death, we had yet done our duty; and in vain, the death of two million men! Would not the graves of the hundreds of thousands who had gone forth full of faith in the Fatherland, never to return, break open and release the dumb heroes covered with mud and blood, — release them as revengeful spirits among the people at home, who had treated so disdainfully the highest sacrifice which a man can offer his country? Had they died *for that*, the soldiers of August and September 1914? Had the regiments of volunteers, in the autumn of the same year, followed *for that* the elder comrades? Had those boys of seventeen sunk *for that* into Flanders' earth? Was *that* the object of the sacrifice that German mothers had brought the Fatherland when, with a grieving heart, they had sent the boys to their duty, never to see them, again? Had all that happened in order to enable, now, a handful of criminals to set their grip upon the Fatherland?!! ... The more I tried, then, to think clearly about the monstrous event, the more my forehead burnt with indignation and shame. What was all the pain I felt in my eyes, compared with this wretchedness?

What followed, were appalling days and still worse nights. I knew that all was lost. Only fools — fools or ... liars and criminals — could put their hope in the enemy's mercy. During those nights, hatred grew in me, hatred against the originators of that deed.

In those days, I also became aware of my destiny. Now, I could only laugh at the thought of my own future, that had caused me such bitter worry only a short time before. Was it

not ridiculous to build houses upon such foundations as this? At last it was clear to me that the very thing which I so often already had feared, without ever being able, in my heart, to believe it, had now happened.

Emperor William the Second had been the first German emperor to hold out his hand to the leaders of Marxism, in a gesture of reconciliation, without knowing that rascals have no honour. While they still held the Emperor's hand in one of theirs, their other one was already seeking for the dagger.

With Jews, no pactising policy is possible, but only that of the hard "either — or."

"I decided to become a politician."¹

This heart-rending autobiographical account could — historically — be described as: the passage of National Socialism from the stage of an expectant or latent incarnate Idea, to that of an active one.

Surely the incarnate Idea is, when not as old as Adolf Hitler himself, at least as old as his earliest awakening to socio-political, nay, to philosophical consciousness in general. And that took place *very* early: already in Linz, when not before. Yet, then, and in Vienna, although his interest in social and political problems grew and grew with the daily experience of injustice and misery, and still in MÜNICH, after 1912, the future ruler continued to think of himself primarily as of a future architect. There may have been moments, of course, in which he thought, or at least *felt*, differently. There were such moments — one such moment at least, and a great one, — already in his life in Linz, if we are to believe Kubizek's account of it.² But the artist's immediate goal soon reappeared. Horrible as — in Vienna, at any rate — many of them doubtless were, the experiences of daily life were not sufficiently appalling to push it out of sight altogether. Nay, *during* the war, when more and more aware of the necessity of opposing to the forces of international Socialism a *national* organisation which would be free from the weaknesses of the Parliamentary System, Hitler had begun to think seriously of becoming politically active, he had merely visualised himself speaking in public

¹ "Mein Kampf," p. 223, 224-225.

² August Kubizek, "Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund," p. 140 and following.

“while carrying on his profession.”¹ Now, his profession, nay, his art, — for he still was, and could but remain, fundamentally, an artist, — was out of question. Every activity which was not to contribute directly and immediately to free Germany from the consequences and specially from the *causes* of defeat, was, out of question; and that, not merely because Adolf Hitler loved Germany above all things, but because that more-than-human intuition that classes him among the few great seers of mankind, told him that Germany’s real, deeper interest was — *is*, absolutely, — the real interest of Creation; — the “interest of the Universe,” again to quote the immortal words of the Bhagavad-Gita. (And it is not an accident, — not a mere coincidence, — that I, a non-German Aryan intimately connected with England, Greece and India, should stress this fact. It is a sign; a symbol; the first expression of the homage of worldwide Aryandom to the latest Man “against Time” and to the truly chosen Nation).

Out of the abyss of powerless despair — from that bed of, suffering upon which the nameless corporal Adolf Hitler lay weeping over Germany’s fate while his blinded eyes burned in their sockets, like red-hot embers; out of his appalling certitude that “all was lost,” that “all had been in vain” — rose the defiant Will to freedom and Will to power of an invincible people and, beyond that, and greater than that, the perennial cosmic Will to Perfection in all its majesty; the will of the German soldier who had fought in Flanders and — identical to it; expressing itself through it, — the impersonal and irresistible Will of the eternal Warrior and Seer above Time and “against Time”; the Will of Him Who comes back age after age, “when all is lost,” “when evil rules supreme,” to re-establish on earth the reign of Righteousness.

From then onwards, the age-old Struggle for Truth — the Struggle “against Time” — was, in the West, to enter a new phase. It was to identify itself with the political struggle to free Germany from the bondage imposed upon her by the victors of 1918, no less than with the more-than-political one against the causes of physical and moral decay that were — and still are — threatening the existence of the natural aristocracy

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 192.

of the Aryan race. And the National Socialist German Labourers' Party — the famous N.S.D.A.P., which Adolf Hitler soon evolved out of the tiny group of idealists (seven, including himself) originally called “Deutsche Arbeiter Partei,” which he joined in 1919 — was to be the one agent of the everlasting Force of Light and Life amidst the growing darkness of the Dark Age. I say: *the* one; for, contrarily to *all* other so-called movements of regeneration, religious and secular, this political *and yet infinitely more than political* Movement, attacked the very root of historical decay as such: biological decay, consequence of sin against the primary natural Commandant of blood purity; in other words (from the standpoint of original Perfection), sickness; tangible, physical *untruth and* that moral untruth (that false conception of “man”) which stands to the back of it.

* * *

There are, in the records of mankind, few things as beautiful as the early history of the National Socialist Movement.

The tremendous will-power, kindled through despair, on of which the latter had sprung, was, as I just said, nothing less than the divine Will to Perfection in its last (or one before last) effort to lead the best up-stream against the fated current of Time and to save through them whatever is yet worth saving in this doomed Creation. The material and moral condition under which the Movement took shape — the miserable, smoky room¹ in which six unknown German workmen sat and discussed with the superman who was soon to guide them, and millions of others, to the reconquest of national greatness these men's utter poverty, their utter insignificance in the eye of the wide world and specially of those well-spoken of, comfortable politicians and party-leaders whom they were, within few years, to thrust into oblivion; their burning faith and which is more, the fact that their Leader — Adolf Hitler — was in possession of cosmic truth — are highly symbolical. All life begins in darkness. All everlasting things are born in silence and away from the lime-light of publicity; in faith and in truth And whatever is not born in such a manner, does not last However noisy and wide-spread be its success, it will not stand

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 240 and following.

the test of time and that of persecution, let alone the terrible impact of the storm in which a Time-cycle comes to its end.

The very early growth of National Socialism as an active, incarnate Idea, was like the growth of a corn-seed within the snow-bound earth; it was like the slow rise of molten rock within the depth of a slumbering volcano: unnoticed and irresistible. It was the outcome of a natural Force, in fact, of the oldest and mightiest of all natural Forces: of Life's inherent instinct of self-preservation in presence of the Powers of death — the Force that links every Time-cycle to the following one, over almost total destruction. Started in 1919, officially founded in early 1920, it owes that divine Force its impulse which nothing, — not even the disaster of 1945 — was able to break.

Throughout the wide world, governments representing sheer finance interests looked with satisfaction upon their latest handiwork: the Versailles peace-treaty, up till then the most infamous official document in history, intended to enslave Germany for all times. And the sheep followed their shepherds. And the parrots repeated the nonsense — and lies — which they had been taught: “This Treaty seals the victory of those who fought this war in order to put an end to all wars!” — while frenzied crowds demonstrated in the streets of the French towns howling “Germany must pay!”. Never had there been so many speeches, so many sermons, so many articles and books — such a “hullabaloo” — about “peace.” And never had victors yet behaved with such calculated barbarity.

In the unobtrusive little room at the back of a café in Münich, however, Adolf Hitler — the Man “against Time,” — spoke to the tiny group of German workmen; to the rough men of pure blood and solid virtues, sons of the people among which he — *He*, the One Who comes back, — had chosen (this time) to be born. And his words were — and his whole life was — the answer to the lies of this advanced Dark Age. They cannot have been much different from those one reads in “Mein Kampf” although these were written five years later. He said “For me, as for every true National Socialist, there is only one doctrine: people and fatherland.

We have to fight to, secure the existence and expansion of our race and of our people; to enable them to nourish their children and to preserve the purity of their blood; to secure

the freedom of our Fatherland, *so that our people may be in the position too fulfill the mission appointed to them by the Creator of the Universe.*"¹

He said: "Whoever speaks of a mission of the German people on this earth must know that such a mission can only lie in the formation of a State which holds it to be its highest task to *preserve and to promote the noblest of all elements which have, in our people, nay, in the whole of mankind, remained unspoilt.*"²

He said: "The German Reich should, as a State, comprise all Germans, and set itself the task not merely to *gather and preserve the most valuable original racial elements in that people, but to raise them slowly and surely to a ruling position.*"³

He said: "*Men do not go to ruin through lost wars, but through the loss of that power of resistance that lies in pure blood alone.*"⁴

He was aware of the downfall of the whole of mankind — including Germany — in the present Age. "Unfortunately," said he, "our German people are no longer racially homogeneous."⁵ And aware of the primary cause of downfall: racial mixture, the result of forgetfulness of Nature's truth. And aware of that truth, expressed in the oldest Book of Aryan Wisdom, the Bhagavad-Gita: "Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of races; out of the confusion of races, the loss of memory; out of the loss of memory, the loss of understanding; and out of this, all evil."⁶ He was aware of it, not because he had read the Book, (it is doubtful whether he had, at least as early as 1919) but because the impersonal Wisdom of the most ancient Aryans lived in him; because he was He Who has spoken in the Book — the One Who comes back. And he knew that the Wisdom which he preached as the key to earthly salvation "corresponds entirely to the original meaning of things";⁷ and that the way he preached — return to that

¹ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 234.

² "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 439.

³ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 439.

⁴ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 324.

⁵ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 436-437.

⁶ The Bhagavad-Gita, I, verse 41 and following.

⁷ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 440.

primeaval, cosmic Wisdom in individual *and* in collective life, in thought and in deed, — was — is — the only way through which the chosen few can survive the last impact of the forces of disintegration and become the founders of the new Age of Truth. And that those chosen few are the best elements of the youngest great Race of our Time-cycle: the Aryan. He knew that too. And while he stressed in his speeches the necessity of freeing Germany, at once, from the immediate consequences of the Versailles Treaty — inflation; unemployment; growing misery, — his ultimate aim remained to raise her to that organised power which, in the light of traditional Wisdom, can only be termed as a “State against Time” — nay, *the* “State against Time,” enabling the best to carry both their privileged biological substance *and* their unmarred Golden Age ideal through and beyond the last storms of this Dark Age.

He spoke with the compelling eloquence of faith, knowing that he was right — that the endless future of the Universe (not merely of Germany and Europe) would glaringly prove how right he was. He spoke with the wild eloquence of emergency, knowing also that the struggle he was about to start had to take place then or never; that there was not an hour to waste.

And the sombre faces of the hungry, embittered men, who had fought and suffered, and yet lost, gazed at him with that unconditional admiration and confidence that is the essence of worship — the faces of the six, and, soon, of many more; of; hundreds, in ever broader meeting-halls, always too small to contain them; of hundreds of thousands under the open sky.

“Men do not go to ruin through lost wars...” The magic words — these, and others, meaning the same, — rang throughout defeated Germany. And the hundreds of thousands no longer felt defeated. They now knew they had been betrayed. And they roared against the traitors and against the dark powers at the back of them — the dark powers that they (the German people) would one day crush. They felt strong; they felt young; — invincible and immortal. They felt what the best among them really were — had been, from the beginning of Aryan history, appointed to become — the masters of an unheard-of future; the proud founders of a new world (Only they did not — yet — know through what a terrible *Via dolorosa*

they actually were to fulfill that staggering destiny). They gathered, more and more numerous, round the Man whose inspired speech quickened in them the highest possibilities of joyous heroism — and made them see old forgotten truths in a glaring new light; whose magic radiance filled them with self-assurance: whose love for them was limitless and gratuitous, like the love of a God. They beheld in him the Leader, the Avenger, the Saviour — the living embodiment of their unvanquished collective Self, which indeed he was. And they followed him blindly. Their love carried him to power; their love, and their hatred for those whom he rightly pointed out to them as the promoters of the humiliation of 1918 and of all the subsequent misery: the Jews, and the servants of Jewry, agents of the Dark Forces by nature or by choice, Germany's — and the world's — *real* enemies.

* * *

Their real enemies and their only enemies. Adolf Hitler has pointed out no others. (And *that* is precisely the reason why the whole world — this doomed Dark Age world, stricken with madness, which exalts its foes and kills its friends, — has risen against him like one man). The fact is too important not to deserve a thorough explanation.

Nothing is more unfair to National Socialism than the all-too-easy description of its inherent “Anti-Semitism” as “a means intended to turn the German people's attention away from their actual exploiters” (meaning: the German capitalists), or, as a modern expression of the age-old “envy” of the *Goyyim* — of any *Goyyim* — at the sight of the Jews' undeniable success in business. The first assumption, brought forth *ad nauseam* by the Communists and their sympathisers, — reveals either a complete absence of good faith or a complete misunderstanding of the Jewish question as such and therefore of all serious, vital “Anti-Semitism.” The latter may well be applied to Armenian “Anti-Semitism” (or to that of any commercially clever Levantines, whose trickery the Jews alone are able to outdo). It has nothing whatsoever in common with the profound, *biological* and therefore irreducible hostility which opposes National Socialists and Jews.

No doubt, that hostility first burst out in a popular uproar in answer to all the tangible harm wrought by Jews against

the German people during a few decades (and many a German whose family Jews had reduced to misery at the time of the inflation, after the first World War, welcomed the boisterous Anti-Semitism of the young Movement for personal no less than for national reasons); no doubt, the first thing that made Adolf Hitler himself a definitive enemy of the Jews was his knowledge of the anti-German part played by the latter, both politically and socially, in Austria and in Germany, already before 1914, in particular, his knowledge of the Jewish spirit and Jewish leadership of Marxism, and his awareness of the presence of Jews in the press, in the theatre, etc., behind all propaganda directly or indirectly aiming at the destruction of every healthy national instinct among people of German blood. In other words, National Socialist Anti-Semitism is — first — racial self-defence of the Aryan; a vigorous reaction against the mischief the Jews *did* (and are, by the way, since 1945, again doing) in an Aryan land.

But there is more — and much more — to be said. What the Jews did and do (and cannot but do) is a consequence of what they *are* — and of what they remain even when they turn their backs to Jewish tradition (or pretend to do so) and become Christians, Theosophists, Buddhists or just “rationalists,” or Communists. And they are, fundamentally, irreducibly — already in the invisible Realm of which this world of shapes and colours and sounds is but a projection, — the polar opposite of the natural Aryan élite; the dark counterpart of the youngest Children of the Sun. As racially conscious as they, if not — alas! — often more so; as tightly bound as they to one another through the most compelling solidarity; through *total* solidarity (in practical — financial and political — no less than religious or so-called religious affairs) such as one can, in history, if at all, seldom come across; nay, as devoted as they to a merciless collective purpose. Only theirs is *not* the legitimate consciousness of true superiority and the blood-solidarity of Nature’s best ones; nay, it is not the healthy racial pride and patriotism of a real people *in their place* within the scheme of Life. Nor is their collective purpose by any means, like that of Adolf Hitler’s followers, “in harmony with the original meaning of things.” On the contrary! For the Jews are, in the first place, *not a race* in the true sense of the word, — let alone “God’s chosen one.” They are neither an homogeneous

variety of Semites nor a brotherhood of kindred Semitic types bearing to one another such a relation as that which binds together Aryans of “Nordic,” “Dinaric” and other types within the German nation. One needs but to look at them, in order to be convinced of this; nay, to look at them in the country where they have been gathering for the last thirty or forty years from all the ghettos of the world in the name of their common past and common nationhood: Palestine. One meets there, apart from the “classical” Jew, Jews of all physical types, including the Slav, including the “Nordic” — rare,, no doubt, yet present and not necessarily marred by the well-known visible signs of Jewish descent. And some of the members of the strange pseudo-ethnical, pseudo-religious world-community — such as, for instance, the so-called “black Jews” of Cochin, on the Malabar coast, — have no Jewish blood, in fact, no Semitic blood at all in their veins¹ which does not prevent them from feeling themselves “Jews.”

The Jewish world-community is — has been, more and more, for centuries already — not a Semitic, nation but a raceless brotherhood gathered around a Semitic nucleus; a raceless brotherhood, however, as racially-*conscious* as any people can be; increasingly numerous cosmopolitan elements who put the usual characteristics of the raceless — faithlessness; unscrupulousness; disregard of order; soul-poisoning scepticism, — to the service of the racial idea that they have partly inherited partly adopted from their full-blooded brothers in faith and brothers in interests, *and* Semites — a very definite, inferior section of the broad Semitic race — in whom masterfulness in subtlety and intrigue outways by far all warrior-like qualities.

And its collective aim, pursued throughout history with relentless consistency, is nothing less than the prosperity and power of the Jew, everywhere in the world, at the expense of *all* non-Jews. The consciousness of being (more or less) “children of Abraham” and the common “Law” under which, (nominally at least) its members live, may well keep the community together. Yet they are but means to an end. And the end — the common collective purpose: actual Jewish rule — is what really matters.

¹ Those so-called “black Jews” are just low caste Indians whose fore-fathers have once accepted the Jewish *faith*. To this day, they marry among themselves only.

It is an unholy purpose, the fulfillment of which would imply the dissolution of *all* races and of all genuine nationalities; of all *natural* communities, i.e., of all those that have a solid racial background (first the dissolution of the most gifted and most conscious one; of the most fit to rule — the Aryan — and then, gradually, of all others, *including, ultimately, the Semitic nucleus of the Jewish community itself*) and the ever-tightening grip of a soulless money power — the power of the raceless, gifted with destructive intelligence — over increasingly bastardised and numberless masses of *Menschenmaterial*, possessing neither thought nor will of their own, nor the innocence and nobility of real animals. It is the purpose of the Forces of darkness, whose influence grows, whose free play becomes more and more free and shameless, and whose rule asserts itself as a more and more obvious reality, as history run; its fated downward course. It is the purpose of Time itself, as Destroyer of all creation; as Leveller and Denier. And it is the purpose of the community, “in Time” *par excellence*; of the community who, like the privileged Aryan élite gathered around Adolf Hitler, talks passionately of its “mission” and calls itself “chosen” — and rightly so; but who omits to state that, contrarily to the pure-blooded disciples of the Man “against Time,” it has been chosen not by “God,” not by the everlasting Forces of Light and Life, to serve Life’s constructive goal, but by the Powers of Death, to bring about, through ever-increasing unfaithfulness to the original divine life-pattern, i.e., through increasing *untruth*, the end of this Time-cycle. The end, *without* a new beginning — for that is the intention, the *tendency* of the Death-forces. While the purpose of the National Socialist Movement — its real, deep purpose, far beyond all “politics” — was *and remains* the glorious new Beginning — the new victory of uncreated Light over the dark Powers; the new victory of Life in its original earthly perfection, of Order, in its true meaning, *in spite* of the temporary, unavoidable reign of Chaos; the Golden Age of the *next* Time-cycle.

In one word, the sharp hostility between National Socialists and Jews means infinitely more than that which the detractors of the Hitler faith so lightly take it to be. It reveals not the usual tension between any two rival “racialisms,” but the unique opposition between the two poles of thinking Life at

the very end of the present Dark Age. That is the hidden but real reason why it is absolute — and why its tangible expressions have been, and will, at the first opportunity, again be, so deadly.

Adolf Hitler knew it. The wisest among his true disciples knew it, and know it. The all-powerful leaders of world Jewry knew it, and know it.

* * *

The National Socialist struggle against international Jewry took, in broad day-light, the form of a tremendous holy war against Marxism — the latest large-scale Movement “*in Time*” — and, in a much subtler and indirect manner, yet, with equal deadly determination, that of a relentless action against all spiritual or pseudo-spiritual, open or secret organisations equally “*in Time*,” the influence of which is, in fact, no less than that of Marxism, directed against any attempt at an Aryan regeneration “*against Time*.” It took place and will, one day, be resumed — for no “de-nazification” policy can hinder the play of the invisible Forces — with the necessary Dark Age methods.

War against Marxism seemed and still seems to be — and no doubt *is*, in the practical field, — the first task of National Socialism, only because Marxism represents, to-day, the most immediate menace; because it is the most *successful* brand of the old, very old Jewish mass-poison for *Goyyims*’ consumption, intended to bring about the decay of all races, the end of all true nationalisms, and the limitless increase of a Jew-ridden humanity of poorer and poorer quality in a duller and duller — uglier and uglier — world; in one word, the consummation of the downfall of Life upon this planet. Which does not mean to say that other brands of the same, the effects of which are less obvious, less rapid, are not, in the long run, just as dangerous, if not even more so.

The greatness of the National Socialist Movement in this respect, lies less in the fact that it has, more vigorously (and efficiently) than any other party — or Church — fought against the “Communist danger,” than in that, that it has pointed out the right reason why the latter is “a danger” — *the danger* — and fought it *for that reason alone*.

Considered from the point of view of cosmic Wisdom,

Communism, or rather Marxism, is not a danger because it threatens the owning classes of this earth with dispossession and the subsequent unpleasant compulsion of daily labour, and aims at the total abolition of capitalistic economy. *That*, — the main cause of all the “hullabaloo” against the Communists *outside* National Socialist circles — is a detail, and a minor one at that. The world has nothing to lose through the disappearance of capitalists and of the rotten system they represent. On the contrary! And, although private ownership, inasmuch as it be the product of personal *work*, and *not* of speculation, is recognised in the National Socialist Party Programme as “a legitimate right of the individual,”¹ I would go so far as to say that, even so, it would not be an irreparable catastrophe, were *that* also to be wiped away in the storm of radical economic changes.

Marxism is also not a danger because its true adherents — people who live thoroughly “in Time” — have little leisure for Christian and other metaphysics and, in particular, little curiosity about what might happen to them after they will be dead. Nay, it is no danger because Karl Marx’s basic teaching concerning history — his famous “historical materialism” — attempts to explain all evolution in Time without the help of the hypothesis of “God” and of the human “soul.” *That* — the main cause of the uproar against “Communist atheism” among Christians and other spiritually-minded people; and the main excuse set forth by the Catholic Church to justify its ban on the “materialistic” doctrine — is also a detail. And the idea of God, as the overwhelming majority of Anti-Communists uphold it, is vague, anyhow; vague, and of no practical use whatsoever. The danger of Marxism lies, as Adolf Hitler has pointed out in “Mein Kampf”² and in numberless speeches, solely — absolutely — in the fact that its conception of man as a mere product of his economic surroundings and of destiny as a play of purely economic forces, implies the denial of the importance of race and personality; — the denial of the natural hierarchy of races and of the irreducible differences in kind and *in value* between one race and the other, no less than that of the natural inequality of individuals, even within the same race. In other

¹ See the Twenty-Five Points. “Das Programm der N.S.D.A.P.” by Goltfried Feder (edit. 1939), p. 35.

² “Mein Kampf,” p. 420 and following.

words, it lies in the fact that Marxism is *man*-centred — not *life*-centred — and equalitarian; in contradiction with the spirit of Nature, not in harmony with it; false, from the standpoint of cosmic wisdom, like historical Christianity (the source of those moral and spiritual values, in the name of which the capitalistic Democracies are, or rather pretend to be Anti-communistic) and like all Jewish teachings for Aryan use, but not more so. It lies in the fact that, among all such teachings ancient and modern, Marxism is in addition to that, by far the most popular and the most militant. As I said: for the time being, at least, the most successful.

Adolf Hitler has rightly stressed that the definitive victory of such an Ideology would mean the end of life upon this planet — which is precisely the aim of the more-than-human Forces of disintegration that stand behind world Jewry. The tragedy, however, is that it would *not* mean such a rapid and dignified end as one might imagine. It would mean, *first*, a general and irredeemable bastardisation of the whole human species and an unbelievable increase of the number of human beings — “producers” — at the expense of the rest of life — increase, till the last beautiful wild animals are killed off and the last patch of forest cut down, to make place for more worthless two-legged mammals; — and *then*, when all the possibilities of nourishment which the earth can provide even with the assistance of perfected agricultural technique, are exhausted, war for food;¹ bitter, savage war to the finish (also with the assistance of perfected technique) until the doomed species has blown itself to pieces. It would mean, in other words, “the reign of quantity” in all its horror, and then, — in the absence of any biological élite capable of starting a new Time-cycle — a full stop; on this planet at least, the final victory of that death-tendency which is, from the beginning, inherent in every manifestation within Time. And it is *that* which Adolf Hitler, — the Man “against Time” — has striven to avoid, through his struggle against Communism, i.e., against applied Marxism.

The non-Communist world — nay, the *Anti*-Communist world, — has understood neither the nature of the growing menace nor the real meaning of the National Socialist Struggle.

¹ Hans Grimm has very accurately pointed this out in his beautiful book “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” (1954).

Moreover, most of those who, in and outside Germany, before or during the Second World War, have answered Adolf Hitler's call to arms against the Communist danger, and most of those who, to-day, realise how right he was, seem to have seen and to see in his struggle hardly anything more than the "defence of the West." But it is not "the West" alone that was, and is, threatened in its biological substance, and consequently in its further evolution, by the latest man-centred, equalitarian *Weltanschauung* of Jewish origin incorporated into the latest powerful world-organisation — one could say: the latest Church — under Jewish leadership. It is the entire Aryan race: the man who, in Cape Town, Sidney or Ottawa, has, up till now, kept his Germanic blood pure, no less than the "European" of Germanic blood; no less than those Aryan minorities of Asia that the racially conscious European is too often tempted to forget or to underestimate: the Persian, to the extent he has, specially throughout the last one thousand five hundred years of the most stormy history, withstood the curse of blood-mixture; the Indian Brahmin and Kshatriya, whom the Caste System has, up till now, kept aloof and protected; in particular the Brahmin of Kashmir, outwardly at least, one of the finest types of Aryan humanity. It is, nay, all pure or relatively pure races of the world that are menaced, including the non-Aryan; *including the Semitic nucleus of the Jewish people themselves* — and no one knows that better than those racially-conscious Jews, once holders of highly responsible positions within the Communist Party, who have been, during the last few years, charged with "Zionism" i.e., Jewish nationalism, before Communist Courts and sentenced to long terms of hard labour, when not to death.¹ (Adolf Hitler has written: "After the death of his victim, the vampire himself dies, sooner or later."² The poison of man-centred, equalitarian internationalism, intended to bring about the ruin of all races — specially of the Aryan — for the benefit of the Jew, is ultimately bound to work *also* against its originators. For the Death-forces are not selective. They spare nobody; — not even their agents.) The fact is that, at the root of that disregard for personality and specially for race, which characterises Marxism, lies the

¹ See the charges against the eleven Jews in the Prague Trial (1952) and against Anna Pauker, former Commissar in Rumania.

² "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 358.

conceited belief in “man” as the measure of all things; in “man” as “the master of Nature” (not merely a part of it; a living species among others); and the illusion that anything endowed with a more or less human shape is of unquestionable value and must be allowed to live, nay, kept alive at any price; the sickly superstition of “man” — that “Jewish lie” which Adolf Hitler so brilliantly exposed in the eleventh Chapter of “Mein Kampf” — as opposed to the true, aristocratic Religion of Life.

But the lie is, as I have said, no monopoly of the Marxists; no consequence of Karl Marx’s particular conception of man as the product of his economic environment. It is the common basis of *all man-centred, equalitarian philosophies old and new, Jewish and non-Jewish*,¹ and specially of the Jewish philosophies of international scope, which all draw an arbitrary line between “men” and the rest of living creatures, thus denying, the oneness of the realm of Life and the universality of its iron laws. It is, in particular, the moral basis of historical Christianity.

It matters little what hypothesis or what dogmas be set forth, in order to make it sound like truth. The important fact remains that the Jewish lie, — snare of the Dark Age — is accepted as truth by the Anti-Communist forces of the West outside the National Socialist Movement, primarily, by the Christian Churches (the “bourgeois” political parties just do not count). The fact remains that these forces share with the Marxists themselves, be it under a different form, the superstition of “man,” origin of the attitude that leads to decay. And that is why none of them was, or is, Anti-communist in the true sense of the word. Not only did they and do they not fight Marxism on account of the *real* danger it represents, but every one of them would, ultimately, represent the self-same danger as it, were they to day as militant and full of faith as they once were. They are, at the most, the rivals of conquering Marxism — or would like to be. While in non-Christian countries, the Christian missionaries are precisely *the* people who, through the alarming increase of a half-educated, bastardised population, seething with discontent (the immediate result of their equalitarian preaching coupled with medical aid) prepare

¹ “Man” is greater than everything; there is nothing above him” is a saying attributed to one of the famous Bengali “Vaishnavas” of the XIVth century.

the way for Communism with miraculous efficiency — extending to the whole world (be it in the manner they are the last ones to *desire*) the mischief which the Dark Forces have once wrought in the Near East and in Europe, through Christianity itself.

In other words, the National Socialist struggle against Marxism is merely the most obvious aspect of the general — infinitely more than political — deadly struggle of the bold new faith in Light and Life against every form of untruth — every doctrine setting up “man” against Nature, every cult of imperfection, in this last part of the Dark Age. It is not to be separated from the struggle against the Christian Churches, against Free Masonry, and all such international and antinational so-called “spiritual” bodies as unduly distort and exploit teachings originally “above Time,” in order to forward the aims of the Death-forces.

Only the latter struggle had to be more subtle, for practical reasons easy to understand.

* * *

It is written in “Mein Kampf”: “Poison can only be overcome through counter-poison, and alone a shallow bourgeois mind can consider the middle line as the way to Paradise.”¹

“A philosophy filled with infernal intolerance will only be broken through a clear and absolutely true new idea animated with the same spirit and defended with the same tremendous will-power.

“One may, to-day, well regret that, in the Ancient World, which was much freer than ours, the first moral terror appeared with the coming of Christianity; one cannot, however, put in doubt the fact that the world has been, since then, dominated and oppressed through tyranny, and that tyranny can only be broken through tyranny, and terror through terror. Then only can new conditions — constructive ones — be created.

“Political parties are inclined to compromise; creeds, never. Political parties take contradictors into account; creeds proclaim their own infallibility”²

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 371.

² “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 507.

“That which gave Marxism its success was the perfect collaboration of political will and militant brutality. That which prevented national Germany from moulding German evolution was the absence of a decisive collaboration of brutal force and of the political will of a man of genius,”¹

“The conviction that one has the right to use even the most brutal weapons always goes hand in hand with fanatical faith in the necessity of the victory of a revolutionary new order upon this earth.

A movement that is not fighting for such high aims and ideals, will therefore never resort to the most extreme means (or weapons).”²

These and other such sentences (there are many more in what one could call the Book of the new Aryan faith) define with amazing exactitude the National Socialist Movement as an upheaval “against Time,” and point out the fundamental difference between Adolf Hitler and all such great historical figures as I have, in these pages, described as men “above Time” and men “in Time” — “Sun” men, and “Lightning” men. They glaringly show how foolish it is to compare the Founder of National Socialism with Napoleon — as so many have done, — or to accept the well meant but no less erroneous — though by far less popular — description which a few of his English followers have boldly given of him as a “political Christ.”³

Napoleon is but the pocket edition of Genghis Khan. Yet, — considered from the cosmic standpoint — he is a man of the same *sort* as he: a war-lord and an organiser who put his genius to the service of his family and of nothing more, *not*, by any means, because he saw, or thought he could see, in it, the vehicle of some great impersonal Idea, but simply because it was his. In other words: a man altogether “*in Time*.” Men “*in Time*” either have no ideology at all and do not pretend to have any, or they pretend to serve a faith “above Time” or “against Time” and exploit the latter for their own ends (like all the false Christians who fought for themselves in God’s name, *and* all the false National Socialists for whom the struggle under the Swastika Flag was only a means to work

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 596.

² “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 597.

³ The expression was used by Molly Stamford, an English woman detained during the war under the 18 B act.

themselves into power) or else, — like the sincere Marxists — they have an Ideology which is, itself, an Ideology “in Time”; an Ideology which is in contradiction with the divine final y of Creation, and therefore expresses the will of the Death-forces.

Christ (be he a man *and* a myth, or only a myth, it makes no difference) is, like the Buddha, a figure typically “above Time.” His one resort to violence (against the merchants in the temple) is either a personal inconsistency of the historical Jesus or — more likely — a concession of the Gospel writer to popular hatred of the money-maker and money-lender. Original Christianity — in striking opposition to *historical* Christianity — finds its expression in Christ’s words to Pilate: “My Kingdom *is not of this earth.*” It is, like all mystical doctrines of escape, meant for those who turn their backs to “the world,” i.e., to all actual and possible manifestation within Time, and seek pure Timelessness, and who, therefore, automatically forsake violence, which is inseparable from Time. (Even Akhnaton, — one of the very few men “above Time” who are *not* men of escape, and, to my knowledge, the only one who undertook the unbelievable task of establishing — or trying to establish — a *State* “above Time,” — did away with violence, as we have seen, to the extent he *could*).

Adolf Hitler is a typical Man “against Time” — like Rama, like Lord Krishna, the most widely remembered Aryan heroes who fought and ruled in India already before, or at the dawn of, this Dark Age, and, nearer to us, like the very noblest Figure of the Arab world, the Prophet Mohamed. As I said in the beginning of this book, all real great men “against Time” are, ultimately, *also* “above Time,” inasmuch as any ideal of integral Perfection is necessarily timeless. In other words, that towards which the great men “against Time” strive — Adolf Hitler like the others, — is “God”; Perfection beyond Time as the Archetype and Principle of that perfect, tangible life-order which they seek to bring — to bring *back*; or rather to hasten back; — into the world. But they thoroughly know that no changes upon this earth, and specially no changes in the direction of *primaeval* Perfection in and, which is more, at the end of this Dark Age, can be brought about without violence. They know — infallibly — that, more the Forces of disintegration and death are successful, i.e. more the Dark Age is advanced,

more violence is indispensable in order to break the current of decay; at least in order to stand in the way of the rush of Time, as a witness (and an active precursor) of the coming glorious Dawn of the next Time-cycle. *And they accept that physical necessity.* Contrarily even to those men “above Time who, such as Akhnaton of Egypt, dream of an earthly “Kingdom of God,” they are prepared to make use of violence — of “utmost brutality,” to quote Adolf Hitler’s own words, — to the extent it is to forward the sacred purpose: “the destruction of evil-doers and the establishment on earth of the reign of Righteousness,” of which it is spoken in the Bhagavad-Gita; the foundation of *the* socio-political order which is “*in harmony with the original meaning of things*” — true to the eternal cosmic Order — as again Adolf Hitler has, with, crystal-clear insight, understood and proclaimed.

The very fact of historical existence — existence within Time — sets a dilemma before all those who already strive towards Perfection; they must either turn their backs to this world of strife *altogether*, and seek the timeless inner Kingdom of Peace, which is not of this earth; *or*, if that which they want be an *earthly* paradise, seek *it*, by all means, against the current of Time; against the formidable and ever-increasing pressure of the Death-forces throughout any Time-cycle and, specially near the end of one, but then, far from renouncing violence, fight the Forces of disintegration with the self-same ruthless weapons as *they* use; with violence; with the impact of *quantity*; and, if necessary, — if expedient, — even with lies; with the weapons of the Dark Age, the only ones which can and will match theirs.

For centuries, perhaps for millenniums, — perhaps ever since the day Lord Krishna proclaimed upon the Kurukshetra battle-field the Gospel of detached Violence, creed of every hero “against Time” — no man has understood that dilemma so clearly, and faced it with such boldness and such consistency as Adolf Hitler. And unless one also understands it; unless one at least realises that it is a *dilemma* — i.e. that *one cannot go both ways* and that, after one has chosen, one is to tread the path to its end, — one will behold neither the evolution of National Socialism (before 1933; between 1933 and 1945; *and after* 1945) not the history of the Second World War,

which is narrowly connected with it, nor the subsequent history of our times, in the proper light. And any judgement one might, then, pass, will be false from the cosmic — and *a fortiori* from the historical — point of view.

* * *

Adolf Hitler chose to use the Dark Age weapons because, — contrarily to that other uncompromising champion of Truth, Akhnaton of Egypt, who lived 3300 years *before him*, — he fully realised that there is, in this world, no peaceful escape from the grip of the Dark forces. He realised it as he *experienced* that his German people, and, along with them, the whole Aryan race — the youngest creative race of our Time-cycle and the only creative race for centuries; the best — were threatened in their existence by the agents of the Death-powers; cornered; and that their definitive downfall and disappearance would mean the definitive downfall of higher organised Life upon this planet, with no hope of resurrection. That experience did not *begin* on the day Adolf Hitler was told that the First World War was lost for Germany. It had been familiar to him for years. But the news of the loss of the war and then of the infamous Treaties of Versailles and Saint-Germain imposed upon Germany by her victors, and the sight of the following misery, gave it further depth, further acuteness, and a further tremendous hold on him. A growing sense of emergency, a feverish haste — not unlike that, which one can trace in the building of the capital of King Akhnaton's ideal State — drove him forwards, defining his whole policy in its positive and negative aspects, at home and abroad, to the end.

His Gospel of Germanic pride and glorious healthy earthly life — "freedom and bread" — coupled with the hard blows of the early Storm Troopers' fists, that kept order in his public meetings and, when necessary, fought his battle in the streets, broke down whatever opposition stood in his way to power. There was, in that blending of mystical insight, elemental logic and well-organised brutality — of truth and youth — that characterises National Socialism, a grandeur that appealed to the masses *and* to the very best of the best people: to those exceptionally intelligent *and* reliable men who have retained the raw vitality of the masses within their psychological make-up.

Temporary set-backs¹ only kindled the bitter determination of both. And the struggle started in 1919 was a staggering triumph. On the 30th of January, 1933, Adolf Hitler was acclaimed as Chancellor of the German Reich. A few months later, the *Reichstag* was to vote him “illimited powers,” so that he might, without hindrance, remould the whole State, and direct Germany’s foreign policy according to his programme — which he consistently did *to the extent it could be done* in spite of the undermining activities of a well-hidden and — alas! — extremely efficient pack of traitors in Germany itself, and in defiance of the increasing hostility of the whole world, i.e. against the pressure of the coalesced forces of this Dark Age.

It is an error to believe that “after a time” the National Socialist State “should have” — *could* have, in the first place, — avoided evolving into a “police State,” i.e. a State permanently dominated by the consciousness of emergency. In other words, it is an error to believe that, in 1933, — or 1934 — the struggle was “over,” and conditions of emergency a thing of the past. From the moment Adolf Hitler acquired a free hand to remould the German Reich according to his ideals, the National Socialist struggle merely entered a new phase. It was no longer the struggle for power. But it still was the Struggle for Truth; for cosmic Truth applied to social problems and to politics in our advanced Dark Age, i.e. the Struggle for Truth, with unavoidable Dark Age methods. And for that very reason — because it is *the* State “against Time” *par excellence*, — the National Socialist State could (and can, were it again to take shape during this Dark Age) only be a State resting upon an iron coercive and military organisation; a State in which every free citizen feels himself a soldier — a voluntary soldier, glad to submit to integral (inner and outer) discipline, for the advent and defence of Adolf Hitler’s ideal Reich, (the Kingdom of Truth “against Time”) — and in which every enemy of the new Order lives under the constant threat of denunciation and arrest, hard labour in a concentration camp, or death; what a well-known hater of the Hitler faith has tried to slander under the name of an “S.S.

¹ Such as the failure of the *putsch* of the 9th November 1923.

State.”¹ (The word is, in reality, the greatest compliment paid, to the glorious revolutionary State “against Time.”)

“A revolution,” says Konstantin Hierl, one of the men to whom the National Socialist regime owes the most, in the practical field, “can only be a transitory state of affairs, (*ein Übergangszustand*). And he adds: “Also the absolute system, of government connected with the National Socialist revolution should have been only a transition, and could not be the first aim of a German revolution.”²

It is true that revolutions in the usual sense of the word — such as the French Revolution or the Russian Revolution, which are but passages from given conditions “in Time” to different conditions, also “in Time”; steps along the downward path of history — can only be “transitory states of affairs.” But it is, from the cosmic standpoint, an error — an understandable error, maybe, yet, a fundamental one, — to consider the National Socialist upheaval as a mere “German Revolution” of the same type as those. Being an upheaval “against Time,” the National Socialist Revolution was, — and, as long as its guiding, Idea lives in the consciousness of a militant minority, remains, a transition, no doubt, but a transition between advanced Dark Age conditions and coming, Golden Age conditions, yet hardly dreamable. And therefore *only with the end of the Dark Age* — with the end of every influence of the Forces of disintegration and, subsequently, the end of all opposition to the *truth* it stands for, — can and will “the absolute system of government” connected with it cease to have its justification, and the National Socialist emergency State “against Time” give place to a normal form (which will then be a Golden Age form) of collective life a form devised for a *few* — very few — god-like men and women, of the best blood, uncontested masters of a beautiful regenerate earth more than broad enough to contain them and their descendants for many generations, and to feed them, without them needing to kill or harm or exploit any living creature; the glorious fulfillment of those very ideals of perfect *health* and more-than-human strength and beauty that the heroic Third German Reich has striven to impose yesterday, against the current of time, with Dark Age weapons.

¹ This is the title of one of Eugen Kogon’s books against the Third Reich.

² Konstantin Hierl, “In Dienst für Deutschland,” p. 121-122.

That is the proper meaning of Adolf Hitler's own comments upon the "humane pacifist Idea" according to which every human life is supposed to have such an enormous "value." The humane pacifist idea is, in fact, perhaps quite good, once the highest type of human being has already conquered and subdued so much of the surface of the world as to make himself the sole lord of this earth," writes he, in "Mein Kampf."¹ "The idea can, in that case, cause no harm, inasmuch as its application" (meaning: its application in its present-day form) "will be rare, and finally impossible" — "impossible" precisely because, *then*, there will (for very many millenniums at least) no longer exist any politically dangerous or racially inferior elements, capable of corrupting the best and of marring the harmony between actual life and its divine pattern. But *now* "the highest type of human being" — the best of the best among Nature's chosen race, — are far from being the "sole masters of this earth." *Now*, we are still in the Dark Age, — sinking into it more and more. And therefore comes the logical conclusion of the inspired Man, Founder of the Dark Age State "against Time": "*Also erst Kampf, und dann vielleicht Pazifismus*" — "So, first struggle, and then, perhaps, pacifism."²

All but a very few people have thoroughly misunderstood — and millions have most unjustly condemned — the coercive methods of the Third Reich and its drastic steps intended to protect Western Aryandom against the Jewish danger (and against the influence of any man-centred, international *Weltanschauung*, all of which are, in the West, Jewish products.) They have misunderstood them precisely because they have refused to acknowledge the infinitely more than political significance of National Socialism, and to see, in it, what I have called an upheaval "against Time." And they have condemned them because, as I have stated in the beginning of this book, evolution in Time goes hand in hand not with a decrease in violence (on the contrary!) but with *a steady decrease in honesty regarding violence, and in understanding concerning the right use of it.* They have condemned *them* while tolerating (and, more often than not, defending) all

¹ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 315.

² "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 315-316.

manner of horrors, among others, vivisection, that most degrading of all crimes against Life. They have — unknowingly, perhaps, but in fact, — condemned them, because the drastic coercive and preventive steps taken by the National Socialist State against the actual or potential agents of the Dark Forces had, inasmuch as they were taken in the Führer's spirit, their full justification in the light of cosmic Truth, which our Dark Age denies; because one had resorted to them *not* in order to try to find out means of patching up a sickly humanity or of prolonging the life and enjoyment of the vicious, but in order to make possible, here and now, a new world of the strong in which vice and disease would be unknown; because one had resorted to them *not* “for the sake of suffering mankind” — of mankind in its present-day, contemptible state — but “in the interest of the Universe” in the sense these words are used in the Bhagavad-Gita.

Nay, inasmuch as the men who were trusted to carry out those steps did so selflessly and without passion, simply because I they knew it was their duty as Aryan fighters for the Cause of Truth, they acted exactly as the Blessed One has urged warriors to act. And one can safely say that, despite all individual cases of unfaithfulness to the spirit of detached Violence (cases with which one is bound to reckon, at such an advanced stage of the Age of Gloom as the one in which we are living) no *State* in history has, as a whole, embodied the moral outlook of the Bhagavad-Gita, as the Third German Reich has done.

That was enough for typical Dark Age people — people whose man-centred moral outlook is the exact opposite of that expressed both in the oldest Book of Aryan wisdom *and* in Adolf Hitler's words and deeds and regulations, — to feel personally threatened through the mere existence of such an organised power “against Time,” and to hate it.

And that hatred is, as we shall see, the real cause of the Second World War.

* * *

Adolf Hitler's whole constructive policy — all he did to give manual as well as intellectual work the dignity of happy, dedicated service, and to make every labourer's life a healthy, self-respecting and *interesting* one; all he did for the welfare of mothers and children; all he did for the cultivation of

bodily efficiency and qualities of character in boys and girls, from the age of six onwards, in the different sections of the beautifully organised pan-Germanic Youth Associations — the famous Hitler Youth and the B.D.M.¹ — and then, at the age of sixteen, in the squads of the Labour Service² for six months (or more) and in further bodies preparing them to the privilege of becoming worthy citizens of the proud new Reich; all he did, on one hand through the admirable Nüremberg Laws (1935) and, on the other, through the most active encouragement of early marriages and of joyfully consented racial selection, to raise sexual relations from the shameful status of “an amusement” or of a drudgery or of a “business,” back to that of the dispassionate duty of the healthy and pure-blooded towards their race, in honour, innocence and joy; all that, I may, nay, the whole structure of the National Socialist State — its very existence — had one aim and one alone: to breed, out of the best Germans, a nation of supermen in the Nietzschean sense of the word; a nation of “heroes like unto the gods,” to repeat the words of Homer.

And, as I said before, the Führer pursued “that aim *not* just because the Germans were his people, but because his, more-than-political, nay, more-than-human insight pointed them out to him as the only people sufficiently pure-blooded and, at the same time, sufficiently militant to be the saviours of the Aryan race, here and now, in its present-day emergency, and to become the instruments of its regeneration and survival, beyond the stormy end of our Time-cycle.

The well-known National Socialist policy of German expansion towards the East is the logical consequence of Adolf Hitler’s efforts to raise not only the biological *quality* of his people (through racial selection) but also their birth-rate, while doing all he could to avoid coming in conflict with England i.e., while refusing to claim, for Germany, colonies *overseas*. It was as clear and consistent as could possibly be: if every healthy and pure-blooded German was to have as many children as he or she could — the more the better, — (and *that* was what the National Socialist State was urging them to do), then surely that yearly increase in population was to live *somewhere* and

¹ Bund deutschen Mädchen.

² Arbeitsdienst, or rather Reichsarbeitsdienst (R.A.D.).

somehow. And if emigration overseas was to be discouraged (in order to avoid all economic rivalry with England, in those days in which there still existed a British Empire) then the growing millions had to find another outlet, for Germany was anyhow, and already before Adolf Hitler came to power, too small for the population she had. The new outlet was to be “the East” — the rich corn-lands of Ukraine, and further still: Russia’s illimited expanses.

This policy has been misunderstood, even in strongly Anti, communist circles, and criticised, often nearly as bitterly as the bold stand of the National Socialist State against the Jewish danger. Adolf Hitler has been described — already *before* the war — as a “war monger,” and the wholehearted response of the German people to his appeal for “more babies” as an “output of cannon-fodder”... all because nobody outside a National Socialist minority understood the meaning of that appeal or of the far-sighted *Ostpolitik*.

In order fully to understand both, one has — again — to consider National Socialism from the standpoint of cosmic evolution and to recognise, in it, *the* great Movement “against Time” at the very end of the last Age of our Time-cycle. One has to realise that, throughout a Time-cycle, but specially as one nears the end of one, the *number* of human beings increases all over the world, while their quality decreases no less alarmingly. Any Time-cycle could be briefly and picturesquely described as man’s passage from the Garden of Eden into a huge international slum. The passage is imperceptible; it takes myriads of years. And yet, one gets an idea of it if one looks back far enough into the past. It takes place at the expense of the noblest forms of non-human life, while the altogether inferior forms keep pace with fallen man.¹ And it goes hand in hand with a more and more conceited — and blasphemous — self-assertion of man in opposition to Nature; an increasingly vicious will of man to defy the divine finality of Creation: — the intended survival of the healthiest specimens of every species: men *and* other creatures — in order to over-run

¹ A few centuries before the Christian era — from a cosmic standpoint, yesterday, — lions were still plentiful in the woods and deserts of the classical East. They have all been killed off. While bugs and lice are as numerous and flourishing in the Near East now as in Antiquity.

the earth with his own brood of poorer and poorer quality.

That sinful will, coupled, as time goes on, with positive hatred for the eternal, natural Order, has found its latest main expression in the system of false values which stands, at an interval of two thousand years, behind both the Christian and the Communist revolution — the system according to which “man” is everything, and man’s “happiness” the end of all desirable activity — *and* in an increasing effort not to stop the silly application of “science” to the prolongation or preservation of superfluous lives — oh, no! — but, on the contrary, to encourage it, and then to organise the every day more enormous *Menschenmaterial* for the benefit of the Forces of disintegration. These, i.e., their agents, tend, admittedly to do away with the vast international slum which the world has become, but... only in order to drill the slum-dwellers — ultimately — into factory robots with one ideal: work, work, work; “production,” ever more production, and cheap enjoyment — ever more enjoyment — *quantity*, and *ever more quantity*... till more and more millions of bastardised world-citizens have completely killed Nature for “man’s” sake; till there are no more deserts, no more forests, no more inviolate mountain fastnesses, no more broad landscapes free from human habitations and from the sound of wireless dance-music; no more jungles — for the dullest of human beings is, in the eyes of the Communist as in those of the Christian, and of all believers in man-centred ideologies, worth more than the noblest royal Bengal tiger or than the most gorgeous banyan tree.

In the eyes of the believers in *quality*, however, (in the eyes of those who deplore that broadening disparity between actual life and its divine pattern, which characterises evolution in Time) any Bengal tiger, nay, any healthy cat — any healthy tree; any perfect sample of manifested Life — is worth far more than an ugly, — degenerate human bastard. Alone man *in his perfection* — superior man “like unto the Gods,” not the patched-up weakling that this conceited Age exalts — is to be looked upon as “the highest creature,” “God’s image,” etc... National Socialism — and *that* is the root of its conflict with Communism, no less than with Christianity as the latter has come down to us, — strives to bring back that conception of

man into living reality, and to prepare the reappearing of such a human type, through the preservation and strengthening of the best in our fallen Age, *not* at the cost of the other healthy and beautiful creatures of this earth but, no doubt, — and without a qualm of remorse — at the expense of those masses of racially inferior humanity which the Dark Forces are now organising, with the help of the Jews, their permanent agents, under the sign of the Hammer and Sickle. For those organised masses are, as Hans Grimm has clearly seen — alas, *after* the disaster of 1945 — tomorrow's threat to the very existence of higher mankind (*not* "Asia's" threat to "Europe," — by any means! — but the threat of raceless numbers to the pure-blooded Aryan of Europe *and* Asia, America and South Africa and Australia, and to the pure-blooded and noble non-Aryan, also of the whole world.)

That is, I repeat — one can never stress the point enough, — the deep opposition between National Socialism and Marxism, nay, between National Socialism and *all* man-centred, equalitarian creeds, of which Marxism is merely the latest in date and the most consistent. It is the opposition between the Golden Age ideal of quality at all levels of existence, and the Dark Age dream of organised human quantity, submerging all life, until it itself finally sinks into chaos and death.

But we *are*, now, in the Dark Age — and, which is more, near the end of it. This is a fact which nothing can alter. And just as "tyranny can only be broken through greater tyranny, and terror through terror,"¹ *so can quantity only be crushed through quantity*. And so can the impact of well-organised, raceless masses, devoted to a false idea, only be held back and overcome through the stronger impact of still better organised, disciplined millions of the best Aryan blood, inspired with a fanatical faith in eternal cosmic Truth (or, at least, in that much of it as they may need to know, in order to kindle their fighting efficiency to its maximum.)

The truth which Adolf Hitler gave his people, so that they might become and remain the bulwark of Aryandom against the impact of a bastardised world drilled in Marxism (the latest Jewish revolutionary creed "*in Time*"), can be Condensed in a few simple sentences: "We Germans are the only

¹ "Mein Kampf" (edit. 1939), p. 507 (already quoted).

possible leaders of Western Aryandom. That is our “God-ordained” — Nature-ordained — mission. We are, therefore, valuable — *irreplaceable*. Therefore we must live; live and thrive; become numerous, at the same time as we breed an *élite*. Numerous at any cost (in this Age, in fact, pure-blooded quantity is the raw material out of which, here and there, quality emerges; great men are often born in large families.) Therefore: become a pure-blooded quantity; produce as many healthy Aryan babies as possible! But we are a nation without space. And we need space for the many babies; space in order to live and fulfill our mission. We don’t want to become England’s enemies. The English are, like we, of Nordic blood (or mostly so). People of the same best blood should collaborate in view of the same lofty aim: the rule of the best of their common best blood. It is the original intention of Nature; the spirit of the eternal Order, against which we do not wish to sin. England can be (we hope) converted to this standpoint. But Russia has become the citadel of Marxism, — that hated Jewish snare. It is, apart from that, a broad, rich land; can provide plenty of space for us, and all possibilities of our growing into a huge people. Huge, *and* of exceptional quality, therefore invincible; the lords of this earth along with our Nordic brothers, the English. Therefore: expansion towards the East — *Ostpolitik!*”

It was not cosmic Truth *in its entirety*, as Adolf Hitler himself intuitively felt it. But it was a part of it. And a part of it — an aspect of it — free from any admixture with untruth; free from any concessions to the moral superstitions of this Age. It could have provided a sufficient basis for the *beginning* of a first Western and then — gradually, — world-wide pan-Aryan collaboration (including that of the Aryan elements of Russia herself, and of Asia) against the forces of disintegration and their agents, i.e. “against Time,” if *only* England had not betrayed her own blood and deliberately started the Second World War.

The fact that all Adolf Hitler’s efforts to avoid the war — or to end it speedily and victoriously, at least honourably — remained fruitless, proves by no means his inefficiency as a statesman or as a strategist. It only proves that the forces of disintegration — the coalesced forces of our Dark Age, embodied in all-powerful international Jewry — were, in spite of his

insight, in spite of his genius, too strong for him; that it needed a still harder “Man against Time” than he, in order to break them; in other words, that he is not *the last* Man “against Time.”

He knew it himself, from the early days of the struggle. And nothing shows more clearly how aware he was of his own place and significance in the history of our Time-cycle, than the words he addressed Hans Grimm in 1928, in the course of a conversation that lasted an hour and a quarter: “I know that some Man capable of giving our problems a final solution must appear. I have sought such a man. I could nowhere discover him. And that is why I have set myself *to do the preparatory work* (die *Vorarbeit*); *only the most urgent preparatory work, for I know that I am myself not, the one*. And I know also what is missing in me (to be the one). But the other One still remains aloof, and nobody comes forward, and there is no more time to be lost.”¹

Or, to speak the language of most ancient Tradition, the One-Who-comes-back, age after age, “whenever justice is crushed” — the One Who *had* actually come back in him, to reassert eternal cosmic Truth in our times, through the most heroic and most misunderstood of all political and more-than-political struggles — would have to come back at least once more during the present Time-cycle. For this Dark Age was not to come to its end in Adolf Hitler’s life-time.

Emsdetten in Westfalen, (Germany) 4th May, 1955.

¹ Hans Grimm, “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” (edit. 1954), p. 14.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WORLD AGAINST ITS SAVIOUR

Nobody wanted peace more than Adolf Hitler. Nobody *needed* peace more than he. He needed it in order to consolidate and to extend his great work; in order to allow the understandable but nevertheless somewhat alarming differences. in outlook between the old German ruling classes and ruling: bodies — the nobility and the wealthy higher middle class; the “intelligenza”; the Churches; but specially the General Staff, of Prussian tradition (entirely or nearly entirely recruited among the old, land-owning nobility) — on one hand, and the *Reichsleiters* and *Gauleiters* and, in general, the leading men of the New Order, on the other, slowly to die out, and a synthesis of the best of all German national forces to take place under the Sign of the Swastika; he needed it to secure the: undisturbed growth of a healthy and uncompromising new generation of men and women — fighters and mothers — born and brought up in the glorious National Socialist atmosphere and. devoted, without any reservations whatsoever, to his ideals; to enable himself to continue carrying out his admirable social programme and — without them hardly becoming conscious of the change — gradually inducing the German people to accept the ethical and, one should add, in the deeper sense of the word, the *religious* revolution that National Socialism represents in this country: the return to racial i.e., natural, values and, in general, to that life-centred wisdom which the new doctrine implies, after one and a half thousand years of man-centred, equalitarian, anti-natural and anti-national Judeo-Christian superstition. He needed peace in order to bring, slowly, but irresistibly, into existence, under the leadership of the regenerate German Reich, the Greater Reich comprising all people of Germanic blood and ultimately all people of Aryan blood, in and outside Europe, and to remould the whole world according to the principle of the God-ordained hierarchy of races and of the rule of the best.

And nobody strove for peace as hard and as consistently

as he — admittedly not on account of any humanitarian prejudices, but for the sound, practical reasons that I have just mentioned: for the sake of the success of his life's work or, in other words, in the interest of the Greater German Reich; in the interest of the Aryan Cause, i.e. in the interest of the Universe.

But the everlasting forces of disintegration and death — those which I have described as forces “in Time,” and which were (and are, since 1945, more fatally than ever) leading all races to their doom, — mightily stood in the way of the Man “against Time” and of his dream of Aryan regeneration. And their agents — the Jews, as a body; and the conscious or unconscious, willing or unwilling servants of international Jewry: Free Masons of high *and* low grades; members and sympathisers of the most varied pseudo-spiritual societies in the service of Jewish interests or Jewish ideals (or both); believers in the most varied man-centred, equalitarian creeds of whatever origin, afflicted with a sincere but false conception of history; and all manner of people prepared to sacrifice any possibility of general regeneration to the maintenance of personal or collective advantages of a material or *moral* nature, — *needed war, in order to nip the National Socialist revolution in the bud*; in order to break its impulse *before* it had time to bring about the inner and definitive transformation of Germany, and before it spread to other countries of Aryan blood; the sooner, the better. They needed war, if they were not, themselves, to be compelled to abdicate all influence, and culturally — and *spiritually*, — no less than politically, to cease to exist. And they did everything they could to start war *in spite of Adolf Hitler's efforts to avoid it*; and everything they could to prolong it, once it had started. And they succeeded; and they won the war, not because of any fault of his, but simply because the world had not — and *has* not, yet, — reached the end of the present Dark Age; because, as I have said before, Adolf Hitler is not *the last* Man “against Time,” and because it is a fact — nay, an unavoidable consequence of the laws of historical development, — that all Men “against Time” fail, save the very last one: the one whom the Sanskrit Scriptures call “Kalki.”

In other words, seen from that higher standpoint from which all “politics” appear as consequences, never as causes,

the 1939-1945 World War is, in the midst of the gigantic struggle of polar opposites, without beginning nor end, which constitutes cosmic history, a tragic local instance of the fated victory of the satanic Forces — i.e. of the Forces of *untruth* — near the end of an Age of Gloom.

* * *

“Ribbentrop, bring me the English alliance!”¹ Sincerer words than these — the last Adolf Hitler addressed to the man whom he was sending to London, as Germany’s ambassador, in 1936, to sound once more all the possibilities that could lead to an understanding with England — were never uttered in the history of diplomatic relations.

Adolf Hitler had indeed been striving for “an understanding with England” nay, an “English alliance,” from the beginning of his public life. Already as early as 1924 he had, in his immortal book, “Mein Kampf,” clearly laid down the main lines of this new policy (“new,” at least after the first World War.) And, which is more, however justified it doubtless was, from a strictly political point of view, this policy had — like everything the Führer did — a definitely more-than-political meaning and more-than-political scope, and was even more justified from the point of view of Nature, i.e. of living truth. It rested upon the solid biological fact of common blood. And although it was, admittedly, something quite *different* from Adolf Hitler’s continental policy, — although there was, there, for instance, no question of people of the same blood coming under “the same State” — yet it could have been formulated in sentences impressively parallel to those which proclaim, on the first page of “Mein Kampf,” the legitimacy of Austria’s incorporation into the German Reich; I mean: the inspired Leader would certainly have maintained that, “even if, economically, it were a matter of indifference, nay, even if it were positively a disadvantage,”² still one should, in Germany, seek England’s alliance, for “people of similar blood” should stand together.

It was, — again in perfect consistency with the tenets and general character of National Socialism, — a thoroughly revolutionary policy. Revolutionary not merely because it was a

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau” (edit. 1954), p. 93.

² “Mein Kampf,” I, p. 1.

break with the recent past and — apparently — a return to an older political tradition, but because it was the outcome, of an *attitude* in complete contradiction with that of *all* European politicians for the last one thousand five hundred years at least, and a return to the spirit and corresponding customs of a long-forgotten age, the sanity of which other-worldly superstitions, on one hand, and all-too-worldly business considerations, on the other, had not yet destroyed, and in which common blood was, as a matter of course, — as Nature intended it to be, — the soundest thinkable basis of friendship and constructive collaboration; in other words, because it was a break with that *untruth* — that rebellion of man against Nature, — which is the distinctive (and increasingly visible) trait of our Dark Age.

The system of political alliances that had prevailed up till then, and that yet prevailed, was indeed — like practically all human institutions of this Age — stamped with the sign of untruth. Common dogmatic faith (in the first millennium of the Christian era and somewhat later) and then, more and more, common (or supposed common) material interests, had been, *irrespective of blood*, and, more often than not, in flagrant opposition to any idea of natural blood-solidarity, the main bond between allied powers. Charlemagne and his warriors had fought, with the blessing of the Catholic Church, — the oldest international (and anti-national) power in Europe — against the Lombards, against the Saxons, people of Germanic stock like themselves, which was bad enough. And seven hundred years later, Francis the First, King of France — an Aryan king, at any rate — had, for the sake of dynastic greed, allied himself with the Turks against the German Reich, which was even worse, if worse could be. And in later history, calculations of mere material profit had played an ever greater part in the determination of the attitude of governments towards one another and in that of nations' "friends" and "foes," without the mentioned profit being, in fact, anybody's but that of a few international — Jewish; or raceless — big-businessmen, — which meant the complete separation of "politics" from national life in the true sense of the word. The typical Dark Age mentality' behind that unhealthy state of affairs had

¹ "When society reaches a stage in which property confers rank; in which wealth becomes the only source of virtue ... then we are in the *Kali Yuga* or Dark Age" (Vishnu Puran).

been, already at the close of the 19th century, that of an influential British minority, championing, in the name of a misled and pre-eminently commercial nationalism, the most extreme anti-German policy. It can hardly ever have found a dearer and more cynical expression than in Sir Philip Chalmers Mitchell's essay "A biological view of our foreign policy, by a biologist," published in the 1st of February issue of the London "Saturday Review," in 1896, and recently quoted *in extenso* by Hans Grimm.¹ There, not only are England's commercial interests stressed as though they were everything; not only is Germany, — the prosperous, and therefore dangerous business rival — pointed out as England's main enemy in spite of undeniable biological similitude, but *that biological similitude*, that community of blood and the community of nature, which is the consequence of it, that similitude in permanent, deeper qualities, is precisely *the* fact alleged to make war between England and Germany unavoidable, nay, to cause that war to be a war to the finish;² it is the fact which urges Sir Philip Chalmers Mitchell, professor of biology, — and, later on, (from 1916 to 1919) member of the British General Staff — to paraphrase, applying them to England's sister-nation, the famous pitiless words which the Roman Cato once used to repeat, at every opportunity, against Carthago, Rome's *Semitic* rival, and to say: "*Delenda est Germania*" — "Germany must be destroyed."

It is difficult to ascertain whether Adolf Hitler knew or not of the existence of that strangely enlightening piece of English literature. Possibly he did; the essay had been, already at the time of its publication, handed over to German diplomatic and military circles, in which, apart from a few exceptional men, such as Admiral Tirpitz, nobody had — unfortunately — then *or afterwards*, taken it seriously. Possibly, he did not. But even so, he was perfectly aware of the widespread attitude which it *now* so unmistakably expresses; of that superstitious hostility to Germany, rooted in the fear of being commercially "outdone," which is, with minor circumstantial differences, Eyre Crowe's attitude and, nearer to us, Sir Robert Vansittart's, Duff Cooper's, Eden's and Winston Churchill's.

¹ In both his "Erzbischofschrift," and in "Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?"

² See the text of the essay.

He was aware of it, and yet, from the beginning of his public life, and over and over again — nay, as we shall see, even *during* the war, — he held out his hand to England in a gesture of friendship — in a spirit of total, unconditional, thoroughly sincere reconciliation, without a shade of bitterness, let alone of revengefulness. He did all he possibly could, not to “placate” the mistress of the Seven Seas, whose might he neither feared nor hated, but to win her confidence and collaboration, in absolute good faith; to break that superstitious dread of a powerful Germany, which clever, or, sometimes, irresponsible agents of the Dark Forces had been breathing into her people for over forty years at least, and to awaken in them the slumbering consciousness of the brotherhood of blood, deeper, truer, stronger than any commercial or narrowly political realities — everlasting, while profit and power are time-bound.

Governments and Churches, inasmuch as they do not actually embody and adequately express a people’s collective soul, are also time-bound. Maybe, England was living under a political regime entirely different from — nay, the very opposite of — that which Adolf Hitler had given Germany. But that was a secondary matter. Germany herself had lived under a different regime up till 1933. And quite possibly, even a real “people’s regime” in England — in an English National Socialist State, if ever one had happened to come into existence — would have been, in many ways, profoundly different from the German National Socialist regime. Maybe, deep-rooted moral and religious prejudices (blind allegiance to time-honoured institutions and ideas) would, for years, — or for centuries — prevent the English from accepting some of the hard and simple biological truths upon which genuine National Socialism is based, and from sharing wholeheartedly that heathen scale of values which is, strictly speaking, inseparable from it. Yet even *that* was, from the standpoint of permanent, *natural* reality, i.e. from the standpoint of the *Seer*, a secondary matter. That did not alter the fact that, considered with her dominions overseas, England was, before the Second World War, — in spite of obvious weakness, mistakes and crimes; in spite of her having, hardly forty years earlier, waged the most disgraceful war upon the Boors, in South Africa; in spite of her having, through her missionaries and her schools, introduced the microbe of Democracy (and,

unwillingly, that of Communism) into such a land as India, — the great ruling Aryan power. Her Empire was, as a historical reality, one of the grand material achievements of the Nordic race — unthinkable, apart from the qualities of character of the best men among those who had built it up, and among those who were running it: daring; perseverance; sense of responsibility and sense of honour; organising genius, coupled with selfless idealism: Nordic qualities.

Adolf Hitler repeatedly proclaimed his determination to respect the integrity of the British Empire. He repeatedly declared that the German National Socialist State was to look upon every manner of pre-1914 colonial policy, and every form of aggressive commercial competition with England as a thing of the past. And he fully meant what he said. He meant it because he saw, no doubt, in that “alliance with England” which he so eagerly urged J. von Ribbentrop to “bring him back,” a guarantee of peaceful development for Germany and of further unhindered evolution and expansion for National Socialism — Germany’s highest interest, immediately *and* in the long run. He meant it *also* because the friendly collaboration of the two leading nations of Nordic blood appeared to him, from a more-than-political standpoint, as the unmistakable dictate of sanity; as the course in harmony with the meaning of life (which should also be the meaning of “politics,” if the latter are to cease being mere business intrigues) and the policy which was, therefore, immediately and in the long run, in the interest of superior mankind in the biological sense of the word, and consequently, “in the interest of the Universe,” again to quote the old hallowed words of the Bhagavad-Gita. He held out his hand to England both as a wise, far-sighted statesman *and* as a “Man against Time.”

But England’s leading men — and number of men in high office *in Germany* — were not only short-sighted politicians but active agents of the everlasting Dark Forces. Adolf Hitler’s efforts were systematically neutralised through their stubborn, combined hostility and through that of the unseen Powers of disintegration and death at the back of them.

* * *

Had J. von Ribbentrop succeeded in bringing about that Anglo-German alliance which Adolf Hitler so eagerly wanted,

there would have been no Second World War. And the unseen Powers of disintegration would have had to devise some other means of thrusting this present Creation a foot-step nearer its doom. The formation in Germany of an eminently efficient National Socialist *ruling* élite would have secured the stability of the regime and, which is more, the *definitive* acceptance of the new scale of values and new conception of life “in harmony with the primaeval meaning of things,” first among Adolf Hitler’s people and then, also, — gradually — among all people of Aryan blood; in other words, it would have brought about a general rising of the Indo-European race (and, through the latter’s influence, of all the noble races) against the fatal, downward pressure of Time. The success of such a rising would have meant the end of this Dark Age and, under the divine Swastika, Sign of the Sun, Sign of Life in its pristine glory, “a new heaven and a new earth.” But, as I said before, this is precisely what the Death-forces were bound to try to hinder. They tried with diabolical masterfulness, knowing that it was perhaps their last chance of large scale success on earth within the present Time-cycle.

J. von Ribbentrop’s experience with England’s ruling men was a steady series of disappointments. The Permanent Secretary of State, Sir (later Lord) Robert Vansittart, whom he had hoped to convince of the advantages of a close Anglo-German collaboration, proved adamant in his anti-German attitude — all the more baffling that he did not even attempt to justify it through some sort of logic.¹ “In Vansittart,” was the German Ambassador to write, shortly before his martyr’s death in Nüremberg, ten years later, “I felt I had before me a man with an absolutely fixed opinion; the man of the Foreign Office, who not only supported the thesis of “balance of power” but also embodied Sir Eyre Crowe’s principle: ‘Whatever may happen, never pactise with Germany!’ I had the definite impression that this man would not even once try to bring our two countries nearer to each other. Every word was simply lost on him.”² Winston Churchill, although admittedly more outspoken, was no less irreducibly opposed to any Anglo-German alliance. The very thought of a powerful

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 96.

² J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 97.

Germany filled with bitterness, nay, with hatred. And he was determined to do all he possibly could to keep that nightmare of his from becoming a permanent reality. “If Germany grows too strong, she shall again be beaten down,” declared he bluntly, in the course of a several hours’ conversation with J. von Ribbentrop, in 1937. And he added, as the Ambassador reminded him that Germany had friends “Oh, we are pretty good at getting them around in the end,”¹ thus foretelling that which was — alas! — actually to take place a few years later. Himself one of the cleverest and most efficient agents of the Forces of disintegration at the end of this Age of Gloom, he understood both the mentality of the professional politicians and that of the dull, conceited, inconsistent and gullible average man: the ultimate human factors at the back of “public opinion” and world-politics under a Democratic order.

The hopes that one might have been prompted to draw from King Edward the Eighth’s friendly attitude to Germany were abruptly brushed aside through the King’s well’ known abdication in 1937. “With this abdication,” states the former German Ambassador, in the Memoirs I already mentioned, “the cause of the Anglo-German alliance had lost a possibility.”² And the remaining possibilities were not to materialise. They rested upon the influence which a minority of racially-conscious, unprejudiced and far-sighted Englishmen, in no way connected with open or secret Jewish or pro-Jewish world-organisations — men such as Sir Oswald Mosley and some of the most enlightened members of the London Anglo-German Fellowship — could exert in Government circles, and upon the public. And that influence was practically negligible. In British Government circles, Adolf Hitler’s healthy new Germany was, — wrongly, no doubt, but all-too-actually — looked upon with mistrust, as a growing menace. And the very admiration that so many thousands of English people could not help feeling for the inspired ruler’s social achievements, was — with the help of the press, — steadily giving way to resentment at the idea of the leading position to which Germany had risen, under him, economically and politically, within but three or four years’ time *and without war*. The increasing prosperity

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau” (edit. 1954), p. 97.

² J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau” (edit. 1954), p. 104.

and power of the sister nation were surely the most eloquent tribute to the proud faith in “blood and soil” that now filled the hearts and lives of her people. In England, one wanted peace, of course. Who did not, after a world war such as that of 1914-1918? And it was — or should have been — quite clear that an Anglo-German alliance would have meant lasting peace. Yet, one dimly felt that such a peace could only help Germany to become stronger and stronger, and National Socialism to win prestige within *and beyond* the frontiers of the Reich. Now Britons had been taught for centuries that every country which rose to prominence upon the European mainland was “a threat to England.” This was not merely the opinion of the Foreign Office; it had grown into a widespread British superstition, harder to uproot than any “opinion.” Germany was, therefore, (and whether this were or *not* in the interest of peace) not to be allowed to become “too strong.”

It was easy — again with the help of the almighty press, — to bring the average Englishman to believe, on that point, the same as Mr. (later Sir) Winston Churchill. All the more easy that new Germany was unconceivable apart from her National Socialist creed, and that the average Englishman was from several sides, at first, discretely, and then, quite boldly, being told that the creed had a “dangerous” more-than-political bearing nay, a decidedly anti-Christian one (which no doubt was true, although in a far deeper sense than that stressed in the newspaper articles and propaganda pamphlets).¹ The organisations which financed the latter were, *in fact*, keener on harming Germany than on saving “Christian civilisation” — let alone the essence of original Christianity (the other-worldly teaching “above Time”) which was by no means threatened. But the pious arguments were clever — the more illogical, the cleverer; — well-calculated to impress the non-thinking masses and the false-thinking half-learned. They bore fruit. In addition to that, the more and more “uncompromising attitude”² which Adolf Hitler himself was beginning to take with regard to the Christian Churches — i.e., his very definite attempt to prevent any interference of the Churches

¹ Among these one should remember the booklets published by “The Friends of Europe” and quoting extracts of National Socialist writers.

² J. von Ribbentrop, loc. cit., p. 127.

in State affairs, — was bound to give grist to the anti-Nazi propaganda mills. It led to the greatest tension between the National Socialist State and the Vatican “and to the mobilisation of all the energies of the Churches against us, *in protestant lands also*,” writes J. von Ribbentrop; “a most significant and disadvantageous development from the standpoint of foreign policy.”¹

It thus became clearer and clearer that the “English alliance” which Adolf Hitler had so earnestly striven for, was a psychological impossibility. Not merely the most influential men in the British Foreign Office, but “the atmosphere” in the whole country was against it. A few weeks before his promotion from the position of Ambassador in London to that of Foreign Minister of the German Reich, i.e., already at the close of 1937,² J. von Ribbentrop sent Adolf Hitler a detailed report³ at the end of which the following sentences are, among others, to be found: “I do not believe any longer in the possibility of an understanding with England. England does not want any mighty Germany in her neighbourhood...”; “Here one strongly believes in the efficiency of National Socialism” (i.e., one believes it will give Germany more and more power); “Edward VIII was compelled to abdicate because one was not sure whether he would lend a hand to a policy of hostility towards Germany. Chamberlain has now appointed Vansittart, our most important and toughest opponent, to such a position as enables him to take a leading part in the diplomatic play against Germany. However much one might, in the meantime, for tactical reasons, try to come to an understanding with us, *every single day in the future in which our political considerations should fail to be fundamentally, determined by the thought of England as our most dangerous opponent, would be a gain for our enemies.*”⁴

There was indeed nothing else to do but to face the fact that Adolf Hitler’s great dream of Aryan world-leadership on the basis of a solid, peaceful collaboration of the two, main European nations of Germanic stock, was *not* — and was, for a

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, loc. cit., p. 127.

² He was appointed *Reichsaussenminister* on the 4th February 1938.

³ Deutsche Botschaft, London, A. 5522.

⁴ Quoted in J. von Ribbentrop’s “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 122-123.

very long time at least, not likely to become, — England’s dream It was, no doubt, a pity a greater pity even than the few racially-conscious Englishmen probably realised at the time. But it was a fact. England’s ruling classes were completely in the grip of international Jewry, which cunningly used, in its own interest, both their business-like fear of a powerful Germany, and their moral objection (or so-called such one) against the National Socialist view of life, in particular, against National Socialist anti-Semitism. And the British people, robbed, through the whole modern conditioning apparatus, of their natural capacity of doubt, analyse, and free choice, believed what they were told, and reacted to world events as their unseen masters — the Jews — expected them to. One day, perhaps, they would wake up — when it would be too late. (And Adolf Hitler, the Man “against Time,” first a seer and then a politician, never left off feeling sure that such a day would come). In the meantime, however, their masters saw to it that the sight of Germany’s grand awakening did not raise them out of their comfortable apathy — at least, not quickly enough for them to discover the tricks that were being played upon them, and to refuse to follow their wicked shepherds on the path of fratricidal war.

Unable to break Jewish influence in England, Adolf Hitler strengthened his bonds with the two nations with which Germany was in ideological agreement: Japan, and fascist Italy, who both had — the former in November 1936, the latter a year later, — signed with him the Anti-Comintern Pact, which England had steadily refused to sign.¹

Yet, again because he was first a Seer and then a politician; because he felt real, eternal England, in spite of all, behind the judaised England of to-day, and the essence of hallowed Aryandom behind eternal England, he never abandoned the old dream of friendship, and never gave up watching for a “change of heart” on the British side.

* * *

The germs of the Second World War lay in the Versailles Treaty. And, not merely in a complete revision of that shameful

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau” (edit. 1954), p. 112.

piece of work, but in the definitive suppression of the spirit which had produced it — i.e., in the abolition of that old, morbid fear and gratuitous hatred of a strong Germany in the hearts of most Europeans, — lay the only possibility of a lasting peace. In fact, the infamous Treaty was never revised, and the political map of Europe never given back the outlines of sanity on the basis of that “right of people to dispose of themselves” which the victors of 1918 had so often and so loudly proclaimed. And instead of being suppressed, or at least left to die out, fear and hatred were systematically and most cunningly cultivated in England, in France, in the smaller European countries that had fought on the Allied side, during the First World War in those that had remained neutral; in the United States of America — of all lands, the one which had the least reason to feel “menaced” by a Greater German Reich beyond the Atlantic Ocean—and, strange as this may seem, in a number of *non-European* countries such as India, whose people had nothing whatsoever to do with the frontier problems of Central and Eastern Europe, and did not (apart from one or two resplendent individual exceptions) possess the slightest idea of European history;¹ countries which, moreover, Germany had never harmed, while England had... and how!

Under the influence of those agents of the Dark Forces who had prepared the yet greatest crime in diplomatic history and who were now supervising its consummation, the people of the whole world outside the “fascist countries” were systematically made to forget or kept from learning the fact that “Austrians” — representatives of the small German nucleus that had, for ages, held together, and ruled the many and varied national groups comprised within the “Kingdom of Austria and Hungary” — were and always had been Germans; and that their Parliament had, immediately after the splitting up of the Austro-Hungarian State at the end of the First World War (*long before* Adolf Hitler had come to power; nay, before his Party had taken shape) *unanimously* voted the fusion of Austria with Germany. They were made to forget or kept from learning the fact that there had never existed and could

¹ To be fair, one should point out that many of the “Americans” — sons of European emigrants — *and Western Europeans* who helped in the concoction of the Versailles Treaty, knew no more about the history and geography of Central Europe than any Indian coolie is likely to know.

never exist any such creatures as “Czechoslovaks” and that “Czechoslovakia” was an entirely artificial State, set up, at the Allies’ command, in 1919, out of Czechs, *and* out of Slovaks, Ruthenians, Carpatho-Ukrainians, etc., all unwilling to come together under Czechic rule, *and of over three million most unwilling Germans*, torn away from their fatherland thanks to the Versailles Treaty, and more resentful of Czechic domination than all the other components of the ridiculous State, rolled in one; and the fact that the *only* reason for the concoction of such a State — against biology, against history, against geography, against economics, against Nature — lay in its appointed action as a permanent thorn in the flesh of the already mutilated German Reich. They were purposely kept in ignorance of the daily provocations of the Czechs in German Sudetenland and wherever Germans lived within the new State; kept in ignorance, also, of the oppression the Czechs exerted upon the other, non-Czechic elements of “Czechoslovakia”: Slovaks, Ruthenians, Carpatho-Ukrainians etc. The people of the world were systematically kept in ignorance of the fact that the “new Poland” that the victors of 1918 had brought back into existence after over hundred and fifty years, far from being homogeneously Polish, comprised important German and Russian minorities; of the fact that the “corridor” linking the bulk of it to the Baltic Sea — and separating East Prussia from the rest of Germany, — was German territory, the inhabitants of which were submitted to continual vexations on the part of the Poles, and that Danzig was a German town. They were made to forget — or kept from learning — that Saarland, and the territory on the Memel were parts of Germany; that Rhineland — occupied by the French since 1923 — was also a part of Germany. And every effort which Adolf Hitler made to break *without war* the belt of hostile States and hostile armed forces that the victors of 1918 had tightened round the German Reich; every effort he made to win for Germany *without war* a status of “equal treatment” — *Gleichberechtigung* — among the leading nations of the West, — the re-annexion of the Saar, after a plebiscite in which ninety-nine per cent of the inhabitants had voted for Germany, in 1935; the peaceful reoccupation of Rhineland in 1936; the re-incorporation of

¹ “A historical lie,” to quote Hans Krebs’ words.

Austria (in March 1938) and, a few months later, of Sudetenland into the Reich, not to speak of Germany's earlier withdrawal from the League of Nations and her decision in favour of conscription after *all* Adolf Hitler's honest proposals of a *general* disarmament had been turned down; was presented to them *everywhere* — be it in the London newspapers, or those of New York or in those of Calcutta, — as the outcome of a revival of "German militarism" and as the evidence of a "menace to civilisation."

As already stated, far from accepting the friendly hand that Adolf Hitler stretched out to her, England became more and more unbending in her resolution not to treat with Germany, happen what might, i.e., more and more fatally launched in the direction Sir (later Lord) Robert Vansittart and Mr. (later Sir) Winston Churchill etc., were striving to give her foreign policy. Nay, there are serious grounds to believe that the vexations that the German population in Sudetenland and in the Polish "corridor" suffered on the part of Czechs and Poles, were, more often than not, encouraged, when not actually provoked by secret agents of the British "Intelligence Service." In other words, England was not only doing all she could to create such conditions as were the most likely to lead to war, but also, seeing to it, before hand, that she could, *one day*, — again as in 1918 — throw the blame for it upon Germany, as a matter of fact, this time upon *Nazi* Germany. Her most important European satellite — France — and the world-power of which she was herself (quicker than she expected) to become a satellite — U.S.A. — helped her efficiently in this dirty game.

Still, war would — perhaps — not have become unavoidable, had it not been for a well-organised set of *German* traitors in high position — van Weizsäcker and Kordt, both holders of leading posts in the German Foreign Office; General Beck and General Halder, both in turn Chiefs of the German General Staff; *Oberstleutnant* H. Boehm-Tettelbach and other first rank officers of the German Army; Wilhelm Canaris, head of the German Military Intelligence, and a number of others, some of whose names were to become widely known overnight, in connection with the attempt on Adolf Hitler's life, on the 20th of July 1944; and also a few militant Christians, priests

and lay men, all-too-conscious of the fact that a definitive victory of National Socialism could mean nothing less than the end of Christianity and of “Christian civilisation,” and determined to prevent such a happening at any price, even at the cost of Germany’s destruction; men to whose feelings Bonenhöfer was, during the war, to give expression, in a very clear sentence: “Better a devastated Germany than a National Socialist one!”

Such elements were far more important than one is generally inclined to believe. Post-war political literature — and, to begin with, in various detailed “Memoirs,” the surviving traitors’ own description of their past doings, — goes to prove that the whole machinery of the National Socialist State was simply with them. And the fellows were active *long before* the war; in fact, from the very day Adolf Hitler rose to power. And they were in constant secret touch with Germany’s bitterest enemies in diplomatic circles abroad.

They did all they possibly could to encourage the foreign and specially the English politicians in their stubborn and short-sighted will to hinder at all costs any further materialization of Adolf Hitler’s territorial programme — in their determination to “stop Hitler,” as they used to say, as the six million Germans of Austria had, after those of Saarland, greeted with unprecedented enthusiasm, their integration into the common motherland. They kept the men of the British Foreign Office regularly informed about Adolf Hitler’s plans,¹ and gave them, at the same time, the false impression that the National Socialist regime expressed by no means the German people’s actual choice, and that it would be most easily overthrown at the outbreak of war. And whenever tension arose between Great Britain and Germany, they sent secret envoys to London, with precise instructions to prompt the British Government “not to give in.” Thus were, for instance, Ewald von Kleist-Schmenzin, in August 1938, and *Oberstleutnant* Hans Boehm-Tettelbach, a fortnight later, dispatched, the former on behalf of General Beck, the latter on behalf of General Halder (General Beck’s successor as Chief of the German General Staff) in order to come in touch “with the men the most closely connected with the Foreign Office” and “to request the British Government to

¹ See von Weizsäcker’s “Erinnerungen,” published in Munich in 1950.

oppose a categorical ‘no’ to all Hitler’s further claims,”¹ in particular, “to cause England to remain adamant in the Sudeten question.”² It is now known that Elwin von Kleist-Schmenzin paid visits to several notoriously anti-German leading British politicians, — in particular to Sir Robert Vansittart and to Winston Churchill — between the 17th and the 24th of August, and that he brought back a “private” letter of Winston Churchill to Wilhelm Canaris, one of the most powerful German traitors, already mentioned.³ It is now known that the German Secretary of State, von Weizsäcker, — who himself boasts of his “constant activity” consisting of “obstruction with regard to foreign policy,” in the Memoirs he was to write twelve years later, — also did his very best, in early September 1938, to impress upon the British Government (through Carl Burckhardt, Commissioner of the League of Nations for Danzig, who at once sent on the message to Sir G. Warner, British envoy in Bern, who in his turn telegraphed to the British Foreign Office) the necessity of sending to Germany not Chamberlain, but “some energetic military man, who can shout and bang his walking-stick upon the table, when he must”⁴ — i.e., a man who, instead of signing with Adolf Hitler the well-known Munich Agreement, would have broken off the negotiations and, apparently, caused war: the common aim of all the enemies of the National Socialist New Order.

This much — which is just a sample out of the enormous (and ever-increasing) amount of evidence to-day available — goes to show that, if, in fact, such a supple person as Mr. Chamberlain was twice sent from London to meet Adolf Hitler, and given power to sign the Munich Agreement, securing peace (at least for another year), it was certainly not the fault of the German Anti-Nazis. The reason *why* the British Cabinet sent Chamberlain — and not the “energetic military man” whom Herr von Weizsäcker would have preferred — and the reason *why* Chamberlain finally acknowledged the integration

¹ Hans Boehm-Tettelbach declares so himself. See the “Rheinische Post” of the 10th July, 1948.

² J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau” (edit. 1954), p. 141.

³ See Jar. Colvin’s “Master spy; the incredible story of Wilhelm Canaris, who, while Hitler’s Chief of intelligence, was a secret agent of the British” (New York, 1952).

⁴ See Holldack “Was wirklich geschah” (Munich 1949), p. 95.

of Sudetenland into the German Reich, is the very same one which had, two months earlier, — i.e., *before* the last intrigues of the German traitors with a view to provoke war — caused the despatch of Lord Runciman to Prague, as a possible mediator between the Czechs and the German Sudeten Party, to the satisfaction of both (and of the German Reich); namely: the necessity for England to gain time; — “once more to do some thing for peace” — because she was not yet ready for war,¹ or, more exactly, because the leaders of international Jewry *behind* the British politicians had not yet completed their preparations for a world war. Which did not mean that the British Government was not bent on war, sooner or later; war to “stop Hitler” because he had made Germany — the dreaded commercial rival, — free and powerful; *and* war to “stop Hitler” because he had put Germany’s power to the service of such more-than-political truth as this advanced Dark Age hates the most.

Adolf Hitler was happy to interpret the Munich Agreement as the first decisive step towards that broader, lasting Anglo-German collaboration which he so sincerely desired. Was it not emphatically stated in the “Common Declaration” which both he and the English Premier had signed on the 30th of September, as an additional document stressing the meaning and importance of the Agreement: “We look upon the Agreement signed yesterday evening and the (earlier) Anglo-German Fleet Agreement as symbols of the desire of both our people *never again to wage war upon each other*. We are determined to handle also other questions which interest our countries by way of negotiation and to brush aside eventual causes of divergences in opinion, so that we might contribute to secure peace in Europe”?² The German traitors were less pleased with the result of the Munich Conference. Their hopes of “putting Hitler aside” had to be given up — for how long? They did not know.³ But they continued their shadowy intrigues, in Germany and in every foreign land the policy of which they could directly or indirectly influence, relentlessly trying to provoke or strengthen every manner of hatred against

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau” (edit. 1954), p. 140.

² J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau” (edit. 1954), p. 310.

³ Erich Kordt, “Wahn und Wirklichkeit” (edit. 1948), p. 128 and following.

the Man to whom their lips had sworn allegiance, and against the regime they outwardly professed to serve. As for England, her attitude towards new Germany — the State against Time — grew, in spite of all Adolf Hitler's honest and earnest efforts, less and less friendly, not to say more and more hostile. Only three days after the solemn Declaration just quoted, Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons the decision of the Government of Great Britain to arm at any cost. Then, "on the 7th December 1938, the Munich Agreement was, through the *veto* of the British State Secretary for Colonies — doubtless not without the approval of his Government — denied all validity in connection with the question of Colonies and Mandate territories, and the 'way of negotiation' between England and Germany closed with regard to the same." ... "At the same time," writes J. von Ribbentrop in his Memoirs, "the British Government started a policy of still closer collaboration with France, and the United States of America were clearly invited to join in a coalition against Germany. The aim of this new policy consisted quite openly in an encirclement of Germany. War psychosis was cultivated in England *already before* the integration of the remnant of Czechoslovakia into the Reich. The European political horizon was systematically swept in search of possibilities of anti-German alliances. What Churchill had prophesied to me (von Ribbentrop) in 1937 was now happening. Germany had, according to British opinion, become too strong and was again to be beaten down."¹

The German traitors in high office have, I repeat, no small responsibility in this tragic development. I am personally convinced that, without the knowledge of their activity, England would not have declared war on Germany in 1939 and that "the people would have remained satisfied with a solution of the Corridor question imposed through violence."² In other words, war between Germany and Poland would not have extended into war between England and Germany.

But I am also convinced that war between England (with

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau" (edit. 1954), p. 146-147.

² Friedrich Lenz, "Der ekle Wurm der deutschen Zwietracht" (edit. 1952), p. 100.

her European satellite: France) and Germany, could have (and would have) been localised and ended in 1940, after the victorious campaign in France, had it not been for an enemy immeasurably more powerful than all the frustrated German officers (and intellectuals) and short-sighted, old-style British politicians and businessmen rolled in one, namely: the leader of the anti-Nazi forces (openly or secretly) *all over the world*; the enemy: the Jew.

That one — and whoever, in any part of the world, allowed himself to be, directly or indirectly, influenced by him — is responsible for the fact that the war between England and Germany did not — could not — end in 1940 with the honourable peace which Adolf Hitler generously offered the sister-nation, which he did not hate, but that it spread further and further, becoming the Second World War.

* * *

There was, (originally) be it in Adolf Hitler's own mind, be it in that of any of his disciples who had a say in the interpretation and application of his teaching, not the slightest intention of persecuting the Jews. There may, of course, have been, on the part of rank and file National Socialist fighters, *individual* cases of violence against specimens of that particularly obnoxious and thoroughly unwanted variety of foreigners — sporadic instances of long-repressed (and quite understandable) national hatred or less laudible personal revenge, neither encouraged by the leaders of the young Movement nor justified in the light of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*. There was no systematic molestation of Jews — not to speak of planned extermination of them. Such drastic steps as mass “liquidations” — or mass sterilisations — were not foreseen.

All what Adolf Hitler had done was to point out international Jewry — international Jewish finance, surely; yet *not international Jewish finance alone, but the Jews (and half-Jews) themselves, and the Jewish spirit*, — as the sinister force at the back of Germany's betrayal during the first World War, of her defeat in 1918 and subsequent humiliation and misery, and as the soul of the whole Versailles policy — which was indeed, historically speaking, absolutely true. And all he wanted was to rid Germany (and, if possible, Europe) of the

Jewish pestilence — under *all* its forms and in all domains: politically and economically, no doubt, but also biologically, and spiritually. (He acknowledged, in fact, from the beginning — and that, because he was infinitely more than “a politician” — that biological separation from the Jews and freedom from their influence in the moral and spiritual domain, meant *automatically* political and economical riddance of them also).

In Point Four of the famous Twenty-five Points — the unshakable basis of the National Socialist Party Programme, — he did away with that old and all-too-wide-spread lie which consists in calling a Jew, who speaks the language of a foreign people in whose midst he was born and brought up, a man of that people. And he boldly proclaimed that, on account of his blood, *no Jew*, — whatever be his capabilities or achievements, and however long his family be settled in Germany, — can be a German citizen. He thus laid — for the first time in the West since the decline of the Greco-Roman world (i.e. since a non-Aryan could, if he liked, become a Roman citizen), and since Theodoric the Great’s healthy Gothic kingdom, — the foundations of a natural and rational State; of a State according to the dictates of Life.

In that long, dull process of decay which is, (with a short, very short halt under that exceptional Germanic king) the history of the West from the day Roman citizenship lost its meaning and value, this *was* a revolution — and what a one! But it was *not* an act of hostility towards the Jews. It was a healthy and enlightened reaction against the folly of every “naturalisation to the extent the latter is an insult to biology; a proclamation of the eternal truth of blood against the long-accepted but nevertheless shocking lie embodied in all such man-made regulations as defy it. In other words, it was an act “against Time”; against the ever-increasing untruth of our Age of Gloom. (The fact that Jews, and neither Negroes nor Hottentots nor Papuans are mentioned in Point Four is simply due to the presence of the former as the *only* non-Aryan community living in Germany and playing a part in German life.)

Already in the days of the struggle for power, every National Socialist fighter called upon the German people not to buy from Jewish shops, not to believe the newspapers.

financed by Jews, etc., in one word, to free themselves by every possible means from the Jewish bondage, be it through individual initiative, *without* the help of laws that did not exist. One must admit that this was natural in a campaign led in the name of national freedom — natural, and neither new nor unique. Yet the reaction to it was, all over the world, (and not only in Communist circles) a louder and louder outcry against National Socialist “anti-Semitism.”

Curiously enough, in far-away India, Mahatma Gandhi, the prophet of “non-violence” — a man in many ways in glaring contrast to Adolf Hitler, but still, like him, a man “against Time” — was also, from 1919 onwards, urging his disciples to “boycott British goods” no less than “Western” — i.e. Christian-capitalistic — education and customs; to spin their own cotton, to weave their own clothes, and return to the simple life of older days; to free themselves from both the economic dependence and the moral corruption resulting from foreign yoke. Nobody blamed him for it. Many, in England itself — and some among the most prominent Englishmen in India, whose job it was to hinder his action, — could not help admiring him. The only criticism he attracted himself (mostly from Marxists or sympathisers of Marxism) was that of being an enemy of “progress” and an utopist, whose passive resistance was not the proper answer to “colonial oppression.” But nobody blamed him for seeking to rid his people of foreign rule — nobody; not even the English themselves.

Jewish rule in Germany (and in Europe at large) was, however — and is, once more, since 1945, — far worse than British rule in India or, by the way, than any obvious and brutal foreign rule in any conquered land. It was — and is — invisible and anonymous, *not felt* by the masses (who have neither leisure nor inclination to seek out subtle evils and their hidden causes) nor even by most of the so-called thinking people, and thereby all the more dangerous; all the more soul-killing. (In fact, England’s real crime against India was not so much her unheard-of exploitation of the land’s resources as the introduction — or strengthening — of that silly exaltation of “man” in opposition to Nature, which is, as I said before, the essence of the Jewish spirit compared to the Aryan, and which was to pave the way for later Marxist influence.) Still, Mahatma Gandhi’s struggle was looked

upon with sympathy or at least with indifference; Adolf Hitler's, with increasing uneasiness, mistrust, and soon positive hostility. Point Four of the Party Programme, and all Adolf Hitler's bold — and so accurate! — statements about the nefarious part played in world history by the Jews, were quoted (half the time without their context) and hammered upon as ominous signs of a regression into “barbarism.” And, *although no harm had yet been done to them*, number of Jews residing in Germany left the country of their own accord, their hearts filled with hatred for that new, *free* Aryan world which they felt growing all round them and in spite of theme; for that new world which they would soon no longer be able to corrupt and to exploit at will. And they carried their hatred wherever they went and started, by every means within their reach — every means which hatred can devise and which money can secure, — a world-wide campaign against National Socialism-already *then, before* Adolf Hitler's rise to power. Any true National Socialist who, at the time, happened to be living outside Germany *anywhere in the wide world* where there exist such things as newspapers, magazines, books, cinemas and public lectures (wireless sets were not yet so popular as they soon became) remembers this fact all-too-well.¹ Other people, — ninety-nine per cent of whom were to be, in some way or another, influenced by the Jewish propaganda, — may not necessarily *remember* it — a circumstance which only goes to prove how subtle and clever the latter was.

Every racially-conscious Jew — and every Jew of the world (whether pure-blooded or not) is racially-conscious — experienced the news of Adolf Hitler's *legal and perfectly democratic* victory in the last Reichstag elections of the Weimar Republic, and his no less legal and democratic appointment as Chancellor of the German Reich on the 30th of January 1933, as a personal insult from the whole German Nation (the overwhelming majority of which obviously stood behind the National Socialist Leader) and as a defeat of the Jewish people:

¹ I myself spent those years before the Machtübernahme partly in France, partly in Greece, partly in South India — and remember the atmosphere (and a few incidents in support of what I have here written) Most vividly.

their first glaring defeat for many centuries, and an eloquent warning to them. Everyone was decided to do his best to unsettle that now settled fact of Aryan rule in Germany (for Adolf Hitler's rise to power meant, first and foremost, *that*) and to destroy at any cost any possibility of German rule in Europe (which would have meant the end of the long, unseen Jewish domination of the West, nay, of the Jew's secret influence in the world.) Hans Grimm has, in a recent book, quoted the words which a "prominent English-speaking Jew in Australia" addressed "a well-known German admiral" on the 31st of January, 1933, i.e. the very day after the "Seizure of power": — "You have heard that President Hindenburg has, in accordance with the results of the Reichstag elections, made the National Socialist Hitler Reich Chancellor. Well, I give you my word in this connection, and think of me later on: *we Jews will do everything to wipe this fact out of existence!*"¹

And an organisation was actually founded under the name of "International Jewish economic Federation to combat the Hitlerite oppression of Jews," and, in July, 1933, in Amsterdam, Samuel Untermeyer was elected president of it. Samuel Untermeyer's speech in New York, less than a month later, is the first official] declaration of war on Adolf Hitler's new Germany. And, in perfect keeping with the character and purpose of his people — the very brood of the "Father of lies,"² — and with the spirit of this Dark Age in which all natural values are reversed, the Jew calls this war, which is to be conducted relentlessly, "to the finish" against the young State "against Time," a "holy war"... "for the sake of humanity." And he mentions the "millions of non-Jewish friends" whose collaboration he knew all-too-well his people could expect. And he forgets to mention the real and only motives of his campaign: hatred and fear of any genuine Aryan awakening — the only motives, indeed, for all the other ones (which he stresses) namely the desire to prevent "starving and extermination" of Jews, and to "bang the last nail into the coffin where bigotry and fanaticism are to disappear" were spurious ones. As Hans Grimm — who never was a follower of Adolf Hitler —

¹ Hans Grimm, "Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?" (edit. 1954), p. 187.

² The Gospel according to Saint John, 20, verse 44.

clearly points out, “not a single responsible word had been uttered in Germany about starving, killing or exterminating (Jews) *till after* 1938, and not a single action had been taken in that direction.”¹ And the National Socialist attitude to Jewry before or after 1938 had — and has — anyhow, nothing to do with “bigotry” or “fanaticism.”

In 1938 — i.e., *before* the war with Poland — the newly founded State of Israel officially declared war on Germany, again on behalf of all the Jews of the world. This second act of open hostility was, like the first, presented as an answer to Adolf Hitler’s supposed “persecution of the Jews,” which had not yet begun. It aimed in reality at impressing once more upon the minds of the Jews far and wide (through the enormous prestige of the State of Israel, symbol of their unity and centre of their hopes) that National Socialist Germany, the proud citadel of awakening Aryandom, remained their enemy number one; their enemy, whatever she did or did not do, simply because she was the stronghold of those forces which were, are, and always will be the polar opposite of their collective self. It also aimed at impressing upon the minds of those “millions of non-Jewish friends” of the Jews (whose obedience Samuel Untermeyer had so rightly surmised) that the first cry of the people of Israel — “God’s own people,” according to the sacred book of all Christians, — out of Palestine, — the “Holy Land” — after two thousand years of silence, was a curse against “the Nazis,” both “godless” and “inhuman.” (And such a cry could only be a cry of justice; or at least the “millions of non-Jewish friends” — Christians; lovers of “man”; haters of all revolutions in the domain of fundamental *values* — were expected to believe it was.)

In fact, a lot had been done for the Jewish cause since the first Jews of Germany — far-sighted people who (also) could afford to travel — had judged that things were, there, likely to become, one day, too hot for them, and gone abroad, *with their whole fortunes* before 1933. A lot had been done, thanks to the undue, yet almost magical effect of certain empty and yet extremely popular words such as “mankind,” “freedom,” “Democracy,” etc.; thanks to the fathomless

¹ Hans Grimm, “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” (edit. 1954), p. 187-188.

gullibility of most people who can read; and thanks to the masterful suppleness with which the Jews took advantage of both these negative traits of this end-period of our Dark Age. “Humanity” and “freedom of the individual” and “respect of the human person” were, in the West, at once linked with Christianity and with the “cultural tradition of Europe,” dear to all (or supposed to be.)

As I said, the Jews were not — yet — in the Third Reich, the object of any particularly drastic measures. They just were no longer legally looked upon as “Germans.” They were no longer allowed to teach in schools and Universities, or to finance newspapers for German readers; to be actors, lawyers, professional musicians, writers, etc., for the German public — i.e., to influence that which Germans were expected to call art or literature, to consider as “good” or “bad” or as morally right or wrong. In one word, it was, now, since the establishment of National Socialist rule, forbidden to them to poke their noses into the actual life of the country in which they lived but which never had been and never could be theirs. It was, also, since September, 1935 — since the proclamation of the admirable Nüremberg Laws for the preservation of racial purity — forbidden to them to marry Germans or, by the way, to have, be it outside the bond of marriage, sexual relations with them. (Under National Socialist rule, abortion was, in the case of a pure-blooded Aryan child, looked upon as murder and severely punished, while the yet unborn product of a shameful union was — and rightly so, — to be destroyed. And a German who, *before* the Nüremberg Laws, had taken a Jewess to wife, was either to divorce her or to have her sterilised.) But, as Hans Grimm says, “these regulations had nothing to do with a malignant Anti-Semitism.”¹ They applied, in fact, not only to Jews, but to all people of non-Aryan race, as the systematic sterilisation of the half-German half-Negro children, shameful traces of the occupation of Germany by African mercenaries after the first World War, goes to prove. And the Jews should have been the last people on earth to criticise the new laws, they who, contrarily to so many better races, have remained faithful to their tribal God, Jehovah, who — like all tribal gods of all lands and of

¹ Hans Grimm, *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?* (edit. 1954), p. 188.

all times — is said to hold blood-mixture in abomination;¹ they who were, themselves, in 1953, to forbid by law, in the State of Israel, marriages between Jews and non-Jews.²

And yet... The wise “Nüremberg Laws” were, whenever possible, presented in the whole world as an attempt to “curtail the freedom of the individual” — as an “insult to the human person,” etc.; the dismissal of Jewish or half-Jewish Government clerks and Government officials, journalists, actors, theatre-managers, judges, doctors, professors, etc. — specially that of Albert Einstein, whose “Relativity Theory,” “explained” to lay people in thousands of cheap booklets, was said to be the marvel of our times — as acts of wild racial hatred, which they were *not*. A couple of German songs, admittedly anti-Jewish, but by no means *more* bloodthirsty than certain Greek songs I know against the Turks or against the Bulgarians (or Turkish songs against the Greeks) or than the well-known French national anthem “La Marseillaise,” or any war-songs of this planet, were translated into number of languages and repeatedly quoted as “proofs” of the “murderous spirit” of National Socialism. Even the suppression of “*kosher*” slaughter-houses, — that standing Jewish horror — was often criticised as an “attack against religious freedom” — criticised, nay, by many of those who looked upon the suppression of the old Indian *Sati* rite by the British, as a laudible step. Societies composed *not* of Jews, but of well-meaning Aryans under the double misguiding influence of their contemporary Jew-ridden press and of centuries of a man-centred religion, rooted in Judaism, sprang up here and there, with the definite purpose of saving the world’s soul from Adolf Hitler’s grip — in fact, of preventing Adolf Hitler from saving Aryan man, body and soul, in all countries, from the ever-tightening grip of international Jewry. One of these societies, — the “Friends of Europe” — published in booklet form, in or about 1935, series of extracts of the works of National Socialist writers, with comments showing that Adolf Hitler’s *Weltanschauung* is a denial of the fundamental scale of values which Europe has accepted

¹ See the Old Testament, Ezra, Chap. 9.

² The actual Jews of Cochin on the Malabar Coast do not marry their correlative of local blood, the so-called “black Jews.”

along with the Christian faith (which indeed it is). The Jews and their “millions of non-Jewish friends” did not, however, lay stress upon this fact in order to save Christian love (which, being “above Time,” cannot be threatened) or historical Christianity (which has played its part, and is dying out, anyhow — or gradually merging into its natural and logical earthly successor: Marxism) but merely with a view to hindering by any means the healthy (when tardy) reaction of the better West against the Forces of decay, — the ruling Forces of the Dark Age and originators both of the old and of the new form of the everlasting Jewish lie.

* * *

In the East, the Jews had to be more subtle. Christianity is, there, less popular, And there are countries such as India in which a life-centred scale of values is (theoretically at least) the fundamental one — nay (in India’s own instance) where a deep-seated belief in the natural hierarchy of races and in the God-ordained superiority of the Aryan is the belief of millenniums, backed by the unshakable metaphysical dogma of endless re-birth.

I think it is not superfluous to say, here, a few words about what was destined, in my humble estimation, to have a decisive bearing upon the turn events were to take in subsequent years, namely, about the part played in India by the Jews and their friends during the years before the Second World War.

Most of those Jews from Germany who, in Bombay, as a rule *after* 1933, but still — strange as this may seem, — *with all their possessions*, poured out of the first class cabins of the great liners, had little knowledge of the history and religions of Asia in general or of India in particular, and little desire to bother to acquaint themselves with either. The mysterious sub-continent of many races, upon which they had landed, then under British rule, looked anyhow too miserable and powerless to be worth winning over as an ally in Untermeyer’s “holy war” against the Third German Reich. Its half starving millions could not possibly have an opinion about anything outside their own daily struggle for life, least of all about distant nations’ problems. And in

admitting they could have, that opinion did not count, for they were poor. But there were rich and influential Europeans, and a few rich Indians, too, in whose hands lay the economy of the dumb sub-continent. The Europeans,

mostly Englishmen (or Scotchmen) were white, wore European clothes, lived in fine houses, had clubs of their own into which Indians were not admitted, played golf — or bridge — and read newspapers in their spare time. The Jews from Germany were also white (more or less) and were dressed in European clothes and could afford to live in fine houses. And, curiously enough, those proud English merchants and Civil Service officials, who kept aloof from the Indians, — who looked upon them as “coloured people” even when they happened to be of Aryan blood and no darker than many an Italian — were not unwilling to welcome as “Europeans,” despite the obviously non-Aryan features most of them had, rich men and women of fair or tolerably fair complexion, who had been “German citizens” till 1933. The cotton and jute bosses, members of Clubs “for Europeans only,” and the officials themselves, had little interest in racial characteristics deeper and more significant than “white” or “coloured.” The spirit of the great Aryan revolution that was taking place in Europe against all undue acts of “naturalisation” was totally foreign to them. Had they not already welcomed rich English-speaking Armenian residents of India — “British subjects” — as fit to enter that exclusive society — that tropical Europe — which they formed? And not only Armenians, but also rich English-speaking Jews, some of whom belonged to that titled nobility of money which is, in Great Britain, slowly displacing the old nobility of warrior-like merit!¹ (Well, Queen Victoria had set the example in granting such favour to Disraeli, hadn't she?) ‘Then why not also welcome those “persecuted” Jews, who had come — first class! — all the way from Germany, to tell them that Adolf Hitler’s repeated expressions of admiration for the British Empire as an achievement of the Nordic genius, and his regard for England, and his desire to live in peace with her, nay, to have her as his most trusted ally, were all *quatsch* — a mere trick to gain time

¹ Example: *Sir* David Ezra, resident of Calcutta; and *Lord* Reading, at one time viceroy of India.

and that his aim was “world domination” at England’s expense? The cotton and, jute bosses — simple souls, with a very poor historical background, despite all their show of pride and power, — believed the Jewish bankers and night-club owners who spoke of “England’s interest” in the same tone as Winston Churchill and Sir Robert Vansittart, and who interrupted the boredom of tropical Europe with juicy descriptions of “Nazi tyranny.” They never bothered to find out whether the descriptions were true to fact or not. In tropical Europe, one is lazy... outside business hours; too lazy to think, let alone to criticise...

Soon the new-comers — every month more numerous — got in touch with other rich Jews, residents of India, who knew more than they did about the country, and started planning with them the best contribution they could bring the “holy war.” And articles expressing doubts about Adolf Hitler’s sincerity in his dealings with England; articles accusing him of “aggression” every time some German land, which had been set under foreign administration by the Versailles Treaty, gladly *and peacefully* returned to the Reich; articles presenting him more and more openly as *the* enemy, appeared in the Calcutta “Statesman” and other papers in English language for British and Anglo-Indian readers.

But that is not all. The islands of tropical Europe in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, never were India. On the contrary, there was a permanent tension between India and them who embodied foreign rule and (which was much worse) a way of life shocking, from the standpoint of a Hindu, in many of its aspects. In case of war between England and the Third Reich — and nobody knew better than the Jews that war would one day break out: they were themselves preparing it — India would (should, logically) stand against England, that is to say on Germany’s side. The problem for the Jews was to have English (and Anglo-Indian, — tropical European,) opinion on their side, without, for all that, setting India herself automatically against them. (There *were* Jews who knew better than to underestimate the weight the Hindu millions could throw into the scale of fate.)

It would have remained an unsolvable problem, had it not been for two facts: first, India’s own, age-old reaction against Aryan influence — probably as old as Aryan conquest

itself, and certainly detectable in all those ancient and modern Indian religions and teachings of “non-violence,” which either reject the caste system altogether or rob it of all racial significance; and, in addition to that, among the official and non official representatives of the Third Reich in India, a regrettable lack of insight into (and perhaps even an underestimation of) the *other* — the Aryan — side of Indian Tradition and the astounding possibilities that lay within it.

What I have just called “India’s own reaction against Aryan influence” is nothing else but that deep-rooted reluctance to any struggle “against Time,” which seems to underlie an enormous amount of Indian experience (and culture) throughout history. It is anything but aggressively, or even pe4tively, *anti-Aryan* — so little so, that some of the most perfect masters in whose lives, religious teachings or literary works it has found expression, were Aryans by blood: men of the warrior-like, princely caste — Kshatriyas, — such as the Buddha or Mahavira, or Brahmins, such as Chaitanya, or, in our times, the outstanding poet Rabindranath Tagore. It is just the attitude of men who live or aspire to live “above Time” either because this is the last resort of whoever carries logical thinking to its end *after having lost faith in this earth*, or because it is the spontaneous attitude of peace-loving and life-loving dreamers, or because it represents, for some sections of humanity, — as I believe it does for the extraordinarily sensitive and intuitive Dravidian race, whose masses have always exalted the saints and poets of non-violence, when not also of renunciation, — the sole natural alternative to purely sensual life “in Time.” But it is — and has always been, for the two and a half or three last millenniums at least, — by far the most popular in India, whatever may be the proper explanation for it from the standpoint of ethnology or psychology, or both. And it certainly is quite a different thing from that bold philosophy of action considered as “better than inaction,” and of serene but resolute acceptance of violence as a necessity of this earthly life in our Age, which appears to be the most substantial gift of the young Aryan race to the already old sub-continent, in Antiquity, and which is, no doubt, the *other side* of India’s classical Tradition.

This remarkable duality in India’s outlook on life and this tendency of the older mystical and moral attitude, congenial

to the enormous non-Aryan substratum of the Indian population, to gain more and more prominence at the expense of the other, has been masterfully exploited by the agents of the Dark forces in the course of centuries. The Jew's subtle action in certain influential Indian circles — in particular, in Indian Congress circles, — before and during the war, is merely the latest phase of that exploitation.

Much the same thing has happened, in practice, to the other-worldly, Indian philosophies and religions of nonviolence as, in the West, to the *original* Christian faith, that spiritual path for people who strive to live, like their Master, “above Time”: they have become, in this world of the Dark Age, an excuse for disregarding the Nature-ordained separation of races, for neglecting the duty of keeping one's blood pure, and, in addition to that — and far *more* so than Christianity in Europe, — for taking up an hypocritical attitude to violence. Buddhists and, later on (in Bengal at least) Vaishnavas, started despising not merely the letter but also the spirit of the caste system, in the name of universal love. And this old propensity gained new tempo already in the first half of the nineteenth century among the so-called “educated” Hindus, i.e., among certain Hindus who had undergone “Western,” or, to be more accurate, Judeo-Christian, influence, and in particular, (more often than one cares to believe) the influence of World Freemasonry. This most dangerous secret organisation of our Dark Age, controlled by Jews ever since the day Jews were admitted into it, was (as it still is) entirely devoted to the promotion of the one aim of international Jewry: the permanent and peaceful — economic and cultural — domination, of the Jew over a world robbed of all racial pride no less than of all desire to fight. It would be of great interest to note how many of the prominent leaders of the Brahma-Samaj and other such bodies of “reformed” Hindus, were, for the last hundred years and more, directly or indirectly connected with Freemasonry, or with the Rosicrucian Order, or any such other “spiritual” society of similar type, under philosophical (and financial) Jewish leadership.

In the second half of the same century, the Theosophical Society, an international body having (ultimately) the same secret aims and the same leadership as Freemasonry (to which an enormous proportion of its members are also affiliated), was

founded upon the double basis of an arbitrary, syncretic doctrine, *partly* of Indian origin, and presented as “occult,” and... of the belief in the equal rights of “all men” regardless, of race — the old Jewish lie for non-Jews. It has to this day its, head-quarters in India — in Adyar, near Madras, — and stands for a close collaboration between so-called “enlightened” Hindus and no less “enlightened” Westerners — Westerners supposed to understand “India’s message,” but who, in reality, interpret the Hindu Scriptures in the way the most suitable to the Society’s secret aims, and who, (whenever they can) have a say in Indian politics.¹ Like the Hindu “reformed” bodies, products of Judeo-Christian influence upon India’s *intelligenza*, it has done whatever it could to deny the importance of the idea of race in Hindu Tradition, to combat the interpretation of the word “Aryan” in the racial sense, wherever it is to be found in Hindu Writ, and to rob the teaching of Detached Violence — the Teaching of the Bhagavad-Gita — of its true scope; to give this sacred Book — against the spirit of India’s greatest hero both “above” and “against Time,” Lord Krishna, — such a “strictly symbolical” meaning as cannot justify that raw, material violence which the fighters “against Time” (be they also “above Time,” as all such *great* fighters necessarily are) need to display, to-day, near the end of the Age of Gloom. Well did the orthodox *and* really enlightened, racially-conscious and God-conscious Brahmin, Lokomanya Tilak, whose whole work bears witness to the unity of Eastern and Western Aryandom and to the power of Aryan genius, liken Dr. Annie Besant to the legendary female demon Putna, whose poisoned milk was intended to kill Krishna, the predestined Warrior and Teacher of detached Violence, when He was still a child.

The Theosophical Society itself may well have played but a secondary part in India (despite the public prayers its President, Dr. Arundale, was to offer there for the victory of the anti-Nazi forces, during the Second World War). But the spirit embodied in it and in the other so-called “spiritual” organisations which claim to do away with the God-ordained inequality both of men and of human races no less than with the law of violent Action, (now, in this Dark Age); in other

¹ Annie Besant, for years President of the Theosophical Society, was elected President of the Indian National Congress for 1917.

words, the spirit of all groups which deny or reject the perennial struggle “against Time” has corrupted to a great extent the conscious strata of the country. It has taught thousands of Hindus to lie to themselves and to the world, and to accept only such forms of the Struggle “against Time” as use moral violence as a weapon (calling it “non-violence,” as Mahatma Gandhi did — in fact, had to, for the sake of his success in contemporary India) and to hate any frank acknowledgement of the necessity of material violence in the service of the Cause of Life no less than any frank acknowledgement of the life-bound and life-ordained inequality of races and inequality of birthrights-including the so-called “right” of “all men” to live.

In the end, no doubt, the divine Child — the growing Forces of Light and Life, will, like in the Hindu legend, kill the poisonous demoness of untruth. But in the meantime, the poison has gone very far. It has, slowly but steadily, set *before hand* thousands of “educated Hindus” against any living — contemporary — Incarnation of Him Who comes, back, over and over again, to fight the forces of decay and death and to “establish on earth the reign of Righteousness,” through openly accepted Dark Age methods — the only expedient ones in the times in which we live. It has prepared them to swallow the clever moral and cultural Jewish propaganda of the years before 1939 and all the lies of the following moral and political campaign against National Socialism and the Third German Reich, to this day. It has enabled the Jews to win over to their cause, before, during, and after the war, thought-forces and will-forces which would, otherwise, have worked in support of the Aryan awakening in the West, or at least remained neutral.

The Jews from Germany who, already before the war, were beginning to gain credit amidst certain groups of Hindus, were not the same ones as those who met the rich Europeans — and pro-British Armenians, and Jewish residents of India, all termed as “British” — in clubs and at bridge parties. They had less money. Some (so, at least, they said) had even no money at all, and begged the kind-hearted Hindus to help them to get work, if possible in their own line. They had “lost everything” — lost, at any rate, their former right to carry on their job as doctors, lawyers, actors, professors or journalists in the once so tolerant “Land of thinkers and poets” which

had, through the victory of National Socialism, suddenly become a vast soldiers' camp where nothing was to be heard save the regular stamping of jack-boots and the awe-inspiring repercussion of war-songs; where there surely was no longer any place for their refined intellectuality or their sensitive care for "mankind." They were "persecuted" — or said they were, — even more so than the other Jews. And, in contrast to these, most of them were "learned," when not erudite, — or pretended to be; — had, at least some summary knowledge of Indian philosophy and Indian customs, of which they drew the utmost advantage. They were to be found in places in which one was the most likely to come in touch with "educated" or, which is more, influential Hindus: Hindus, on one hand broad-minded enough to welcome the friendship (and admiration) of Indianised foreigners, on the other sufficiently Tradition-bound to be regarded, by a few people or by many, as true champions of Hinduism: — places such as Adyar, Shantiniketan, or Sabarmati (and later, Sevagram) Gandhi's abode. Some of them visited the three and stayed there for a fairly long time, establishing further connections for themselves or for their friends. (One — Margaret Spiegel, alias Amala Bhen — spent two years at Gandhi's feet, clumsily spinning cotton yarn, thoroughly learning Gujarati, and telling people every time she could what a flat denial of the Mahatma's doctrine Adolf Hitler's new Germany was, and then, — in 1935 — came to Shantiniketan to infuse further hatred of National Socialism into the students whose "German teacher" she was, and ended up as a professor in the Elphinston College in Bombay.) Others would just secure themselves comfortably settled Hindu husbands or — in the case they were men, — became "holy men" Buddhist monks, Vaishnava devotees, harmless and solitary Theosophists committed to the "Hindu way of life," aspiring after nothing but "spirituality." Jewish females who lacked sex-appeal also turned holy, or charitable — or both. They offered their loving zeal (and technical efficiency, whenever they had any) to Hindu organisations connected with social belief, and became popular as friends of the poor, comforters of the sick, foster-mothers and teachers of orphans — angels of pity! The orphans belonging to the most far-apart castes would naturally be brought up to eat and work and play together, against the custom of orthodox Hindus, but in accordance

with the views of “reformed” Hindu leaders. And it was secretly hoped that some of them — as many as possible — would one day also marry against the time-honoured custom and the old aspiration towards blood-purity thanks to which there are, six thousand years after the Aryan settlements of Vedic days, still Aryans in India. The bitterest enemies of the modern Aryan faith would undo what the Vedic Aryans had done; destroy, to the extent they could, the stamp of Aryan rule in Asia.

Thus, in the distant Indian sub-continent, — which should, logically, have been a bastion of the Aryan forces *against* the machinations of both — the less rich Jews played as important a part as their apparently more influential racial brothers. Silently, — humbly, one could say, — but relentlessly, they were contributing to the formation of that bastardised world in which the consciousness of the “dignity of man” is expected to replace former racial pride; they were dragging whatever they could of India’s better substance into that world. And they were making themselves popular among the Hindus — at least among certain Hindus — because they helped them (or seemed to help them) and because they flattered them. And when, from 1933 and specially from 1935 onwards, — thanks to the Jewish press and literature and to, the efforts of Mr. Untermeyer’s “millions of non-Jewish friends” — (Free Masons and such ones) — it became, from one end of the earthly sphere to the other, more and more obvious that Adolf Hitler was “persecuting the Jews,” many Hindus *among those who had a say in India’s affairs* were at once prepared to look upon him if not — yet — as “a monster,” at any rate as a dangerous tyrant Jews! — such good and kind people as “Amala Bhen,” Gandhi’s devoted disciple, whose photo at the side of the prophet of non-violence every newspaper-reader had seen; or as Miss Gomparsst, the efficient social worker of the Bengal Relief Association, who was (and, as far as I know, still is) running a children’s home and a dispensary amidst the slums of North Calcutta; or as that fair-complexioned monk, Govinda, who wrote learned articles about Buddhist metaphysics and could be seen walking through the lawns of Shantiniketan in yellow robes, under, an impressive Burmese parasol!... or as those sympathetic sari-wearing “mem-sahibs” who gave Hindu names to their half-Indian half-Hebrew children, and had taken to

Indian ways to such an extent that some of them had even become tolerable members of “joint families”!¹ Really, how could he! — how dared he! May be the British themselves were also tyrants (and which national-minded Indian looked upon them as anything else?). But surely they were right when calling the world — louder and louder — to “stop Hitler.”

Of course, all Hindus were not taken in by the Jews’ clever adaptability to Indian ways, by their real or supposed interest in “Indian philosophy” and by their comments upon new Germany. Millions, unable to read, and completely indifferent to the outside world, were never even aware of the anti-Nazi campaign of hatred. Some saw through it and despised it. One at least — a worthy Brahmin little known to the public at large, yet one of the finest characters of modern Aryavarta, Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji — fought against it “with tooth and claw” from the start, through the fortnightly magazine “The New Mercury” which he published in Calcutta from 1935 to 1937 (in collaboration with the German Consulate), and was, later on, — throughout *and after* the war, *to this day* — to prove his unflinching loyalty to the Aryan cause. Others, simple folk lacking such political consciousness, and often illiterate, yet *felt* that the inspired Western ruler whom so many *sahebs* seemed to hate was the one ruler in the world who professed *and lived* the doctrine of Detached Action preached in the Bhagavad-Gita. And they admired him. They related that he had come to replace the Bible by that most hallowed Book of Aryan Wisdom, among the Aryans of the West. But they were powerless, the lot of them. Powerless, while isolated; disconnected from the revolutionary forces of Life at work in the West. The support given to “The New Mercury” represented practically the only tangible attempt ever made by the authorities of the Third Reich to collaborate *on the ideological plane* with the racially-conscious Aryan minority of India. And I do not know a single European National Socialist, besides myself, who made it a point to beat the Jews on their own ground and to try to win over India — *including* non-Aryan India — to the Pan-Aryan

¹ A “joint family” is, in India, a family in which several brothers all live together — under the same roof — with their parents, wives and children.

cause, preaching the modern philosophy of the Swastika — the unity of Life, *within diversity*; the divine hierarchy of races; the ideal of blood-purity and the selfless struggle for the creation of a higher mankind; Adolf Hitler's wisdom *and that* of the ancient Aryan Conquerors of Aryavarta — in Indian dress, in Indian languages, and from the standpoint of Indian Tradition; presenting his or her effort as the will to free *India* from, the influence of the anti-racialist doctrines of equality: misrepresented Christianity and Islam; and Marxism (all three, in fact, more or less deeply rooted in Jewish thought.)

* * *

The international, ubiquitous Jew did not restrict his far-sighted propaganda to the Hindus. He carried it on among Mohammedans also — despite the old hostility between Hindus and Mohammedans (which was no concern of his) and, which is more, despite the permanent tension between Arabs and Jews in and around Palestine ever since the famous Balfour Declaration, and the natural sympathy of every follower of the Prophet for the Arabs. He carried it on — in a different way, and with increasing help from his friends the Marxists — among the Chinese and Annamites and other people of the yellow race; among Filipinos and Malays, and “educated” Negroes and half-Negroes. He carried it on everywhere, and always concentrated his efforts upon the proper men, i.e., upon those who were, at the same time, sufficiently gullible to take for granted whatever they were told about the Third German Reich and its “racial hatred,” and sufficiently influential for others to hold whatever opinion *they* might express, for the right one. The slogan of “humanity” and of the “rights of man” — the old slogan of the French Revolution — acted as a spell. With its help, the Jew overcame all difficulties, rousing, out of light-hearted indifference, feelings of aggressive indignation which verged more and more on crusaders' zeal. The little one did to counteract his game (when one did anything at all) remained without a lasting effect.

The visit of a few prominent members of the National Socialist Party, headed by the leader of the Hitler Youth, Baldur von Shirack himself, to Damascus, in 1937, was (to mention that one instance) but a partial success. It disturbed for a few days the peace of mind of the French High Commissioner

in Syria, who was no Nazi, and who tolerated the honourable guests more than he welcomed them. And it was the occasion of valuable personal contact with several Arab personalities, some of whom were to help Germany during and, maybe, also after the war, none of whom was, however, powerful enough to throw the weight of the whole Moslem world on Adolf Hitler's side, — a difficult task from the standpoint of Islam, admittedly, for how can, after all, believers in even a warrior-like faith which *any man* can join, wholeheartedly stand for Aryan racialism (or for *any* racialism, by the way?). The utmost which the sincerest anti-Jewish Arab — including the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem — could do, was to be Germany's *political* ally against the Jews. And he was, thereby — in spite of the difference of race — perhaps a step nearer German National Socialism than even the well-known Indian nationalist Subhas Chandra Bose or any of Adolf Hitler's other political allies against *England* ever were to be.¹ But those thousands of well-meaning but ill-informed Hindus, Mohammedans, Chinese, Indo-Chinese, Malays, literate Central Asian steppe-dwellers and “educated” Africans, who were impressed by the cheap anti-colonialism, preached to them in the name of the “rights of man” by the international Jew and his friends (specially the Marxists) and who, on the ground of clever misquotations from and misinterpretations of “Mein Kampf,” held National Socialism to be a new form of “abominable imperialism,” were, — unfortunately — more solidly bound to the sinister anti-Nazi forces, than any of the non-Aryan (nay, than many of the Aryan) friends of new Germany to the forces of Light and Life. And, I repeat, nothing or practically nothing was done, to my knowledge, on the part of the official representatives of the Third Reich, or through the private initiative of full-fledged European followers of Adolf Hitler (with one individual exception) to win over those millions of dull, perhaps, but nevertheless existing, and therefore — in the Invisible realm — to some extent effective human centres of psychic energy and willpower. (*Now*, in the one or two European papers that stand for the real interests of Aryandom, and in the catacomb gatherings of the German National Socialists of 1955 — the

¹ An agreement between Adolf Hitler and England against Russia, at the eleventh hour, would have sufficed to detach from his alliance those Indians who were merely anti-British without being Aryan-conscious.

genuine ones, who stood the test of defeat — it is for the first time openly proclaimed that colonialism in its old accepted form is incompatible with a true “ethnic” — *völkisch* — attitude to, life and to politics. *Then*, — twenty years ago, and more, — I was myself, in India, as far as I know, the only European. National Socialist who stressed that truth, and pointed out, in Adolf Hitler’s *ideological* pact with Japan,¹ the first step towards the collaboration of the racially-conscious aristocracy of Aryandom *and that of the noblest, non-Aryan races* in the new world that was taking shape under the sign of the Swastika.)

Among the nations of the yellow race, Japan, protected by her immemorial Shinto philosophy — the East Asiatic equivalent of the National Socialist cult of Blood and Soil — and by Toyoma’s silent but far-sighted and far-reaching activity, was, in fact, the only one to escape the infection of anti-Nazi propaganda more or less entirely. Japan remains, however, a non-Aryan nation. Her ideological sympathy for that Aryan way of life which a Japanese was, in 1941, so accurately to characterise as “Western Shintoism,” did not bind her to Germany in the manner England *could have felt herself bound*, had she only been able to shake herself free from the influence of Sir Eyre Crowe, Sir Robert Vansittart and Winston Churchill etc., *and* from that of those hundreds of rich Jews from Germany who positively “invaded” London and all the large British towns from 1933 to 1939. Japan went her own way — even though she had, on the 25th of November, 1936, signed the Anti-Komintern Pact; even though she was, later on, — on the 27th September, 1940 — to sign an actual Treaty of friendship with Adolf Hitler. Precious as it was, her alliance stood merely as a “second best” after the long-desired “English alliance” had — thanks to the atmosphere created in England and practically all over the world by the Jews and their friends, — revealed itself as a psychological impossibility.

Germany’s other partner, Fascist Italy, was unreliable, as further history was so tragically to prove. And the Dark forces “in Time” — the self-same ones as are embodied in international Jewry — were there, in spite of Fascism, tremendously active through the Catholic Church: that twin-sister of Freemasonry

¹ The Anti-Komintern Pact, signed in 1936.

(shocking as these words may sound to pious Catholics, and contrary as they may be to all *public* statements, both of the Catholic leaders and of the Masters of the Lodges, concerning the separation of the two organisations, nay, their mutual hostility). The one powerful man in Rome with whose unfailing collaboration Adolf Hitler could reckon absolutely — Mussolini, his personal friend, — was not Fascist Italy; and was, *in fact*, less powerful than he looked. And Fascism itself was not National Socialism, contrarily to what so many haters of both seem to think. It was a political — and economical — system; not a more-than-political creed; and it inspired a Movement of practical and immediate — of *time-bound* — significance, not one of cosmic scope. It did not lay stress upon the all-important idea of race and the ideal of racial purity as National Socialism does.

In other words, notwithstanding the Anti-Komintern Pact and her further bond with Italy and Japan, National Socialist Germany was practically alone; alone at least in the invisible realm of quality and purpose — of aspiration and willpower and meaning; in that realm of “energy” in which material happenings are mysteriously but mathematically — unavoidably — determined; the only Aryan power as conscious of its natural mission as the leading agents of the Dark forces — the Jews — were (and are) of theirs; the only Aryan State “against Time.” More so: the Führer and, I would not say “the men of his entourage” (for there were, among these, persons of different shades of National Socialist orthodoxy and also of different degrees of loyalty), but “his true disciples” (whether they were to be found in his immediate entourage or elsewhere) were alone: *a minority in Germany itself*, despite Adolf Hitler’s immense popularity, and, in the world at large, an unbelievably small number of dedicated revolutionaries, at arms against both the obvious *and the deeper* characteristics of this end-period of the Dark Age.

The Jews had, on the other hand, — thanks to the untruth into which the West and the East have been sinking for centuries; thanks to that silly superstition of “man” which has everywhere replaced healthy reverence of the Divine as manifested within all life but specially within the “hero like unto the Gods” — the whole world more or less on their side; “passively” on their side, when not “actively.” The Christian Churches *and*

anticlerical Freemasonry; the Communists *and* all those who still stand for bourgeois Capitalism; the gullible pacifists *and* the cleverest of all war-mongers; all internationalists and all anti-German (or anti-European) short-sighted nationalists were gradually to coalesce with them, in the name of “humanity,” against the more-than-human Wisdom embodied in the revolutionary State “against Time.”

This astounding success of the Dark Forces was due — partly, — no doubt, to the suppleness of their agents who, like Paul of Tarsus — one of the most remarkable of them in world history, — acted “as Greeks with the Greeks and as Jews with the Jews.” (One should give the devil his due and admit that he — the Lord of the sinister Powers — is a businessman of genius, and that his children take after him!) The main and deeper cause of their victory lies however in the fact that, in this last period of the Dark Age, this world *belongs* more and more irredeemably to the forces of deceit; in the fact that this is *their time par excellence* — to which the *last* Man “against Time (Whom the Hindus call “Kalki”) can alone put an end — and their domain, slowly conquered through lies and trickery in the course of millenniums; *their domain*, which Kalki alone can win back to the Powers of Light and Life; and that Adolf Hitler was not “Kalki”; — not “the” one; the *last* one. He knew it, being, however, the one-before-the-last Embodiment of Him Who comes back. And he admitted it in his own way, as early at least as 1928, in that significant conversation of his with Hans Grimm, which I have already mentioned.

* * *

In November 1938, i.e., after the Munich Agreement, and before the developments that were to lead to the Second World War, Oswald Pirow, then Defence Minister of the South African Union, paid a visit, on behalf of General Smuts, both to Chamberlain and to Adolf Hitler. He was to mediate in order to bring about a lasting understanding between England and Germany. In the report which he published, in 1951, about his undertaking, under the title “Was the Second World War unavoidable?”, one reads these most enlightening sentences “Already through my first conversation with Chamberlain it became clear to me why the two governments did not understand each other. It was not lack of good will on the part of

Chamberlain: the latter had made his whole future political career dependent upon an understanding with Germany, and he was ready to make great concessions to that end. *But, between Chamberlain's good will and positive reality, stood, as firm as a rock, the Jewish question.* The British Prime Minister had to reckon with a party — his own Conservative Party — and specially with a public that world-wide Jewish propaganda had influenced to the utmost. Unless this agitation could be cooled down, concessions to Germany were unthinkable for Chamberlain” ... “The factors which stood against Chamberlain's peace policy were: *the world-wide propaganda of the Jews, bitter beyond all measure*; the political selfishness of Churchill and of his followers, the half-Communist tendencies of the Labour Party, and the war-mongery of the British chauvinists, encouraged by German traitors. In November 1938, this remarkable coalition had not yet succeeded in shattering Chamberlain's political position, as it was to later on. But it had convinced the British public that Adolf Hitler was the greatest persecutor of man of all times, and that any pactising with him could only lead to further humiliation.”¹

And, I repeat — for this can never be, now-a-days, sufficiently stressed, up till then, *the Jews in the Third Reich had not been persecuted.* Eugen Kogon himself, — that fanatical hater of National Socialism if there ever was one, admits, in the virulent book — “The S.S. State” — which he published in 1946 against the Hitler regime, that up to November 1938 there had only been “individual instances” of molestation of Jews within new Germany. And, which is more, Adolf Hitler had no intention whatsoever of “persecuting” — let alone of “exterminating” — the nefarious foreigners whom he knew to be the agents of Germany's defeat in 1918 and the deadliest enemies of her people and of Aryan mankind as a whole. He had — unfortunately! — allowed thousands of them to leave the country *with all their property.* And he was prepared to arrange for them *all* to go, taking with them that much of their money as could suddenly be withdrawn from Germany without tragic consequences for German economy.¹ He was

¹ Oswald Pirow, “Was the Second World War unavoidable?” (quoted by H. Grimm, in “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” p. 192).

² Jewish property in Germany was estimated a thousand million pounds.

not unaware of the mischief they could work against Germany, once abroad. The world-wide propaganda which those of them who had already emigrated were financing, was too obvious for him not to have known of it. But he was generous. And he believed in the loyalty of his own people, whom he loved. And he trusted the strength of that splendid German youth that was growing under his eyes, full of faith in him and in his eternal ideals; full of the will to live as a dedicated élite in the service of the latter, and ready to die, if necessary, so that new Germany might live. He knew that, *provided* they stood like one man behind him, and stuck to his principles, the German people had nothing to fear from the outer world. He did not know how many influential traitors of German blood were already in the service of the Dark forces, — against him, and against their own people, — nor how far Jewish influence was at work, secretly, subtly, (and all the more efficiently) through the occult bodies that he had forbidden (Freemasonry and all societies affiliated to it) *and* through the Christian Churches, in Germany herself. His constructive plans — in the biological, social, economic and cultural, not to say also religious, spheres — which could indeed only lead to the invincibility of the German Reich, *needed time* to be carried out. The eternal truths he preached (after one and a half thousand years of false doctrine) *needed time* to become once more, first among the Germans, and then among all people of Nordic blood, undisputed, self-evident articles of popular faith.... The Dark Forces were determined anyhow not to leave Adolf Hitler time — nor peace. Working from all sides, they did their best to make a permanent understanding between England and Germany impossible, in particular, to prevent all further personal contact between Adolf Hitler and Neville Chamberlain: the one development which, according to Oswald Pirow, *might have*, still at the eleventh hour, changed the whole atmosphere (and that, too, provided Chamberlain managed to remain in power.) It looked, for a time, as though they would, in spite of all, *not* succeed. Then, suddenly, an apparently unexpected — in fact, cleverly prepared — incident came to their rescue: an attaché of the German Legation in Paris, von Rath, was, on the 7th of November, 1938, for no accountable reason at all, murdered by a Jew.

This was not the first act of provocation on the part of the sworn enemies of the Third Reich as the leading power of regenerate Aryandom. Some time before, Gustlow, *Landesleiter* of the N.S.D.A.P. in Switzerland, had also fallen the victim of a Jewish murderer. And there were the daily insults of the Jewish press of the whole world, against all that the Germans held sacred. And there was Untermeyer's formal declaration of war — on mendacious grounds — already in August 1933. This was but "the last straw" which "broke the camel's back." Up till then, the many and varied — louder and louder — expressions of Jewish hostility to Germany had, save for a few bloodcurdling articles (and eloquent caricatures) in "*Der Stürmer*," remained without an answer. *This* provocation roused, throughout the Third Reich, an uproar of indignation, taking advantage of which some of the most impulsive among the leaders of the National Socialist fighting formations organised, in the night of the 8th to the 9th of November, under the direction of no lesser a man than Dr. Goebbels, what is known as the "Kristallnacht": breaking up of Jewish shops, burning down of synagogues, with all the rough handling of individual Jews that one can imagine; from evening to dawn, all over Germany, a proper orgy of Jew-baiting. The next day, the Führer burst out in righteous indignation at the news of this useless and anything but detached violence, the repercussion of which he could well foresee. I have already¹ quoted the words he addressed Dr. Goebbels: "You people have thrust back National Socialism and spoilt my work for many years, when not for good, through this nonsense!"

His unmitigated disapproval of the pogrom did not, however, hinder or lessen the explosion of hatred which the news of it provoked in the whole world. It was surely not the first time in history that the murder of a man — in fact, of two men, — in high position, at the hands of a foreigner, had become the occasion of tough reprisals against the murderer's compatriots.² Up till then, unconcerned nations had generally kept aloof from such affairs. But this time, the murderer's compatriots were Jews. And in this Jew-ridden world of the

¹ See above, p. 226.

² For example, the scenes of violence that took place in Lyons against Italians, after an Italian, Caserio, had murdered Carnot, President of the French Republic, in 1905.

end of the Dark Age, whatever is done to Jews is the whole world's business. Not only did *the Jews* literally “foam with rage” (to quote O. Pirow's words), but the newspaper-reading population of the most varied lands reacted as though the most horrible event within ten thousand years had just taken place under their eyes. In England and in U.S.A. “public opinion” — so important, in Democracies! — flared up in an anti-Nazi outcry and thundered against all collaboration with the Third German Reich — that exponent of “barbarism” in the midst of our “civilised” century! The British Ambassador in Berlin was called back “to report about the happenings.” Chamberlain's position was shattered, the days of his political career, numbered. Oswald Pirow's official mission to Berlin as a mediator was now out of question. And the *unofficial* journey which he undertook there — in agreement with Chamberlain, in spite of all, — was before hand stamped with the sign of failure. By the time Oswald Pirow came back to London to tell the British Premier of Adolf Hitler's unaltered good will, and readiness to treat with England, “Chamberlain's position had become so difficult that he dared not take the initiative of approaching Hitler.”¹ The two men, whose collaboration could, according to Oswald Pirow, “have saved Europe” were never to see each other again. On the other hand, the American ambassador in Berlin was recalled on the 13th of November, 1938, and diplomatic relations between U.S.A. and Germany, suspended. The Second World War, — for which, as we shall see, the U.S.A. bear the responsibility at least as much as England herself, if not even more — was now unavoidable. Maybe, it was not yet clear which local conflict would become the occasion and *the pretext* of it. But it was already certain that nothing could prevent it.

* * *

An exceptionally prominent freemason,² Franklin Roosevelt, had been elected President of the U.S.A. in January 1933, i.e. at the time of Adolf Hitler's rise to power. With him, the hidden agents of world Jewry, — and, behind them, the everlasting

¹ Oswald Pirow, “Was the Second World War unavoidable?”

² He had reached the “32nd degree” of initiation — the very highest which any man who is not of Jewish blood can reach in that world brotherhood.

lasting Dark Forces “in Time” — the self-same ones that were already building up, in Russia and beyond Russia, Marxist Eurasia, — took over the government of the United States of America.

Knowing this, it is interesting to follow from the start the signs of increasing hostility which the U.S.A. showed National Socialist Germany: at first, mere acts of unfriendliness — full support of the French standpoint against the German, in every Disarmament Conference; and the dispatch of a notorious hater of Germany, William Dodd, to Berlin, as American Ambassador — then, on the 5th of April 1937, Roosevelt’s well-known “Quarantine” speech in Chicago against the “aggressive” authoritarian States: Japan, Italy, Germany, but not Soviet Russia; then, in early 1938, his plea for intensified armament (to “defend the world” against an eventual “return to barbarism,” as the American newspapers stressed); then, the break of diplomatic relations which I have mentioned, and the feverish activity of both the American Ambassadors in London and in Paris in order to bring about war between England (with France at her side) and the Third Reich — war at any cost; war before National Socialism (cosmic Wisdom applied to modern political and more-than-political problems) had time to make the Third Reich invulnerable.

“In the U.S.A. powerful forces had been at work for a long time, urging the country to wage war on Germany,” writes J. von Ribbentrop in his Memoirs.¹ And he shows, as plainly and clearly as can be, from official documents seized by the Germans in Warsaw and in Paris, — in particular, from the reports full of “very enlightening details” dispatched by the Polish Ambassador in Washington, Count Jerzy Potocki, to his Government, — that, as early as spring 1939, President Roosevelt had already, to a great extent, completed his preparations in view of America’s participation in a coming war against Germany² and that he had decided “not to take part in the war from the start but *to bring it to an end, after England and France would have begun it.*”³ William C. Bullitt, the U.S.A. Ambassador in Paris and his London

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 165.

² J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 165-166.

³ Report of the 16th Jan. 1939 (from Count Jerzy Potocki). Report 1-F-10, Feb. 1939 (from Lukasiewicz, Polish Ambassador in Paris).

colleague, Joe Kennedy, were instructed to exert pressure upon both Governments (the French and the British) and to insist that they “put an end to every policy of compromise with the totalitarian States and do not enter with them into any discussion aiming at territorial changes.”¹ They were, in addition, to give “the moral assurance that the U.S.A. had forsaken their isolation policy and were ready, in case of war, to stand actively on the side of England and France, putting all their money and raw materials at their disposal.”²

In the light of these and other no less eloquent and authoritative documents, one is, — irrespective of whatever attitude one might personally have towards National Socialism, — compelled to see in the European developments of the fated year 1939, the product of an actual world-conspiracy against National Socialist Germany. Every talk about “Hitler’s policy of aggression” is either a shameless, blatant lie or... silly women’s babble. Adolf Hitler remained, in his dealings with the outer world, after his rise to power, — before *and during* the war, as he had, during his struggle against the rotten Weimar Republic, “within legality unto the bitter end.” And his policy was one of active and sympathetic protection of *all real national communities*, i.e. of all ethnical communities, not one aiming at their destruction. And such leaders of non-German minority-groups as were sufficiently wise to understand that the Versailles Treaty was, through its scorn of ethnography, history and geography — its scorn of Nature itself — an insult to *their own* people’s dignity at the same time as a crime against Germany, readily beheld in the greatest of all Germans the supporter of every genuine, healthy nationalism. President Tiso appealed to him, in March 1939, to protect the new Slovakian State which had, on the 6th of October, 1938, proclaimed its independence from the Czechs. And a month earlier Professor Tuka, another Slovakian leader, had vehemently implored his help against the Government of Prague: “I lay my people’s fate into your hands, my Führer! My people await from you their complete liberation”³ (from Czechic rule). And, which is more, placed before *the fact*

¹ Report 3/SZ tjn 4 of the 16th Jan. 1939 (Count Jerzy Potocki).

² Same report 3/SZ tjn 4, of the 16th Jan. 1939, dispatched from the Polish Embassy in Washington.

³ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 148.

that the artificial Czechoslovakian State was breaking up *from within*, (though the sheer unwillingness of its elements to pull together), Hacha, its President, and Chwalkowsky, its foreign Minister, and the whole Czechic Government, which Hacha had consulted, were in agreement with Adolf Hitler's decision to declare "Bohemia and Moravia" a "Protectorate of the Reich" and to send German troops to occupy the land. "Not a word of protest was raised on behalf of the Czechs, and Hacha gave instructions that the German Army should be received with friendliness."¹

The only protest came, on the 18th of March, from Paris and from London — three days after Chamberlain had clearly declared before the Chamber of Commons that the happenings were in no way a violation of the Munich Agreement, and that Great Britain could anyhow not deem herself bound to defend the existence of a State which had *from within* broken to pieces. The British and French ambassadors were called back from Berlin "to report upon the situation." And in U.S.A. and in all countries vehement newspaper articles and radio comments stressed once more the necessity of "stopping Hitler" in the interest of the "free world." The sincere indignation of millions of people of all races was systematically roused and directed against the Third German Reich, bringing the world another step nearer the war which the Dark forces were preparing.

The long tension between Germany and Poland — another consequence of the nonsensical situation created by the Versailles Treaty, — was, ultimately, to lead to war. It could have come to an end through an honourable agreement. And Adolf Hitler had done everything within his power so that it might. The proposals he had made to Poland, through the Polish Ambassador Lipski, in view of an honest treaty of good neighbourhood, were not merely reasonable but generous. Admittedly, he had insisted that Danzig — that old German town — should be recognised as part and parcel of the German Reich. But he was, on the other hand, prepared to give up all claims upon the "corridor" linking Poland to the sea through German territory, provided an extra-territorial *autobahn*, and an extra-territorial railway of several lines, running through it, would assure the undisturbed connection of East Prussia

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 150.

with the rest of the Reich. And he offered the Poles an extra-territorial road and railway of their own, as well as a free port, in the Danzig region.¹ The one fact that stood in the way of further negotiations between him and the Polish Government (despite the failure of J. von Ribbentrop's mission to Warsaw in January 1939) was England's sudden "guarantee" of the integrity of the Polish frontiers as they had been fixed by the Versailles Treaty. From a report sent by Raczynski, the Polish Ambassador in London, to his Government, on the 29th of March 1939, and found in Warsaw by the Germans during the Poland campaign in the autumn of the same year, it is clear that England's promise of help in case of "attack" on Poland (i.e. England's promise to declare war on Germany — and to start a world war — if Germany were to occupy Danzig) "was given him, orally at any rate, as early as the 24th of March." On the 26th of March — two days later — Lipski, the Polish Ambassador in Berlin, handed over to J. von Ribbentrop a "Memorandum" in which he rejected in the name of his Government all the suggestions Germany had made concerning Danzig and the "corridor." "Any further attempt to bring the German plans to materialisation, and specially any further attempt to incorporate Danzig into the Reich, means war with Poland" declared he.² On the 6th of April, the Polish foreign Minister Beck signed in London, with England and France, a "temporary agreement" which was soon to be replaced by the permanent Pact which everyone remembers.

That Pact, directed against Germany alone and not against any other possible "aggressor" of Poland, was England's moral excuse, — and the German occupation of Danzig, the *occasion* England chose — for declaring the Second World War. In reality, however, as so many documents published after the war abundantly prove, England's "guarantee of the integrity of Poland's frontiers" had been dictated to her (as Poland's own stubbornness in the Danzig question, to

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 155-156.

Adolf Hitler's *final* proposals were that a plebiscite should take place in the "Corridor," and that the State that the population would not choose to belong to — be it Poland or Germany — would receive in compensation an extra-territorial *autobahn* and a railway through the contested area.

² J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 162.

Poland) by the pack of Jews and of slaves of Jewry which had been ruling the U.S.A. ever since Roosevelt's election to presidency.¹ It had no meaning and no purpose other than that of being the best thinkable pretext for a second World War against Germany. The real cause of the second World War was and remains the hatred of the Jews and of their "millions of non-Jewish friends" and willing or unwilling tools — the hatred of every simpleton who had been impressed by the Jewish lies — for the Man and for the State "against Time" who embodied the true Aryan spirit, and were the forerunners of a world-wide Aryan awakening.

* * *

The only thing Adolf Hitler could do in order to avoid the complete encircling of Germany was, indeed — in spite of the profound differences that had, from the beginning, opposed National Socialism and Marxism, — to turn to Russia. He had no choice.

Had it not been for England's nonsensical attitude towards him and his people — nay, for the actual madness which she had succeeded in breathing into political life, under the constant pressure of Roosevelt's agents, — it may be that he "would have fought Russia without any later conflict with England,"² as Joe Kennedy, the American Ambassador in London, himself seems to have believed. It *may be*, I say, for the young Reich needed space for its growing population; and also because there was no possible co-existence of true National Socialism and of its sharp and ruthless contrary, true Marxism, *for ever*.

As things stood, the Führer was compelled to accept that co-existence for the time being, so that he might try to hold back in 1939 that which was fated to take shape in 1941, namely: the formidable coalition of capitalism and Marxism (or rather, of the Jew-ridden Western plutocracies and of the also Jew-ridden Soviet State) against Germany, the fortress of National Socialism and the hope of awakening Aryandom. One may deplore the fact that he could not accept it or, at any rate, that it did not last, for a longer span of time: *no external force could have shattered the mighty bloc formed by*

¹ See Professor Charles Callan Tansill's "Back Door to War" (Chicago, 1952). Also "The Forrestal Diaries" (New York, 1951), p. 121.

² "The Forrestal Diaries" (New York, 1951), p. 121. Quoted by J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 168.

Germany, Soviet Russia, and Japan. Such a bloc, economically self-supporting, would have been invincible, had it not been bound to fall to pieces, sooner or later, from within; being the outcome of an unnatural alliance. It is a tragedy that its dislocation could not be postponed at least till after a definitive victorious end of the war with England (and then, probably, with U.S.A.) The fact that Stalin and Molotov were not Jews; nay, the fact that they were — perhaps — more *Russian* (and Pan-slavist, in the old sense of the word) than Marxist, made the signature of the Russo-German Pact of the 23rd of August 1939 possible. The fact that Jewish influence was as powerful (even when not always *as obvious*) in Russia as in England or in U.S.A. and that it exerted itself within Stalin's most immediate entourage, lies behind Russia's stubborn attitude with regard to territorial questions from the start, and explains her breaking of the Pact and all the marks of growing hostility that were to bring the Führer to declare war on his ally within less than two years. The Pact was, politically speaking, a wise act. It meant the realistic recognition of common interests despite widely diverging faiths. It had to be broken if the enemies of National Socialism were to win the war. And the Jew ultimately exploited Russia's old pan-slavistic tendency against the Third German Reich — apart from any *Weltanschauung*, — as cleverly as he had used British and French and Norwegian and Dutch misconceived and misguided patriotism against the same.

But in the meantime, as long as the unnatural but politically masterful alliance lasted, Adolf Hitler had only one enemy to fight, namely the Western brand of Anti-Nazism embodied in Jew-ridden England... for the unpleasant Polish affair was brilliantly settled within three weeks, and France brought to her knees within about six months.

* * *

This chapter is not a history of the Second World War, but merely a humble attempt at detecting and pointing out, in the light of *cosmic* evolution, the unseen but all-important — the real — factors behind the succession of events. Many of the facts themselves, purposely suppressed by the Allies at the time of the Nüremberg Trial, have, since then, been mentioned by soldiers and diplomats — Germans *and* others, — in

serious technical memoirs without a shadow of passion. All go to support the thesis I have already put forth, namely, the one that, far from being Adolf Hitler's "crime" or even, in any way the result of his policy, the Second World War is the outcome of a world-conspiracy of the Forces "*in Time,*" i.e. of the Dark Forces, against him and his Golden Age ideals; against his consistent effort to "establish on earth the reign of righteousness" with the methods of this Age of Gloom, i.e. to build a State, and, through that State, a world-order "*against Time.*"

It is now proved that Adolf Hitler's last desperate efforts to avoid war with Poland — his last and generous proposals, sent forth from all German wireless stations on the 31st of August 1939 at 21-15 o'clock, and known as the "Sixteen Points" — were made useless through a British declaration to the Warsaw Government, that England considered any further visit of the Polish Foreign Minister, Beck, to Berlin, — i.e. any further negotiations with Adolf Hitler, — as "undesirable."¹ It is now proved that Great Britain alone stood in the way of Mussolini's attempt to secure peace, be pit at the eleventh hour, through an international Conference, on the basis of a general revision of the Versailles Treaty, that primary source of the whole political tension.² It is now proved that Germany's occupation of Denmark on the 9th of April 1940, and that of Norway, were but temporary and *necessary* military measures forestalling and hindering the *previously planned* occupation of the same by British troops, and that, moreover, both Norway and Denmark had, *before the 9th of April*, given up their neutrality through the conclusion of secret agreements with England.³ It is proved that the so-called German "attack" on Holland and Belgium was no "attack" at all, but a sheer act of self-defence, considering that the two States had already resorted to "steps of a military nature" aimed at forwarding aid to England and France, which were at war with Germany. It is now proved that not a single military decision in the name of the Third Reich — not the German intervention in Greece, on the 27th of March 1941, to prevent a renewal of

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 200.

² J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 201.

³ J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 213.

the Allied tactics of 1915-1916; not even the “attack” on Russia, on the 22nd of June 1941, — was taken in a spirit of “aggression,” but that *all* were motivated (and justified) by previous and easily traceable marks of gratuitous hostility on the part of Germany’s alleged “victims.”

“God knows I have striven for peace!” declared the Führer before the German *Reichstag*, in that memorable speech of the 4th of May 1941, in which he left no doubts about the reasons that had compelled him to order the occupation of Greece. “God knows I have striven for peace! But when a Master Halifax sarcastically states that everyone agrees that I have, and boasts of the fact that we were forced into war as of *a special triumph of British statesmanship*, I can, in answer to such wickedness, do nothing else but protect the interests of the Reich by all means which are, thank God, at our disposal !”¹

Whatever may be the comments of propaganda in the service of the Dark forces, dispassionate history — nay, the merciless logic of life itself, which underlies that endless net of causes and consequences which history describes — will one day confirm these words of the one-before-the-last divine Man “against Time.” The everlasting Powers — the Shining Ones, Who worked through him, *and* the very Powers of Darkness and Death, the Powers “*in Time*,” whom he fought, knew that he was right; knew that the interest of his young Reich was and remains the interest of higher Creation. But, as I said before, practically the whole world was coaxed into believing him to be a deceiver and a tyrant. And not merely the sheepish average man, who does not think, and who takes all he reads in his morning paper for Gospel truth, but many an otherwise remarkable person, who should have known better, was taken in by the accusation of “wanton aggression” brought against Germany and the broader (and vaguer) accusation of “inhumanity” brought against the proud new Creed of the Swastika. Such an outstanding man as Gandhi, — a rare blending of business-like shrewdness and saintly aspirations, — declared at the outbreak of the war that his sympathy lay with England and Trance “from a purely humanitarian standpoint.” And in the resolution which the All-India Congress Committee

¹ Adolf Hitler’s Reichstag speech, 4th of May, 1941.

passed at Wardha, on the 8th of August 1942, insisting upon the withdrawal of British rule from India, it was stated that “*a free India would assure success in the struggle against Nazism, Fascism and Imperialism,*” and that “free India” (whose provisional Government was immediately to be formed, in case of non-compliance with the withdrawal demand) would “be an ally of the United Nations.” Buttressed by Gandhi’s moral authority, such declarations as these determined the attitude of millions of men towards Adolf Hitler and National Socialism. They wrought incalculable mischief.

The wonder is not that, less than five years after Adolf Hitler’s splendid *Leibstandarte* — glorious foreshadowing of the Golden Age mankind of his dreams, — had marched along the Avenue des Champs Elysées in conquered Paris, National Socialist Germany was forced to capitulate “unconditionally.” The wonder is that, facing practically alone the frenzied hatred of the whole earthly sphere, she resisted its assaults as long as she did. The wonder is that, in spite of the enemy’s open fury and secret machinations; in spite of the impact of the Red Army (as fanatically convinced of *its* “truth” as every German soldier of his); in spite of the traitors on the front and at home (*all* of them, from the anti-Nazi diplomats and generals and princes of the Church — the men of the 20th of July, and Dibelius, and von Gallen, Archbishop of Münster, and the sinister theologian Bohnenhöffer and all the leading Freemasons — down to the humblest simple squeamish old woman who was horrified at her grandson’s harshness towards the “poor Jews”); in spite of the two gigantic hostile power-blocs — the Communist world *and* the Capitalist world — closing in, tighter upon her, every day, National Socialist Germany did not capitulate *earlier*. The wonder is that her armies marched as far as they did into so many conquered lands; and that they and the German people kept their faith in Adolf Hitler till the end and — to a great extent — despite ten years of systematic “re-education,” *after* the end, to this very day.

* * *

Not only had Adolf Hitler done all he possibly could to avoid war, but he did everything he possibly could to stop it. Again and again — first, in October 1939, immediately after the victorious end of the Polish campaign; then, on the 22nd of

June 1940, immediately after the truce with defeated France — he held out his hand to England; not the hand of a supplicant, still less that of a man afraid, but that of a far-sighted and generous victor whose whole life was centred around a creative idea, whose programme was a constructive programme, and who had no quarrel with the misled blood-brothers of his own people, nay, who saw in them, despite their hatred of his name, his future friends and collaborators.

And nearly a month before his second peace offer to England, the Führer had already given the Nordic sister-nation a tangible sign of his generosity — nay, of his friendship, in spite of all, in the midst of the bitterest struggle — and such an extraordinary one that history-writers have not hesitated to characterise it as “a wonder.” The Allied armies — the British Expeditionary Corps and a remnant of the French troops, — were fleeing towards Dunkirk as fast as they possibly could before the German advance; fleeing from the Germans towards the sea. And the German Commander in Chief, General von Brauchitsch had, on the 23rd of May, given the order to press them in from all sides and take the lot of them prisoners before they had time to embark. It was, from the military point of view — *and* from the normal political point of view; from the point of view of immediate success, — the thing to do. But Adolf Hitler appeared unexpectedly at General von Rundstedt’s Headquarters in Charleville, and cancelled the order of attack on Dunkirk. The German armoured divisions — the “A” *Heeresgruppe*, as well as the “D” *Heeresgruppe*, which was, under General von Bock, pressing towards Dunkirk from the East, — where to slow down their speed and leave ten kilometres between their foremost ranks and the fleeing enemy. These counter-orders, “that held back the German advance for two days, and gave the British time to bring home safe and sound the most valuable section of their army,” are utterly ununderstandable unless one boldly admits that they were dictated by considerations which exceed by far the domain of “politics” no less than that of strategy; considerations not of a statesman but of a seer.

The generals did not know what to think, but they obeyed: orders were orders.

¹ Kleist, “Auch du warst dabei,” p. 278 (Quoted by Hans Grimm, “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” edit. 1954, p. 364-365).

To anyone who, in the name of a pan-Aryan view of things (or merely in the name of “Europe’s” interest) stood — and stands — without reservations, on the side of National Socialist Germany, the tragedy of the situation was, — and remains, retrospectively, — maddening. The capture or destruction of the whole British Expeditionary Corps at Dunkirk, and the immediate invasion of Great Britain — by parachuted troops, if a proper landing was, on account of the British fleet, impossible, — could have, one feels, put an end to the war: crushed rotten, Jew-ridden, West European Democracy before the U.S.A. had time to save it, and united all Europe under the strong hand of the greatest European of all ages. And that new unity in the spirit of National Socialism would have made Europe the bulwark of higher mankind, not “against Asia,” but against the Dark forces “in Time” embodied in the latest and lowest form of the old superstition of the “value of every man”: Marxism; against the Dark forces which are, with the help of the Marxist doctrine, threatening Europe *and* Asia and the whole world. And the Führer himself destroyed that possibility with one word.

That is, at least, the spontaneous (and superficial) view of the average racially-conscious Aryan, Adolf Hitler’s German or foreign disciple. But that was not Adolf Hitler’s own view. The Führer’s more-than-political and more than strategical intuition reached “far beyond any quickly concluded, timely peace.”¹ It grasped — whether he was himself in a position to *exteriorise* that vision of things or not — the only *real* earthly peace that ever was and ever can be: the peace of the coming Golden Age, of the far-gone latest one, and of *all* successive Golden Ages; the peace of this earth whenever the visible world-order is in full harmony with “the original meaning of things,”² i.e., with the invisible and eternal cosmic Order, as it is, in fact, at every great new Beginning and at no other time. *That* peace excludes such bitterness as is bound to arise as the consequence of the humiliation of a great people. Adolf Hitler, did, therefore, all he could to spare England the humiliation of total defeat. The baffling orders he gave on that fatal 23rd of May 1940, — the date Germany “began to lose the war”³ — and the astoundingly generous peace proposals he

¹ Hans Grimm, “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” (edit. 1954), p. 367.

² “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 440.

³ Hans Grimm, “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” (edit. 1954), p. 367.

laid a month later before the English, have no other significance.

Rudolf Hess' much misunderstood, lonely heroic flight to, Scotland as a desperate, self-appointed peace-maker, on the 10th of May 1941, has also no other significance. It was, on Hess' part, neither the rash action of a man half-insane (as it *had to be* described, officially, for the sake of convenience, and as Rudolf Hess himself wished it to be described, in case of failure) and still less an attempt at rebellion against the Führer's policy; an effort to end the war *against his will*. Quite the contrary! Rudolf Hess undertook his long-planned flight, doubtless *without* Adolf Hitler's knowledge, as all the details of the event (and specially Hess' own last letter to the Führer), clearly show. But he was guided from the start by the unfailing certitude that his was *the* supreme chance — if any — to bring about, in the teeth of the most adverse circumstances, that which the Führer had, in vain, always wanted, and always striven for: lasting peace with England — the sister-nation, in spite of all the insults of her Jew-ridden Government and press; the great Aryan power, in spite of her betrayal of the Aryan Cause; — constructive collaboration with England, first step towards the constructive collaboration of all peoples of the best Nordic blood.

Rudolf Hess failed — in the realm of visible facts, at least — as Adolf Hitler himself was destined to fail, and for the very same basic reason: namely because he is, like he, one of those uncompromising idealists *and* men of action whose intuition of permanent earthly realities exceeds and overshadows the vision even of the most compelling emergency; one of those men, “against Time” — both “Sun” and “Lightning” — who have in their make-up too little “lightning” in proportion to their enormous amount of “sun.” (In fact, of all the Führer's paladins, none — not even Hermann Göring; not even Geobbels, who was so passionately devoted to him — seems to be so, deeply *like him* as Rudolf Hess.)

England's answer to Adolf Hitler's repeated peace proposals was, after a categorical “no,” an intensification of her war effort and a hardening of her war methods.¹ England's answer to Rudolf Hess' supreme appeal to her sense of responsibility

¹ It is now proved that England began her mass-bombing of civilian populations on the 11th of May 1940; see on that point Spaight's book — “Bombing vindicted.”

before the dead, before the living and before the yet unborn was... a cell in the Tower of London (and, later on, in Nüremberg, and finally in Spandau, to this day) for the daring self-appointed messenger of peace. England's answer to all the understanding and friendliness that National Socialist Germany had showed her from the very beginning, her answer to Adolf Hitler's sincere profession of faith in Anglo-German collaboration; her answer to his unheard-of generosity at Dunkirk was... war to the finish: hundreds and thousands of bombers — one wave after the other, in tight formations — pouring night after night (and often in the day-time) streams of fire and brimstone over the German towns, and on the other hand — illimited, *enthusiastic* aid to Soviet Russia, no sooner Adolf Hitler had declared war on her. England's answer to the German Führer's repeated plea for honest pan-European anti-bolshevistic solidarity rooted in the consciousness of common Aryan blood (or of a high proportion of it at least) resounded in Churchill's jubilation at the news of the "second front," thanks to which the German forces were now divided. Churchill — the Anti-Communist, but still wilder Anti-Nazi, — declared: "The cause of Soviet Russia is now the cause of every Englishman." England's answer was, in August 1941, the Atlantic Charta, — an open alliance with the main tool of Jewry in U.S.A., President Roosevelt, who (although the U.S.A. were not *yet* at war with Germany) now ordered actual firing at every German ship the Americans met on the high seas. England's answer was two years later, the Yalta, and then the Potsdam Agreements between Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin: the sinister coalition of the Western plutocracies and of the Marxist Empire — of *all* the forces "*in Time*," — against National Socialist Germany; the cold-blooded planning of Germany's dismemberment and enslavement for ever; and the relentless advance, of the crusaders of hatred from the East and from the West, until their two hosts of hundreds of thousands, in one of which there were Englishmen, had met and merged into each other over the martyred Land. England's answer was, through British accusers along with others, the shameful distortion of history in the Nüremberg Trial, the condemnation of the peace-maker Rudolf Hess for "crime against peace," and the prolongation of the whole propaganda of infamy against both

the National Socialist doctrine and the German Nation, to this day.

Maybe, the Jew-ridden United States of America have, under the Freemason Franklin Roosevelt, played an even greater part than that of England in the preparation, conduct and gruesome conclusion of the Second World War. But England is the nation to which Adolf Hitler had, over and over again, the most sincerely, the most appealingly held out his hand, in the name of the natural brotherhood of Nordic blood, in the name of the peaceful regeneration of the West. Her crime against him, against his people, against herself and the whole Aryan race, is therefore greater than that of any other of the Allies of 1945. *And nothing — absolutely nothing — can ever make good for it.*

* * *

It is, as I said before, a tragedy, that the unnatural but, for the sake of immediate expediency, brilliantly conceived alliance of Germany, Soviet Russia and Japan did not endure at least till the war with England — and, if necessary, with the U.S.A., — was brought to a victorious end. But, whatever many people (and, more specially, the sympathisers of Communism) may think, it is *not* through Adolf Hitler's fault that it did not. Russia — not Germany — first broke the Pact of August 1939. She broke it in her haste to expand westwards and southwards, towards the Baltic coast and towards the Balkans and the Mediterranean (the Adriatic and the Aegean Sea); in other words, in the resumption of her old tendency to Pan-Slavism, be it at the expense even of non-Slav populations. Or perhaps would it be more accurate to state that the coalesced forces of world-Jewry, nearly as powerfully represented in Soviet Russia as in the U.S.A., *used* that old Russian tendency (as they had used England's short-sighted chauvinism and commercial jealousy) in order to reach their own end: the encirclement and destruction of National Socialist Germany — which was Adolf Hitler's personal opinion.¹

The occupation of the Baltic States² and their final in

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 242.

² Lithuania, — including the part of it designed, in the Pact, as German "sphere of interests" — in June 1940, and, soon afterwards, Lettonia and Estonia.

corporation into the Soviet Union on the 3rd, 5th, and 6th of August 1940, contrarily to Stalin's agreement with J. von Ribbentrop "not to change the inner structure" of such lands as he would take into his "sphere of interests"; the Russian occupation of the whole of Bessarabia — including North Bukovina, with its mainly German population; — and then, the exorbitant conditions which Molotov put, (during his visit to Berlin in November 1940) to Russia's proposed adhesion to the Axis¹ and, last but not least, the support which Stalin gave Simovitch and the other members of the anti-German conspiracy who, in March 1941, seized power in Yugoslavia, and soon declared war on Germany, all contributed to renew and, gradually, to increase to the breaking point the tension which the Pact signed on the 23rd of August 1939 had temporarily suppressed between the Third Reich and the leaders of the Marxist Empire. The last interference, immediately following the signature in Vienna of the treaty which was to make Yugoslavia a member of the Axis, was particularly resented by the Führer as an act of hostility.² It certainly was, both in fact and in spirit, a flagrant violation of the Pact of 1939.

It is, however, Adolf Hitler's refusal to accept Molotov's conditions in November 1940, which made that unfriendly Communist interference possible, by cancelling all hopes of closer collaboration with Soviet Russia. The truth is that such collaboration could only have lasted as long as political (and more specially, strategical) necessities were sufficiently compelling to overshadow the profound opposition between the two regimes, nay, between the two faiths, of new Russia and new Germany: Marxism, and its contrary, National Socialism. It could hardly have been expected to endure more than a short time *after* a victorious conclusion of the war with the Western slaves of world-Jewry. The problem was, at most, how to make it endure *till then*. And the only practical way, to make it endure was to give in — for the time, at least, — on all the line; to accept the Russian Ambassador's conditions without even discussing them.

Exorbitant as they were, those conditions: — withdrawal of all German troops from Finland; conclusion of an additional

¹ See Chester Wilmet's book: "The Struggle for Europe," (1952).

² J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 225.

pact between Russia and Bulgaria (i.e., gradual absorption of Bulgaria into the Marxist Empire); strategical basis on the Bosphorus and Dardanelles to be granted to Russia; recognition of a Soviet sphere of influence South of the Caucasus; and Japan's renunciation of her privileges in North Sakhalin — may well seem *to-day*, to many an average observer, be he himself a sincere National Socialist, ridiculously mild in comparison with the terrible consequences of the disaster of 1945. Apparently — one is, retrospectively, tempted to think, — was it not worth while accepting even such conditions, rather than running the risk of opening a second front, and what a gigantic one?

The right answer — the only answer — to that question, is: “From a purely political (or military) standpoint — from the standpoint of *immediate* necessity, regardless of further consequences, — yes; it was, no doubt; from the more-than-political standpoint of the selfless seer — i.e., “in the interest of the universe,” to use the language of the immemorial Book of Aryan Wisdom, the Bhagavad-Gita, the spirit of which is, in our times, embodied in genuine National Socialism, — no, and a thousand times no.

It is notable that, by choosing war with Russia instead of a Russian alliance at the expense of Finland and Bulgaria and all the countries menaced by the undue expansion of the Marxist Empire (ultimately, at the expense of the whole world) Adolf Hitler acted, as he had already in several important circumstances, against the suggestions of his entourage, and not merely of most of his generals, but also of his Foreign Minister, J. von Ribbentrop, who had signed the Pact of August 1939. “During these months” (preceding the declaration of war on Russia) says the latter, in his Memoirs, “I missed no opportunity of trying to bring about a definitive Germano-Russian alliance, in spite of all. I believe I would have reached that goal, whatever might have been the difficulties, *had it not been for the opposition of the two philosophies*, opposition on account of which no foreign policy could be carried out. First from an ideological point of view, and then because of Russia's attitude, because of her military preparations coupled with her demands, *the vision of an enormous danger imposed itself upon Adolf Hitler's mind*. In addition to that, the news of Anglo-Russian conversations, of

Sir Stafford Cripps' visit and of his negotiations with the Kremlin Government, acted upon, him in a disquieting manner.”¹

In other words, the Führer took the terrible risk of a second front rather than become — and make the German people, in whose name he was conducting the war — responsible for such an expansion of Soviet influence as, *even after a complete German victory in the West*, would automatically have placed half the world under the control of the mighty citadel of Marxism. He acted in full consciousness of Germany's natural mission as bulwark both of the Aryan race and of the eternal Aryan values, rooted in the race, against every possible threat of the Forces of disintegration, be it from the East or from the West. Such a threat was, in June 1941, admittedly more apparent in the West than in the East; Russia was preparing herself for war, but England was *at war* with the Third German Reich. Nay, it was becoming more and more obvious that the U.S.A. would soon join the struggle on England's side. And the Führer *knew* in what danger Germany would be, when America *and* Russia would “simultaneously throw in against her the whole bulk of their power.”² Yet, he knew also that a Russian alliance, sealed through his acceptance of the co-existence of a National Socialist Germany — be it of a National Socialist Europe, — and of a tremendous Marxist Empire stretching from the Aegian Sea to the Bering Straits, would be, *in the long run*, no guarantee against the absorption of Aryan man into that ugly, raceless and characterless sub-humanity typical of the end of this Dark Age. He knew it precisely because, being himself infinitely more than a politician, he thoroughly understood the more-than-political meaning of the war which was imposed upon him: *not* the usual clash between rival ambitions of a similar nature, but a world-wide coalition of all the forces that I have called “*in Time*” against the one modern State “*against Time*”: the National Socialist State. He knew that Marxism — and *not* the diluted (and, moreover, obsolete) forms of Jewish poison for Aryan consumption known as Christianity and Western Democracy, — is *the* final man-centred faith in the service of the

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 237.

² J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 239.

Dark forces; *the* doctrine destined to urge mankind to take its last step along the old way leading from primaeval Perfection to the fated depth of degeneracy, and ultimately to death. Surely there could be — and can be — no *definitive* co-existence of a powerful National Socialist Order either with a Marxist Order *or with a Capitalistic one of the Western type*. But, of the two, the Marxist Order, being, according to the hard logic of increasing decay, the vigorous young successor of the other, is the most dangerous. To strengthen Russia's position as the conquering Marxist power, in order to buy her temporary alliance against the West, could have seemed, to a statesman (were he of genius), who would have been a statesman and nothing more, — let us say, to a German counterpart of Winston Churchill, — merely an unpleasant political necessity within a clever diplomatic game. To Adolf Hitler, the Seer, the Man “against Time,” — the One-Who-comes-back in His modern garb, — it appeared as the very betrayal of Germany's mission, nay, as the very denial of Germany herself. For no spectacular victory over England and the U.S.A. would have spared new Germany, real Germany — Germany, the fortress of the National Socialist faith; the one modern Nation “against Time,” — the assaults of a Marxist Empire bent on ideological and political expansion, which the possession of key-positions in Europe and Asia would have rendered formidable. A German counterpart of Winston Churchill would doubtless have been hypnotised by the immediate interest of the Reich (or what appeared as such) and have lost sight of the Reich's significance. The Man “against Time” knew that the two were not to be separated. He knew that, precious as it surely was in the practical field, the Russian alliance was not to be bought at the cost of the possibility of crushing Marxism in the future; for the regeneration of Aryan man implies the defeat of the agents of the Dark forces on *all* fronts, and the end of *all* forms of the age-old Jewish lie.

And, accepting the responsibility and risks of the double struggle, he took, the tragic decision of declaring war on the expanding Soviet Union, on the 22nd of June 1941. He hoped, no doubt, to reduce it to submission within a few months, after which he would have been free to continue to fight the slaves of world-Jewry in the West, with endless resources at his disposal. He was, however, aware of the gravity

of his decision. “If ever we be compelled to break through the door in the East, we do not know what power lies behind it,” had he told J. von Ribbentrop.¹ And yet, he gave the word to “break through” — for it was the only thing he could do, in keeping with the unbending, more-than-political, nay, more-than-human logic of his personality, of his mission, and of Germany’s; in keeping with the cosmic logic “against Time,” which had determined the growth and success of National Socialism, and which was now provoking this fatal turn in history.

* * *

The Russian campaign presented undeniable natural difficulties. One had, among other things, to reckon with the terrible conditions created by the Russian climate — the bitter winter that had protected Russia against all invaders (save the Mongols.) And the inexhaustible man-power which the Soviet Union could afford, regardless of losses, to throw into, the battle, — that fanaticised Red Army composed of all the races of North and Central Asia (and of Russia herself) under very efficient Russian command — was doubtless a tremendous force. A force, also, those hundreds of thousands of partisans who, full of the same unwavering faith in the Marxist ideology, or simply in “Mother Russia,” led a relentless guerilla war against the German occupation troops.

Yet, during the particularly severe winter of 1941-1942, the German Army victoriously stood the test of unheard-of hardships; exceedingly low temperatures, — 35 and 40 degrees under the freezing point, — coupled with unusually primitive indoor conditions of life in *isbas* full vermin. And although it was, on account of hostile weather, prevented from capturing Moscow, it reached, in the course of 1942, such a remote front-line as no European invaders pushing Eastwards on that latitude had yet attained. The Swastika Flag fluttered above the everlasting snows of the Caucasus, at the top of Mount Elbruz, and on both sides of the Volga, and on the shores of the Caspian Sea. And the activity of the Russian partisans had yet anything but developed into a menace. A normal evolution of the campaign would doubtless have

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau” (edit. 1954), p. 240.

reduced it to nought and secured Germany a complete victory over the Marxist Empire and a lasting control of the limitless Eastern expanses, source of no end of raw material for the growing industry of the Greater Reich.

On the other hand, Japan — who, through her well-known attack on Pearl Harbour had stepped into the war on the 7th of December 1941, — had conquered the Isles of the Pacific and all South-East Asia: Indo-China, Malaya, with Britain's great Eastern stronghold, Singapore, and Burma, up to and even past the border of Assam and Bengal. And for a time the hope that the two advancing armies, bearers of the two banners of the Sun, would meet and greet each other upon Indian soil, and that Adolf Hitler would soon receive in old Indraprastha, the seat of legendary Aryan Kings — now imperial Delhi — the solemn allegiance of the whole Aryan world (Europe and Aryan Asia) while leaving his Japanese allies to organise the Far East, that unbelievable hope, I say, that superb dream of glory, did not seem unjustified. No amount of desperate efficiency on the part of the fanatical, disciplined, but unsufficiently equipped Red Army, — and surely no number of ill-inspired Indian Congressmen's resolutions condemning in one breath "Nazism, Fascism and Imperialism," and no "free India's willingness to become the ally of the United Nations"¹ — could have, apparently, stood in the way of its materialisation.

In fact, however, the splendid hope was a short-lived one. Instead of a rapid and definitive victory over the Marxist Empire, — a victory which would have allowed Germany to concentrate her whole war-effort upon the Western front, — came, in January 1943, the disaster of Stalingrad, where the Sixth Army and many thousands of auxiliary troops (twenty-two divisions in all) were trapped and cut to pieces, despite acts of super-human heroism. And then, after this tragic turning point in the evolution of the war in Russia, a series of set-backs: the immobilisation of the German forces before Leningrad, the stemming of the German offensive in the Caucasus, and the recapture of Kursk, Belgorod, Rostov, Kharkov Krasgorod, and Pavlograd, one after the other by the Russians, in the course of February 1943.

¹ See the resolution of the All-India Congress Committee, of August 1942.

With the sincerity and detachment that characterise him, Adolf Hitler could not help seeing in that desperate and successful reaction of the toughest of all Germany's enemies a further glaring proof of "what a single man can mean to a whole nation." Any people, declared he to his Foreign Minister, J. von Ribbentrop, "would have broken down after such defeats as the German Army had inflicted upon the Russians in 1941-1942. The present Russian victories are the work of an iron personality, that of Stalin himself, whose unbending will and courage have called his people to a renewed resistance." ... "Stalin" said he, was "the great opponent" he had, "both ideologically and in the military realm." And he added, with the natural chivalrousness of a real warrior, that, were that irreducible opponent ever to fall into his hands, he "would respect him, and assign to him as a residence the most beautiful castle in Germany"¹ (One cannot help comparing that treatment reserved to Stalin in the case of a National Socialist victory, with the one that the coalesced leaders of Democracy and of Marxism — the crusaders of world-Jewry — were actually to inflict upon the members of the German Government after the war, not to mention the no less atrocious manner in which they *would have* handled Adolf Hitler himself, had they succeeded in capturing him. Nowhere, perhaps, does the contrast between the inspired Man "against Time" and the mean, short-sighted men "in Time" of the end of this Dark Age, appear more clearly.)

There is truth — and *a lot* of truth — in the Führer's generous homage to Stalin's greatness as a determining factor in the evolution of the Second World War. That greatness does not, however, suffice to account for the fatal change of fortune of which the tragedy of Stalingrad is but one of the first signs. Nor can, I repeat, Russia's inexhaustible man-power coupled with harsh climatic conditions account for it. The complete and cynical explanation of it has been given on several occasions, and, among others, on that of the American "Independence Day," 4th of July, 1950, by Mr. (since then, Sir) Winston Churchill himself: "*Alone America and England have prevented Hitler from Pushing Stalin behind the Ural.*"²

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 263.

² Churchill's speech, 4th of July, 1950. It is quoted by Hans Grimm in his book "Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?" (edit. 1954), p. 385.

In other words, no amount of man-power organised in a spirit of desperate resistance could have kept the German Army from conquering Russia (and pursuing its triumphant march through Central Asia and Afghanistan, to and beyond the easternmost limits of Alexander's empire) had it not been for America's and England's direct and indirect help to the Communists; had it not been for the fantastic quantity of arms, ammunitions and equipment that the U.S.A. sent over, in order to make the Russian (and other) partisans increasingly dangerous, and the Red Army irresistible; had it not been for an ever closer and more effective collaboration of the two sinister tools of world-Jewry in the West — Roosevelt and Churchill — *and of their misled people* with the Marxist Empire, in the political, strategical *and psychological* realm: the intensified bombing of the German civil population by British and American planes, and the intensified anti-German propaganda financed by England and the U.S.A. (and more specially by the Jews of those countries) in all lands occupied by the German Army *and in others also*, all over the world, calling the whole world to take part in the "Crusade" against National Socialism; the British landing in Libya; the Allied landing in Sicily and, a year later, in Normandy; and the stubborn refusal of the Western Democracies to put an end to the war until Germany had surrendered "unconditionally"; in one sentence, had it not been for the readiness with which England and the U.S.A. — and practically the whole earth, under the influence of their tremendous propaganda — accepted (and acted up to) the statement broadcasted by Winston Churchill at the news of Adolf Hitler's declaration of war on Russia (and all the more impressive that the British Prime Minister was universally known to be an *anti-Communist*) "The cause of Soviet Russia is now the cause of every Englishman, nay, that of the entire freedom-loving world."

The historical landmarks in the development of the combined "crusade" against National Socialist Germany — the hypocritical Atlantic Charta, as early as mid-August 1941; and then, the well-known successive agreements of Casablanca, in January 1943, of Teheran, in November of the same year, of Yalta, in February 1945, and finally Potsdam, in August 1945, destined to tighten the grip of the death-forces upon the world from pole to pole, — are all immediate and logical consequences of

the spirit of that sentence. And so are the no less historical horrors that were to take place on German soil and elsewhere *after* the two victorious waves of destruction — the Red Army, and Eisenhower’s “crusaders to Europe” (and their British and French, and Belgian and Polish and Czechic satellites) — had met and mingled upon the smoking ruins of the proud Third Reich: in Dresden, overcrowded with refugees, the murder of half a million men, women and children under Anglo-American bombs, on that dismal night of the 13th of February 1945; the lamentable exodus of eighteen million Germans — also men, women and children, — from the eastern provinces torn away from the Reich to be given to the Poles, the Russians or the Czechs, with the full approval of Soviet Russia’s Western allies; the atrocities of the Red Army and of the soldiers of the capitalistic Democracies of the West in Germany, and of the anti-German partisans in all countries of Europe; the arrest, torture and murder (or long imprisonment) of thousands of National Socialists, from the martyrs of Nüremberg to the humblest of Adolf Hitler’s followers, for having done their duty thoroughly and faithfully; and, until 1948, the criminal attempt to kill Germany’s industry and to starve her people or force them to emigrate; and, until this very day, — in *fact*, when no longer in name, — that sinister farce known as “de-nazification” and “re-education” of the German people: the systematic attempt to crush the pride, nay, to kill the soul, of the finest Nation of the West.

Soon after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, which had prompted Germany’s declaration of war on the U.S.A. i.e., more than a year before the war was to enter its critical and decisive phase, J. von Ribbentrop told Adolf Hitler “We still have one year’s time to cut Russia off the supplies she receives from America through Murmansk and through the Persian Gulf, while Japan must take Vladivostock. *If that cannot be done*, and if American armaments and Russian man-power succeed in coming together, then the war will enter a stage in which it will be very difficult for us to win it.”¹ And the Führer had “taken this remark in silence and made no comments.”² He made no comments because there were

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 260.

² J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 260.

none to make. J. von Ribbentrop had spoken the truth — a tragic truth, indeed. And Adolf Hitler knew it. And he knew also that nothing could alter it.

J. von Ribbentrop had seen and described the situation from a political and strategical point of view. Adolf Hitler saw it, or rather felt it, intuitively, as the result of the inter-action of forces infinitely more than political. It is foolish to believe that he could have avoided the difficulties the diplomat was pointing out to him, by not declaring war on the U.S.A. The U.S.A. had declared war upon him and upon National Socialist Germany, *in fact*, when not officially, as early as 1937,¹ and had increasingly and openly been helping England's war-effort since 1939. They actually *were* England's allies — and Russia's — *before* Adolf Hitler's formal declaration of war came as an answer to that alliance and as an act of solidarity with Japan. There was nothing which the German Führer could do, save to face the great event of our epoch with all his — and all his people's — determination, and to fight to the bitter end a war in which Germany's existence was at stake. By "the great event of our epoch" I mean the coalition of the Dark forces of the whole world — of those forces which I have called forces "in Time" — against the one living reminder of all the glorious great Beginnings of the past, and the one living herald of the coming one: the State "against Time" at the very end of this Age of Gloom.

And Adolf Hitler, the Seer, the Man "against Time" — the creator, nay, the soul of that extraordinary State, — knew that this coalition, of which the Jews were, no doubt, the earthly instigators, but *nothing more* than the mere instigators, was and remains *a cosmic fact*; a sign of times. And that is precisely why he faced it as he did: refusing to the end all compromise with Soviet Russia, in spite of J. von Ribbentrop's repeated suggestions,² and all compromise with the Western agents of world-Jewry, in spite of the repeated suggestions of other important men of the National Socialist Party and, which is more, of his generals; and treating with more and more mercilessness — through the *Reichsführer* S.S. Heinrich Himmler, to whom he gave increased powers, — *all* actual or

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 164.

² J. von Ribbentrop, "Zwischen London und Moskau," p. 236-239.

potential enemies of the New Order, and, among these, (apart from the German traitors that one was lucky enough to detect) the two main varieties of moral slaves of Jewry — the Christians and the Communists — and specially the Jews themselves. “As the war followed its course,” states J. von Ribbentrop, “the Führer became more and more anchored in his view of it as the result of an international Jewish conspiracy against Germany.”¹ I would say more: not only did Adolf Hitler see in the Jews as a nation the secret instigators of this as well as of the last World War, but (and his writings and his whole career go to prove it) he thoroughly understood their real, deeper meaning in world history; their cosmic meaning as hereditary embodiment of the darkest forces “in Time,” foremost agents of that more and more rapid corruption and downfall of the naturally higher races, so impressive as the end of the present Time-cycle draws nigh.

And that is why he knew — and proclaimed at every opportunity, from the start, — that the struggle he was conducting in Germany’s name was, for the German people and for *Aryan humanity at large*, a life and death struggle.

* * *

It proved materially impossible to prevent, within a year, American supplies from reaching Russia. And far from capturing Vladivostock, Japan did not even declare war on Germany’s most irreducible opponent (with whom she had, on the 13th of April 1941, sealed a non-aggression pact.) Japan, as I said in the beginning of this study, went her own way — the way *she* deemed the most likely to secure her domination over East and South-East Asia and to solve her own “living space” problem — without realising that her active contribution to Russia’s defeat, in co-ordination with Germany’s new war effort, would have brought her, in the long run, nearer to her goal than all her spectacular victories in the South Seas, Malaya and Burma. As for Italy, — whose partnership had been for Germany, from the start, more of a liability than of an advantage, — less than six weeks after Mussolini’s fall from power she hastened to betray her great ally in her “most criticalial

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 211.

hour,”¹ as she had in the first World War. The formation of a new — separate — Fascist Government in North Italy (after Mussolini’s dramatic rescue from captivity, by Skorzeny) was of no practical avail. By the end of 1943, National Socialist Germany was alone — pressed between the two coalesced halves of a world in rebellion against the eternal, Idea that she had, more or less consciously embodied throughout history, and that she now proclaimed, louder and more defiantly than ever, through Adolf Hitler’s voice; alone to fight not on “two” but on a thousand fronts: against regular armies and against partisans in Russia, in Greece, in Italy, in Africa, in France, in Belgium, in Holland, in Norway — everywhere — and, at home, against increasingly destructive British and American bombers and increasingly active and arrogant German traitors, anti-Nazis of all descriptions; alone to stand against the thought-power and will-power and power of hatred of millions and millions of men, women and children of all nationalities and of all races; of a whole Dark Age humanity, bent upon its own degeneracy and doom; marked with the sign of perdition and, for that very reason, blind and mad: exalting its enemies and holding its true saviours in abomination. And it is difficult to say which one of the hostile factors — the “crusaders” from the East and from the West; the German traitors at home *and on all fronts*; the relentless streams of fire which men of Anglo-Saxon blood poured night after night upon the helpless German civilians, killing *over three million* of them; or the silly, but sincere (and therefore efficacious) indignation of millions of apparently powerless people of all lands, as they repeatedly heard on the wireless about the “Nazi monsters” — played the crucial part in the disaster of 1945.

To the extent the happenings of the invisible realm determine those of the visible, one can safely state that untiring hatred is, from the cosmic point of view, as efficient as power of arms. The victorious Allies — or rather the Jews, who animated the whole show, — were, at the Nüremberg Trial, after the war, to put forth the principle of “collective responsibility” and (strange as this may sound from someone who has exposed the famous Trial as one of the greatest infamies of history) they

¹ Mussolini fell from power in July 1943; Italy capitulated and entered the war on the side of the United Nations (under the Badoglio Government) on the 8th, of September 1943.

were, in *that* connection, again from the cosmic point of view, rigorously right. Anyone whose heart and will have carried Adolf Hitler to power, whose voice has hailed him as Founder and Leader of a new world, was and remains morally responsible for all that has been is or ever will be done in his name and in his spirit. I am the first one to accept this fact. And I accept it joyfully, with pride, as far as I am personally concerned. On the other hand, the principle of collective responsibility cannot be restricted to any particular group of people to the exclusion of other groups. It holds good for *all* those who admit a bond of solidarity with brothers in faith — or be it brothers in hatred — and, in particular, for all Anti-Nazis, whether they be ill-informed or not, intelligent or not, capable or not of judging in full liberty. A child of ten who sat before his parents' wireless in Calcutta or Shanghai, and was glad to hear the news of the Allied landing in Normandy — 6th of June 1944, — is responsible for the world-disaster of 1945. A child of ten who, in Sidney or Melbourne or San Francisco, added his voice to the chorus of hatred against the accused of Nüremberg, is responsible for the death (or long imprisonment) of those men, and bears his share of the infamy of the historic Trial. As I said before, the Second World War is nothing less than a monstrous crime *for which practically the whole world is collectively responsible* — a collective crime of the whole world against its Saviour, Adolf Hitler, against National Socialist Germany, against Aryan man and the possibilities that lie within him. It is the crime of the whole world which has completely yielded to the law of Time, i.e., the law of decay and death, against the last — or one before the last — grand scale expression of the age-old counter-tendency “against Time,” which the natural aristocracy of blood and character — the élite of the Aryan race — has been embodying, more and more consciously, for centuries already.

Among the millions who bear the guilt of it, the German Anti-Nazis — from those high officers who, on the 20th of July 1944, attempted Adolf Hitler's life, to the most unimportant and inactive opponents of the National Socialist régime — occupy a special place, or rather, have a special significance. Being Germans, — the Führer's own countrymen, whom he so loved — they represent more than any others the waste of natural Aryan virtues in the service of untruth; the grip of the

Dark Age even upon the finest race of this earth; the defiling of the Aryan mind through false teachings of “humanity” and principles in contradiction with the laws and purpose of Life. And one should add that, along with them, and to a hardly lesser degree, *all* Anti-Nazis of Nordic stock — Norwegians, Danes, Dutchmen or Britishers (or Americans of Nordic origin, such as the sinister “Crusader to Europe,” Dwight Eisenhower, himself) — represent the same. For National Socialist Germany was not fighting the war imposed upon her for herself alone, but for the whole of higher mankind; for the reassertion of the eternal natural values and of the natural human hierarchy, i.e. for the rule of truly higher mankind upon this earth (irrespective of “nationality” in the narrow sense of the word).

Speaking of the future Europe of his dreams and of the splendid Aryan élite that was to lead it, Adolf Hitler said that it “mattered little” whether a member of that élite were “an Austrian or a Norwegian.”¹ All that counted in his eyes was that the ruling aristocracy be, physically, morally and culturally, a real Aryan one. The same idea, namely that National Socialist Germany was but the first step towards a regenerate National Socialist Europe, is most clearly expressed in the last known text dictated by the Man “against Time”: his “political Testament.”² And one may add that a National Socialist Europe is, logically, but a first step towards a racially-conscious and legitimately proud Pan-Aryandom, organised according to Adolf Hitler’s principles — accepting him as its everlasting Leader — and occupying in the world the place Nature has assigned it.

As I wrote in another book³, every person of Aryan blood, — be he or she a thoroughbred European or a high-caste Indian — who fought Germany during the Second World War, and thus hindered the materialisation of that glorious programme, is, hardly less than the German Anti-Nazis themselves, a traitor to his or her own — to *our common* — race.

* * *

Others have described — or tried to describe — far better

¹ Adolf Hitler’s “Tisch Gespräche,” published after the war.

² Published by L. Battersby.

³ In “Pilgrimage,” written in 1953-1954 (Introduction).

than I (who was not on the spot) ever could do, the last days of the Third German Reich: the irresistible advance of the two frantic invading armies (and of their respective auxiliaries) into the heart of the land, in which *years* of unheard-of bombardment had left nothing but ruins; the terror of the last and fiercest air-raids, that disorganised everything, while streams and streams of refugees kept pouring westwards (realising that they had, in spite of all, less to fear from the Americans, — enemies of National Socialism with *no* faith to put in its place — than from the Russians, who were fighting in full awareness of their allegiance to the contrary faith); the horror of the last desperate battles, intended to immobilise for a while an enemy that one now knew to be the winner; and the moral break-down, — the frightening, blank hopelessness, the bitter feeling of having been mocked and cheated — of millions in whose hearts faith in National Socialism had been inseparable from the certitude of Germany’s invincibility: the “moral ruins,” even more tragic and more lasting than the material ones. Others have described or tried to describe the horror of the last days of Berlin under the relentless fire of the Russian guns — Berlin, which, seen from above, “looked like the crater of an immense volcano.”¹

In the midst of the capital ablaze, stood the broad and yet untouched gardens of the Chancellory of the Reich. There, surrounded by a few of his faithful ones, in his “bunker,” underground, Adolf Hitler, the Man “against Time,” lived the apparent end of all his life’s work and of all his dreams, and the beginning of his people’s long martyrdom. More or less accurate reports have reached the outer world about his last known gestures and words. I have just mentioned the publication of his “political Testament.” But nobody has described in all its more than human grandeur the last real *inner* phase — the tragic failure, and yet, (considered from a standpoint exceeding by far that of the politician) the culmination — of his dedicated life.

Throughout the war and before the war, for two and a half decades, Adolf Hitler had conducted Germany’s struggle (and that of Aryan man) — the modern aspect of the perennial

¹ These are the words of the well-known German airwoman, Hanna Reitsch, who *saw* it.

Struggle for the triumph of Light and Life, — against the coalesced forces of the whole world. And he had, not lost faith in victory, not even when everything seemed to turn against him and his people: not even after Stalingrad; not even after the Allied landing in Normandy; not even after the Russians and Americans and their satellites had marched into Germany from the East and from the West, and were advancing, every day deeper into the heart of the torn and blasted land, in spite of desperate resistance and useless counterattacks. “He lived in a dream”¹ has written a French author, in a heart-rending book. And that is true, in a way, — partly because deliberate traitors purposely kept him ill-informed about the actual situation on every front, in every occupied country, and in practically every essential service at home (as it clearly appears, from various most outspoken war-memoirs), and partly because he was himself more of a Seer than of a politician. He knew he was deceived and betrayed, — “See how they lie to me, and for how long already!”, declared he, in 1944, to the *Luftwaffe* hero, Hans-Ulrich Rudel, after a talk in which the latter had given him the right picture of a war sector where he had himself fought. — But he did not know till very late — *too* late — to what extent one betrayed him. (He admitted it himself in his last speech.) The confidence he put in any German who *seemed* entirely devoted to the National Socialist Idea was complete. And traitors took advantage of it.

He also “lived in a dream” in the manner every great Seer has done, from the beginning of ages. Aware as he was of the absolute truth of his doctrine, and of the absolute genuineness of his mission and of that of his people, and knowing, as he did, that truth is bound to conquer in the long run, he was tempted to underestimate the power of the death-forces that are, in accordance with the law of evolution in Time, to drag the world to its doom *before* the new Golden Age (and, with it, a new Time-cycle) can dawn. The clear vision of eternal, infinitely more-than-political, earthly reality, (of earthly reality “in harmony with the primaeval meaning of things”) towards which he strove throughout his career, had made him, for years, blind to the terrible signs of impending disaster. The certitude that the German Reich, as he

¹ Georges Blend, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne.”

had wanted it and founded it anew and organised it at the end of this Dark Age, was the first step towards the glorious earthly Reich of re-conquered Perfection, — the regenerate Aryandom of the awaited Golden Age — and that the advent of that Kingdom of gods on earth was as mathematically positive a fact as Sunrise after every night, made him, for years, at least, forget that the Third German Reich — the State “against Time,” his own creation — had to disappear before it could rise again, transfigured into a Golden Age State.

He had, no doubt, in the course of the war, become more and more conscious of the enormity of the forces set against him, both abroad *and* at home; more and more aware of widespread, lurking treason; and specially more and more convinced of the sinister part played by world-Jewry in the conduct of events.¹ From 1942 onwards, he had, nay, — with Heinrich Himmler’s ever closer collaboration, — faced and tackled the Jewish question — at last! — with some amount of that ruthlessness with which it should have been tackled years before. *But it was too late.* That tardy mercilessness — that delayed awakening of the righteous “lightning” side of his nature, in him who, as I said in the beginning of this book, had, in his make-up, more “sun” than “lightning” — could no longer save the Reich. The mass-liquidation of about 750.000 Jews² from Germany and other European countries in the gas-chambers of Auschwitz and of a couple of other concentration camps did not prevent the influential Jews, living in safety in U.S.A., in England, in Russia, in India, in Palestine, — anywhere in the wide world — from directing the fury of all mankind, including that of the Aryan nations, against new Germany. (And after the war, when the fate of the few executed Jews — who were — unfortunately! — by the way, not necessarily the most dangerous ones, — became known in foreign lands, the figure of 750.000 became overnight 6.500.000 and even 8.000.000, in order to give the victorious Allies, “crusaders of humanity,” an excuse for torturing and killing as many of Adolf Hitler’s followers as they could. While thousands of the most nefarious

¹ J. von Ribbentrop, “Zwischen London und Moskau,” p. 273.

² This figure was given to me by an S.S. officer. The Jewish publication “*Shem*” — written *for Jewish readers* — states, however, about half that number only.

Jews had, thanks to the Führer's astounding generosity, already left Germany before the war.)

Similarly, the severity with which were handled such conspirers against the National Socialist régime as were detected near the end of the war, — the men of the 20th of July, for instance, — did not prevent others from continuing, undetected, their treacherous activities. Nor could it undo all the mischief wrought, from the beginning of the régime, by those men in high position who were secretly bent upon its destruction at any cost, even at that of the destruction of Germany herself, along with it. Harsh, exemplary repression of such elements also came too late. More so: Adolf Hitler's mistrust of all classes of his own people, save of the honest, simple-hearted workmen, faithful to him to this day,¹ came too late. And that, I repeat, because, contrarily to the Prophet Mohamed, contrarily to Lord Krishna, and to all Men "against Time" — both "Sun" and "Lightning" — who died victorious, our Führer had, in his personal make-up, too much sunshine in proportion to his "lightning" power.

And now, the end had come. Adolf Hitler no longer "lived in a dream." He knew that the supreme counter-offensive — the Ardennes offensive — had failed to stem the advance of the Western Allies. He knew that the Russians had, on the other hand, broken through and crossed the Oder River and that they were massing around Berlin. In a desperate effort to hope against all hope, he kept on mentioning General Wenck's army — which in fact no longer existed — and waiting for it to appear, and free the capital of the Reich. But he knew within his heart that General Wenck would not come; that the war was finished — and lost. And he could well imagine the atrocious ordeal that his people were now to experience at the hands of the agents of the Dark Force their enemies and his.

* * *

The Russian guns kept on firing without cease. And Berlin continued to burn. It had been burning for days. It had become a down-right inferno.

¹ That mistrust of all but the working classes is often expressed in the Führer's "Tisch Gespräche," — conversations of his published after the war.

In the depth of his “bunker” under the yet untouched Gardens of the Chancellory, — Adolf Hitler could hear the thunder of the explosions and feel the death-convulsions of his capital, through the torn and battered earth. And he knew it was the end

Within the “bunker,” a few faithful ones — Eva Braun, who had never thrust herself into the limelight of the great Days, but who loved him, and was now his wedded wife; Dr. Goebbels, with his family; General Krebs, Admiral Vosz, Martin Bormann, and some others, — were waiting with him to kill themselves at the appearing of the Russians. At the entrance of the Gardens and of the “bunker” — on the margin of that roaring and flaming hell that was rolling nearer and nearer, as irresistible as an ocean of lava, — S.S. men kept watch, ready to die. There they remained, with as much impassibility, as much dutiful detachment as those Roman guards of old who, in 79 A.D. had stood at the gates of Pompeii — there where their officers had ordered them to stay — under the showers of burning ash from the suddenly erupting volcano; within sight of the streams of molten rock, till the end; till they had lost consciousness and sunk to the ground under their armours, while the advancing lava rolled over them. But the stream that was to roll over the bodies of these last defenders of the Third German Reich and to submerge half (and, soon, perhaps, *all*) Europe, was the inexhaustible Red Army; the most formidable human instrument in the service of the levelling forces. Of the heroic State “against Time” — Adolf Hitler’s creation — no trace would be visible after its passage. And those very men of Nordic blood, traitors to their race, those “crusaders to Europe” who were, now, welcoming and helping its advance, would be, one day, — soon — wiped away before it.

Unaware of that atmosphere of cosmic disaster (for such it was) which has been compared to that of a living “Twilight of the Gods,” the six Goebbels children — Helga, twelve years old; Hilde, eleven; Helmut, nine; Holde, seven; Hedda, five; and Heide, three — as prettily dressed as in peace time, thanks to their heroic mother, played hide and seek in the corridors of the last unconquered fortress of National Socialist Germany. Sometimes, the Führer, or those of the S.S. men who were not on duty, would play with them, or tell them stories. A day or two before the end, the famous airwoman, Hanna Reitsch,

piloted General von Greim to the “bunker” and stayed there a few hours with him. Magda Goebbels told her, among other things: “They believe in the Führer and in the Third Reich; when these cease to exist, there will be no place in the world for my six children.” And she added: “Provided Heaven gives me enough courage to kill them!” The admirable woman actually did kill them. And she and Dr. Goebbels killed themselves afterwards.

According to the writing that has been published as his “political Testament” and to the statements of several people who were present in the “bunker” *nearly* to the end, Adolf Hitler and his wife, Eva, did the same. According to other, equally plausible assumptions, they left the “bunker” in time — *not* in order to save themselves, but in order to continue the struggle, one day, — and the Founder of the National Socialist faith still breathes somewhere upon this earth, several years after the destruction of his life’s work, ready to inspire the new rising of his trusted ones to power and to preside over the new triumph of the Swastika, that nothing can hold back. There is no actual *proof* this way or that, but only, — as years pass without bringing any sign of his being alive, an increasingly strong *probability* that the Führer did not survive Germany’s total sacrifice.

This may be, no doubt, a depressing fact for his disciples, nay, a heart-rending fact for such ones among them who never had the honour and the joy of seeing him. From the cosmic point of view, it matters little; for Adolf Hitler’s significance remains just the same whether he be, in the flesh, visible or invisible, alive or dead. Alive or dead he remains the hero who, in our atrocious epoch — very near the end of the Dark Age of the present Time-cycle, — stood alone, at the head of his privileged people, against the fiercer and fiercer downward current of Time; against the whole world that had become (as in every successive Dark Age) the domain of the forces of disintegration and death, exalting and obeying their agents while hating every genuine Messenger of Life. Alive or dead, he has sacrificed himself for his people; and his sacrifice (and that of his people for the entire Aryan race) is just as complete in either case — nay, if he be alive, his life must have been all these years, many times worse than death. Alive or dead he *is* He Who comes back “age after age, when justice is crushed.

when evil triumphs, to establish upon earth the Reign of Righteousness”¹; the Man “against Time” Who, again and again in the course of history, *and every time with the methods of the age in which He appears*, fights for that ideal of integral perfection — of absolute *health* — that no Age save a Golden Age — an “Age of Truth” — can live on a world-wide scale, in all its glory. Alive or dead, he is eternal, *and will come back, for he is He*: the One Who spoke for all times through the most ancient known discourse of Aryan Wisdom, the Bhagavad-Gita.

In the “bunker” within the Gardens of the Chancellory, — last material bastion of National Socialism amidst Berlin ablaze, — he dictated his “political Testament.” It is difficult to say whether the wording we possess of it is the right one or not. If, as some say, the Führer survived the disaster, the mere mention of his “voluntary death” within the document would be enough to make it inaccurate. But, whatever be the wording, nay, whatever be the debated facts themselves, *the spirit* of Adolf Hitler’s last known message and the serenity one breathes in it — the calm, unshakable certitude, even at the darkest hour, that truth will conquer in the end, in spite of all, — are genuine. The glorious vision of a “united and National Socialist Europe,” the formation of which represents “the work of centuries to come,” is genuine. The consciousness and pride of Germany’s historic mission, in particular, of the mission of that splendid German youth who bore Adolf Hitler’s name, as forerunner, inspirer, leader and organiser of a regenerate Aryan humanity within *and beyond* the geographic boundaries of the Reich, are genuine. Genuine, and not new; for the Reich-Idea, in a more-than-political sense had always held *the* main place in Adolf Hitler’s life.

In August Kubizek’s biography of him as a young man, there is a passage too significant for me not to quote it nearly *in extenso*. It is the description of a walk to the Freienberg (a hill overlooking Linz) in the middle of the night, just after the future Führer and his friend had attended together, at the Opera, a performance of Richard Wagner’s “Rienzi.” “We were alone,” writes Kubizek. “The town had sunk below us into the fog. As though he were moved by an

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, Verses 7 and 8.

invisible force, Adolf Hitler climbed to the top of the Freienberg. I now realised that we no longer stood in solitude and darkness, for above us shone the stars.

“Adolf stood before me. He took both my hands in his and held them tight — a gesture that he had never yet made. I could feel from the pressure of his hands how moved he was. His eyes sparkled feverishly. The words did not pour from his lips with their usual easiness, but burst forth harsh and passionate. I noticed at his voice even more than at the way in which he held my hands, how the episode he had lived (the performance of “Rienzi” at the Opera) had shattered him to the depth.

“Gradually, he began to speak more freely. The words came with more speed. Never before *and also never since* have I heard Adolf Hitler speak like he did then, as we stood alone under the stars as though we had been the only two creatures on earth.

“It is impossible for me to repeat the words my friend uttered in that hour.

“Something quite remarkable, which I had not noticed before, even when he spoke to me with vehemence, struck me at that moment: *it was as though another Self spoke through him*; another Self, from the presence of which he was as moved as I was. In no way could one have said of him (as it sometimes happens, in the case of brilliant speakers) that he was intoxicated with his own words. *On the contrary!* I had the feeling that he experienced with amazement, I would say, that he was himself *possessed* by, that which burst out of him with elemental power. I do not allow myself a comment on that observation. But it was a state of ecstasy, a state of complete trance in which, without mentioning it or the instance involved in it, he projected his experience of the “Rienzi” performance into a glorious vision upon another plane, congenial to himself. More so: the impression he had received from that performance was merely the external impulse that had prompted him to speak. Like a flood breaks through a dam which has burst, so rushed the words from his mouth. *In sublime, irresistible images, he unfolded before me his own future and that of our people.*

“Till then I had been convinced that my friend wanted to become an artist, a painter or an architect. In that hour

there was no question of such a thing. He was concerned with something higher, which I could not yet understand.... *He now spoke of a mission that he was one day to receive from our people, in order to guide them out of slavery, to the heights of freedom....* Many years were to pass before I could realise what that starry hour, separated from all earthly things, had meant to my friend.”¹

It is shattering to recall, in the light of the “political Testament,” that extraordinary episode from the time Adolf Hitler was a young man seventeen. The serenity of the Führer’s last known message, dictated under the fire of the Russians guns, becomes all the more impressive. It is the serenity of that bright starry night that had surrounded him and penetrated him as he had, forty years before, taken full consciousness of his mission for the first time. Then, the grandeur of his destiny had overwhelmed him. And the mysterious greater Self that had revealed it to him had appeared to him as “another Self,” not his own. Now he knew the two were the same. Now, the destiny was accomplished. The Way of glory and sorrow had come to its end. In a few hours — perhaps in a few minutes, — the enemy would be there, and the last symbolical bastion of National Socialist Germany — the “bunker” in the Gardens of the *Reichskanzlei* — submerged.

And yet... Calmer now, amidst the thunder of explosions and the noise of crumbling buildings — the flames and ruins of the Second World War — than *then*, at the top of the Freienberg, under the stars; freed from the temporary wild despair that had seized him at the news of the Russian advance West of the Oder River, Adolf Hitler beheld the future. And that future — his own, and that of National Socialism, and that of Germany, who had now become, for ever, the fortress of the new Faith, — was nothing less than eternity; the eternity of Truth, more unshakable (and more soothing) in its majesty even than that of the Milky Way.

The Russians could come, and their “gallant Allies” from the West could meet them and rejoice with them upon the ashes of the Third Reich (as Winston Churchill and his daughter Sarah, who were actually to be seen, a few days later,

¹ August Kubizek, “Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund” (edit. 1954), p. 140-141.

giggling with Russian officers before the skeleton of the *Reichstag*); Berlin could be wiped out — or “bolshevised” — and Germany, cut in two or in four, could, for years and years, suffer such an ordeal as no nation in history had yet suffered. In spite of all, National Socialism, the modern expression of cosmic Truth applied to socio-political and cultural problems, would endure and conquer. “The heroism of our soldiers, who have kept towards me feelings of unfailing comradeship, is a guarantee that a National Socialist Germany and a united National Socialist Europe will, one day, take birth,” wrote Adolf Hitler in his “political Testament.” “May my faithful ones keep in mind that it is the job of the coming centuries to establish a National Socialist Europe, and may they place collective interest always above their own! ... May they — Germans *and non-German* (all the forces of National Socialist Europe) — *remain racially conscious, and resist without weakness the poison which is about to corrupt and kill all nations: the spirit of international Jewry.*”¹

The tragic State “against Time” which he had set up as the one possible dam against the everlasting forces of decay, and which now lay in the dust, would one day rise again on a pan-European (or even a pan-Aryan) scale, in all the vigour and splendour of regained youth. It would rise under the leadership of the One Who is to put an end to this Dark Age; of the One-Who-comes-back, under His last aspect — *equally* “Sun” and “Lightning,” whereas Adolf Hitler, more “Sun” than “Lightning,” is but His one-before-the-last Incarnation. It would rise again as the Golden Age theocracy to come — a theocracy *from within*; the earthly kingdom of Aryan gods in flesh and blood.

And the atrocious end? The agony of the proud Third German Reich? It was but the beginning of the *Via dolorosa* leading to the great New Beginning. All the horror of the present and of the immediate future would pass. The hell in which the German people were to live, for years, would pass. National Socialism would rise again *because it is true to cosmic Reality*, and because *that which is true does not pass*. Germany’s *Via dolorosa* was, indeed, the Way to coming glory. *It had to be taken*, if the privileged Nation was to fulfill

¹ Adolf Hitler’s “Political Testament.”

her mission absolutely, i.e. if she was to be the Nation that died for the sake of the highest human *race*, which she embodied, and that would rise again to take the lead of those surviving Aryans who are — at last! — to understand her message of life and to carry it with them into the splendour of the dawning Golden Age.

Oh, now — now under the ceaseless fire and thunder of the Russian artillery; now, on the brink of disaster — how the Man “against Time” clearly understood this!

Above him and above the smoke of the Russian cannons and of the burning city, above the noise of explosions, millions and millions of miles away, the stars — those same stars that had shed their light over the adolescent’s first prophetic ecstasy, forty years before — sparkled in all their glory, in limitless void. And the Man “against Time,” who could not see them, knew that his National Socialist wisdom, founded upon the very laws of Life; his Wisdom that this doomed world had cursed and rejected, was, and would remain, in spite of all, as unassailable and everlasting as their everlasting Dance.

CHAPTER XV

GODS ON EARTH

To-day, — ten years after the disaster of 1945 — when half the world is shivering and shaking before that which it calls the “Communist danger,” nothing seems more out of date than the old alliance of the capitalistic States with Soviet Russia (and the Communist forces of all countries) against National Socialist Germany. People who never had anything to do with National Socialism — sincere Catholics who are, at the same time, sincere French patriots, such as Professor Maurice Bardèche, — expose the stupidity of the Anti-German policy of the Western Democracies, which led to the war, and the iniquity and folly of the Nuremberg Trial, — that glorification of treason — and the folly of a “de-nazification” effort which, if successful, can only throw Germany into the arms of Soviet Russia. Nay, such a notorious Anti-Nazi as Sir Winston Churchill admitted publicly, only a couple of years after the end of the war, that the Western Allies had “killed the wrong pig,” meaning — in glaring contradiction with his own former words and actions — that it would have been more reasonable for the enemies of Communism to help National Socialist Germany to crush Russia, instead of helping Russia to crush National Socialist Germany and then to “bolshevise” half Europe and the three quarters of Asia. The sinister worldwide coalition without which Adolf Hitler would, no doubt, have won this war, appears more and more as a bad bargain in which the reading diplomats of Soviet Russia — and Stalin (that old fox!) at the head of them all — “did” their gullible partners of the capitalistic camp with masterful skill. And the Anglo-Saxon politicians who prepared the Agreements of Teheran and of Yalta and of Potsdam, and those who signed them, and those who welcomed them, and the millions of newspaper-reading sheep who, under the anti-Nazi intoxication of the time, (and the subsequent atmosphere of “war crime” trials and of “de-nazification”) found them wonderful, now feel small and

bitter at the idea of having been “done” — nay, so thoroughly “done”! — and are taking to hate Soviet Russia, the fortress of conquering Communism, as violently — and as unintelligently, — as they ever hated National Socialist Germany.

Many a *political* sympathiser of National Socialism in and outside Germany beholds this fact with unconcealed satisfaction and says: “The wheel is turning; — so much the better!” *But this is not true*; not true, at least, in the sense it is meant. It is not true, because it is contrary to the laws of evolution in Time — to the laws of Life — that a world, or even half a world, should halt on its way to perdition and try to go back, against the current of history. The wheel of history is turning. It never stopped doing so. But it is not turning towards the general acceptance, still less towards the broad-scale glorification of National Socialism, the typical Wisdom “*against Time*.” On the contrary! It is turning as it has been ever since the fall of man, i.e. ever since the end of the far-gone latest Golden Age, in the sense of the stream of Time: towards untruth; towards chaos; towards degeneracy and death — further and further *away from* the Wisdom of salvation embodied, age after age, in all true Men “*against Time*” and nowadays in Adolf Hitler and his disciples. It cannot turn otherwise, as long as the *last* Man “*against Time*” — the victorious Destroyer-and-Creator, equally “Sun” and “Lightning,” Who will put an end to this humanity and to this Age of Gloom and open the coming Time-cycle, — has not manifested Himself.

What gives so many people the illusion that the growing Anti-Communism of a large section of post-war mankind is necessarily linked (or susceptible of becoming, one day, linked) with a change in the world’s attitude to National Socialism, is a blissful ignorance of the true nature of the latter *Weltanschauung*. It is, in particular, the error which consists in taking it for a purely political doctrine, while it is, in reality, infinitely more than that; the ignorance of its character “*against Time*,” i.e. of its cosmic significance and place. It is, also, the ignorance of the true nature of the world-wide anti-Nazi coalition that caused the Second World War and finally broke the power of the Third German Reich. That fatal coalition of hatred against the Hitler faith is also something more-than-political. It is, as I have tried to show in the preceding chapter, the logical alliance of all the agents of the Dark

forces against the one doctrine “against Time” and the one State “against Time” at our epoch. The Dark forces are just as alive, just as active, now, after the war — after *their* victory — as during or before the war; nay, more so, as every day brings us nearer the unavoidable “end of the world.” The fact that their various agents have started quarrelling among themselves does not mean that they have ceased being what they always were, namely, agents of disintegration and death, — still less that any of them has suddenly become an agent of regeneration. They are, now, — all of them, — becoming blind to their deep similitude and are exaggerating their differences and forgetting their common origin and their common purpose *only because the one obstacle that stood in their way* — the National Socialist State, with that unassailable Wisdom “against Time” that underlay all its institutions — is no longer there. *Were it, before their doom, to rise again, again they would automatically coalesce against it.*

The alliance of the capitalistic world with the citadel of Marxism may now appear, *politically*, as a bad bargain for the “Christian West.” In fact — from the standpoint of cosmic truth — it was and remains a most natural and reasonable bond: that of all those who believe the old Jewish lie against those who boldly and boisterously expose it; that of all those who share the superstition of the value of the two-legged mammal as such, against those who proclaim, in defiance of the spirit of this and of all fallen Ages, against the tendency of history” — against Time” — the merciless Doctrine of human selection and of Detached Violence, leading to the kingdom of living gods on earth. More so: it was, *ideologically*, on the part of Russia’s former “gallant allies,” a step dictated by an unflinching instinct of self-preservation. They, whose philosophy of life rests upon the old and obsolete form of the man-made and man-centred creed, — upon the Christian *values*, whether or not, also upon the Christian metaphysics, — ran, for the protection of their very *raison d’être*, for the defence of all that they were accustomed to love, to those who uphold the self-same creed of man in its new, young, materialistic form, feeling quite rightly that they alone could help them, if the creed and all it meant to them — the love of *man*; the cult of *man*; pity for *man, as he is*, with all his weaknesses; and the artificial barrier between him and the rest of Creation, — were to survive. They

ran to them spontaneously, as old men run to young and strong ones for protection against other young and strong ones of a different world.

Now that they have to pay the price for Russia's help, — the price for the survival of their precious "human values," which Russia alone (Russia who, deeply speaking, *shares them*) could save for a time, — and that they find it too high, they see, in it, the "Communist danger." They forget who their once only possible ally against that danger was; and what he signified. They forget that the price they would have had to pay *him* (in the long run) for being freed for ever from the "menace of Asia" mobilised under Russia's leadership, was nothing short of a definitive, irrevokable renunciation of that man-centred scale of values, which is dearer to them than anything else. For Communism is the natural product of evolution of capitalistic Democracy, while National Socialism is the flat negation of it — a revolt against its spirit. The Marxist values — centred round the love of *all men* irrespective of race (of all men as potential "workers") — *are* the Christian values within a technically advanced world in which the notion of an "immortal soul" is rapidly losing all appeal. The National Socialist values are the negation of these as well as of all man-centred ones.

The Western Allies of 1945 believe National Socialism is dead. That is why they feel safe to quarrel with Soviet Russia and to speak of a "Communist danger." The youngest expression of *their own values* "in Time" frightens them, because there no longer is, now, a powerful State "against Time," bearer of the eternal life-centred values and denial of theirs, to remind them, through its sheer existence, of that which surely is, from their point of view, *the* greatest danger of all, namely, of the unavoidable advent of the *last* Man "against Time" and of the dawn of a new Time-cycle.

* * *

In his remarkable book "Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?", Hans Grimm, who never was a National Socialist, but who Understands, better than many a German who once called himself one, the nature and grandeur of Adolf Hitler's mission, writes, among other things. "And had he" (i.e., the Führer) "been able to say, in full awareness, from the beginning:

‘We are, in consequence of human fertility, from whiff a false ‘humanitarianism’ has taken away the restrictive interference of Nature, faced with a smothering of Europe under a flood of invading masses from the East. We Germans, are the first to be threatened. We can and must raise a dam against that mass-inundation. In order to be in a position to do so, we must again, physically and morally, take root in ourselves and in our race, and put an end to nonsensical quarrels for power among our own people; then, we must be given living space according to our number and abilities, as others have, or we must conquer that living space there where no valuable creation risks to be spoilt. And this must now become our accepted moral goal, for indiscriminate breeding coupled with mass-levelling means accelerated sinking into decay. But the Creator has made man healthy in body, spirit and soul, and wishes him to remain so, and every glance at Nature all round us — at Nature uncorrected by man, in which alone the healthy and fit to live are allowed to survive, — confirms this point of view.... Had he dared to say *that* after the successful Seizure of power, ... *would not the whole world have, then, defended itself even quicker than it actually did against him and against his institutions and against us?*’¹

In these words lies the secret of the apparently strange coalition which started the Second World War, which persecuted National Socialism as long as it could after Germany’s defeat, and which is, in spite of all protestations of “Anti-Communism” on the part of the Western Democracies, still persecuting it; preventing, at least, its free expression. Through the sinister alliance of the Western plutocracies and of the Marxist Empire, — the alliance of Christianity as it has come down to us (and also of humanitarian Free Thought) *and* Communism — against National Socialist Germany, the fallen world of this advanced Dark Age was, indeed, just “defending itself”; defending the erroneous principles which have been, more and more completely, for centuries, governing its thoughts, its feelings and its life; the erroneous — anti-natural — values which its conscience has gradually evolved or accepted since the far-gone day decay began to set in, and which it has more and more cunningly glorified, as decay increased

¹ Hans Grimm, “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” (edit. 1954), p. 155-156.

and spread; defending its very existence as a Dark Age world “in Time.”

I have tried, in two former chapters,¹ to explain what this, means, insisting upon the fact that the state of present-day humanity (including that of the noblest races) is the natural and unavoidable result of millenniums and millenniums of ever-increasing aloofness from the primaeval divine pattern of the Universe, in other words, from primaeval life in Truth. I have also tried to show the part played by that extraordinary nation, the Jews, in our advanced Age of Gloom, which can, historically, be considered as *their* particular reign.

At the beginning of our Time-cycle (as it is shown in the myth of the Garden of Eden, which the Christians borrowed from the Jews, and the latter from immemorial non-Jewish sources) man, — Golden Age man, in all his pristine health and beauty, — was a perfect part of a perfect Creation, in harmony with himself and with it; with every living being, which he at first respected. “Sin” — the cause of degeneracy — consisted not in man’s rebellion against a man-loving “God distinct from the Universe and “Maker” of it in the manner an artisan is the maker of a pot or of a watch, but in rebellion against that divine living Nature of which man was and remains a part and nothing but a part. It consisted in man’s implicit claim to dominate and even to “change” Nature for his own ends and, as time passed and as “civilisation” spread, in his increasing contempt for the silent daily example given him by less evolved (but also less corrupt) living species, still faithful to the spirit and purpose of Creation; in his deliberate transgression of the laws of Life for the sake of pleasure, temporary convenience or mere superstition. In other words, it consisted — and consists — in the sacrifice of the divine whole to the part, and of the future to the present;² of the Universe to “man” and of every human race to the individual; and of the individual’s own immortality in his race and of his proper mission in the universal scheme, to a passing whim or a tiny, selfish “happy life.”

It is noticeable that in this Dark Age — the only one, the *historical* evolution of which we can somewhat follow, —

¹ In chapter I and in chapter XIV.

² M. Edmond Goblot, the French logician, used to define all sin as a sacrifice of the future to the present.”

religion itself has become, everywhere (in practice at least, when not also dogmatically) more and more man-centred and more and more individualistic.

The Bhagavad-Gita, definitely *life-centred* — Gospel of detached action “in the interest of all creation” (and not only of “man”) — expresses, whatever be the epoch in which it was *written* in its present form, the Wisdom both “above Time” and “against Time” of the Ages *preceding* ours. (The epos in which it is inserted is significantly placed by Tradition *before* our Age of Gloom.) The great religions of escape that took birth in Ancient India — Buddhism, Jainism, — are, no doubt, life-centred. But they are religions of escape, doctrines of integral pessimism with no bearing, in fact, upon this earth. In *practice*, their devotees, in or outside India, and even their ascetics, have little to do with that truly universal and active love which prompted the Blessed Buddha, in one of his many marvellous lives (so the *Jatakas* relate) to give up his own body to feed a hungry tigress; little to do, nay, with the moral attitude behind that legend. One only has to see, in Buddhist countries, the general indifference to all creatures’ suffering, for which the passers-by are not directly responsible, and the indifference of most Jains or so-called such, to the misery of animals other than cows, to be convinced of it. In addition to that, they reject not only the traditional form but the very spirit of the Caste System: the idea of the natural hierarchy of human races. They reject it in perfect keeping with the logic of their attitude of escape from life. The result of this is, however — as I have tried to show in another book,¹ — the lowering of the biological quality of the whole bulk of them who are *not* committed to an actually monastic life. And this levelling provides, in its turn, the ground for the development of a man-centred philosophy in *practice*, be it against the logic of the original faiths.

But it is in Christianity and Islam, the great international equalitarian religions rooted in Jewish thought, that the man-centred tendency, characteristic of our fallen world (and more specially of the advanced Dark Age) appears in all its strength. There, far from being an attribute of the faithful, in contradiction with the philosophy that they are expected

¹ See “Gold in the Furnace” (edit. 1952), p. 212 and following.

to profess, it is buttressed by that which is, perhaps, *the* fundamental dogma of these religions (so fundamental that, save in exceptional cases, it survives as a moral postulate in the hearts of those who have rejected all “articles of faith” once connected with it) namely: the dogma of “human dignity,” i.e., the unquestioned belief in “man,” irrespective of race or personal worth, as *the* creature set apart from all creatures; God’s darling, infinitely valuable. It is, in fact, this dogma — expression *par excellence* of the general human tendency “in Time” — that secured these religions their immense success in the Near East and in the West (where they spread) and in the further East and in the whole world, where their moral influence is undeniable, even there where they met and still meet the most fanatical opposition.

One may not — and, it would seem, one *should* not — think that the two prophets, whom the religions exalt as their respective founders, implicitly adhered to that already old dogma, denying the, unity of Life. I have said in this book (and elsewhere) that I personally look upon Jesus Christ, whose race is uncertain, to say the least; and teaching, anything but Jewish, as a man “above Time,” and upon the Prophet Mohamed, (who, contrarily to him, dreamed of a new Order of justice *on earth*, and used violence to establish it) as a man “against Time.” No really great Leaders of that type can share with fallen humanity a belief contradicting the harmonious indivisibility of Creation. It is, however, not Jesus Christ but Paul of Tarsus who gave Christianity its impulse as a conquering religion, and Christendom its historical character as a community “in Time,” exploiting (in disfiguring it, and *adapting* it to Dark Age conditions) a doctrine originally “above Time,” intended for small groups of unworldly devotees, never for the questionable “faithful” of a Church numbering millions. As for the great warlike Man “against Time,” Mohamed, founder of a theocracy *in this world* which he was to establish by frankly using the methods of this world and, which is more, of this Dark Age, (and not by pretending to scorn them while using them nevertheless, as the Christian Churches did) I have already said of him: he was endowed with more “Lightning” power than “Sun,” — the very reason for which he was, in our Age of Gloom, able to triumph during his own life-time. The enormous concessions he made to the weaknesses

and superstitions of the Dark Age, — in particular to that dogma of the “dignity of every human being” and to the corollary conception of a community of *faith*, destined to spread over the whole earth, destroying or absorbing all the former communities of blood, — were weapons in his hand; weapons without which he never would have overcome rival Christianity in North Africa as well as in West Asia and laid the basis of Islamic civilisation.

One may not, also, trace that now so broadly accepted dogma necessarily to a Jewish *origin*. Religious books that have no connection whatsoever with Judaism — the Popol-Vuh, of the Maya-Qu’ichés of Central America, for instance — lay stress upon it with no less insistence, and even more childish candour perhaps, than the Bible does. Chandidas and certain other exponents of fourteenth and fifteenth century Bengali Vaishnavism, have implicitly — and sometimes explicitly — adhered to it.¹ And if the spirit expressed in it be precisely that which provoked, in the mist of an unreachable past, the fall of Golden Age mankind (as one should believe, in accordance with the logic of evolution in Time), then it is much older than the Jews themselves. *But it is certain that it has become one of the most obvious postulates of Jewish thought, from the very dawning of the latter onwards*, and that it has asserted itself more and more with the development of philosophical speculation among the Jews and with the evident (or subtle) growth of the influence of Jewish thought in the advanced Dark Age. Man is, *irrespective of race and personal worth*, according to Jewish tradition, “made in God’s own image,” while other creatures, however perfect they be as samples of their kind, and however noble, are not. And the Kabbala defines man — also irrespective of race and of personal worth or capability — as “the creature who, in his turn, creates,” in double opposition to God, — the Non-Created Who creates — and to the whole non-human living world, “creatures who do not create.” And from the time outwardly hellenised Jews, settled in cosmopolitan, Greek-speaking Alexandria, started systematically “blending” Greek ideas with their own “esoteric” doctrines, — i.e., from the Fourth Century B.C., — to the present day, the whole development of thought and religion could, in the West at least, I repeat, be defined

¹ See footnote p. 253.

as centred round an increasingly tyrannical belief in the so-called “dignity of man” as opposed to all other living creatures.

That belief is as much the *outcome* of the fatal mixture of races which characterises fallen humanity in general and specially Dark Age humanity, as it is, on the other hand, the promoter of ever deeper physical and moral degeneracy, through further mixtures — further sinning against the blood of the superior races, in the name of an erroneous conception of life. And in the eyes of whoever studies history in the light of cosmic Truth, the Fourth Century before Christ, — beginning of the “Hellenistic period” in the annals of the Near East, which are inseparable from those of imperial Rome and of the “Christian West” — should be considered as the beginning of the last part of the present Dark Age, of which we are, now, nearing the end. Accelerated decay had, no doubt, already set in amid the Greek world (as elsewhere) *before* the foundation of Alexandria. It had set in, and was spreading—a sinister sign of times. But the confusion that started in 323 B.C., — after Alexander’s sudden death — gave it a new impulse (much against the spirit and intentions of the Conqueror.)

The latter had, better than any of his most broad-minded contemporaries, understood the necessity of transcending that strictly hellenic — be it *pan-hellenic* — patriotism, that sharp distinction between Greek and non-Greek expressed in the words: “*Pas men Hellen Barbaros.*” Yet, far from setting the example of such internationalism as many modern ideologists would doubtless like to attribute to him, he drew a very definite line between one sort of “non-Greeks” and the others. He encouraged his pure-blooded Macedonians to marry *Persian* women — Aryans like themselves who merely spoke a different language and had different customs, — but, significantly enough, not women of other races. And both his own foreign wives were of Aryan blood. In other words, whether he acted in this connection in full, clear consciousness, or through some vague intuition — an intuition of genius, however vague it might have been, — he seems to have been, in our advanced Dark Age, one of the first great forerunners of *true* racialism as opposed to narrow State-patriotism; a practical champion of the idea that racial similitude should help to break down artificial barriers between people, being, moreover, as it is, *the only reality* in the name of which the suppression of such long-accepted

accepted barriers is justified. One should not make him responsible for the shocking blood-mixtures that took place all over the Near East at a yet unheard-of rate, *after him*. They were fateful — as I said: signs of times. And consequences of a rapidly spreading man-centred attitude to life, for the generalisation of which the Greek speaking Jews of all the important trade and culture centres of the Hellenic world, specially of Alexandria, bear the heaviest responsibility.

Outspoken racialists with regard to their own people, but active promoters of anti-racial internationalism in the midst of other nations, it is they, the everlasting “ferments of disintegration,” chosen agents of the Death-forces in our advanced Dark Age, who prepared, through multifarious “esoteric” adaptations of Hebrew ideas to Greek philosophy (and, at the same time, through intensified intimacy with women of all races in all the seaports of the Mediterranean) the double conditions for the development of a great international, man-centred, anti-racial and anti-natural religion, intended, in the course of centuries, to deliver the West, — and, through the growth of Western influence, the world: teeming bastardised masses, and an *intelligenza* entirely won over to a man-centred philosophy — into their hands. Whether to their own knowledge or not, — certainly to the knowledge and under the pressure of those invisible Powers of darkness who rule the visible world more and more absolutely as one millennium succeeds the other in the Age of Gloom, — they made possible the career of such a man as Philo the Jew, also called Philo the Platonician,¹ who paved the way which the Fathers of the Church and, after them, so many Christian writers were to tread. Their intellectual internationalism, rooted in that idea of the “dignity of man” which is so perfectly expressed in the Jewish Kabbala, drew the thinking Greeks of Alexandria and of the Near East further away from the example, the dreams, the spirit of the fair-haired young war-lord from the North to whom Greece, in her collective pride, had rendered divine honours. And they slowly replaced their more and more obsolete State-patriotism not by the consciousness and pride of a broader brotherhood of similar blood comprising Hellenes and Persians (and, ultimately, all Aryans) but by the superstition of “man” in general — “man” as distinct from and opposed to both created Nature

¹ Philo taught in Alexandria in the first part of the first century A.D.

and Godhead. And thus their descendants were, less than three hundred years after the death of the Macedonian hero, willing to accept the new wording of the old Jewish lie — Paul’s message: “God hath made *all nations out of one blood*,”¹ — at least, willing to hear it with the smiling equanimity of indifference, while their children or grandchildren would accept it wholeheartedly.

The old lie of the fallen ages — the superstition of “man,” older in fact than the Jews, — corrupted the blood and killed the spirit not merely of the Hellenes but of many other Aryan nations, from the Romans onwards. It is the curse of the modern world.

Christianity is also not the only expression it assumed in order to spread far and wide, taking advantage of most men’s damnable conceit and unsurmountable cowardice: of their mania of wanting to feel personally important in some way or another, — in someone’s eyes — and of wanting to “hang on” to something, when faced with the mystery of death. Several Eastern religions of “salvation,” in particular the new forms of the very ancient cults of Cybele and of Mithra, centred like Christianity, round the “infinite value of the individual human soul” irrespective of the body it animates, had, along with the young religion of crucified Jesus, a following in the Roman Empire. But none possessed that conquering fanaticism which the latter owed to the tradition of the “jealous God” of the Jews. None proclaimed itself, like it, not “a” way among others but “the” only, way to salvation. None was, like it, prepared to use any Dark Age methods in order to raise itself, in the Empire and beyond, to the status of the only faith. In other words, none had, like it, already become, or was, at the first given opportunity, susceptible of becoming, to the same extent as it, a formidable organisation “*in Time*.” And that is precisely, why Constantine, that perspicacious politician, gave the Christians his imperial protection: salvation-seekers as well adapted as they to the conditions of success in this world were the most likely to give the Empire, *quickly*, at least some sort of unity of faith — better than no unity at all. And that is also why so many kings and war-lords of the best blood — personally, the last men one could have expected to adhere either to the unwordly, peace-loving creed “above Time” which

¹ Acts of the Apostles, Chapter 17, Verse 26.

Christianity originally was, or to the equalitarian, unnatural religion which Paul had made of it, — sought the friendship of the Church, asked to be baptised, and, what is more, forced the new, foreign faith upon the healthy nations of Northern Europe, who first did not want it, but who took to it all the same, and sooner or later got used to it, for they too had to go the way of decay, in accordance with the law of evolution in Time and the will of the dark Powers, rulers of our Age.

The surest moral factor of decay is, indeed, none other than that old superstition of “man” — that sickly love of fallen man as he *is*, as we see him all round us; that sickly longing to “save” even the ugliest specimen of humanity at any cost; in one word, that sickly belief in the “dignity of *all* men,” which the Jews possibly did not invent, but which they proclaimed louder and louder and exalted more and more systematically before the whole world, in all international thought-currents or religions which they have started or helped to start, or influenced, in particular in Christianity as it has come down to us. This is so true that the mentioned superstition (for it is one) seems to be the strongest and most irradicable element — the really living element — of the official religion of the West. No typically Christian dogma, no article of faith in the theological sense of the word, has, like it, in public consciousness, stood the test of centuries; none has, nay, like it, with time, in so-called Christian lands *and* elsewhere — *all over the world*, — become accepted as self-evident truth by votaries of the most varied religions and by men who profess no religion at all. It has been spared — nay, strengthened — by every successive, storm which shook the prestige of dogmatic Christianity itself. It was never questioned, let alone rejected, by the boldest “rationalists” whose very profession of thought was doubt and impartial investigation. (On the contrary, some of them, such as Descartes, made it the basis of their whole philosophy.) It was and is likewise exalted by haters of the Catholic Church such as the theists of the French Revolution, and by detractors of all other-worldly faiths such as our Twentieth Century Communists. In one word, it is, — and more and more thoroughly and more and more consciously so, — the common faith of practically all men of the advanced Dark Age: of those who profess some creed originally “above Time” *and* of those whose philosophy is unmistakably and openly “in Time,” (for

all creeds originally “above Time” — or even “*against Time*” — have, whenever successful, given birth in this Age to Churches and civilisations decidedly “in Time”; Churches and civilisations settled upon compromises with the Dark Forces.)

Alone three classes of individuals are free from it: a minority of people “*in Time*,” consciously self-centred, of the type of those money-makers and power-seekers who would sacrifice anybody and anything — the whole world — to their personal ends; a minority of contemplative thinkers and saints “above Time,” of the type of those who have realised the unity of their deeper being with all *life*; and finally, a minority of fighters “against Time devoted to an unbendingly life-centred ideal.

The people of the first of these groups hide their cynical self-centredness under a noisy lip-adherence to the dogma of the “dignity of all men.” They are, nay — while busy causing, directly or indirectly, in view of their goal, the suffering and death of any number of human beings, — the strongest supporters of that precious dogma; the promoters of an increasingly wide-spread belief in it. Who would ever dream of attacking *them* in defence of it? Contemplative saints and thinkers are, whatever may be the truth that they have realised, too far above the world — too inactive — to be looked upon as dangerous. They know one has to wait for the coming Golden Age in order to see eternal Truth once more integrally reflected in the institutions of this world. And they do not mind waiting. But the militant minority “against Time,” *who not only in thought but in action*, here and now, denies the very basis of all man-centred creeds in the name of a truer, life-centred wisdom, automatically rouses against itself and its ideals the coalesced fury of all the forces of disintegration. The Dark Age world ceases (for a time) being divided against itself, in order to wage upon it, — from the cosmic point of view, its real enemy — a war without compromise, without the hope of an “honourable peace”; a proper war of extermination. Such was the nature and the purpose of the coalition of Communists and Anti-Communists, Jews and Christians, Freemasons and Catholics, men of all races and all creeds, against National Socialist Germany: the State “against Time” *par excellence*.

* * *

The noisy “anti-Communism” of a great number of notorious Anti-Nazis, from President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill downwards, should not to-day impress us. Considered from the standpoint of immediate, practical interests, it may well be genuine. Considered from the standpoint of permanent — of absolute — reality, it is skin-deep.

In the eyes of short-sighted politicians — and *all* politicians who are nothing more than politicians are necessarily shortsighted, — the distribution of the forces in presence has entirely changed since the world-wide anti-Nazi coalition, the last works of which were the Yalta and Potsdam Agreements and the Nuremberg Trial and the “de-nazification” imposed upon Germany, began to break in two, i.e. since 1948 or so. Since then, — so they imagine — National Socialism is out of the picture. And the Anti-Communists (thousands of “former National Socialists” and millions of definite Anti-Nazis of all countries) form more or less one block — the so-called “free world” — under American leadership, against the Communists of Europe, Asia and Africa (and America) — the other bloc — under Russian leadership. It looks as though it were so. And since the “free world” is more or less willing to absorb the “former Nazis,” it must be that the latter, — the Anti-Communists of always — have more affinity with it than with the Communists. The simple logic of all those who, but yesterday, had become the allies of Communism in the name of the “rights of man,” would, it appears, point to such a conclusion.

But the conclusion is false, and the logic too simple, and those who profess it, ignorant of the great historical fact of our epoch: the growth of a militant minority “against Time,” at war with the whole Dark Age world and its ideals — at war, in particular, with the old superstition which proclaims the “dignity of all human beings.”

The short-sighted politicians overlook the fact that neither international Agreements, nor law-courts, nor interdictions, nor measures of “re-education” can kill thought-currents which have their roots in cosmic reality; the fact that National Socialism, — or, to be more precise, Hitlerism — continues to exist after the disaster of 1945; more so: that the disaster of 1945 — the unavoidable defeat of the National Socialist *State*, — has purified the National Socialist community; separated, in it, the good corn from the weeds; tried it, like fire tries a mixture of pure gold and base metal, and isolated the pure

gold. They overlook the fact that there are no such creatures as “former Nazis,” even if there be — alas! — plenty of former members of the N.S.D.A.P. nay, plenty of people formerly in high position in the National Socialist State, who never were National Socialists at all. Such people were, in the days they acclaimed Adolf Hitler, either unaware of what they were doing, or consciously playing a double game for the benefit of the anti-Nazi forces: either simpletons or traitors. Adolf Hitler’s full-fledged followers, who knew from the start what they stood for and what they wanted, have neither denied their principles nor accepted compromises. And if some of them seem to have done so — outwardly — it is only in order that they might deliberately work themselves into the governing machinery of *both* halves of the hostile world, and bring about its collapse at the first opportunity. They may, — those real ones, more supple but no less genuine than their silent brothers in faith — appear to have affinities with the “free world” in a renewed and, this time, shockingly insincere “struggle against Communism,” or, under different circumstances — when it suits the one sacred purpose — they may seem to have affinities with the disciplined Communists of East Germany, in a no less insincere “struggle against the Money-power.” In reality, they are that which they always were; that which their genuine brothers in faith have stubbornly and openly remained; that which all true followers of Adolf Hitler are: bearers of the perennial faith of Light and Life in its present-day form; enthusiastic agents of the perennial cosmic forces “against Time.” They reject within their hearts, as uncompromisingly as they always did, the Jewish-sponsored dogma of the “dignity of man.” Both Communists and Anti-Communists of the present brand would flatly refuse to have anything to do with them, if only they could read into their souls and know them as they are. And were they, with or without the material help of any section of the hostile Dark Age world, again to rise to power, again Communists and “Anti-Communists” would forget their non-essential antagonism, and coalesce against them and against the reborn National Socialist State, exactly as they did during the Second World War. Again the whole world, stamped with the every day more glaring characteristics of the advanced Dark Age, would “defend itself” — defend its tired, sickly, increasingly bastardised, ugly humanity, and the deep-rooted

prejudices without which the latter could not survive — against the defiant detractors of every weakness and of every sickness; the haters of all forms of decay. Again it would rise in an unanimous “crusade” to crush the men who love *not* “man” as he is, but the proud human aristocracy in the making, *as it one day will be*, once it will have stood the test of the Dark Age; the men who are ready, here and now, and without a need of pity or sadness, to sacrifice present-day man to that race of living gods, which the youngest and boldest of the races of this earth — the Aryan — is to *become*, through the ceaseless struggle of its natural élite against the current of Time. Again it would react as it did only a few years ago, for it would again more or less dimly realise that the actual forces facing each other on the material plane are (and always have been, and always will be) the same: the forces “in Time” and the forces “against Time.” (They will be the same till the definitive triumph of the latter, and the end of the Dark Age.)

* * *

As I said before, all historical movements originally “against Time,” which are successful — which *look*, at least, as though they were “lasting still,” after centuries of expansion — owe their success to some ideological compromise with the forces of decay, i.e. to some inner corruption; some irredeemable deviation from their inspiration and purpose; some unfaithfulness to their nature “against Time.” In other words, they have sunk to the level of movements “in Time”; or given birth to Churches and civilisations “in Time,” — denied themselves — in order to endure nominally.

National Socialism refused every compromise with the spirit of the faiths “in Time.” That is the reason why it did not — could not — triumph, materially, *now*. That is, however, the reason why it shall triumph, materially, one day — upon the ruins of all faiths “in Time” and of all man-centred civilisations.

Its crime, in the eyes of the short-sighted foreign statesmen, was that it had made Germany self-sufficient and powerful and that it would have within a generation or two, made her invincible. And the jealous politicians coalesced against it in order to hinder that extraordinary achievement. In the estimation of the Dark Forces of this Age, that stood behind them and behind the war-lords of the United Nations, and

used them as a murderer uses his knife, and in the eyes of all its enemies, be they foreigners or Germans, who knew what they were doing, the crime of National Socialism was that it rejects the superstition of the “dignity of man” in favour of the everlasting, life-centred Wisdom “against Time” and, what is more, that it claims to remould the Aryan world in accordance with that Wisdom; that it proclaims the rights (and duties) of the strong and beautiful — of the healthy, pure-blooded élite — in the place of the rights of “man” indiscriminately, and that it did all it could to rule “against Time,” in the spirit of that proud faith of the best; in one word, that it raises what I call “the S.S. outlook on life” (I can find no more eloquent expression to characterise it) in the place of the Judeo-Christian (and Communist) love of “man.”

It certainly is no mere coincidence that, of all the organisations closely connected with the defence of the National Socialist State, the S.S. is precisely the one which has been (and still is) the most bitterly hated by the enemies of the Hitler faith: first and foremost by the Jews, whose aversion to it is well nigh pathological; then by the Communists and by the Catholics, and finally by the non-descript “decent people” of all degrees of mediocrity — even by such narrow-minded nationalists of countries other than Germany as should normally, (given the personal career of some of them¹) be the last ones to censure *any* supporters of ruthlessness in warfare or in coercion. The most bitterly hated and the most widely slandered; and the most relentlessly and the most savagely persecuted, no sooner persecution became materially possible; the one body, hundreds of thousands of members of which have died a martyr’s death in the anti-Nazi extermination camps of practically all countries of Europe — and of their colonies — and of the Soviet Union, or in the cellars and torture chambers of the Allied Prisons, after the war; thousands of members of which are I still in chains for so-called “war crimes,” in Siberia, no doubt, but elsewhere also — in Holland, in France, in Greece, — even ten years after Germany’s unconditional surrender; all members of which were collectively stamped by the judges of the international Tribunal of Nuremberg as “belonging to a criminal

¹ For example that of the French “résistant” Jacques Soustelle, as “Governor of Algiers, in 1956.

organisation,” and *are*, still to-day, after all these years, more or less everywhere (save in Germany itself) looked upon as such by the broad, uncritical masses, who have lived (or have been told about) the Second World War.

It is no mere coincidence. And by no means also, a fact which the so-called “crimes against humanity,” rightly or mistakingly or willfully wrongly ascribed to numbers of S.S. men by the Nuremberg judges, would suffice to account for. No armies, ancient or modern, — and those of the united *anti*-Nazi front, less than any — and no police organisations are innocent of so-called “crimes against humanity”: acts of violence which obvious military necessities (or State necessities) cannot entirely justify. The history of the whole world is eloquent enough — and that of all great colonial powers of the past and of the present, particularly eloquent — in that respect.

But why mention colonial powers and the multifarious horrors connected with the repression of resistance movements in tropical lands — or with the conquest of those very lands — by greedy crusaders of man-loving creeds? Were not Eisenhower’s gallant “crusaders to Europe” themselves lashingly censured, and that by non-Nazis and even by *anti*-Nazis — by Maurice Bardèche, a sincere Christian; by Frida Utley, a Communist, or at least the wife of one, — for their disgusting behaviour in Germany in and after 1945? And has not the American judge van Roden, who was sent to investigate into the atrocities perpetrated by his compatriots upon Germans (in fact, upon S.S. men) in connection with the all-too-notorious “Malmédy case,” clearly declared in 1948 that, were one seriously desirous of detecting and chastising “war criminals,” one should send home the “whole American Occupation forces” so that they be legally and impartially tried?

It is true that the victors of 1945 never had the slightest, desire of being “impartial,” let alone “just.” Apparently what they had decided to punish were German “war criminals only — not their own. But even that is not rigorously accurate. At least, that does not *suffice* to explain *why* they drew such a definite line between German soldiers of the *Wehrmacht* and German soldiers of the *Waffen S.S.* and no line at all between the latter and the members of the elder organisation known as “*Algemeine S.S.*”: the only one out of which were recruited the Security Service, the Secret State Police (commonly

known as Gestapo¹) and the staff of the concentration camps, i.e. all men entrusted with the *inner* defence of the National Socialist State. It does not suffice to explain why the German (and, during the war, also *non-German*) regiments labelled as *Schutz-Stafeln* — S.S. — be they police or field units, were, as a whole, and without discrimination, branded as units of a “criminal organisation,” while their fellow formations of the *Wehrmacht*, *Marine*, *Luftwaffe*, etc, were not; why the victorious Allies and, along with them, the post-war press and radio, literature and cinema industry — all the forces of the anti-Nazi world — went out of their way to persecute, humiliate or revile every S.S. man, whatever he might have done or not have done, while they persecuted mostly *individual* officers and men out of the *Wehrmacht* and other German fighting forces, and presented their occasional so-called “war crimes” as individual cases of unjustified violence. It does not suffice to explain that reputation of cold-blooded barbarity which the whole S.S. — the *Waffen S.S.* no less than the “*Allgemeine*” — has acquired during and after the war, and the horror attached to its name to this day among the gullible masses of practically all countries, with the natural exception of Germany (and of Austria, which is, whatever one may say, a part of Germany) of Spain, and probably of Japan, where, I expect, no amount of democratic nonsense can kill men’s inborn admiration for *any* faithful soldiers.

The truth is that, what roused — and still rouses — the hatred and fury of the “common man” in nearly all lands — and the very understandable fears of the intelligent leading Anti-Nazis, specially of the top-most Jews, actual rulers of the present-day world, — was (and is) not so much the German so-called “war crimes” themselves as the particular conception of life, the particular scale of values of some of those men who are alleged to have committed them or ordered them. For that which nearly the whole world of this advanced Dark Age stood up to combat and to crush, with a more or less clearly expressible but nevertheless most definite sense of *self-defence*, was not, in reality “violence,” not “crime” — not even “crime against humanity,” in the material meaning of the word — but National Socialism,, or more precisely, Hitlerism: the latest expression of the

¹ Geheime Staatepolizei

perennial cosmic Wisdom “against Time”; Hitlerism, the creed of the healthy, strong and beautiful, in their place at the head of a creation of which “man” is but a part; the creed of triumphant Life — of Nature — as opposed to the commonly accepted creed of “man.” And that which distinguished the whole S.S. — the “*allgemeine*” and *the other* — from the rest of the German forces, and justified, in the eyes of the world of our Age (from the Nüremberg judges and the leading Jews behind them, down to the most irresponsible specimen of two-legged mammal whom anti-Nazi propaganda could possibly reach) that name of “criminal organisation” indiscriminately applied to it, remains the sole fact that it was, or, at least was intended to be, *the National Socialist body par excellence*; *the physical and moral élite of awakening Aryandom*; the living, *conscious* kernal out of which and round which the yet unborn race of gods on earth — regenerate Aryandom — was to take shape and soul.

In other words, the S.S. as a whole had, in new Germany, the meaning which new Germany herself had among the people, of the broad Aryan family: that of being the innermost and highest stronghold of the wisdom “against Time”; the ferment of regeneration, determined to overcome millenniums of decay. Is it a wonder that the very agents of the forces of decay treated it as they did — and as they do?

* * *

A few quotations out of Georges Blond’s book “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne” will help to buttress what I have just said. The French author may have held Petain’s policy of collaboration with Germany for the right one, in France’s interest, but he never was and never pretended to be a devotee of the Hitler faith. His wards are therefore neither those of an enemy nor those of an admirer but those of a reporter whose sole desire is to give an accurate picture of what was.

“S.S. men,” says he — and although he speaks only of the *Waffen S.S.* this applies also to the “*allgemeine*” — had to measure at least one metre eighty (nearly six feet) and to undergo an extremely severe physical and medical examination. They were not to have a single tooth which had once needed the attention of a dentist.”¹ It strikes me as a remarkable coincidence

¹ Georges Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne,” p, 103.

that this same condition (of not having even a single decaying tooth) was, among others, imposed, in ancient Greece, upon those who wished to become priests of Apollo, the god of Light. I must also add that, apart from revealing, at the medical test, a more than average sharpness of sight and hearing, S.S. men were all to be possible givers of blood. The letter indicating his particular blood-group — A, B, or O, — was tattooed under the right arm of every one of them, to make things easier in emergency cases. Useless to stress that all S.S. men had to be of irreproachable Aryan blood. The genealogy of each and every one of them was studied with utmost care — generations back¹ — before his admission.

The ideal of physical cleanliness and of absolute health — the natural basis of more-than-physical purity — was exalted among them to the supreme degree; exalted in their training as a conscious élite and in their daily life within the barracks and outside. “The rooms in which they lived and all objects which they used had to be washed and scrubbed, polished and shined every day. S.S. men were entitled to have uniforms and equipment of the very best quality, but the obligations imposed upon them with regard to presentation and cleanliness were unbelievable. At the time of the daily inspection the soldier was expected to look as though he had come ‘fresh out of a box’.... “As a result of the most severe inspection of all — the one that took place before the weekly day’s leave — one man out of three was sent back on account of some trifling omission.”²

“An S.S. man who caught a venereal disease was punished. The punishments consisted in supplementary military exercises (*Aufmarsch*: standing, lying, marching, running, crawling, with full equipment, for an hour) in imprisonment, or expulsion from the S.S. community.”³

And, side by side with a deadly, machine-like efficiency, carried, through intensive drill, to the limits of perfection, were cultivated — carried, they too, to their highest degree — among S.S. men, those exceptional qualities of character, the outcome of which is personal value and *also* efficiency: a complete mastery over one’s nerves; serene indifference to one’s individual fate; absolute detachment within utmost thoroughness

¹ Up to 1600 A.D. at least.

² George Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne,” p. 104.

³ George Blond, *Ibid.*, p. 104.

and utmost skill. In other words, being already *the* physical and racial élite, the S.S. was expected to be, at the same time, a perfect organisation and a perfect aristocracy of character and deeper intelligence; an unfailing instrument of war (or of coercion) and a brotherhood of real supermen; *the* all-round conscious élite of our Age: heroes “against Time” accepting all the conditions of their extraordinary mission; accepting the mechanising tyranny of drill — twelve hours a day of the most exacting military exercises¹ — not with “resignation” but with understanding and with joy, knowing it was a means to invincibility, at any rate a means to the most terrible efficiency in the fulfillment of duty; and loving duty, — *their* duty; their action for the triumph of truth on earth; their struggle “in the interest of the Universe” — above all.

The military exercises were carried out under the actual conditions of modern war, with all the dangers that this implies. “Danger of accidents bred vigilance, and was an element of the S.S. education.”² The young future officers were put to even harder tests than the soldiers. “One of these tests, intended to develop self-control, was the following: the young officer, standing in the position of “attention,” held a grenade in his right hand. On command, he was to unscrew it, to hit upon the fire-lever, and then, ... to place the grenade upon his helmet and while remaining in the position of “attention” — erect and immobile and perfectly calm — “to wait for the explosion.”³ A Hindu would probably think: a beautiful exercise in the training of Western “*Karma Yogis*.” And he would be right.

All this however, — the fact of being a physical and, what is more, a racial élite, no less than a deadly efficient instrument of action (a merciless police-force and, in the case of the Waffen S.S, the toughest of all tough troops of the German Army) — would hardly have been enough to raise the S.S. above the best German military bodies of all times; to place it in a different class of warriors; and to bring down upon it, indiscriminately, the hatred of the Dark Age world. But let me once more quote Georges Blond: “Three times a week the S.S. recruits

¹ In the second degree training of the Waffen S.S., after the young recruits’ oath. See George Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne,” p. 106.

² Georges Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne,” p. 105.

³ Georges Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne,” p. 106.

had a course in political education: lectures about the Führer's person and about his life; about the National Socialist doctrine and the history of the Party; but before all about the racialist Teaching. The two basic books were Walter Darré's "*Die Rasse*" and Rosenberg's "*Mythus des XX Jahrhunderts*."

"On the form he had filled demanding his admission, the future S.S. man had nearly always written, opposite the word 'religion,' the answer: *Gottgläubig* — believer in God. It was not the thing to do to write down 'atheist,' or 'Lutheran'; still less 'Catholic.' *Gottgläubig*. That 'belief in God' did not" — religiously, or rather, dogmatically speaking — "imply much. The important point was to be convinced, or ready to let one's self be convinced, *of the necessity and of the excellence of the advent of a 'blood aristocracy' that was to rule alone over the rest of mankind*. The superior blood was the Aryan, and more particularly the Germanic or Nordic. The Latin people were held to be not very interesting, the Jews were looked upon as mud and vermin. *Christianity was a religion soaked in Judaism, and even an undertaking carried on under Jewish inspiration, with a view to revile man by inculcating him a feeling of sinfulness*.

It is an error to believe that cruelty was systematically cultivated. Friendliness and kindness towards children and towards animals were recommended to S.S. men. But the tree of blood aristocracy and of the deified State could not bear fruits of meekness and humanity. Pride always carries within it the seed of cruelty."¹

Through this reportage of a non-Nazi — and nobody save a non-Nazi, nay, nobody save a definite opponent of the Hitler faith in its essence (i.e. an opponent of it not necessarily on the political but certainly on the philosophical plane) could write such a sentence as the last one, which I purposely quoted — one can, to some extent, understand the historical significance of the S.S. and account for the world-wide hatred of which that organised, warlike Aryan aristocracy has been, and still is, the object.

At the root of both, there is that explicit and uncompromising repudiation not merely of "Christianity," but of that which I have called "the values common to Christianity and to all man

¹ Georges Blond, "L'Agonie de l'Allemagne," p. 102-103.

centred faiths”; to all faiths “in Time,” be they other-worldly or of this world; the repudiation of the values which appeal to bastardised masses (and all the more so that these are more bastardised); there is the haughty rejection of that dogma of the superexcellence of “man,” outcome of immeasurable human conceit and, more and more, for the last two and a half thousand years or so, of Jewish sophistry. *That*, and that alone, is what this Dark Age world could not and cannot and never will be able to forgive the S.S.; *that*, and not its so-called “war crimes” and “crimes against humanity” (the “decent people” and their leaders commit or encourage or tolerate far worse horrors); *that*, and not its terrible efficiency, nor its purity of blood as a fact, nor even its German pride and thirst of expansion.

The famous Teutonic Knights of the Middle Ages were pure-blooded Germans and merciless warriors; conquerors of new lands for a German Reich that was already pushing eastwards with all its young strength. They were the sword that prepared the way for the German settlers’ plough — *exactly what the S.S. would have been*, had the Russian campaign ended victoriously, i.e. had the anti-Communist Western Allies left Russia to her fate. Yet *they* were not “war criminals” or “criminals against humanity,” whatever violence they might have exerted. For they fought and conquered in the name of Christianity, with the blessing of the Catholic Church — it was the only way to carry on a successful German *Ostpolitik* in the twelfth, thirteenth or fourteenth century. And had the toughest among the modern German forces — the S.S. — done the same, or that which can be, to-day, regarded as the equivalent of the same, namely, had it fought and conquered with the selfsame violence, the self-same ruthlessness, nay, the self-same national fanaticism, but in the name of the “rights of man” against the “bolshevik danger” considered as a menace to “man’s dignity” and to “individual freedom,” never would it have been collectively branded as a “criminal organisation” by an international Law Court — never; not even if Germany had finally lost the war. (In that case it is, in the first place, probable that Germany would have won. For the world-wide coalition of Communists and Anti-Communist against her would not have taken shape.)

But there is more: whatever people may say, now that

powerful material interests have torn asunder the Yalta front, I doubt whether the toughest and most fanatical units of the Red Army — whose fanaticism can match that of the S.S. and whose brutality has, already in this war, by far beaten its — be, even after a conflict between the so-called “free world” and the Soviet Union ending with the latter’s unconditional surrender, collectively stamped as groups of a “criminal organisation.” I doubt it because, however much the so-called “free world” may profess to hate Communism, Communism does not profess to attack that deep-seated superstition of “man” which is the implicit faith of the Dark Age. On the contrary! That very superstition lies at the root of Marxism even more so than at the root of historical Christianity or of humanitarian. Atheism, of which Marxism is but the logical prolongation in a world increasingly dominated by “technique.” The only way to carry on any successful national *Ostpolitik* (or *Westpolitik*) in our Dark Age, is to carry it on under the mantle of some form or other of that international superstition.

National Socialist Germany carried on the struggle for her existence against that superstition; *against* the accumulated moral prejudices of Dark Age mankind; I repeat: “against Time.” She fought for her existence, being herself the citadel of the Hitler faith. And the S.S. — indiscriminately, whether *Waffen S.S.* or “*allgemeine*” — was and remains the great dedicated Knightly Order of the Hitler faith. For no other reason has the Dark Age world persecuted it with such elemental hatred.

* * *

After all that has been written before, during and after the war concerning the alleged “ungodliness” of National Socialism, it is striking to read in Georges Blond’s reportage, that the word a young man would generally write down in, answer to “religion,” in the form he had to fill in view of his admission into the S.S., was *not* “atheist” but “believer in God.” It is striking to read that “it was not the thing to do” to write down “atheist” — “atheist” *or*, by the way, “Lutheran” and still less “Catholic”; in other words: “atheist” *or* “Christian.” And yet, therein lies, perhaps, a hint at the fundamental difference between the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*, or, rather, the National Socialist attitude to life, and that of all Anti-Nazis.

For the “Atheism” with which one is here concerned — that “Atheism” which is “not the philosophy to profess,” for a man expected to set the example of National Socialist orthodoxy — has nothing to do with the wisdom of the various “atheistic” schools of thought of Ancient India. It is just usual modern European “Atheism”: the hasty — uncritical — denial of, or at least, the complete absence of interest in “all that one cannot see,” on the part of men who have rejected the personal God of the Christian Churches *while remaining as faithful as ever to the Christian values*, i.e. to what I have called the superstition of “man.”

Is not “man” as a whole the most evolved of all visible creatures upon this planet? True, the enormous differences in beauty, in nobility, in intelligence, which distinguish human races from one another are so obvious, they too, — so *visible*; — that one should hardly need any definite metaphysics in order to acknowledge them, and to regard not “man” but alone superior man — man of the superior races — as the masterpiece of Life’s patient artistry as we *see* it. Yet, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, people who style themselves as “materialists” — as “atheists,” believers in “hard facts” — are, in that respect, as blind as those who postulate the existence of some invisible, transcendent, yet personal and man-loving “God.” Their “atheism” has all the ethical characteristics of historical Christianity. It is intimately interwoven with the self-same moral prejudices as it in favour of “all men,” irrespective of personal and racial differences with the self-same ferocious partiality in favour of “man” in general, as opposed to other living creatures. Like it, — and like all man-centred faiths of whatever metaphysical tenets and whatever origin, — it places the most idiotic or perverse, and ugly, human weakling of any race infinitely above the most perfect specimen of non-human Creation: above a splendid healthy lion or tiger; above a beautiful healthy tree. Or, to speak more accurately, the average European “atheist” or “materialist,” sub-consciously soaked in Judeo-Christian morals, *loves* any repulsive human weakling (or human devil) *more* than he does the most majestic dumb animals of the earth; more than he does the most loveable and beautiful cat or dog or horse, and all the trees of all the forests.. Like the average Christian, he believes that Nature is there for man to exploit

to his utmost advantage. And the most abominable forms of that ever-intensified exploitation — vivisection; circuses; the fur industry, etc., — do not trouble his moral conscience; at least have never yet troubled it enough for him to cause their suppression. “Man” is, in his eyes, whatever be his objective value as a living creature, his individual and racial place in the general scheme of life, the one creature (or, at any rate, by far the first creature) to be loved and helped and saved. However contemptible he be, individually or racially, from a cosmic standpoint, he is, in his estimation, *always worth saving* — be it at the cost of any amount of suffering, disfiguration or destruction of the rest of living creatures; always worth saving just because he happens to be “a man.”

To those few full-fledged believers in Adolf Hitler who have well understood and wholeheartedly accepted the basic principles of his Teaching with all their logical implications, *nothing is as repugnant as that moral and metaphysical attitude*. All brands of Christianity imply it. That is the reason why none of them was, on the part of whoever accepted to become a model of National Socialist orthodoxy, “the thing to write down” in answer to the question: “religion?” Atheism — I repeat: *not* the abstract atheism of certain schools of Aryan thought in Ancient India, but average present-day Western atheism: that of the Communist associations of the “Godless” in Russia; that of ninety-nine per cent of those Europeans who have stepped out of every Christian Church without realising in the least the absurdity of all man-centred ethics — is, *in fact*, closely connected with it, although it may, philosophically speaking, imply nothing of the kind. That is why the orthodox National Socialist, or he who sincerely wished to open his heart to the influence of National Socialist orthodoxy, could be no “atheist.”

He could — and can — be no follower of any man-centred faith, for all these are faiths “in Time,” faiths of decadence, faiths expressing in a more or less naive more or less sophisticated form, that unchanged blasphemous conceit of man as such — that rebellion of man against the Cosmic Order — through which decay started, millenniums ago. He was — and is — to be a “believer in God”; not in the personal, transcendent and all-too-human “God” of the Christians (and of many “Theists”); not in a “God” made in the image of any man or men — least

of all in the image of the Jews — but in that *immanent* Creative Force which manifests Itself in all Life's masterpieces at all levels of its endless effort; in *perfect* man *and* in every perfect specimen of non-human creation; in other words, he was to be a believer in the reintegration of man into the cosmic Scheme, according to the original divine pattern of the latter, which implies the natural racial hierarchy of human beings and their individual inequality, *not* their indiscriminate “dignity” and “equal rights.” For his “belief in God,” which, in Georges Blond's eyes, “did not imply much” implied at least *that* — or the readiness to accept *that* as unquestionable truth. Georges Blond immediately says so himself, strangely disconnecting this admission from his former statement. Let me repeat my quotation of his words: “The important thing was to be convinced or ready to let one's self be convinced *of the necessity and of the excellence of the advent of a blood aristocracy that was to rule alone over the rest of mankind.* The superior blood was the Aryan, and more particularly the Germanic or Nordic, etc...”¹

It is a fact that this conception of a naturally hierarchised world, with a natural — God-ordained; *not* arbitrarily man-chosen, — blood-aristocracy, in its place at the head of it, is incompatible with any faith that exalts “man” *en bloc*; *man* as an alleged privileged species (regardless of the tremendous differences between one human race and another, nay, between one human individual and another,) at the expense of all the rest of the living. It is a fact that it is incompatible with all faiths and all philosophies, the scale of values of which rests upon the dogma of the “dignity of man”: upon the idea of the infinite price of the “human soul” (to the exclusion of all other living souls) and of the “rights” of man, whoever he be; incompatible with all faiths and all philosophies which proclaim, among other things, that “all men” have the “right to live” and that they are “all” worth saving.

According to that proud and ruthless wisdom — both essentially aesthetic *and* warrior-like — which was and remains that of the S.S, the supreme blood-aristocracy of mankind (the militant élite of the Aryan race) has not to “save” its inferiors, but to continue perfecting itself, according to Nature's purpose; it has not to “love all men” and to sacrifice the rest of the beautiful realm of Life to “man's” ends, but to love perfection —

¹ Georges Blond, “L'Agonie de l'Allemagne,” p. 102.

health, in all its glory, — *both in its own members and in the lovely healthy representatives of all natural species* (including those of the noblest non-Aryan human races) and to sacrifice, always and everywhere, the sickly and the deficient to the healthy, the weak to the strong, the imperfect to the perfect; it has to be the privileged Legion that prepares “against Time” — regardless of the general tendency of the present-day world to forward decay — the god-like Perfection of the coining Golden Age; the chosen minority which, already now, at the darkest period of the Dark Age, foreshadows, through its own very existence, something of the unthinkable Golden Age beauty, just as the first streak of light at the Eastern horizon foreshadows, in the yet lasting night, the splendour of the coming Sunrise. It has to be the vanguard of those whom a mathematically just Destiny, rooted in their inherited virtues, will prompt to cross the “bridge” which Nietzsche mentions — the bridge between animalhood and supermanhood — while men of lesser dynamism and lesser detachment will fall from it into the primaeval Pit. It has to possess the mercilessness of the Nietzschean warrior — not that of the fool, who does not know *why* he kills; nor that of the passionate, who thinks he knows why, but makes a mistake, and deplors his own violence when it is over, but that of the wise, conscious of the necessity of his violence in the interest not of fallen “man” but of “the Universe” (again to use a word from the Bhagavad-Gita); the mercilessness of the wise, in the interest of the perfection that he represents and prepares; of the wise who *knows* himself to be in the service of the forces of Life, and who regrets nothing. It has to possess, also, the kindness of the Nietzschean warrior, which is a sign of understanding and of serenity, and a tribute to the divinity of Life. Georges Blond cannot help mentioning the fact (although he may not give it its full significance) when he actually writes that “friendliness and kindness towards children and animals were recommended to S.S. men.”¹

They were not recommended, in fact, to S.S. men alone, but to each and every National Socialist. They are in absolute keeping with the whole philosophy of the Swastika, which is a typically life-centred one. They are in keeping with those simple and beautiful commandments contained in that which

¹ Georges Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne,” p. 103.

the Nuremberg judges have condemned as Alfred Rosenberg's "Nazi Catechism": "Thou shalt be brave. Thou shalt never do anything mean. *Thou shalt contemplate and love God in all living creatures, animals and plants.* Thou shalt keep thy blood pure...."¹ (Nothing is more cowardly and more *mean* than indifference to the suffering of dumb creatures, let alone than cruelty towards them). The most one can say is that S.S. men, being *the élite* of the National Socialist forces, were to set the example of a definitely life-centred scale of values, with all that it implies.

People who have, on the contrary, a scale of values rooted in what I have called the "superstition of man" — i.e. more or less all people of this Dark Age, — are puzzled at the thought of that "kindness towards children" so strongly stressed by National Socialist ethics and, one should add, so thoroughly practised by the Führer himself. "And what about the Jewish children, who were no better treated than their elders by Himmler's men?," they retort "And what about the deficient children of all races, who were 'liquidated' as useless consumers of valuable energy? Or about those babies who were not even deficient — and *not* Jewish — and who were, nevertheless, under the supervision of National Socialist doctors, 'painlessly put to sleep' because it was, amidst the atrocious conditions that prevailed in Germany at the end of the war, no longer possible to feed them?"² The world's reaction to the National Socialist and in particular to the S.S. attitude towards animals is quite different, but perhaps even more characteristic of this Dark Age mankind — even more instructive. It has been dearly expressed by all those who, having heard that vivisection had been declared illegal in the Third Reich, at the Führer's orders, find it "queer" that, in the same State "against Time," concentration camps were tolerated as a necessity. It has been clearly expressed by Count Robert d'Harcourt in his preface to the French translation of Adolf Hitler's "*Tisch Gespräche*," published in 1952: "Humanity towards animals bestiality towards human beings — we have seen that mystery of coexistence.... At Dachau, at Buchenwald, the torturers who used to push their

¹ Quoted by Maurice Bardèche in "Nüremberg II ou les faux-monnayeurs," p. 88.

² See Fran Schmidt's case in my book "Defiance" (edit 1951), p. 330-342.

victims into the gas chambers ... were those same men who would nurse a wounded dog's paw with all a hospital sister's tender care."¹ In the first case: bewilderment and indignation. In the second case: also bewilderment, but an indignation of a still baser nature; an indignation rooted in the bitterness of wounded conceit; in the jealousy of the two-legged mammal who cannot bear the thought of anybody treating a four-legged creature better than him or at least better than certain specimens of his kind. In both cases, on the part of the alleged defenders of "liberty," a complete lack of understanding for any scale of values which is the denial of their own; in both cases, on the part of the average man, soaked in his man-centred superstition, — for millenniums accustomed to regard his increasingly decaying brood as the centre of all things — hatred; wild hatred for that iron Legion of men "against Time" who love cosmic Perfection, *not* "man"; or, at the most, man *and all creatures, to the extent they reflect and announce cosmic Perfection.*

What a votary of the actual S.S. faith could answer, — what, in fact, no National Socialist *dares* to answer, precisely because he more or less dimly feels, in this controversy of *values*, the real cause of the world-wide coalition against all he loves and reveres, — is the following: "Of course we do not, as you people, love *all* children just because they are "man's" young ones! We are, thanks to our natural privilege of superior blood, destined to build, patiently and stubbornly, *collective* supermanhood. "Man" — fallen man; sickly or bastardised man, promised to perdition, i.e. lost to this earth, — does not interest us. We love, no doubt, the beautiful, healthy, pureblooded children of our own young and beautiful Aryan race: those who can and will grow into supermen — who will, at least, beget and bear supermen, in course of time. We love the healthy, pure-blooded children of other noble races: they are beautiful at their own level and according to their own pattern; beautiful, when healthy; and we hope to make them, sooner or later, our allies in the struggle we are carrying on. But Jewish brats — and that, in war time, of all things; when the food problem was becoming acute for our own people? And

¹ Translated under the title: "Libres propos sur la guerre et la paix," p. XXIII.

when the British and Americans were pouring streams of fire upon us, to please their Jewish masters? No, my friends! Anyhow, a two year-old Jew is a Jew. And in twenty years' time, he will be twenty-two, and will work against us and against our purpose. It is *his* "raison d'être" to be our opponent, in the natural play of forces. Why on earth should we spare him in the bud? Because "God made him"? "God" made all sorts of parasites: flees and bugs and lice and what not. Do *you* spare those? Or their eggs? The Jains — or some Jains — I am told, do. They are as logical and uncompromising as we, but serve a different ideal: an ideal entirely "above Time," which leads their ascetics straight to pious suicide through willful starvation. But we, whose kingdom is of *this* earth, again, why should we spare whatever stands in our way? A human parasite — or possible parasite — is far more dangerous than a six-legged one; a human "ferment of decomposition," far more dangerous than any mildew.

Of course, he "is human." That may be a reason for you people to confer upon him that "right to live" which you so flatly deny to thousands of harmless dumb animals that you sacrifice every day to "man." It is no reason for us to do the same. We are free — always have been; always shall be *free* — from the superstition of "man." I say: superstition, for your idea of "man" is false; contrary to the dictate of Nature that made man a creature to "be overcome" or to perish through decay; false, and dangerous, for it paralyses the healthy impulse of men who, otherwise, *could* follow us along the harsh and bloody road to collective supermanhood.

As for deficient children — or, by the way, deficient grownups, — well! We are in the world to help Nature suppress all that is deficient; all that is irredeemably deficient, that goes without saying; and also all that *could*, perhaps, "be saved" — patched up — with a lot of patience and care, but that is not worth saving. You people believe "all men" to be "worth saving"; worth patching up. *We don't*. We believe that the time, money and energy that one now wastes on prolonging most sickly lives would be far better employed in promoting the creation of such social conditions as would favour the birth of healthy people only. Let the incurable weaklings be put out of the way from the start, like among the Spartans, like among our own Nordic forefathers, Vikings and others! Place to the

healthy! Place to the strong — to the plants that grow, victoriously amidst wind and storm, not in the artificial, even heat of green-houses!

Those children that we painlessly “put to sleep” because we could no longer feed them, after your bombs had smashed our transport services to atoms, were a different problem. We find it bitterly ironical that “humanitarians” — and nay, such ones as took an active part in the savage world-wide “crusade” against us — should reproach us with such acts of mercy. Is not a painless death a thousand times better than death through starvation — since anyhow death was to be the unavoidable solution? What were we to do, according to your “superior” moral code? To watch the children’s agony for days and days, while you continued setting our supplies on fire and shelling our railway stations — and the children’s homes? It is strange, to say the least, that such tender-hearted people as you did not think of the “poor kids” before, and refrain, for their sake, from bombing our land. Surely the kids would now still be alive, had we not been faced with the most tragic hunger dilemma.

And now, let us speak of the alleged “contradiction” between what you call our “humanity towards animals and bestiality towards human beings.” It seems a contradiction *to you*, because you judge us with your scale of values. But *we* have not your scale of values. We have not your silly infatuation for “man,” — for man is anything but an homogeneous species of which one can talk in one breath. We do not systematically love each and every two-legged mammal more than the most noble four-legged ones. On the contrary! We love, nay, we respect a perfect specimen of animal life — a beautiful horse, dog or cat, or a wild beast in all its majesty — infinitely more than a personally deficient or racially contemptible man; a so-called “thinking creature” who does not think, or whose thoughts are mean, or dangerous; specially if, in addition to that, the creature stands in our way in the political field, as our alleged “victims” all did, more or less. We do not worship “man” as he is — man in rebellion against Nature and against our Nature-inspired wisdom — nor do we bow down before any man-loving, whimsical personal “God,” conceived in the image of the meanest of men; before a “God” who “saves” man alone, among all living beings, (and that, all the more joyfully that

the darling creature is more sinful!) We worship that impersonal, pitiless Godhead which abides in *all* beings to the extent they are healthy and beautiful — perfect; that Godhead, which is more alive and infinitely nearer to us in the magnificent four-legged aristocrats (in a velvety black panther; a royal Bengal tiger), in the noble birds, nay in the noble trees, than in most men of the present-day degenerate world, including many conceited “intellectuals” of sickly constitution and questionable Aryan descent. The royal tiger or lion, the eagle, the unbending oak-tree, are our equals, in a way; our equals, or rather our counterparts, on a different plane, — as the perfect Japanese warrior or the pure-blooded, chivalrous Arab aristocrat, are our human counterparts outside the Aryan race. The decaying masses of *Menschenmaterial* of various degrees of bastardisation, which we are out to use (whenever they can be used) or gradually to eliminate (whenever they prove useless) are neither our equals nor our counterparts in any way.

In addition to this, don't forget an important point: animals of whatever description can never stand in our way in the struggle for the triumph of National Socialism. People, — including God knows how many millions of misled or criminal men of Aryan blood — *can*; and did, and do, and will again, at the next opportunity. You don't expect us to handle such ones (when we are in power, and manage to lay hands on them) as gently as we do our faithful parade horses and police dogs, do you? Once more: we are worshippers of hierarchised Life; fighters for the rule of the Best, in the interest, not of “man,” but *of the whole scheme of Life*. Our goal is not to “save man.” (Let man perish, if he cannot either become a god on earth, or integrate himself into our world, ruled by gods on earth!) Our goal is to build up, consciously, against the stream of millenniums and millenniums of decay, that earthly order of Truth in which perfect man will again be the kind and wise king of a world where there will be no place for sickness; to build it up, or, at least to prepare its next, irresistible return.

You all, who persecute us in the name of “humanity,” put this into your pipes, and smoke it!”

Such an answer would make the philosophical position of Hitlerism absolutely clear. It would, however, only make *it* — and Germany, the privileged Land of its birth — more unpopular than ever in this broad Dark Age world.

* * *

It is here the place to recall a great German and a great Aryan, whose name has become, after 1945, in the hearts of most non-German (and, I may say, also of a considerable number of German) people, thanks to world-wide Jewish propaganda, the symbol of every abomination: the *Reichsführer S.S.*, Heinrich Himmler. I have said: of all National Socialist organisations, the S.S. is the one the Anti-Nazis of most varied shades hate the most. Now, of all S.S. men, Heinrich Himmler, — “head of Germany’s whole Police forces, and later on, Home Minister; *Reichskommissar* for the ‘Consolidation of German Nationhood,’ Chief of the Reserve Army, Chief of the Prisoner of War Department, and, for a short time, (at the very end of the war) Commander of a section of the Army,”¹ — is the one the whole world detests the most.

I say: the whole world, and not merely “the Anti-Nazis,” this time, for I know quite a number of sincere National Socialists who anything but revere the *Reichsführer’s* memory, and that, apart from any personal reasons which they might have to dislike him. They esteem he was “too hard”; in Georges? Blond’s words, too “indifferent to human realities.” More than one former concentration camp warder (or wardress) has told me so — after having suffered for years in the Allied jails, for having carried out his orders. People who feel that it is high time to do something to attract attention upon whatever can recommend Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich to the admiration of an increasingly “anti-Communist” West, try, more often than not, in that laudible intention, to shift all the widely spoken-of “horrors” of the National Socialist regime unto Himmler’s account. Had it not been for that “ice-cold fanatic,” never would the Hitler Movement, originally so sound and beautiful, have “deviated”; never would Germany have become a “police State”; and never would the world have been faced with such atrocities as were, in 1945, discovered to have taken place in the German concentration camps. So they say. One would think it were Himmler’s fault if the world’s stubborn and stupid millions believed Roosevelt’s — and Untermeyer’s

¹ Paul Hausser, “Die Waffen S.S. in Einsatz.”

— propaganda instead of Adolf Hitler's repeated warnings, and prepared, — *before* 1945, — Soviet Russia's victory!

Maybe it is not particularly “diplomatic” to render justice to the head of the Gestapo, and to point out that his much misunderstood ruthlessness takes on all its meaning in the light of the fact that he—more than any other, apart from the Führer himself, — acted “against Time.” Perhaps it is also not particularly “diplomatic” to remind people that Adolf Hitler had granted him his favour from the beginning, and, precisely — as Georges Blond rightly states, — “less because he found him remarkably efficient than *because* he recognised in him the perfect National Socialist believer”;¹ and that he never withdrew the *Reichsführer S.S.* that absolute confidence which he had put in him — never, at least, till the very last week of the war; till the 29th of April, 1945, when the translation of a BBC Home Service message, relating Himmler's attempt to negotiate, without his orders, some sort of an armistice with the Western Allies, was suddenly handed over to him. *Now*, — now, when the Western world, the “free” world, the world of the “decent people,” should systematically be led to forget the Gestapo and the German concentration camps, and the wild elemental “Anti-Semitism” (or rather Anti-Judaism) which is inseparable from the history of National Socialism, and made to remember only Adolf Hitler's struggle “for Europe” — perhaps it is, I say, not exactly a National Socialist's duty to go and stress that, although he surely did not know (*could* not know) every step which Heinrich Himmler (or his subordinates) took, in connection with individual cases, the Führer was, and remained to the end, in complete agreement with him *with regard to the spirit and general lines of his coercive activity*; that, in fact, when he did, finally, withdraw him his favour,² it was not for having been “too hard,” but, on the contrary, not hard enough, — not uncompromising enough — in a different, yet parallel line of action, namely in the last phase of that desperate struggle “against Time,” which the two men had carried on together for so many years.

I should myself feel that way, and would not mention the *Reichsführer S.S.* at all, were I writing a political pamphlet,

¹ George Blond, “L'Agonie de l'Allemagne,” p. 182.

² To the extent the document published as Adolf Hitler's “Political Testament” is genuine.

intended to be read to-day, and thrown into the fire to-morrow, after having served its one purpose of contributing to bring my German comrades back to power. I entirely agree that, for the time being, the memory of many of those who have rendered the greatest services to the National Socialist cause — if necessary, even that of such a man as Heinrich Himmler, — should be sacrificed to the demands of the cleverest possible policy, in the immediate interest of the Cause. But this book is not a political pamphlet. And to hide this particular historical truth concerning Heinrich Himmler, would not serve the interest of Hitlerism *in the long run*. The frank acknowledgement of it leads anyhow to a better *philosophical* understanding of the great new faith “against Time” (and also of the world-wide coalition against it.) This truth must, sooner or later, be expressed. For it is nothing less than the consequence of a fundamental datum, which explains it, (and even explains the abrupt end of Himmler’s close and long collaboration with the Führer) and which is the following: Heinrich Himmler was what I shall call, for the sake of convenience of speech, the Führer’s “lightning” counterpart: — a man “against Time,” he too, despite the enormous distance that separates him, the well-meaning disciple, from Adolf Hitler, *the Man* “against Time”; an idealist he too, as so many held him to be in the early years of the Movement and as some (who understand their National Socialist faith better than others) still dare to consider him to-day, and *not* that unscrupulous and faithless fellow, devoured with lust for personal power, that a pernicious propaganda has tried to make out of him. (One has no grounds whatsoever to believe such propaganda.) But an idealist with hardly any of the “Sun” qualities that the Führer so eminently possessed, and with all the “Lightning” characteristics — all the traits of a man destined to act successfully “in Time” — which he partly lacked; a man “against Time” by far “more ‘Lighting’ than ‘Sun’,” in glaring contrast to Adolf Hitler.

He was not — and never pretended to be, — a Master. He lacked that tremendous intuition which gave Adolf Hitler such an insight into cosmic realities. He lacked that *aesthetic* type of intelligence which distinguishes all creators and most prophets. He lacked that particular type of sensitiveness which draws unfailingly the right line between the *spirit* and the *letter* of a true doctrine; and also that particular suppleness

which allows one to avoid hasty generalisations. But he was an admirable disciple — one of the best ones Adolf Hitler had; a man of faith, who not only adhered to the National Socialist doctrine, as millions did, on account of the political horizons it opened (because it was the only creed that could save Germany), but who accepted it in its essence, and that, because it struck him as being true: capable of saving Germany, surely; but, apart from that, true absolutely, eternally, independently of its success or failure on the material plane; a man who accepted its basic idea of a natural racial hierarchy and of the eminent superiority of Aryan blood, its scale of moral values, entirely rooted in that idea, and its flat denial of the old Jewish-sponsored superstition of “man.” And a man of works, who, once he had embraced that creed (which he did wholeheartedly, and *very early* — when one had all to lose and nothing to gain by proclaiming one’s allegiance to it) was to forward it with all the fanaticism of an eleventh Century Crusader; to defend it with all the ruthlessness, the method, the cold-blooded, meticulous thoroughness of a sixteenth Century Grand Inquisitor. He applied, with detached exactitude and with an iron hand, the principle expressed by Adolf Hitler in “Mein Kampf” — the principle steadily applied, in the course of history, by such men “against Time” or “in Time” who have succeeded in uprooting an old faith and in forcing a new one upon dynamic nations; the rule of every struggle “in Time” and *a fortiori* “against Time” — “Poison can only be overcome through counter-poison” ... “Tyranny can only be broken through tyranny, and terror through greater terror.”¹ Few famous men of the Third Reich — apart of course from the Führer himself and also from Dr. Goebbels — were as thoroughly as he convinced of this practical necessity. Few — apart from the same (and from Julius Streicher) — were, as vividly as he, aware of the sinister historical role of the Jews, nay, of the fact that they have been, directly or indirectly, for centuries, and remain, *the* ferment of disintegration — *the* natural agents of the Forces of death — in the midst of all Aryan nations.

The only pity is that Heinrich Himmler was not given immediately — on the 31st of January 1933 — the full powers that he was but gradually to acquire (and to enjoy, practically without control, but years later, — during the war). In that

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 507.

case, many dangerous Jewish “intellectuals” who, through written and spoken word, stirred the whole world against National Socialist Germany, would quietly have been packed off to Auschwitz without a return-ticket (or disposed of in some still less spectacular but equally safe manner) instead of being allowed to take the boat (or the aeroplane) that carried them to London, to New York, to Bombay, and where not. In that case, no rich Jews would have been able to leave Germany. They would have worked hard — dug canals, built roads, cut stones for the rest of their lives — under the vigilant supervision of S.S. men, instead of financing anti-Nazi newspaper articles, and books and lectures, and movements, all over the world. And not only the Jews, but also many a German enemy of the regime would have been denied the opportunity of becoming, in later years, the hidden accomplice of Great Britain, the U.S.A. and Soviet Russia, in their struggle to crush the new Aryan order in the making. That beautiful New Order would have had, thanks to Himmler’s methods applied in time to its defence, a *chance to live*.

These methods — and the spirit behind them — are, as regards their application to war, defined in the Reichsführer’s well-known, and most vehemently criticised, Posen speech of 1943: “...What happens to a Russian or to a Czech does not interest me in the least.... That hostile nations be prosperous or that they starve to death interests me only in connection with that number of their citizens which we need as slaves. Otherwise, it does not interest me. That ten thousand Russian women may die of exhaustion in digging an anti-tank ditch interest me only to the extent that the ditch is completed for Germany.... When someone comes and tells me: ‘I cannot have that ditch dug by women and children; it would kill them, and therefore be inhuman,’ I reply: ‘It is *you* the murderer of your German race! For if the ditch be not dug in time, German soldiers will perish; and these are sons of German mothers: men of your own blood....’”

This speech has given, after the war, any amount of grist to the anti-Nazi propaganda mill. One has deliberately forgotten that it is a war speech, delivered at one of the most critical moments of a life and death struggle. One has also, deliberately forgotten that the very equivalent of what Himmler here openly *says* has been practised over and over and over again, in

the course of all wars and all revolutions of history, without it hardly ever having been as bluntly *worded*. No fighter is indeed interested in what might happen to his enemies: all he wishes is to defeat them. And as for women and children, one is compelled to use them as slave-labour when none other is available and when the work to be done is *urgent*. Nor can one afford to measure each and every person's task to his or her strength, when the work has to be ready within a definite and very short delay. To pretend one can is nonsense. Not a single one of those "humanitarians" whom the Posen speech fills — so they say! — with indignation, would sit and watch the enemy's tanks roll over his own people, instead of having an antitank ditch *timely* dug across their way by *whoever it be*, including women and children if no male labour be at hand. Again, as I noticed in one of the first chapters of this book: it is not violence, but honesty about violence, which rapidly decreases at the end of the Dark Age; not ruthlessness, but the frank and straightforward admission of the necessity of ruthlessness in any revolutionary struggle, nay, in any struggle whatsoever, if one wishes to be *lastingly* victorious; the admission that "to overcome poison through counter-poison" — in the present case, to overcome Marxism through National Socialism, its *only* antidote, — implies, in war, exactly *that* which Himmler here mentions, and, in the domain of coercive activity, concentration camps and gas chambers (or their equivalent.)

The reason why Heinrich Himmler is so widely and so bitterly hated is not really that he *acted* with the ruthlessness that one knows, — that self-same ruthlessness, I repeat, which has characterised the historically decisive action of *all* great fighters "in Time" or "against Time": of those European rulers who once forced Christianity upon their subjects or upon the people they conquered; of the early warriors of Islam; of the Mongols in all their campaigns; of the agents of the Holy Inquisition who defended the Roman Church against heresy; of those early *Shoguns* of the Tokugawa Dynasty who defended Japan against Christianity; of the men of the French Revolution; and finally of the European colonialists who, willingly or without meaning to, (ironical as this may sound in the case of some of them!) helped to spread the Judeo-Christian infection — and its unexpected, but logical consequence: the later Marxist infection — all over the world. It is not that he

did this or that (or, rather, caused it to be done.) It is that he admitted, nay, proclaimed, in such blunt and brutal words, the necessity of his action. It is, more specially, that his action was accomplished neither in support of any already existing man-centred creed (whether Christianity, “humanitarian” Democracy, or Marxism) nor in the name of any new one, but for the triumph of Germany viewed as the citadel of an unbendingly *life-centred* faith “against Time”; for the glory of that cosmic (and not merely human) faith; for the preparation of the advent and rule of Aryan supermen: gods on earth.

The advanced Dark Age world hates supermen, and is increasingly *anti-Aryan*. It loves “man” — average man; the more mediocre the better! — “man” as “God’s” alleged darling (and the actual darling of all philosophies rooted in, or mixed up with, Jewish thought); it loves “poor, suffering humanity”: the incurably sick; the cripple; the degenerate; and the vicious weaklings of all races, to whom it would gladly sacrifice all the healthy beasts of the earth. It believes in “human solidarity.” And any defiant denial of the latter, such as is contained in the Posen speech, “shocks” it profoundly. (What shocks *me* profoundly is that, among all those who feel “indignant” at the “monstrosity” of the Posen speech, hardly any — *if* any at all — have ever been kept awake, be it for half a night, at the thought of the sufferings of the countless innocent sentient creatures tortured in the vivisection chambers of the whole world in order to gratify man’s criminal curiosity, or to help him “save” — or prolong — the lives of people who are not worth saving, or, at any rate, to help him commercialise his diabolic ability as long as possible, at those patients’ expense. This does, not urge *me* to “love humanity.”)

But there is more: the advanced Dark Age world, whose unifying faith is, more and more, the superstition of “man,” felt, and still feels, (be it dimly) that, had Heinrich Himmler enjoyed from the beginning of the National Socialist régime the full powers he had in 1943; or, rather, had Adolf Hitler, who actually was “more ‘Sun’ than ‘Lightning’,” possessed, along with his god-like vision, and dynamism and power of synthesis, — along with all the virtues and potencies and knowledge of a great creator “against Time,” who is, as I once stated, *necessarily* a Man “above Time” *also*, — Heinrich Himmler’s cold-blooded, abstract, exact and indiscriminate — mechanical — destructiveness,

untiringly directed against anything and anybody that stood in the way of National Socialism; had he possessed Himmler's policeman's estrangement to "human realities," his contempt for all manner of shades and distinctions between Jews and half-Jews (or quarter of Jews) on one hand, as well as between "more or less" dangerous Anti-Nazis of Aryan blood, on the other, the glorious Swastika faith would have triumphed. And a glorious new Aryan humanity, an aristocracy of gods on earth, would have risen, pushing aside (and leaving to die out naturally) or eliminating the bastardised millions we know only too well. And it would have governed the earth in justice and in truth — according to the scale of eternal natural values, which has nothing in common with Christian-democratic, Social-democratic or Marxist morals.

But then, Adolf Hitler would not have been Adolf Hitler the One-before-the-last and most tragic of all that series of men "against Time" that stretches from the beginning of the far gone legendary "Silver Age"¹ to the end of the one in which we are living. He would have been, in our Time-cycle, *the last* Embodiment of Him Who comes back, age after age "to establish on earth the reign of righteousness"; the last, and fully successful One, Whom Sanskrit Tradition names *Kalki*. For He alone will possess, mathematically balanced, and all to the supreme degree, the virtues which seem incompatible. He alone will be not merely "both 'Sun' and Lightning'," but *equally* "Sun" and "Lightning."

Considered in the light of cosmic truth, the hatred of this advanced Dark Age world for Heinrich Himmler is but an unconscious expression of its fear of the invincible divine Destroyer, — Kalki — Who is to come. The East and West — Marxists and Anti-Marxists or so-called such — vaguely felt (and feel) that, had it been but for a little more "Lightning" power — a little more "cold-blooded inhumanity" such as Himmler possessed — Adolf Hitler *would have been He, and have put an end to this Time-cycle.*

* * *

This is so true that, of all Anti-Nazis the most justifiably such — the most *naturally* such — the most conscious, the most

¹ The *Treta Yuga* of Sanskrit Scriptures; the age immediately after the "Age of Truth."

purposeful, and those who, by far, understand the best the more-than-political nature of National Socialism, namely, the Jews, seem to have been aware of it. In December 1942, after noisy demonstrations in the streets of Jerusalem and after a day of fasting, they gathered at the famous Wailing Wall and there “invoked the Old Testament Jewish curse”¹ against Adolf Hitler and three of his closest collaborators. Which ones? Not Rudolf Hess, the chivalrous idealist; the man who had risked his life and lost his freedom in order to try to stop a fratricidal war. Hess was too deeply *like* the Führer; he possessed, like he, more “Sun” than “Lightning” in his psychological makeup, and therefore was not to be feared; moreover, he was, for a year and a half already, a prisoner in the Tower of London. Not Julius Streicher either, although few were as demonstratively “anti-Jewish” as he. For the Jews are practical people — at least when they act systematically, as a nation. They do not object to people being anti-Jewish; they merely object to their being dangerous (from the Jewish point of view.) And Streicher was precisely too demonstrative and too impulsive to be dangerous. Even the stories he published in “Der Stürmer” were too crudely related to be the last word in anti-Jewish propaganda. (The Jewish horrors presented as a matter of course, by Jews themselves, in the Old Testament, beat them anyhow!) No; the three great Germans that the *Rabbis* of Jerusalem took the trouble to curse, through immemorial performances of black magic, along with the Prophet and Leader of awakening Aryandom were Dr. Goebbels, Hermann Göring and Heinrich Himmler:² all idealists; men “against Time,” in the service of the same ideal as himself, but men possessing, to an even greater degree than he, the qualities or advantages which secure success “in Time”: ruthlessness, coupled with suppleness; a convenient and adaptable eloquence, that can lie convincingly, whenever it is in the interest of the Cause; or that extraordinary personal charm — the manners, the many-sided intellect and princely extravagance — which made Göring’s contact with foreign plutocrats so easy and so helpful;³ or Heinrich Himmler’s unhesitating mercilessness

¹ See “The Goebbels Diaries” (New York, 1948), p. 250 — Entry of the 18th. December 1942.

² See the same.

³ George Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne,” p. 290.

wherever the defence of the new German Reich, centre and citadel of a new, regenerate Aryandom, was concerned. Men who were, precisely, *not like* the Führer, but whose capacities completed his and forwarded his creation, in which they all believed; men who often could, better than he, defeat the Dark forces with their own weapons, be it with the diplomat's friendly smile and irresistible words of deceit, be it with the policeman's irresistible pressure upon alleged plotters until they break down and give away the names of other plotters and the details of the plot — or die. Dangerous men, from the Jewish standpoint; men such as Adolf Hitler needed; personalities such as, could they have been harmoniously woven into his, would have made him the dreaded One Whom he merely precedes and foreshadows: the *last* Man “against Time,” Destroyer of this Dark Age world.

* * *

It is not that Adolf Hitler lacked eloquence or that he could not, when he liked, be full of charm. More than anything else, his inspiring speech and the fascination he exerted upon the masses, carried him to power. And his personal charm won him many a friend. But his were the devastating eloquence and the genuine, hypnotic fascination of a Prophet, not the artful persuasiveness of a diplomat or of a “man of the world” — or of both in one. The masses — the German masses, who are genuine, primitive; fundamentally in quest of justice — and the, real élite: — the aristocracy of blood *and character*; the men “against Time” — followed him as a matter of course. But he was not the man to bargain with the wily leaders of this advanced Dark Age, be they of the capitalistic or of the Communistic brand. He tried (how many times did he not stretch out his hand to England in a spirit of peace!) — but failed. An abyss gaped between all crafty professional diplomats and him; nay, between all men who accepted the “values” of this Age and him: an abyss which he (and they) increasingly felt to be unbreachable, but which did not exist (or at least was not obvious) between those same people and Hermann Göring, not to mention J. von Ribbentrop and other men of the Third Reich. There were moments in which the Führer was particularly

aware of this difference and of his isolation in the midst of a hostile world that had let hell loose all round him. It is in one of those moments that he is said to have declared — on the 22nd of April 1945, in presence of General Keitel and General Jodl —: “If it comes to negotiating, Göring will do it much better than I.”¹

One cannot say, either, that Adolf Hitler could not be ruthless, when placed before exceptional circumstances. He proved himself to be, nay, more and more so, as the war drew nearer and nearer to its tragic end. Nothing buttresses this statement more definitely than the words he addressed all the *Gauleiters* of the Reich on the 24th of February 1945, commanding them to rouse the people to a “pitch of Teutonic fury” against the invaders from the East and from the West, so that the whole German nation might perish sword in hand, rather than surrender. “If the German people give way,” said he, carrying the logic of the National Socialist doctrine to its supreme conclusions, whatever these be, “that will only show that they have not a stamina worthy of their mission, in which case they deserve destruction.”¹

It is not a sheer coincidence that these words were spoken on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the National Socialist Party. They express the natural and logical reaction of the Man “against Time,” before the material impossibility of his dream within this Dark Age. The terrible “burnt earth” policy which he forwarded in a new message, addressed to the *Gauleiters* hardly three weeks later — on the 16th of March 1945 — is an outcome of the same. In that message, the Führer commanded that all power-stations, gas-factories, all manner of manufacturing centres, mines, railways, canals, water-supplies, clothes and food supplies etc., be totally destroyed. On the other hand, the generals received orders to turn into deserts the regions they were to defend to the death of their last soldier. They were to destroy not only the bridges, and all the works enumerated within the message to the *Gauleiters*, but even the water-tanks, the granaries full of corn, whatever is necessary to life, — whatever could be useful to the enemy. Never mind if the people who would survive bombing and battles would die of hunger and thirst!²

¹ Quoted by Georges Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne.”

² Quoted by Georges Blond, same book.

Those orders were never carried out. Albert Speer, Minister of Armement and Industries, saw to it that they were not. And although he came to know of this, the Fuhrer never had Speer arrested nor did he insist upon the execution of his own orders. The further desperate struggle absorbed all his energy. I have quoted these messages of the 24th of February and 16th of March 1945 merely on account of the light which they shed upon his spontaneous reaction to a state of affairs, that allowed no hope. A later episode is no less instructive. When informed, on the 29th of April 1945, that the Russians were advancing, through a passage of the Underground Railway under the River Spree, into the heart of Berlin, Adolf Hitler ordered that the passage be at once flooded. There were wounded soldiers in it: German soldiers who had fought and were dying for the love of him and of his dream of Aryan) pride and power. General Krebs told him so. The builder of the Third German Reich, mastering his feelings, replied that it could not be helped, and maintained his order, which, this, time, was carried out. The wounded Germans were drowned, along with a whole battalion of Russians¹ — sacrificed to the ruthless logic of total war even though, viewed from a practical standpoint, the sacrifice was useless; even, though the war was now lost *anyhow*.

There is more: it would seem that it was precisely for not having kept, to the end, that superhuman detachment in front of “the fruits of action” — that attitude of the warrior who knows he is defeated, but yet fights and dies, sword in hand, — that he finally dismissed Hermann Göring (the man who “could negotiate” better than himself; who, — some hinted — was willing to negotiate with the Western Allies) and rejected and condemned Heinrich Himmler (who had, at the last moment, actually tried to conclude an armistice with them.) He had Fegelein, — *Gruppenführer S.S.* married to Eva Braun’s own sister — shot for having, without permission, attempted to go home, and thus “to survive” the ruin of the Reich. He made apparently no distinction between Himmler, who had tried to negotiate with the Allies for Germany to live, and Fegelein, who had merely tried to spare his own life. In the last days of that titanic struggle against the coalesced forces of the whole Dark Age world, all discriminations and all proportions lost

¹ Episode also quoted by Georges Blond.

their meaning. Germany and *a* German became the same — or about the same — just as a light-year and a light-hour are the same in the agelessness of the Infinite.

Adolf Hitler condemned Himmler precisely because he, “the perfect National Socialist believer,” who had followed him so far, and for so many years — already when the Party was small and illegal; — who had, nay, in many circumstances, gone further than he along the way of indiscriminate ruthlessness, did not follow him to the end; could not, it would seem, like he, and like Goebbels, and like admirable Magda Goebbels, understand the mathematical necessity of Germany’s Passion in view of the earthly salvation of the Aryan race, and of the ultimate re-establishment of the divine world-Order (never mind when and *how*); could not understand, like he, the necessity of her sacrifice “in the interest of the Universe.” (Albert Speer had also “not understood.” He too had stood up against the Führer’s determination to fight to the finish. He had prevented the execution of his “burnt earth” orders. And yet the Führer forgave him. True, Speer had joined the Party in 1933, after its rise to power, not like Himmler, ten years before, when the success of National Socialism seemed problematic. Nor was he that fanatical defender of the National Socialist *doctrine*, that Himmler was. Moreover, morally tortured at the thought of having broken his oath of allegiance to Adolf Hitler, Speer came, at, his own risk, and opened his heart to him. It is difficult to say whether the Führer would have pardoned Himmler’s attempt to negotiate with the hostile powers, had the *Reichsführer S.S.* come to him and done the same. Adolf Hitler *expected more of him* than of Speer or anybody else).

The truth is that the Führer’s ruthlessness and Heinrich Himmler’s were not of the same *quality*, or, to repeat what I have already so emphatically stressed, that Adolf Hitler was essentially one of those heroic but unfortunate Men “against Time,” “more Sun than Lightning,” who, as long as this Dark Age lasts, are bound to loose, while Himmler would have won, had he but possessed something of Adolf Hitler’s genius. He would have sacrificed anybody and anything to the one goal, *from the beginning* — when the sacrifice would have had the greatest practical justification. He would not have cared for the losses. And he would have won. But he would not have been “Kalki” — the last one — for all that; not even with genius. He lacked

“Sun” qualities to a too great extent. But then, National Socialism, like the ancient Aryan order in India, — or like early Islam — would have fallen to pieces from within after a few generations, thanks precisely to those compromises with the Dark Forces, which every victory “*in Time*” implies.

Adolf Hitler did not want such a victory.

The only victory he wanted was a definitive one; — the definitive one; the one which only He, the *last* Man “against Time,” the last Incarnation of the everlasting World-Sustainer in a human body, — Kalki — can win.

And yet — for such is the law of every sincere, genuine struggle “against Time,” which asserts itself more and more compellingly as time flows by, and as the Dark Age draws to its end — he was, from the start, aware of the necessity of those qualities “in Time,” of those “Lightning” qualities, which all ruthless National Socialists, and specially Himmler, eminently possessed; which he possessed himself, to a very high, even if not yet sufficient, degree. He was aware of their necessity if, in his own words, “poison” was to be “overcome through counter-poison, tyranny through tyranny, and terror through greater terror.” He has more than once compared the rise of the new Movement to that of the early Catholic Church, thereby recognising the solid worldly capabilities of its organisers and of his fighters — even of its spiritual fighters — as a *sine qua non* condition of its development and triumph, at once and in the long run. It may seem somewhat unexpected — not to say somewhat irrelevant, when not absurd — to mention in this connection such a thing as the immemorial symbolism of colours. Still in that most powerful Church of the Dark Age, that National Socialism is out to combat and to crush, but the long worldly experience of which it was — and is, now and in the future, — to meditate upon and to make use of, every ritual colour has its meaning. The Pope, Head of the faithful, is clad in white, recalling thereby the spiritual purity and lucidity of the Initiate — the Man “*above Time*,” whose other-worldly truth has been distorted and exploited in historical Christianity. The scarlet, purple and gold of the high Church Dignitaries also symbolise states of advanced spirituality — the ideal towards which the Church is supposed to aspire. But the Church is an organisation of this earth — an organisation in Time. It is the militant hierarchy acting

under the inspiration and orders of Dostoyevsky's "Grand Inquisitor" "for the greatest glory of Christ" but surely *not* according to Christ's wisdom, which is "not of this earth." And its actual fighting forces — *all* its priests and nearly all its monks and nuns, who are its strength in the day to day struggle against all contrary (or rival) powers and its obvious witnesses among the people, — *are clad in black*, the colour of this Age; at the most (as in the case of the Dominicans) in black *and* white — the colour of this Dark Age and of Light "above Time."

It strikes me as an extremely eloquent fact that the Swastika, Symbol of Life and Health¹ and Symbol of the Sun, which Adolf Hitler chose to place at the centre of the German flag — not to say of the Pan-Aryan flag, for Germany is to remain, in the light of the Hitler faith, the head of a Pan-Aryan Movement — was *back* upon a *white* background, nay, black upon a white *disk*, amidst a further scarlet surface. And this is all the more remarkable if one assumes that the Führer took his decision intuitively, without being aware of its meaning (which I, personally, however, do not believe.)

It is, also, remarkable that, although the exigencies of war imposed the unobtrusive greyish-green (*feldgrau*) uniform upon the *Waffen S.S.*, the elder S.S. organisation, — the "Allgemeine" S.S, entrusted with the inner defence of the régime — wore *black* — black, I repeat, the colour symbolising *par excellence* the *Dark Forces*, which can be crushed only through forces of a similar nature; the colour symbolising the harsh qualities "in Time" that the S.S. men were to put to the service of an ideal of Golden Age perfection.

Far from considering the black Swastika and the black raiment of the Knights of the new Faith as a "mistake from the standpoint of the Invisible" — still less as a "proof" of "black magic" — I see in them signs of an unflinching knowledge of the laws of action in Time; a knowledge at least as sound as that of the builders of the Catholic Church; a recognition of the fact that alone through qualities "*in Time*" — through those "Lightning" qualities that carry all agents of the Dark forces to success and all great men "*in Time*" to greatness — can a Movement triumph here and now, in this Dark Age; specially

¹ *Swasti*, in Sanskrit.

near the end of it, *and specially a Movement against the spirit of it.*

And, I repeat, — for one cannot repeat it enough —: had those capabilities and tendencies symbolised in the black Swastika upon the German flag and in the black uniform of the toughest defenders of National Socialism been displayed *to their full, from the beginning*, by the Man “against Time,” Adolf Hitler, (and not only the qualities of ruthlessness and fanaticism; characteristic of all revolutionary movements in their youth, but also such qualities of cunning, of deceit, of shameless unscrupulousness, as alone can match and beat the cunning, deceit and selfish unscrupulousness of this advanced Dark Age mankind); had, first of all, the Jewish question been solved *in time*, not only with all Himmler’s mercilessness, but also with all the necessary diplomacy, i.e., had the Jews — and all the Jews; all the dangerous ones, especially, — been disposed of quietly, without the world knowing of it or being able to *prove* it; had even the influential Jews in foreign lands somehow been lured into confidence and brought to their doom, already before the war; had, on the other hand, the question of the collaboration of certain technicians, capitalists and high officers, whose National Socialist convictions were more than doubtful, but whose capabilities the Third Reich *needed*, been tackled in a both more ruthless and more supple manner, — as similar problems were handled in Russia, by the Communists, on their coming to power; — had Adolf Hitler also proved himself both more merciless and more supple in his dealings with the outer world; had he, instead of displaying, in the last days of the war, a materially useless ruthlessness towards his own people, crushed England without hesitation, without pity, without remorse, in 1940, and made the widest possible concessions to Russia at England’s expense, regardless of the number of Europeans (Aryan brothers) whom he would have sacrificed to Stalin’s convenience (the self-same ones whom Roosevelt and Churchill were to sacrifice two years later, but this time *against* the German Reich); in on word, had he been himself *plus* the extraordinary man “in Time” who could have deceived Stalin and crushed England and U.S.A. (or deceived Roosevelt and Churchill, and crushed Russia, in the case that was more advantageous in the long run), it is more than probable that the National Socialist State would be lasting still.

But that was not to be, for the simple reason that I have already given — the reason which Adolf Hitler himself expressed, in his own way, to Hans Grimm, in 1928, — namely that he, the Leader of the National Socialist Movement, was not “the Leader Who is to come” — i.e., the last Man “against Time” — but only the One-before-the-last; the one who was to do “the preparatory work” (*die Vorarbeit*) for the One Who will come after him.

He felt — not being, himself, that One “equally ‘Sun’ and ‘Lightning’” — that, were he to allow the ruthless (and cunning) men round him to act from *the beginning* as they liked, the State “against Time” that he wanted to build would, very soon, in their hands (or very soon after him and them) degenerate into an ordinary State “in Time” — as the early, noble and warlike Islamic State so quickly degenerated into the dreary, corrupt Khalifate, nay, Khalifates, of which history tells us, after the rule of saintly Ali.

Rather than such a victory, — the only possible one for any great Man “against Time,” save the last One — he preferred the terrible risk (and, soon, the terrible reality) of heroic defeat. And he faced defeat, fully conscious of its meaning, in the spirit of detached (apparently useless, yet, spiritually necessary) dutiful action, which is that of that other divine Man “against Time” Who spoke upon the Kurukshetra Field, thousands of years before.

His S.S. men, — those of them, at least, who were worthy of the name, — faced it in the same spirit. It was natural to them. We read in one of the most impartial foreign reportages written about them — in that book of Georges Blond’s, already quoted — the following statement: “War, modern war, with its power of death and its essential inhumanity, was for them a pleasure. Or, if not exactly a pleasure, at least the most interesting, the only *really* interesting way of life. Most of the Waffen S.S. men *did not even raise within their minds the question of the possible issue of the war*: all that interested them was that it lasted.” And the French author adds: “Such was the result of National Socialist fanaticism coupled with drill.¹ We see, in the S.S. men’s attitude to war the outcome of the glorious Aryan Wisdom of detached Action, which is both theirs and that of the Bhagavad-Gita. It reminds us verses

¹ Georges Blond, “L’Agonie de l’Allemagne,” p. 106.

of the Book of books: “...looking to thine own duty, thou shouldst not tremble; *for there is nothing more welcome to a Kshatriya than a righteous war;*”¹ “Happy the Kshatriyas who obtain such a fight, offered, unsought, as an open door to heaven”;² “...Slain, thou wilt obtain heaven; victorious, thou wilt enjoy the earth, therefore, stand up, son of Kunti, resolute to fight!”³ “*Taking as equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, gird thyself for the battle; thus, thou shalt not incur sin.*”⁴ It reminds us that the S.S. men — the real ones — élite of the privileged Nation out of which Adolf Hitler tried to make a Nation “against Time,” — are Aryan warriors “Kshatriyas” of the West. And if “National Socialist fanaticism coupled with drill” strengthened or created in them such an attitude, we should say that “National Socialist fanaticism coupled with drill” made genuine “Karma Yogis” out of them.

Moreover, round them and beyond them, the Führer’s people at large, who were to continue to live, and to fulfill in suffering their long-appointed historical mission, had the same attitude, more or less, and did the same. Every true disciple of his did — and does — the same, according to his conscience; every one, from the martyrs of Nüremberg — those who were hanged and those who, to this day, are prisoners, — to the humblest faithful German; to the humblest faithful Aryan of other lands, who believes in him; every one, beginning with the three men who had the honour of being cursed, along with him, by the rabbis of Jerusalem in December 1942; — the three, two of whom had been, unfortunately, cut off from him in the fever of the last days of the war. (Dr. Goebbels died, with his wife and children, the voluntary, heroic death one knows, in the historic “bunker.” Heinrich Himmler was killed — shot, and then, ignominiously thrown into a cesspool, by British soldiers⁵ — a few days later. And Hermann Goring took poison in the night between the 15th and the 16th of October 1946, after having gone through the whole infamous Trial on the bench of the accused, and having justified before his judges and before posterity, in a last splendid speech, Adolf Hitler and the Third German Reich,

¹ The Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 31.

² The Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 32.

³ The Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 37.

⁴ The Bhagavad-Gita, II, verse 38.

⁵ Heinrich Himmler’s widow has, herself, given me the confirmation of this fact.

and the more-than-German and more-than-human aristocratic ideal that both embody forever).

In the Allied jails and camps, after the war, and in the midst of the atrocious conditions under which all Germany was to live for years, the merciless purge began. The impersonal Forces of Light and Life, Whose ways are mysterious, used the Jewish torturers and Allied hangmen — and the politicians and businessmen whose interest it was to keep Germany down all these years, — to sort out and separate, within the National Socialist ranks or so-called such, the good corn from the tare.

There were months and months of savage persecution, during which a host of martyrs sealed with their blood their allegiance to the Man “against Time.” I shall recall one — one among thousands; the worthy comrade and mouthpiece of thousands: a young S.S. warder of the Belsen camp, whom the British and their Jewish acolytes tortured in April 1945, in the hope to get I do not know what information out of him. One evening, he was brought to the infirmary, unrecognisable: eyeless, his jaw hanging; his bones broken, his face and body one raw, bleeding mass of torn flesh. He was placed upon a bed. And a British officer told the German doctors: “See to it that he lasts till to-morrow morning; we must try once more to make him speak...” In the middle of the night, the young man called the nurse in charge. He could not move; hardly utter a word. She leaned over the bed. He whispered; “Heil Hitler!” and gave up the ghost. I do not know his name; but I have often thought of him — and of others — and recalled the verse of the Horst Wessel Song: “Comrades whom the Reaction and the Red Front have slain,” — whom all the agents of the Dark forces have slain, — “march in spirit with us, within our ranks!”

Countless such episodes have taken place in Germany (in Schwabisch Hall¹ and elsewhere) and in all lands of Europe and in Russia. And there are the martyrs who died, and there are those who survived — who, to this day, are waiting in the prisons of Western Germany and Western Europe: in Werl, in Wittlich, in Landsberg, in Breda, in Fresnes, etc., in Spandau *and in*

¹ The place in which the S.S. men involved (or alleged to be involved) in the notorious “Malmédy case” were tortured. See the report of the American judge Van Roden published in 1948.

the camps of Russia and Siberia; working as slaves in the Ural mines, in the freezing gold-fields of Kolyma, and waiting; waiting for a liberation that never comes. There are the thousands of civilians who are not — or are no longer — in jail, but who have no place in a world in which the citadel of all hopes “against Time” — the Third German Reich — has disappeared.

Some of them — more and more every day — give way; gradually change; let themselves be absorbed into the ugly, dreary, Anti-Nazi post-war world. A few resist and remain — stronger as the flood spreads and roars all round them; victorious rocks, — invincible rocks — in the midst of the ever-expanding flood. They make no noise; they are not spoken of; not mentioned in any connection. They work, and they live; apparently, “like other people”; in fact, as National Socialists. They forget nothing, forgive nothing, and learn all that they can. They keep within their hearts and live up to the commandments of the new faith of Aryan pride and cosmic Truth, expressed by Alfred Rosenberg, the martyr: “Thou shalt be brave; thou shalt never do anything mean. Thou shalt love God in all living things, animals and plants. Thou shalt keep thy blood pure...” They gather now and then, when they can, — and read Nietzsche’s works, and Rosenberg’s and Fremsen’s, but specially Adolf Hitler’s “Mein Kampf.” And they comment upon the eternal words. They remember and tell their children the message of hope — the secret of invincibility; the call to power, — one of the last sentences of the Führer’s book: “A State which, in the Age of racial contamination, devotes itself to the care of its best racial elements, is bound to become, one day, the master of the earth.”¹

They work. They wait. They live. They are, in this darkening Dark Age, the irreducible element “against Time.” They gradually take full consciousness of themselves and of their meaning and of their mission, in a small number of initiates such as that one who told me, on the 28th of October, 1953; “Up till 1945, we were a Party. Since 1945, we have become the kernal of a great new faith. We have discovered who we are, and Who our Führer is.”

They live. They marry pure-blooded Aryans of the same faith as themselves. They have children — for the privileged Race must continue to be, and the Reich, its stronghold in the

¹ “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 782.

West, must reconquer its power. They bring up their children in the same Hitler faith, in spite of all difficulties. They teach them to be proud of being, they too, members of the small, pure, healthy, — indestructible — community. They give them in marriage to worthy young men and women who will, with them, bring the community a generation further along its way to final power and glory.

They are, of course, mostly Germans; there is, nay, a *very* strong proportion of former S.S. men among them. But there are also a few non-Germans, — so that the Führer's words be fulfilled: "In the new world that we are building, it will matter little whether a man comes from Austria or from Norway, provided he be a pure-blooded Aryan."¹ (There were, during the war, non-German S.S. divisions — including an Indian one — fighting for the Third German Reich and for the Aryan Cause.) And the non-Germans look up to Adolf Hitler's Land as to the Holy Land of the West.

The whole faithful community is already a *Pan-Aryan* community. But a Pan-Aryan community conscious of Germany's place and significance in the history of the West and specially in the history of these last years; conscious of the debt of the Aryan race to the National Socialist Reich — the State "against Time." Its members are dispersed all over the earth. But the young faith "against Time," the Hitler faith — that no de-nazification efforts can kill, for it is the modern expression of something eternal — is the link between them, wherever they be.

They live, and work in silence, remembering Adolf Hitler.

They live, and wait. Knowingly or unknowingly, they are waiting for Kalki; Kalki, the last Man "against Time"; the One Whom Adolf Hitler foresaw in 1928; the Avenger Who will give them — or their children — the world.

15th February 1956.

¹ Adolf Hitler, "Tisch Gespräche," published after the war.

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PART V

EPILOGUE

(Kalki, the Avenger)

KALKI, THE AVENGER

The last Incarnation of Him-Who-comes-back-the last Man, “against Time” — has many names. Every great faith, every great culture, nay, every true (living *or* obsolete) form or a Tradition as old as the fall of man (and as the subsequent yearning for the lost earthly Paradise) has given Him one. Through the eyes of the Visionary of Pathmos, the Christians, behold in Him Christ “present for the second time”¹: no, longer a meek preacher of love and forgiveness, but the irresistible Leader of the celestial “white Horsemen” destined to put an end to this sinful world and to establish “a new Heaven and a new earth”; a new Time-cycle. The Mohammedan World is awaiting Him under the features of “the Mahdi,” Whom Allah shall send “at the end of times,” to crush all evil through the power of His sword — “after the Jews will once more have become the masters of Jerusalem” and “after the Devil will have taught men to set even the air they breathe, on fire.”² On the other hand, in nearly every country of Europe, popular Tradition has greeted the One-Who-comes-back either in the form of a departed and returning King, or as the very Soul of a mythical, hidden Army: in Germany, as Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, who shall one day come out of the cave in which he has been asleep for centuries, and save his people, and lead them to unheard-of glory; in Denmark, as Holger Danske, of the Kronborg Mountain; in Poland, as the “Sleeping Host” of folk-tales; in Hungary, as “Attila,” who is, one day to re-appear at the head of “Csaba’s Army” and to work divine vengeance upon the wicked and to mete out justice; while the old solar religions of Central America pictured Him as the radiant white god Quetzalcohuatl, returning in glory and power — like the rising Sun — from beyond the Eastern Ocean. And the millions of Hindusthan have called Him

¹ “Deutera Parousia” — “Second presence” — (of Christ) is the Greek expression for the “end of the world.”

² This tradition can be, in Islam, traced up to the fourteenth century. In Persia the Twelfth Imam — who disappeared mysteriously, to come back at the end of times, — has been identified with the “Mahdi.”

from time immemorial and still call Him “Kalki,” the last Incarnation of the world-sustaining Power: Vishnu; the One Who will, in the interest of Life, put an end to this “Kali Yuga” or “Age of Gloom” and open a new succession of ages. I have called Him in this book by His Hindu name, not in order to show off an erudition which I am far from possessing, but simply because I happen to know of no Tradition in which the three types of manifested existence — ”above Time,” “against Time” and “in Time” — which I tried in these pages to evoke and to define, have so obviously their counterpart in the basic trinitarian conception of Divinity Itself, and in which (as a consequence of this) the Man “against Time” is, in *all* His successive embodiments, but specially in His last one, more eloquently — and more logically — considered as *the* divine Man *par excellence*.

A few words will make this point clear.

The well-known Hindu Trinity — Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, so masterfully evoked in Indian art — is anything but the blending of three inseparable “gods” into one; nay, anything but the triple aspect of one transcendent and personal God. It symbolises something by far more fundamental, namely Existence in its entirety: manifested and unmanifested; conceivable, nay visible and tangible, *and* beyond conception. For Existence — Being — is the One thing divine. And there is no Divinity outside It; and nothing outside Divinity.

Now “Brahma” is Existence *in und für sich* — in and for Itself; Being unmanifested, and thereby outside and above Time; Being, beyond the conception of the Time-bound mind, and thereby, unknowable. It is significant that “Brahma” has no temples in India — or elsewhere. One cannot render a cult to That which no time-bound consciousness can conceive. One can, at the most, through the right attitude (and also through the right ascetic practises) merge one’s self into It; transcend individual consciousness; live “above Time” — in the absolute Present which admits no “before” and no “after,” and which is Eternity.

“Brahma” — their own deeper Self and that of the world, experienced on the level of Eternity — is That which all men “above Time” seek to realise: *the* positive state of “peace, perfect peace”; of peace, not through non-existence, but

through liberation from the bondage of “before” and “after” and of all “pairs of opposites.”

“Vishnu” — the World-Sustainer — is the tendency of every being to remain the same and to create (and procreate) in its own likeness; the universal Life-force as opposed to change and thereby to disaggregation and death; the Power that binds this time-bound Universe to its timeless Essence — every manifested being to the Idea of that being, in the sense Plato was one day to give the word “Idea.”

All men “against Time” (all centres of action “against Time,” in the cosmic sense of the word) are “embodiments of Vishnu.” They are all — more or less — “Saviours of the world” forces of Life, directed against the downward current of irresistible change that is the very current of Time; forces of Life tending to bring the world back to original timeless Perfection; to that glorious projection of the Unmanifested that *begins* every Time-cycle.

“Shiva” — the “Destroyer” — is the tendency of every being to change, to *die* to its present and to all its past aspects. He is Mahakala — Time Itself; Time that drags the Universe to its unavoidable doom and — beyond that — to no less irresistible regeneration; to the Spring of a new Golden Age, and, again, slowly and steadily, to degeneracy and death, in an endless succession of Time-cycles, anyone of which is an individual cycle, *parallel* to all others, no doubt, *but like unto none other before or after it*.

The truly great men “in Time” — men such as Genghis Khan, or, nearer to us, Stalin, — reflect something of His terrible majesty. *The greatest men “against Time” also*, — inasmuch as they all must possess (more or less) the qualities of character that are specially those of the men “in Time”; the qualities in which is rooted the efficiency of organised violence. For Shiva is not only the “Destroyer”; He is the Creator — the “Good one”¹; the “positive” One — also, to the extent all further creation is conditioned by change, and ultimately by the destruction of that which was there before. He is — as Essence of destructive change; as Time — turned towards the future. The wild, cosmic joy of His Dance in the midst of flames, at the end of every successive Time-cycle, is both the joy of destruction *and of* new, perfect Creation. So much so that one can

¹ The word “Shiva” means the “Good One.”

not distinguish it from the joy of the heroes “against Time,” Incarnations of Vishnu. These are all, as I said before, also men “above Time.” A typical historic figure “above Time” — the Buddha — has been, in fact, classified as an “Incarnation of Vishnu” by the wise men of India; and there is indeed, in the cry of triumph attributed to him on his death bed — “Now, I shall never, never again enter a womb!” — something of the exultant intoxication of Lord Shiva’s cosmic Dance. And, on the other hand, Lord Shiva Himself, — Time personified — is also (strange as this may seem to the purely analytical mind) “above Time.” He is the great Yogi, Whose face remains as serene as the blue sky while His feet beat the furious rhythm of the Tandava Dance, amidst the flames and smoke of a crumbling world.

In other words, Vishnu and Shiva, the World-Sustainer and the World-Destroyer, the Force “against Time” and Time Itself, — Mahakala — are One and the same.¹ And they are Brahma, timeless Existence, the Essence of all that is, They are Brahma manifested, “in Time” (and, automatically, also “against Time”) *and yet timeless*. Hindu art has symbolised this metaphysical truth in the figure of Hari-Hara (Vishnu and Shiva in one body) and in the famous Trimurti: three-faced Brahma-Vishnu-Shiva.

In the manifested Universe as we experience it at our scale, no living being embodies that triple and *complete* idea of Existence: — the everlasting, universal Law of constant change away from, and of untiring aspiration towards and ceaseless effort back to original Perfection, *and* the ineffable inner peace of Timelessness, inseparable from It — better than the everlasting and ever-returning Man “against Time”; He-Who-comes-back, age after age “to destroy evil-doers, and to establish upon earth the reign of righteousness.”²

The man “in Time” has hardly any of the “Vishnu” or, as I have called them, “Sun” qualities.

The man “above Time” has hardly any of the “Lightning” qualities of Shiva, the Destroyer.

The man “against Time” — the exceptional Kshatriya, who lives in Eternity, while acting in Time, according to the Aryan.

¹ Sri Krishna, Incarnation of *Vishnu*, says, in the Bhagavad-Gita: “*I am Time everlasting, I, the Supporter, Whose Face turns everywhere.*”

² Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verses 7 and 8.

doctrine of detached Violence once proclaimed upon the Kurukshetra Field — has Vishnu's faithfulness to the original divine pattern of Creation, Shiva's holy fury of destruction (in view of further Creation) and Brahma's fathomless serenity which is, I repeat, the serenity of all three: timeless peace beyond the roar of all wars in Time.

Yet *no* hero "against Time" has, in any Time-cycle, ever expressed that triple aspect of immanent Divinity with absolute adequacy, save the last one. And none was permanently successful (to the extent *anything* is permanent in Time-bound existence) — i.e., successful at least for a few myriads of years — save the last one. The life-work of every other one either gave way from within, after an incredibly short span of time, — securing itself, at the most, a purely nominal survival at the cost of ever greater compromises with the forces of disintegration, — or, was crushed from outside after a desperate struggle against those increasingly efficient forces. It is as though, throughout the countless millenniums of every successive Time-cycle, from the end of the Golden Age onwards, Divinity seeks to express Itself in a new World Order, faithful to the eternal pattern, through the agency of inspired Leaders of the greatest races of the earth, and *never can do so till the end*. Or rather, it is as though "the end" could be defined as the historical moment in which immanent Divinity, i.e., the Soul of the Universe, is again able to express Itself in a *true* World-Order, through the agency of the one and only one fully successful great Individual "against Time."

That last great Individual — an absolutely harmonious blending of the sharpest of all opposites; equally "Sun" and "Lightning" — is the one Whom the faithful of all religions and the bearers of practically all cultures await; the one of Whom Adolf Hitler (knowingly or unknowingly) said, in 1928: "I am not he; but while nobody comes forward to prepare the way for him, I do so"; the One Whom I have called by His Hindu name, Kalki, on account of the cosmic truth that this names evokes.

* * *

The world has been waiting for Him for hundreds of thousands of years.

Every Man “against Time” has, knowingly or unknowingly, foreshadowed Him, and paved the way for His coming. The youngest great race of our Time-cycle on this earth — the Aryan — is awakening in order to bear Him in full consciousness and pride. And the most heroic and the most selfless of all its Leaders, Adolf Hitler, the One-before-the-last Man “against Time,” — more heroic than any of the elder ones, for he fought against the downward pressure of many more centuries; more selfless than the very *last* One, for he was, contrarily to Him, to reap nothing but disaster, — sacrificed himself and his people — at large in order to give Him; (out of the faithful surviving few) compagnons at arms in the last decisive battle.

And the signs of times proclaim that the day He — Kalki — will appear, is drawing nigh.

He will appear when all but the last and toughest of the natural Aryan aristocracy — His chosen compagnons at arms — have definitely taken the way to the abyss. And all but the chosen few are rapidly taking that way.

* * *

A more and more glaring sign of fate is to be observed in the shocking increase of the population of the globe from year to years; specially in the increase of the lower races and in the rapid bastardisation of the higher ones and the resulting accelerated fall of the whole of mankind to the level of an enormous unthinking herd.

I have, in another part of this book, already mentioned the fact as one of the main characteristics of the advancing Dark Age. In the Golden Age, — symbolised, in Christian Tradition, in the much older myth of the “Garden of Eden” — extremely *few* people, *but all god-like*, lived in a lovely world, covered (wherever the climate permitted) with a luxuriant vegetation that nobody destroyed, and full of beautiful, free and friendly, animals, that nobody killed or injured. However; with the appearing of what I have called the superstition of “man,” expression of the oldest human selfishness and conceit, — i.e., meanness, — which cut him off the harmonious brotherhood of living creatures and caused his fall from the Golden Age state of existence,

¹ I have mentioned in this book Hans Grimm’s tragic warning. (See his book “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” p. 107-108 and 206 and following).

man ceased to be the righteous king of Creation to become, gradually, its tyrant and, more and more, — as myriads of years rolled by and as he sunk into the Dark Age, — its torturer. And his rebellion against the divinity of Nature led him, along with this, to despise Nature's great purpose. A short-sighted quest for indiscriminate individual enjoyment made him indifferent to the call to supermanhood. And he degraded himself ever more. Now, at the *end* of the Dark Age, the Edenic picture is completely reversed. Upon the surface of this unfortunate planet, which is loosing with alarming rapidity its once so broad and thick mantle of forests; of this unfortunate planet, where whole species of proud wild creatures — the aristocracy of the animal world — have already been or are being, with no less speed, wiped away, — killed off to the last, — one notices an increasingly obnoxious and steadily expanding swarm of dreary (when not positively ugly) vulgar, silly, worthless two-legged mammals. And the more worthless they are, the quicker they breed. The sickly and the dull have more children than the healthy and bright; the inferior races, and the people who have no race at all, definitely more than the hundred per cent Aryan; and the down-right rotten — afflicted both with hereditary diseases *and* racially undefinable blood — are, more often than not, terrifyingly fertile.

And everything is done to encourage that mad increase in number and that constant loss in quality. Everything is done to keep the sickly, the cripple, the freaks of nature, the unfit to work and unfit to live, from dying. One "prolongs" as much as possible the lives of the incurable. One inflicts torture upon thousands of lovely, innocent, *healthy* animals, in the hope of discovering "new treatments," so that deficient men, whom Nature has, anyhow, condemned to death, might last a few months — or a few weeks longer; so that they be patched up, or artificially given an illusion of vitality... while remaining a burden to the healthy. And that, whoever they may be; just because they are "human beings." Hospitals and asylums — bluntly described as such, or politely christened "homes" are full of such dregs of humanity, old and young... while the healthy are (physically and morally) made unhealthy, through the conditions of life imposed upon them by a false civilisation: through joyless work and over-crowded houses lack of privacy; lack of leisure; through compulsory inoculations

and cleverly advertised unnatural food; through nerve-wrecking mass-music, not to speak of a soul-killing, brain-softening mass-propaganda exalting unnatural values. Hospitals and asylums are, after slaughter-houses, one of the most depressing features of the advanced “Kali Yuga” or Dark Age; the one which would automatically provoke the greatest disgust in the heart of a strong man of the beginning of this Age, not to mention one out of the preceding “Dwapara Yuga” and *a fortiori* out of a remoter Age, if such men could come back as they once were.

But why speak of hospitals and asylums? The streets are full of dregs of humanity, at least full of bastards and of sub-men. One only has to look at the faces one sees in the over-crowded buses, or in the cinemas and dancing-halls and cafes in large towns, nay even in small ones, even in the *countryside*, everywhere, save in those lands in which the dominant race is relatively pure. It is a pitiful sight; a pitiful world; a world up-side-down; a world in which the average cat or dog is, *as such*, immeasurably healthier, more beautiful — more perfect — than the average man or woman and *a fortiori* than the average post-1945 State ruler; nearer to the ideal archetype of his species than most present-day human beings and *specially* than the official (*and* the hidden) leaders of the present-day “free world” — President Eisenhower (or rather, Mr. Baruch) Churchill, Mendes-France, etc., (let alone their most obedient servants Konrad Adenauer, Theodor Heuss and Co) — ever were to the ideal archetype of man, God’s masterpiece.

If only the, ugly sub-men were capable of lofty thoughts — or simply of *thought* — that would be something! But they are not. And their leaders are worse than they, not better. True, they all *speak* of “free thinking”; speak of it, and write about it. They criticise their former friends (the Communists) for “killing individual thought.” Yet they are themselves the first ones to lack both freedom of judgement and individuality. They all have the same views; and the same ideal. Their views are those of the ruling press. Their ideal is to “get on in life,” i.e., to make money and to “be happy,” which means: to enjoy tasty food, fine clothing, lodgings provided with the latest commodities; and, in addition to that, as often as possible, a little drink, a little light music, a little sport, a little love-making. Maybe, they call themselves Christians — or

Hindus, or anything else. But whatever religion they might profess, their faith is skin-deep. Nothing, absolutely nothing more-than-personal — and, *a fortiori*, more-than-human, — interests them. The one thing they all pray for, when they pray at all, is “peace”; not the unassailable, inner peace of the Best (of which they have not the foggiest experience), but peace in the sense of absence of war; the indefinite prolongation of a “status quo” which allows them to think of to-morrow’s little pleasure without the fear of to-day’s deadly danger; peace, thanks to which they will, undisturbed, — so they hope — be able to go on rotting in the midst of that increasing comfort, which technical progress secures them; peace, thanks to which they expect to remain (or gradually to become) *happy* — in the manner pigs are happy, when they have plenty to eat and clean straw to lie upon.

Accelerated technical progress is, along with accelerated human degeneracy, an all-important feature of the advanced Dark Age.

It is — or seems to be — the “triumph of man” over Nature. And it is interpreted and exalted as such by the sub-men, all the more proud of it that they have nothing else — no real, living culture; no disinterested work or knowledge-to be proud of. It is — or seems to be — the “proof” of man’s superiority over all other sentient beings; the “proof” of his superiority *en bloc, regardless of race*, for... a Negro can drive a motorcar, can’t he? And there are very clever Jewish doctors. It forwards or strengthens the age-old superstition of “man,” which lies at the root of all decay. It is, or seems to be, the way to universal “happiness”; the ideal of those increasing millions — and soon, milliards — who have no ideal. In fact, it helps the ruling powers of the Dark Age, the skilful agents of the forces of disintegration, to keep the millions under their control. For, paradoxical as this may sound, masses who can read and write are easier to enslave than masses who cannot, and nothing is so easy to subdue and to *keep* down as masses who consider their wireless and television sets and cinema shows as indispensable necessities of life. (The modern men “against Time” know that, as well as the men “in Time.” Only they do not dispose of the inexhaustible financial resources of the latter.)

Technical progress, in all fields in which it does not automatically

imply cruelty towards man or beast (or plant)¹, is not a bad thing in itself. Actually, it is not it that makes the Dark Age. What *makes* the Dark Age is the fall of all but an extreme minority of men to the level of a brainless (and heartless) herd, and, at the same time, their endless increase in number. And technical progress is a curse only inasmuch as it is *the* most powerful instrument in the hands of all those who, directly or indirectly, encourage that indiscriminate increase and, consequently, forward that herd-mentality (even if they do not explicitly intend to); in the hands of the doctors who keep the weak and deficient and mongrels alive, and do nothing to prevent further such ones from being born: in the hands of the politicians “in Time” who, precisely because they all share — like the doctors — the age-old superstition of “man” and of man’s individual “happiness” at any cost, are opposed to any systematic selection in view of the survival and welfare of the healthiest, let alone to systematic *racial* selection *also*, in view of the survival and rule of an all-round biological human aristocracy.

As I said above, technical progress and its wonders could just as easily be put to the service of a decidedly “life-centred” philosophy “against Time”; of an aristocratic doctrine of personal and racial *quality*, such as National Socialism, if only the exponents of such a doctrine could maintain themselves in power in this advanced Age of Gloom — which they cannot.

The reason *why* they cannot is not that there exist electric trains and electric irons, radios and television sets, aeroplanes and washing machines and “electronic brains” and all manner of major and minor commodities, products of technical skill, but that the overwhelming majority of *mankind* in this Age — the more and more numerous and duller and duller herd of all races, in process of general bastardisation, — is against any and every aristocratic wisdom. The reason is that the millions and millions — soon milliards — of sub-men feel themselves threatened in their dream of pig-like “happiness,” nay, in their no less pig-like existence, by whoever embodies such a wisdom “against Time.” The reason is that the increasingly powerful agents of the death-forces, natural leaders of this Age, *use* radio, cinema, television, and all technical means that money can secure, to excite the unthinking herd against the Best, while

¹ Destruction of forests, for instance.

doing everything they can, through the advertisement of more and more wonderful commodities, to keep the average man's slumbering mind away from higher things — away from every aspiration "against Time"; away from every aggressive criticism of the fundamental Dark Age dogmas and, in general, away from all impersonal problems... until its slumber ends in the definitive sleep of death.

It is not — surely not! — technical progress as such which so deeply shocks Kalki's future companions at arms (or the fathers of such ones), those natural aristocrats of the youngest human race, whom I have described as "the Best." It is the glaring disparity between the perfection of modern technical achievements considered as "means" and the worthlessness of the ends to the service of which they are put; it is the contrast between that wonderful Aryan intelligence, which stands and shines behind practically every discovery of modern science, every invention of modern technique, and the steadily increasing degeneracy of the sub-human multitudes who enjoy the products of its creative ingenuity in daily life, as a matter of course, nay, who, through their *misuse* of them, are sinking lower and lower into that brainless and soulless "happiness" — I repeat: that pig-like "happiness" — which is the ideal of our times.

That ideal is *the* one forwarded, under one form or another, more and more unmistakably in the course of centuries, by all typical Dark Age leaders "in Time," in particular, by that most efficient of all agents of the Dark Powers during the last two thousand four hundred years (at least) and specially during the last three or four hundred years: the international Jew.

The advanced Dark Age of this present Time-cycle is the reign of the Jew — of the negative element; of the reverser of eternal values for the sake of "human" ones, and, finally, for that of his own, selfish interests; the reign of the "destroyer of culture," as Adolf Hitler so rightly pointed out; of the age-old "ferment of disintegration." It is natural that "ferments of disintegration" should become more and more active — more and more alive — as a Time-cycle nears its end.

* * *

It is — or was, for a very long time — a wide-spread belief

among Christians that, when the Jews become once more the masters of Palestine, their “promised Land,” the “end of the world” — i.e., the end of the present Time-cycle, — will not be far away. The Mohammedans behold, they too, in that same event, one of the tokens announcing the advent of the long-awaited “Mahdi.”¹ Thanks to England’s steadily pro-Jewish policy, the Jews have, in Palestine, since 1938, a State of their own. If the collective belief of many generations of men, both in the West and in the Near East, corresponds to any reality (and collective beliefs of that nature generally do, to some extent), then the great end must be drawing night. The existence of that strange — at the same time ultra-modern and unbelievably archaic — Israelitish State is an extra “sign of times” or, rather, the symbol of a by far mightier and more dangerous reality, which is the *actual* “sign.” And that reality is none other than the ever-tightening grip of the Jew upon the whole world.

The truth about the Jewish State in Palestine remains that which Adolf Hitler had already understood-half through his knowledge of the Zionist Movement, half through his intuition of the natural enemy of Aryan mankind as such — and expressed, fourteen years before its foundation, namely that the Jews never intended to live in their independent country (which is, anyhow, far too small to contain them all) but that they just wanted “protected Head-quarters — Head-quarters with sovereign rights, free from the interference of other States — for their worldwide international organisation of deceit; a place of refuge for rogues who have been detected, and a high-school for rogues in the making....”² In other words Palestine may well be the mystical — and practical — centre of world-Jewry, but the Jewish danger has no “centre.” It is everywhere, and all the more difficult to fight that most people either refuse to see it or reject as “inhuman” the only methods through which it could be neutralised.

One need not read the famous “Protocols of the Elders of Zion” or the more modern speech which Rabbi Emanuel Rabinovitch delivered in Budapest, on the 12th of January, 1952 before the “Emergency Council of European Rabbi,”³ in order to be convinced of the double, world-wide effort of the Jews,

¹ See above, p. 413.

² “Mein Kampf” (edit. 1939), p. 356.

³ Published through the care of Einar Aberg, Norrviken, Sweden.

on one hand, to lower the biological level of all non-Jewish races, specially of the Aryan, and, on the other, to work themselves into all key-positions in the economical, political, cultural and spiritual life of all leading nations. It is, on the contrary, the obvious reality of that double effort — the presence of the international Jew (or of organisations entirely under his control) behind all “spiritual,” “cultural” or political movements or thought-currents that allow, encourage, or logically lead to the mixture of races; behind all or practically all “literary,” “artistic” commercial or “medical” concerns, the aim of which is to encourage sexual perversity and any manner of vice, to provide silly amusements or to forward the love of empty speculation, in one word, to lower the physical, intellectual and moral level of the individual; and, along with that, the ever-increasing number (and influence) of Jews (or of men completely under Jewish control) in world-finance, world-industry and world-politics; — it is the fact that, whoever shows that he or she is fully aware of that effort and fully prepared to fight against it, “gets nowhere”; the glaring fact that nothing indeed happens in this ugly post-1945 world without the Jews’ order or permission, which strengthens, at least in *us*, the conviction that both the “Protocols of the Elders of Zion” and the recent Rabinovitch speech, and the like of them, are genuine documents. As genuine as the much older Bible and Talmud that also proclaim the Jews “God’s Chosen people.”

There resides, perhaps, the whole meaning of the rise and temporary victory and world-wide rule of the Jews as a “sign of times”; it is based upon a lie; it is lasting through a lie; it is the most logical feature of the advanced Dark Age, which is, more and more, the Age of lies.

The truth is that there is no other “God” but the immanent, *impersonal* divinity of Nature — of Life; the universal Self. No tribal god is “God.” Tribal gods are more or less divine, to the extent they embody and express a *more or less divine* collective soul. Jahveh, the tribal god of the Jews, is as little divine, as *negative* as they themselves — they, the typically negative human element of our Time-cycle. Through a series of lies, the Jews have been for the last three thousand and specially for the last two thousand four hundred years, leading an increasingly intensified campaign for the reversal of the eternal, *natural* values — i.e., an anti-truth campaign — in view

of their own exaltation. They have, through the mouth of their prophets and “philosophers” proclaimed Jahveh “God of all men”; they have, then, concealed as many as they could of his nasty characteristics through a clever exploitation of the Christ myth by Paul of Tarsus and other Jews, half-Jews¹ and judaised Greeks; they have, through the same, stressed anew the old, very old denial of the unity of the Realm of Life and proclaimed “all men” different in nature from the rest of creatures—and therefore above the general laws of Life — in order to buttress the false teaching that “one blood”² flows in the veins of “all nations,” and to kill the idea (and the instinct) of a natural, God-ordained racial hierarchy. They have preached meekness and forgiveness and pacifism (to all, save to their own people) in order to rob the young, warlike Aryan race of its stamina; in order to kill its healthy pride. They are, now more feverishly than ever, encouraging its adolescents to make fun of “Nazi prejudices,” to despise purity of blood, and to marry outside their race (if thus be the impulse of “individual love”) — so that the race may disappear; encouraging them into perdition, both through the old superstition of “man” under its various modern forms, and through the whole atmosphere of subtle corruption in which the post-1945 world is literally soaking.

They must win — and they shall win — *for the time being*. Otherwise, it would not yet be the End. They must — and shall — see their dream — their immemorial dream of easy domination over a peaceable, “happy” hotch-potch of bastardised millions and ever more millions, that their long-drawn disintegrating action has rendered even more contemptible than they — at a hair’s breadth from its complete materialisation. Otherwise, the measure of iniquity — the measure of *untruth* — would not be full. And it would not yet be time for “Kalki” — the Avenger — to come.

* * *

I am not qualified to venture precise and specially *political* forecasts. This whole book has, moreover, little to do with that which people ordinarily mean by “politics.” It is history,

¹ Timothy, the faithful follower of Paul of Tarsus, was a half-Jew.

² See the “Acts of the Apostles,” Chapter 17, verse 26.

no doubt, and therefore *also* “politics”; but politics considered from a cosmic angle, from which current events and the men who stand behind them appear in an unusual light.

Those who are daily and directly in touch with the social, economical and military realities which are, already, moulding the immediate future, can say nothing about that future, *for they know nothing*. And I know even less than they do about precise events, i.e., about the details of *the road* the world is taking. But I know the road. I know it, because that knowledge is not the concern of politicians, sociologists, economists or military experts but precisely that of people who look at history, past and present, and who *live* the history of our times; from the cosmic standpoint. There is nothing in the way of documents, very little in the way of statistics, to “prove” the soundness of what I say. Times to come will confirm it or not confirm it. All I can state now, in favour of my point, is that it tallies with all the forms of the one, unwritten Tradition which I happen to know. It is orthodox in the light of Tradition — orthodox as far as an *interpretation* can be.

Tradition has not given us the date of the last return of Him Who comes back. Nor has it given us the means of calculating it. Tradition is neither history nor astrology. Yet, according to the signs I have mentioned, the last embodiment of the Forces “against Time” in our Time-cycle — Kalki — must appear soon. He will come when all will seem irretrievably lost: when nothing will be left of the real Chosen Race — the natural Aryan aristocracy — but a silent, unnoticed, yet conscious, unwavering and active handful of men and women of the type of those I have described at the end of the last chapter of this book. Now, everything *does* actually seem lost without hope. As Rabbi Emanuel Rabinovitch declared in 1952, “the goal towards which the Jews have been striving for over three thousand years” — namely, peaceful domination over a “happy,” bastardised earth, in which the “most dangerous enemy” — the polar opposite — of Jewry, i.e., the Aryan, will, (in the Rabbi’s own words) be “nothing more than a memory” — “*is within hand’s reach*.” And the few men who are already more than men, — the toughest votaries of the perennial Faith of Light and Life in its most recent form, — are waiting; waiting to recognise their own beloved Leader, Adolf Hitler, in the irresistible apocalyptic Warrior Who is to avenge him and his people — their

comrades and themselves. The divine Warrior is bound to come soon.

It is impossible to say “where” He will appear. Since the far-gone days of the fall of man, all those who have been awaiting Him have looked upon Him as an exponent of their particular faith and as one of their people. The Jews themselves who have the strongest grounds of all to *dread* Him, — have taken over the immemorial myth announcing His advent and distorted it — *reversed it*, in the manner they reverse all truth, — into the dogma of a Jewish Messiah, to suit their purpose. The Jewish and judaised founders of Christianity — Paul of Tarsus and the others — have built up, round the mysterious person of Jesus (whose real origin is unknown) a whole pernicious — man-centred, anti-racialist, anti-natural — philosophy, in which they blended together, with astounding skill, Jewish Messianism and the old cosmic myth of the God Who dies and rises from the dead. They did so in order to give the Jews the negative element *par excellence*, the seeming of a positive mission of salvation, i.e., in order to make the negative values appear as positive, and the positive ones as negative — the genuine sons of the “Father of lies,” which indeed they are! For, whatever be the nation destined to bear Him, one thing is certain: Kalki will not, directly or indirectly, draw His origin from the Jewish people. None of the inspired men of action “against Time” ever did. The last One is also not to. Moreover, He will not be born among any of the older races which have had their centuries of beauty and of glory in the Ages that lie irretrievably behind us and that are now (in spite of apparent revivals — false nationalisms; bad copies of those of the Aryan nations) in definite, *wholesale* decay.

According to the laws of development in Time which are those of the logic of history, Kalki, the Avenger, the final Redeemer, can only belong to the youngest race of our Time-cycle: the Aryan. For it is the youngest and most dynamic race of *any* Time-cycle which provides “the bridge” into the following one: the chosen Vanguard who will have the enviable privilege of living in *both* Time-cycles; who will fight the last battle of the Forces of Life in the doomed world *and* experience amidst the perfection of the new-born (or, rather, I regenerated) one, that glorious Golden Age state of existence — Godhead in flesh and blood, — which we fail to conceive even

in our loftiest dreams, to-day, in the Age of Gloom. Out of the youngest and most dynamic race of any Time-cycle come, if not all, at least the greatest number of its latest heroes “against Time” (i.e., those of its very last sixty or seventy centuries). It is at any rate remarkable that *all* the *human* “avatars” or earthly Incarnations of Vishnu mentioned in Hindu Tradition — five, out of the nine that belong to the past — are looked upon as “Brahmins” or “Kshatriyas,” i.e., Aryans. It is within the logic of Tradition that the “tenth” and last — Kalki — should also be born as a member of the privileged race.

Will He be none other than He whom I have described as the One-before-the-last Man “against Time” — Adolf Hitler — returning with more-than-human power? There is no reason why this should not be, provided the inspired Leader still be alive, and provided the world becomes, within his life-time, ripe for the great End (which would in no way be a wonder, at the rate decay has set in everywhere, after 1945). The terrible experience of defeat through treason, and the sight of the systematic degradation of his people through far subtler and deadlier means than the ridiculous “de-nazification” rules and regulations, would probably be enough to rouse the Führer’s “Lightning” qualities until they balance in him the “Sun” ones and make him a new man, — infinitely more merciless than he was in his first career.

But even if it be not so; — even if Adolf Hitler really be dead in the flesh, as an increasing number of his faithful ones believe, — still one is, considering things *in their essence*, justified in saying that “Kalki” will be he, come back. For “Kalki” will be *all* Men “against Time,” come back. He will be the exponent of all that for which everyone of them fought in vain against the ever more powerful current of decay — the very current of history; — the exponent of that eternal cosmic Order, the earthly projection of which is the “reign of righteousness” mentioned in the Bhagavad-Gita. He will be both He Who spoke to the Aryan warrior, Arjuna, — and to all Aryan warriors — on the Kurukshetra Field, and He Who spoke to the German people — and to every racially — conscious individual Aryan of the world — from *Hofbräufestsaal*, from Luitpold Arena, and from the German *Reichstag*. For the two are the same One: the One Who came back, and Who will come back again.

And “Kalki” will be nearer to and more intimately connected with the latest great Man “against Time,” Adolf Hitler, than with any of the many former ones. For He — the last One — is, as I said in the beginning of this study, none other than *the* One of Whom the Führer spoke when, with that unflinching cosmic intuition that raises him so high above the cleverest of Dark Age politicians, he told Hans Grimm, in 1928: “I know that Somebody must come forth and meet our situation. I have sought him. I have found him nowhere; and therefore I have taken upon myself to do the preparatory work, *only the most urgent preparatory work*. For that much I know: I am not He. And I know also what is lacking in me.”¹

He is that One. And He will, in the midst of the most hopeless circumstances, continue the old, — the perennial — Struggle against the downward stream of Time — the Struggle which the disaster of 1945 has *apparently*, but only *apparently*, interrupted — and bring it to a victorious end for a few myriads of years; make Adolf Hitler’s dream, through means that were yet unthinkable during (or before) the Second World war, a glaring reality for a few myriads of years.

The means cannot be foretold, for things will have changed, by then. Things *are* changing — and the science of war, progressing, — every day. One point is, however, as a main feature of every recurring “great End,” beyond doubt: “Kalki” *will act with unprecedented ruthlessness*. Contrarily to Adolf Hitler, He will spare not a single one of the enemies of the divine Cause: not a single one of its outspoken opponents but also not a single one of the luke-warm, of the opportunists, of the ideologically heretical, of the racially bastardised, of the unhealthy, of the hesitating, of the all-too-human; not a single one of those who, in body or in character or mind, bear the stamp of the fallen Ages.

* * *

As I said before, His companions at arms will be the last National Socialists; the men of iron who will have victoriously stood the test of persecution and, what is more, the test of complete isolation in the midst of a dreary, indifferent world,

¹ Quoted by Hans Grimm in his last book “Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?” p. 14.

in which they have no place; who are facing that world and defying it through every gesture, every hint, — every silence — of theirs and, more and more (in the case of the younger ones,) without even the personal memory of Adolf Hitler's great days to sustain them; those I have called "gods on earth" and parents of such ones. They are the ones who will, one day, make good for all that which men "against Time" have suffered in the course of history, like they themselves, for the sake of eternal truth: the avenging Comrades whom the Five Thousand of Verden¹ called in vain within their hearts at the minute of death, upon the bank of the Aller River, red with blood; those whom the millions of 1945 — the dying; the tortured; and the desperate survivors — called in vain; those whom all the vanquished fighters "against Time" called in vain, in every phase of the great cosmic Struggle without beginning, against the Forces of disintegration, co-eternal with the Forces of Life.

They are the bridge to supermanhood, of which Nietzsche has spoken; the "last Battalion" in which Adolf Hitler has put his confidence.

Kalki will lead them, through the flames of the great End, into the sunshine of the new Golden Age.

And it will all begin again: the succession of Ages, in the same unchanging order, submitted to the same unchanging Laws; the unavoidable reappearing of that decay; the seed of which is contained in any and every manifestation in Time; the Struggle "against Time" and, finally, the rush to the abyss, — in spite of it; — for the millionth and ten millionth time. And a new great End, and a new radiant Beginning, and a new Time-cycle — again and again and again. There *is* no definitive *End*.

* * *

We like to hope that the memory of the One-before-the-last and most heroic of all our Men "against Time" — Adolf Hitler — will survive, at least in songs and symbols, in that long Age of earthly Perfection which "Kalki," the last One, is to open. We like to hope that the Lords of the new Time-cycle, men of his own blood and faith, will render him divine honours,

¹ The five thousand German Chiefs, beheaded on the same day in 787 A.D. by order and in the presence of Charlemagne (and of a number of dignitaries of the Christian Church).

through rites full of meaning and full of potency, in the cool shade of the endless re-grown forests, on the beaches, or upon inviolate mountain-peaks, facing the rising Sun.

But even if it be not so, still he will, like all his divine predecessors, live, throughout the ages in the faithful consciousness of the Universe, the life-rhythm of which he symbolises. Still the long and more and more intense and finally almost desperate aspiration “against Time,” which characterises every recurring Time-cycle as soon as decay has set in obviously enough to be felt, will be, every time, a new expression of that self-same yearning after manifested Perfection for the sake of which he fought and lost; a new, long-drawn cosmic outcry, proclaiming that he was right in spite of all. And still every further Golden Age to come — every successive Dawn of Creation — will be the living materialisation of his highest dream; a further hymn of glory, proclaiming, every time for myriads of years, that he — He — has once more won.

Savitri Devi Mukherji

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The background of the cover is a photograph of the Taj Mahal in Agra, India, taken during the "golden hour" of sunset. The sky is a deep, warm orange, and the white marble of the mausoleum is silhouetted against it. The central dome and four minarets are clearly visible. The entire scene is reflected in the calm water of the reflecting pool in the foreground, creating a symmetrical effect. The text is overlaid on the lower half of the image.

The Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity

by
Savitri Devi

Calcutta
1940

*“Nation first, religion afterwards;
no god is worth the sacrifice of
reborn India before his altar.”*

(p. 13)

**TO THE MEMORY OF
SULTAN TIPPU**

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PREFACE

In July last, (1940) I saw the tomb of Sultan Tippu, near Seringapatam. It lies three or four miles away from the ruined walls of the city, in a lonely place. I walked through a beautiful garden to the room where the gallant Indian is sleeping his last sleep by the side of his father Hyder Ali, and of his mother. There was not a soul to be seen, and the only sound I could hear was the endless lamentation of the wind in the high trees. The overwhelming quietness penetrated me. Words read upon a tombstone in Europe, years and years ago, came back to me as an expression of the ultimate goal of all life: "Peace, perfect peace."

Then suddenly, I thought of India, — that India whom I have made mine. Tippu died for her to live and flourish. Did he die in vain? Centuries of decay and disaster, of foreign invasions and internal strife, rushed before my mind. "Will India ever enjoy peace — not the stillness of the dead, but peace in the joy of life"? And it was as if something

from within me answered: “Yes, if one day the Indians can forget social prejudice and communal hatred, and love one another.”

I soon reached Tippu’s tomb, and stood by it, lost in my thoughts. The picture of the ruined defences of Seringapatam was vivid in my mind. I also remembered the spot where the Sultan was found dead after the fall of the city, and the little I had read in my childhood about Tippu took a new colour and a new sense, there, before the stone under which he lies. All that I had learnt in India also took a new colour and a new sense. The inessential matters which, too often, are taken as fetishes by both Hindus and Mohammedans, and become the occasion of inter-communal squabbles, were forgotten. I could only think of one thing in the silence of the room where lies the great Tippu, who died for India’s freedom, and that was that India’s latent craving for internal peace and unity should put an end to communal strife, and make us all march together, — one heart, one will, — like those who fought, then, under the walls of Seringapatam. The room itself was to me a sanctuary, for it contains not a Mohammedan, not a Hindu, not a man, but a symbol of everlasting India. And, I bowed down before Tippu’s tomb as I would have done before the sacred image

in any Hindu shrine.

When I got up, I saw an old man standing by my side, with a book in his hand. It was the “visitor book”; the old man asked me in Hindustani if I would like to write something in it. Under the signatures of half a dozen European tourists, I wrote: “May the spirit of the Indian warrior who lies here inspire us all, — Hindus and Mohammedans alike, — and guide us in our present-day struggle for national independence.”

There was peace in the air; peace also in the old man’s eyes. In the high trees, the endless lamentation of the wind was like a song of peace. And when I reached the gates of the silent enclosure and came in contact with life once more, the innocent laughter of a few children along the road made me dream of a future India where communal consciousness would be no more. I wrote this booklet on my return to Calcutta, as an immediate continuation of the thoughts inspired in me by my visit to Sultan Tippu’s tomb and to the ruins of his fortress.

Savitri Devi

Calcutta, September 1940

Chapter 1

TWO NATIONS?

The Hindu-Moslem problem, as set before us in India, is not a “new” problem in the annals of the world, not a problem particular to India by nature. It is the problem which, sooner or later, has to be faced in every country where, as a result of prolonged alien domination or of successful proselytism, or of both combined, a portion of the people have since a long time adopted a cult, a tradition and, to a certain extent, a civilisation, different from those which were formerly shared by all the citizens.

A somewhat similar situation was met with at different epochs of the past in Spain, in Northern Africa, and in different parts of the Balkans. In some places the problem has been solved by the annihilation of one of the two communities under the pressure of brutal force or otherwise (expulsion of the Spanish Moors by the Catholics, total Islamisation of North Africa). In others, on the contrary, the two communities live in peace side by side. This is, for instance, the case of Bosnia, a province of Yugoslavia

with 75 % Mohammedan population, where, in the midst of the Christian world, Mohammedan religion and customs are preserved up to this very day, within the limits and under the conditions of a growing modern state.

We must remark that the Spanish (or the North African) solution of the difficulty, — that is to say the annihilation of one of the conflicting communities, — is the only rational and desirable one wherever the two communities actually represent *two* nations. Two nations cannot flourish in peace within the limits of the same state. Either the state is alien to both of them, and they are both dependent, or else one of them practically rules over the other. But *two* living nations can never make one.

The solution finally adopted in Bosnia where Mohammedan Slavs and Christian Slavs live together in peace is by all means the best wherever it is applicable. But it presupposes the existence of *one nation only*, in spite of all religious and customary differences among the citizens.

* * *

The Indian communal problem must be carefully

distinguished from any *religious* conflict.

Even in Europe and in the Near East, during the bitterest 'religious' conflicts of the Middle Ages, interests and ambitions of this world added no little to men's pious fury. Moreover the people of India have never been seriously divided on a purely religious basis. The long opposition of the Hindus to the Buddhists, in the past, had a predominant *social* factor at its root: the rejection of caste rules by the Buddhists. Wherever opposition thoroughly existed it was not the opposition of two "religions" — two paths to salvation, — nor even of two metaphysical systems (Indians relish to discuss metaphysics but never cared to fight for them); it was the opposition of *two social orders*.

The notorious Hindu-Moslem antagonism has also no serious religious basis, especially on the Hindu side. It is the antagonism of two portions of the very same population who have, to a certain extent, different ways of living; who keep up, at different times, festivities commemorating events which have nothing to do with each other; who do not worship in the same way nor in the same places; who do not call their children by the same names, etc. In one word, it starts with the opposition of many exterior signs regarded as revealing an underlying

difference of two civilizations. Much better would it be for India if this antagonism were but a religious one! And it seems rapidly growing into an antagonism between two new-born national consciousnesses.

While Hindus and Musulmans, taken individually, are far from being as different from each other as many people may think, while *they do*, to a great extent, share the same civilisation, at least as much as, if not more than any two Bosnians do, a clever propaganda is inciting them to look upon each other as foreigners on the sole ground and or the sole reason that A is a Hindu and B a Musulman.

Two nations cannot make one, have we said. But clever propaganda *can* split one nation in two.

* * *

If the Indian Hindus and the Indian Mohammedans actually were two nations, then there would be three alternatives before them:

- 1) Both to remain forever quarrelling under foreign yoke.
- 2) To separate, not only politically, (separate electorate, communal award etc.) but also territorially

(Hindu India and Pakistan).

3) To “fight it out” so that, just as in all wars, the strongest may win, and let the strongest alone build up a new India in which the other community — whichever it may be, — would be assimilated by force or annihilated.

Of the three the first alternative is undoubtedly the worst because it is a disgraceful one. The second is unpractical, and would in course of time become the source of endless war, between two discontented Indias. The third would be the only reasonable, practical and manly solution. If Hindus and Musulmans really represent, in India, two different nations, the only thing one can say to them is indeed: “*Fight it out*, and let the whole of India with her gigantic material, political and cultural possibilities, — her endless future, — become once for all the prize of the victors, whoever they may be.”

But the question is: “Are there really *but* these three alternatives of which merciless war is by far the best?” that is to say: “Are the Indian Hindus and the Indian Musulmans actually two nations?”

* * *

An impartial study of the inter-communal relations in India, not merely now, but also a few years ago, before the present stage was reached, will convince one that the Hindus and Musulmans of India *are not two nations yet*. They are not one nation yet, either. They were until now and they are still merely two huge flocks, one more homogeneous than the other, but undoubtedly two flocks of the *same population*, which systematical training in mutual hatred can organise into two distinct and antagonistic nations, *but which a no less systematical training in love and service of the same motherland can definitely amalgamate into one*.

The problem is not; “The Indian Musulmans and the Hindus are two nations; how should they deal with, each other?” But: “The Indians have been since a long time and are still two main flocks namely the Musulmans and Hindus; *do they desire to become two nations or one?*”

* * *

To those among the few communally minded Indians who sincerely desire to see two nations grow on this soil we have nothing to say. Nothing except that the Hindus and Musulmans are distributed

in such a way, in the different parts of India, that territorial separation of the two communities will not be an easy job. How to establish, for instance, the constant contact of East Bengal, — that stronghold of Indian Islam, — with Punjab, Kashmir, Afghanistan, Sindh etc. . . , the other and more extensive bloc of the same would-be Mohammedan “nation” through the undisputedly Hindu territories of Bihar, United Provinces, Rajputana etc. . . ? Or are these unfortunate Moslems of North and East Bengal, — half the population of Moslem India, without counting the States, — to remain isolated or to emigrate? And there are many other difficulties in that well-known “Pakistan scheme,” difficulties which the practically minded Musulman leaders were the first ones to point out. It would be better to drop the idea altogether and urge each one of the two communities to prepare for a tough fight with the other, as soon as possible. Sooner the better. Only the fight will have to be a tough one. The Hindus know it is not easy to silence the voice of more than eight crores of Musulmans. It is difficult to convert them all, especially when most Hindus themselves still resent the idea of conversion; difficult also to expel them all from India. They are not a few thousands, not a few hundreds of thousands, but eight crores,

— equal in number to the population of Germany in 1939, greater than the whole population of Japan; greater than the population of the main Musulman countries of the world: Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, Iraq, Iran and Afghanistan rolled in one. But the Mohammedans who desire two distinct nations to grow out of the two present Hindu and Moslem groups, and who are therefore seeking a clash, should also not forget that it will not be easy to overcome definitely twenty-eight crores of Hindus, once these are united in one national consciousness and organised.

To “fight it out,” which is the only ultimate solution we will sooner or later have to face, if we must become two nations — is not even so simple as it looks. The fight would be hard. It would perhaps also last a long time, provided the outside world does not put a stop to it.

But why desire at all to become two nations when it is yet possible to become only one? Why not try to build up *one* compact Indian nation out of the two or more communal groups?

* * *

The non-Hindu Indians, whether Musulmans or others, should never forget that their ancestors

and those of the present day Hindus were *the same*; that they are not the children of a foreign land, not conquerors, not raiders of India, not settled foes, but Indians. In fact, they seldom do forget it, unless they are systematically taught to. Their unconscious mind, if not silenced by false knowledge, always remembers it.

If in India less stress was put, in daily life, upon communal distinctions, it would take time to make out who is a Hindu and who is not. It is still difficult for a Northern Indian travelling in the South, where the strongest minority is composed of Christians, to distinguish at first sight who is a Hindu and who is a Christian. Same language, same dress, same conception of family and even of society (many South Indian Christians continue to observe caste rules among themselves, as if they were Hindus still), same habits of hospitality, same domestic art (identical alpanas drawn before the threshold) same style of public processions; it is only the deities who differ, and their respective places of worship — typically Dravidian-style temples and, on the other hand, pseudo-Gothic and pseudo-Norman churches, like spots of Western Europe clumsily stuck into an Indian setting. His personal name also differentiates at once a Dravidian Christian from a Hindu.

But in Bengal and in the North, Christians call themselves more and more by Indian names, and the apparent distinction, at least in educated society, seems to, be growing lesser and lesser.

But the strong minority in India at large, the minority which has created a problem, is that one represented by the Mohammedans. How about them?

It is easy, nowadays, to speak of the “anti-national” feelings of the Indian Mohammedans; easy, but not always fair. We are not considering here the religion, but the people. There seems to be scarcely more foreign consciousness among the thousands of average Indian Musulmans than genuine Indian consciousness among the thousands of average Hindus. May be they are two nations *in theory*, that is to say that an infinitesimal number of people on each side, — and mostly people of foreign education and outlook, — may have good reasons for wishing them to form two nations and for inciting them to hate each other. But they certainly are not two nations in fact.

To those who say they are we would ask to show us in what way there is, between a Hindu Bengali fisherman and a Musulman Bengali fisherman the same difference as between a German and a French fisherman; or between two Bengali peasants, one a

Hindu and the other a Musulman, the same difference as between a German and a French peasant. They speak the same language, — just as the Christian and Musulman Slavs of Bosnia do, in Europe, — and live the same life. Only a few exterior details differ, and that not always. Their superstitions naturally differ, but to the extent to which they have any real *religious* experience, any intuition of God, that experience, that intuition, is of the same nature, for the essence of religion is always the same. And as for the main thing which is, everywhere, the basis of nationality, namely national consciousness, what to say about it since it does not exist, apparently, among the Indian masses, whether Hindu or Mohammedan? An average Indian Mohammedan knows he is a Mohammedan. But if Islam, historically speaking, is a culture, it is certainly not a nation. And was it even a culture, distinct from that of the other Indians, to the eyes of the humble Indian Musulman, before he was told so by his foreign-educated leaders?

The average Hindu is still worse, for far from feeling himself *an Indian*, he does not even feel himself a Hindu, but a member of some narrow group of families connected by their unrestricted interdining and intermarriage, of some caste. And a

caste is anything but a nationality.

It is therefore distorting facts to parallel a Hindu and a Musulman of India with two men of different nationalities. It would be more correct to say that they are both men without any nationality yet, as we have already said.

And even their religious and social antagonism is often farfetched. We still see numbers of low caste Hindus taking an active part in the rejoicings of their Mohammedan comrades at the time of Mohurram. Why not? Hinduism, being no "religion" in the ordinary sense of the word, forces no fanaticism whatsoever upon its followers. But there is more to say; though Islam *is* a religion, and a very exclusive one too, in all matters where "idolatry" is concerned, we often used to see Musulmans taking an active part in widespread Hindu festivities such as the Durga Puja in Bengal, or the Jagannath Chariot festival. We can see them still do so wherever intensive communal propaganda has not poisoned their minds. We have seen ourselves, in Midnapur, in 1939, Musulmans pulling the Jagannath Chariots through the streets, along with their Hindu brothers. They were not doing so *as Musulmans* but simply as Bengalis, sharing in public processions and rejoicings as old as India itself.

In the fratricidal propaganda of a few Hindus and Mohammedans, more interested in government jobs for their relatives and friends than in either Hindu “culture” or Mohammedan “faith,” and in the constant encouragement of such propaganda by those outsiders who have interest to maintain India constantly divided, lie the roots of the so-called irremediable Hindu-Moslem antagonism and the origin of the idea of two Indias.

In the spontaneous fraternity of Hindus and Musulmans, — and Christians, wherever they are in notable numbers; as in the South, — who share the same dreary life, the same popular rejoicings, the same sunshine and the same soil, lies the unconscious answer of real living India to those who are about to misguide her people. And as an echo of that great voice of the land, rises the voice of the few who love India more than seats in any Assembly, more than money, titles and influence under any government, nay, more than their personal souls; “Nation first, religion afterwards. No god is worth the sacrifice of reborn India before his altar.”

That is also what we believe. We know India is not yet a nation. But we intensely want her to become one as soon as possible, so that she may claim, in the world, the place that she should have, — and back her claims by force if necessary.

But before that can happen, all Indians must be made to realise that they *are* one heart and one will.

Chapter 2

THE HINDUS' FAULT

The shortcomings of the Mohammedans, their religious “fanaticism,” their “anti-Indian” spirit, their meaningless aggressiveness towards the Hindus are common topics, nowadays, in public meetings as well as in private conversations, wherever a few Hindus are gathered.

The one thing we forget to put sufficient stress upon is that it is *entirely our own fault* if, in India, there are any Mohammedans and Christians at all.

It is of no use saying that the Mohammedans are conquerors, settled foreigners like the British, and worse than the British since they have destroyed quite a number of priceless works of Hindu art, while the British have not. The destruction of works of art is always regrettable, whoever may be the

author of it, but statues and shrines are less important than the culture which they represent. And when we say the culture, we mean the people. For a dead culture which nobody lives up to any longer is no better than a deserted ruin; while if the people remain alive, with their collective consciousness, then, no matter how many shrines are destroyed and palaces and fortresses burnt, the nation and its culture will survive and build new shrines, new palaces, new fortresses.

If the Musulmans of India were but settled foreigners, the Hindus would have nothing to deplore save the treason of Jaya Chand seven and a half centuries back, and the uselessness of a special caste, set apart and trained for war since the dawn of Indian history, yet unable to hold back the artless Turkoman warriors, who had never formed a special caste. The defeats at the hands of the Turkomans, Pathans and Moghuls, would have been a few more Hindu defeats among many, the ruins of Somnath and of Chittor a few more Hindu ruins among many, but there would have been, for the Indians, no possibilities of becoming two nations, — no communal antagonism, no communal award, no Pakistan scheme, no Hindu-Moslem problem..

All these co implications have arisen because, out

of the contact of India with Islam, something much worse than open war has resulted, and that is the formation of a *separate* Musulman society comprising today more than eighty million Indians. Mohammedan invaders are responsible for the destruction of Somnath and numberless other shrines, that is true. But the Hindus alone are responsible for the development among them of a growing Mohammedan society, *composed of their own people* and yet separate from them, susceptible of becoming hostile to them. The Hindus are responsible for not having even tried to retain and absorb the Mohammedans, — and later on the Christians, — in the same way they had absorbed so many people of various creeds in the past., when they were still a mighty living race.

Is it not puzzling to think that the Persians of Darius, the Greeks of Alexander, (or, better say, of Euthydemus) the Sakas, the Kushanas, the Huns, and all those who in turn came to India as invaders *before* the Mohammedans, were absorbed and that they disappeared in the bulk of the Indian population as many mountain water-falls into the Ganges; although *they were* foreigners, while those *Indians* who, for one or another reason, accepted the Mohammedan or the Christian faith, were never absorbed? We do not speak of the Musulman invaders themselves,

nor of the Europeans, but of their converts. Whatever they may say, there is Iranian blood, Greek blood, Hunnish blood in the veins of many orthodox Hindus. Caste was not then a sufficient barrier to prevent the fact. Why is it *now* considered as a sufficient barrier to exclude from Hindu society all Indians whose fathers have once adopted a foreign faith, or merely derogated from certain customs? Were Mihirgula's savage hordes, by chance, nearer to the Hindus than the "Pir Ali Brahmans" of Bengal were, when they were socially ostracised, or than Michael Dutta was, when he became a Christian? And if the former were good enough to be absorbed, how is it that the latter were not good enough to be retained?

One would probably reply that those Huns etc. . . . who were absorbed "became Hindus" (accepted one of the innumerable Hindu forms of worship and some elements, at least, of Hindu life and culture) while the Indian Mohammedans and Christians are, originally, just the opposite: born-Hindus who have "outcasted themselves" by accepting a "foreign creed."

The argument does not stand the test of analysis. First, there is no creed, however "foreign" which all-embracing Hinduism cannot accept as one of the

possible solutions of man's religious problem. Hinduism is such a vast and complex bulk of all kinds of religious and non-religious thought that one doctrine more or less does not make much difference to it. Islamic strict monotheism and Christian Trinitarian belief are not, properly speaking, to be ostracised; nothing is. Moreover, there seems to be a lesser gap between the outlook of a Vaishnava and that of a Christian, for instance, than between that of a Vaishnava and that of a Shakta; and as for Islam also, certainly a lesser gap between Sufism and the teachings of many Hindu "bhaktas" than between those and other Hindu teachings. It is therefore *not the doctrines* of the Mohammedans and of the Christians which have prevented the Hindus from considering them as a part and parcel of their collective body.

Then, what is it?

It is nothing else but the rigid structure of Hindu society itself.

The very conception of caste as it exists *now* is the insurmountable barrier against all attempts of absorption, not merely of newcomers, but also of any born-Hindus who, for whatever reason it may be, do not accept, in practice, the existing caste rules.

We, who put India above religion, are sorry to see Ram Chandra Das call himself John Matthews and Svam Sundar Nath call himself Gulam Mohammad. We are sorry, not because these brothers of ours have adopted a new faith (faith is a matter too personal to be discussed.) but because they think that their new faith is a barrier between themselves and us, because they have ceased feeling that they are our brothers just as before. Their new names give a striking expression to that new-born consciousness of aloofness. That is why we object to them. We cannot see in the mere fact of accepting the religious tenets of Christianity or of Islam a sufficient reason to cut oneself off the rest of India by such obvious signs as a foreign name, certain foreign habits in life, an enormous stress put upon foreign literature and thought, etc. With our deep-rooted Hindu belief in the equivalence of all religions, we can well understand a man who changes his faith and cult in order to step into a different civilisation; but the contrary is not necessary; so why should a man change his civilisation as a consequence of a change of faith? That we cannot realise.

But we never put the question: "Are John Matthews and Gulam Mohammad responsible for their foreign names and foreign habits, if any, and

their ignorance of everything, Hindu, or are *we*? Have they asked to be “detached from India and her culture”? Have they told us to no longer look upon them as brothers? Have they deliberately wished to “change their civilisation”? Have they refused to be absorbed by us? Or, on the contrary, is it not *we* who have never treated them as brothers, even when they were Hindus, never considered them as part and parcel of *our* India, never given them the shadow of any culture at all, never cared to absorb them, when it was still time, or even refused to do so? We must think of that.

Many will say: Hinduism is liberal. Nobody ever got into trouble with us on account of his religious faith. Even Musulmans and Christians of Hindu birth could have remained within the Hindu fold, had they not been so “fanatical” from the very beginning (insisting that their God is the right one and that ours are all false) and eager to force their doctrines on to other people. Had they not also thrown off their caste, we could have kept them.

We hear such statements, indeed. But let us consider facts as they are. In the South, at least, up to this date, many Indian Christians have not given up their former caste mentality. They continue

observing caste rules among themselves, as if they were Hindus still. They *are* Hindus still, except for their Latin or Hebrew names. Are they any the better for all that, as regards their *social* relations with other Hindus? Are the Hindus of the same caste, who have not adopted a foreign faith, prepared to interline with them, even if their diet be as pure as their own, and to marry their children to theirs, if worthy in all respects? Certainly not. So it is not exactly *they* who have rejected their caste; it is Hindu society (including Untouchable society, as caste-ridden as the rest) which has rejected them.

Mohammedans and Christians are supposed to be “fanatics.” If “fanatical” be synonymous for proselytising, then all creedal religions, — including the numberless creeds which a Hindu may follow without losing caste, — are “fanatical.” Hinduism is not a creed, as each one knows. But Vaishnavism is, Shaktism is, etc. A Vaishnava is as eager to see his friends and acquaintances and the world at large follow Vaishnavism as a Christian is to see them follow Christianity. Sri Krishna Chaitanya’s great disciple, Haridas, was a convert from Islam, and he was not the only one. The only difference is that, *since then*, caste has stiffened

proselytism, even among the Vaishnavas, and the world at large, for them, practically if not religiously speaking, is limited to Hindu India, while a Christian's world or a Mohammedan's world is not. All creedal religions are, in spirit, world-wide brotherhoods; they are not necessarily so in fact. Any man who has accepted Christ is a Christian and, *religiously speaking*, looked upon as such everywhere; but it is doubtful if he will, *socially*, be treated as a brother in money-ridden Europe, if he has no money, or in caste-ridden South Indian Christian society, if he belongs to a low caste. Any man who believes in the "avatar" Sri Chaitanya is a Vaishnava, religiously speaking; but it would be difficult to persuade an Indian Vaishnava to always treat that man socially as his brother, whoever he may be; the example of Sri Chaitanya himself is not constantly eloquent enough for modern Haridases to be welcomed in numbers. Caste mentality has reconquered the Vaishnavas. The Mohammedan converts and their descendants seem to be the only ones in India (and perhaps in the world) to have thoroughly shaken it off. Any man who has accepted the message of Islam is a Mohammedan and treated as such, always and everywhere, religiously *and* socially, by his Mohammedan brothers. It is therefore easy to

understand, at first sight, that Mohammedan converts were kicked out of Hindu society from the very beginning. It is not their proselytising; spirit which cut them off from it, but their refusal to live according to caste rules.

* * *

But then, how about the Christians? How is it that a Hindu who becomes a Vaishnava is still a Hindu while a Hindu who becomes a Christian is no longer one, even if he be one of those who contribute to the persistence of caste mentality among the Indian Christians? If Hinduism has no creedal quarrel with any religion, why does a man's faith in Christ suddenly become a sufficient ground to reject *him*? And since he seems so eager to keep his caste mentality in the midst of democratic Christendom, why does his former caste not keep him within it, and within aristocratic Hindudom, apparently more suited to his temperament?

The answer is that, no doubt, no particular creed or faith, no sectarian spirit whatsoever *in religious matters* is sufficient to turn a Hindu out of orthodox Hindu society *as long as he sticks to the rules and regulations of his caste*. But, reversely, no caste mentality,

however strong, no will to remain a Hindu, however firm, is sufficient to retain a Hindu within orthodox Hindu society, as soon as he breaks in any way the rules and customs of his caste. And let us not forget that social ostracism, among the Hindus, is hereditary, and that caste rules are easy to break.

The Christian converts, as well as the Mohammedans, were not thrown out of Hindu society because they form proselytising sects; Hinduism fears no *religious* proselytism. They were thrown out because there were some customs commonly observed by all the members of their caste, some particularities in diet, in dress, in social dealings, which they no longer would observe after their conversion. They would resent eating sacrificial meat, would dress their hair in a different way, would use certain conveniences of foreign origin. Many Christians, we have remarked, in the South, observe still nowadays, among themselves, their old caste restrictions at the time of marriage. But this (and a few other customs) could have never been sufficient to keep them within their former Hindu caste. There are so many little things which they do not observe, either because they do not wish to or because their foreign-educated (formerly altogether

foreign) priests do not allow them to do so. They may, occasionally at least, eat defiled food. (Food is very easily defiled, to the eyes of the orthodox Hindus.) Their womenfolk wear a “caste-mark” in the middle of their forehead, at home. But the catholic priests, — who do not mind them sitting, in church, apart from the “Untouchable” Christians, — do not allow them to go to church with that caste-mark; so they take it off once a week. And the men do not wear any marks at all upon their faces.

All these little things seem most futile. To the eyes of politically-minded people, citizens of free nations, who have other work to do, they are ridiculous trifles. But to the bulk of the Hindus of foreign-ruled India, they are sufficient to perpetuate a feeling of aloofness between those who observe them and those who do not, to create “communities.” For the Hindus, unfortunately, are not politically-minded; to their eyes, in general, petit caste distinctions and subtle observances concerning diet, dress, details of private life, stripes on the forehead in one direction or the other are still, apparently, more important than the very existence of Hindudom itself. That is practically the one and only reason why, for the last one thousand years, Mohammedan

and Christian converts were never yet absorbed by the Hindus as previously even foreign elements had been.

* * *

We accuse the Christians of building their churches in a foreign style. We accuse them of often bearing “English” names, — which in reality are as often Hebrew or Latin as Anglo-Saxon. It is not their fault, but ours. The missionaries from over the seas built the first churches in India, and as they were as much the agents of a foreign civilisation as the promoters of a foreign religion, it is only natural that *they* built accordingly their houses of worship, their schools etc. It is only natural that *they* should force Hebrew, Latin or Anglo-Saxon names upon the newly baptised Hindus, and we can look upon them as liberal when they did not do so. But how about us?

It is we who have pushed our Hindu brothers into the churches of pseudo-Gothic or pseudo-Norman style, built by foreigners, by shutting to them the doors of our beautiful Indian-style shrines. At the entrance of the sacred enclosure where the precious Hindu symbol of God shines in the darkness, we

have put up placards in all the languages of India: “No admittance for Untouchables.” But the Untouchables need a visible symbol of God. They need it indeed more than the other Hindus do, to the extent that they are supposed to be less spiritually-minded than them. We refuse them ours. The missionaries from over the seas offer them theirs.

The shrine is not built in Hindu style. But the Untouchables, (and many a “Touchable” with them) are little impressed by architecture. We never cared to train them to be impressed by anything we consider beautiful. So they go to church. We never allowed them to read Sanskrit. So they read Latin, — or more often Arabic. Try to put yourself in their place; would you not do the same?

We ask Ram Chandra Das what relation there is between his belief in Christ and his calling himself John Matthews. He answers that he changed his name because the priest of his new religion told him to do so. But that is no answer; why did he listen to the priest? He listened because he was not proud of his Hindu name, that is to say, because *we*, his Hindu brothers, have never taught him to be. Forsaken by us, he went over to them. Only natural. And we have nobody but ourselves to thank for it.

Forsaken before his conversion, and therefore a Christian convert, — or more often a Mohammedan; rejected *after* his conversion, and therefore a convert for all times to come.

Culture and society are more or less interlinked everywhere; they are so in India perhaps more than in other countries for here tradition, scriptural authority, tales and teachings as old as the soil are constantly referred to in daily life. It becomes difficult for most people to love a culture (and specially one which they do not know well or do not know at all) while disliking the society which has created it. The Mohammedan and Christian converts and their descendants dislike or treat with contempt the culture of the Hindus which they do not know but through Hindu society. The essential of Hindu thought is judged by them in one breath with the most undesirable social accretions, and often with the selfish actions of individual Hindus.

And if anybody remarks that such things have little to do with “real Hinduism” the non-Hindus are entitled to say: “Then, of what use ‘real Hinduism’ is *to us*? If hardly any man lives up to it,

it is but a scientific curiosity. *Our* religion, with its less lofty philosophy, is at least a living one.” What will we answer?

The best answer would be to treat *socially* every Hindu as a brother and every Indian as a Hindu; to invite them to our gatherings, to open our temples to them; to cast aside every custom, every idea which maintains aloofness between them and us; to try to know them and let them know us. We would then see the differences wear out little by little. The Hindu sense of relativity would gradually conquer the non-Hindus, and their spirit of brotherhood would gradually conquer us. “They need it,” you say. We need it no less. John Matthews and Gulam Mohammad, when allowed to mix freely with us, will like us, if we make ourselves lovable, and like our culture too, if we know how to show them that it is both beautiful and essentially Indian, — and still alive. They would themselves get to desire to call their children by Indian names and build their places of worship in Indian style. How can they do so while we constantly remind them that we do not look upon them as Indians? We accuse them of having no Indian patriotism and we forget that it is ourselves who have knocked it out of them, and who are doing all we can to keep

it from coming back.

But can one be astonished at the way we treat Indian Mohammedans and Christians, when for more than a thousand years we have hardly treated any better those whom we now claim to be ours through and through? We do not speak of the so-called Untouchables. Our attitude towards them has been criticised enough. There are other victims of our social fanaticism, namely the Indian Buddhists. "He is a Hindu, — says the Hindu Mahasabha, — whoever follows an Indian cult or accepts any faith, any doctrine originated in India." According to this, every Indian Buddhist is a Hindu. One of them was welcomed as the president of the Hindu Mahasabha, at one time. And there are, nowadays, Hindu patriots who, beyond the glamorous vision of Greater India, look up to a still broader one, identifying their Indian pride with an East-and-Middle-Asia feeling and regarding as "Hindu lands" not merely Java and Cambodia, but Burma and Tibet, China and Japan, the whole of Indo-China and the South Seas. We hear much talk about "Buddhism as the unifying force of Asia" among nationalist Hindus. And to them, Buddhism means specially: Indian influence abroad, — the building force of Greater Hindusthan.

But how did we treat the Indian Buddhists in the days when Greater India was a reality, long before we needed to invent the Hindu Mahasabha?

To get the reply, consider the map of India. The two great strongholds of Mohammedan power nowadays, Punjab and Bengal, were the great centres of Indian Buddhism, once; Afghanistan was too, so was the “North-Western Frontier Province,” with Purushapur (Peshwar) and Taxila, famous seats of Buddhist culture. It seems that wherever there is, now, on Indian soil, a large Mohammedan population, there was, formerly, a large Buddhist population. The very dress which characterises the Bengali Mohammedans, — the coloured “lungi,” — is the dress of Burma and of Java, a Buddhist dress. There is a reason behind this: all these Mohammedans’ ancestors were converts from Buddhism. And it is mainly if not solely the Hindus’ fault if they have become converts. One example will show what we mean.

While foreign Mohammedan power was first rising in Bengal, a widespread propaganda was carried on there by the Buddhists themselves. It was “shown” that the invaders had come to

“deliver” the Buddhists from Hindu oppression.* Nonsense, of course. But it worked well and contributed not a little to the Islamisation of the province, The question is: “Why could nonsense work so well?” and the answer: “The Hindus’ fault.”

Bengal, with its hardly Aryanised population, was one of the most flourishing centres of Buddhism. For years, after the breakup of Harsha’s great empire, it had been prospering under the government of the indigenous Buddhist Pal dynasty when, in the eleventh century, the Sens rose. The Sens, as we said, were strict Hindus; the Bengalis were not. They were a part of growing Greater India with a very little admixture of aristocratic blood. By temperament as well as by tradition, they did not understand the blessings of a rigid caste system, and therefore did not feel the need of it. Ballala Sen took into his head to teach them better manners. As at home they had, apparently, no Brahmins to revere, he introduced a few from outside, and undertook to thrust all the intricate code of caste rules and regulations

* See: — “Shunya Puran,” last section (Sri Niranjaneer Rushma) page 232 to 236, in the Bengali edition by Charu Chandra Banerji published by the Basumati Press. See also the “Dharma Puja Vidhana,” edited by the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad.

upon his simple tasteless people. They failed to appreciate his attempt. Tension increased between the overwhelming majority of the indigenous populations — both Buddhists and aborigines — and the strongly caste-conscious Aryanised Hindu governing class. Result? The idea of “Hindu oppression” — which shocks us so much, — was a familiar one to the eleventh and twelfth century Bengali Buddhists, and their hopes were not ours.

When the Mohammedans actually came, the Buddhists had to side either with the Hindus or with them. *We* proclaim in the Hindu Mahasabha meetings, (now we have learnt what unity is worth) that every Indian Buddhist, or even every Buddhist at large, is a Hindu. But the Sens did not think so. Nor did the few Hindus of Bengal, in their days. So that “to side with the Hindus” was not so easy for a Bengali Buddhist *then* as it is for us to criticise him *now*. The Greek Christians of Byzantium did not suffer at the hands of the Latin Christians what the Bengali Buddhists did at the hands of the Hindus; for theirs were religious and political grievances, *not social ones*. And yet, we know that when the Latins offered their help to the Greeks against the besieging Turks on the condition they would accept the Latin Church’s claims, the Greeks,

about to lose their existence as a nation, answered with one voice “Better Mohamed’s turban than the Pope’s tiara.” The Buddhists of Bengal thought: “Better the savage Afghans than the refined Hindus with their caste system.”

Any of us would have thought the same in their place. Persecuted from both sides, it was very difficult for Bengali Buddhism to continue flourishing. And of two societies, the one which offers the greatest opportunities to rise seems the best to the eyes of downtrodden people. Side with the Hindus? Why? To be treated as untouchables? To remain, whatever they do, frustrated of the privileges of caste citizenship? Not worthwhile. It was easier and more profitable to become the brothers of the savage Afghans; and so they did. That is one of the reasons why there are so many Mohammedans in Bengal, and in the whole of North India also. Now we need them to make number (for we have learnt the value of number) we call them back in the name of Indian nationalism. We even appeal to them in the name of the brotherhood of Greater Hindusthan, — the brotherhood of half mankind, broader even than that of Islam. Broader it may be, but less real. And we come too late. Why did our predecessors not say *then* that “every Buddhist is a Hindu” and treat

him accordingly? Had they done so, had *we* also done all what we should have done; had *we* so-called Indian nationalists, treated our Musulman brothers as Indians during even these last fifty years; had we given them the opportunity to know us, to appreciate us, to work with us; had we taught them that our past, our culture, our India are *theirs* no less than ours, and given them every opportunity of personal development on national lines, along with ourselves, then, we would not have now to fight against any Communal Award, or Pakistan scheme; we would not need a Hindu Mahasabha. It serves us right.

* * *

Before accusing the Indian Mohammedans and Christians of not loving our culture, which is the culture of India, we should accuse ourselves of loving it with a narrow selfish spirit unworthy of it. Before accusing them of “not being Indians” we should accuse ourselves of the same. For most Hindus are not half as consciously Indians as an average Turkish Musulman is consciously a Turk. We talk more and more about Indian nationalism; but if there really were in our hearts anything of

the kind, our society would not be what it is. We would not put so much stress upon trifles and put more upon questions of importance, like grownup men and women do, in all mature nations.

We accuse our brothers of leading a Pakistan conspiracy for the “vivisection of India.” How about us? For us, in Bengal, it is a great point as to know whether a Brahman priest of a lower order (who officiates for the Sahas, a caste of people from whom a high caste orthodox Hindu would not accept even water) should be allowed or not to enter a temple built by common subscriptions both from the Sahas and the Kundus* (another caste of people from whom high caste orthodox Hindus can accept water, but not rice). Another question arises as whether the priest, if allowed at all to enter, should permit himself to cross the threshold of the sanctuary or remain on the verandah. For us, in Madras Presidency, it is a great point as to know whether an Iyengar Brahmin should give preference to Scriptures in Sanskrit over Scriptures in Tamil and end the stripes of his “tilak” just above his nose, or

* Allusion to the trouble which arose about the Gaur-Nitai temple, in Puran Bazar, Chandpur (Tipperah District) in 1938 and 1939. The Hindu Mission of Calcutta carried on there, on that occasion, a long reform campaign.

whether he should not better give preference to Scriptures in Tamil over Scriptures in Sanskrit and stretch his forehead mark half an inch lower. Another question is whether the Iyengars, who worship Vishnu and his Incarnations, and draw the three stripes of their “tilak” vertically, are higher in rank than the Iyers, (worshippers of Siva, who draw their triple lined forehead-mark horizontally) or the Iyers higher in rank than the Iyengars. Great controversies! We are busy with such nonsense instead of striving with all our might towards the sole honourable aim of a subject race: our country’s independence, at any cost and by any practical means. We accuse Mr. Jinnah and Co. of attempting to vivisect India; but *we* vivisect India at every step of our social life.

Our over-aged caste system has kept us from becoming a nation. Our “spiritual” temperament (a polite word for laziness) and our widespread nonviolence (a polite word for cowardice) have kept us permanently dependent. Quarrels about the nature of the Unknown and the shape of our forehead-marks have diverted our thoughts and energy from our one and only natural craving: the craving to be free, to be strong, to be great.

We say: “Mother and Motherland are more

exalted than Heaven” but we teach India’s starving millions that our common Motherland is *their* hell, namely the place where the forgotten sins of their past lives have landed them to suffer and purify their souls, — while *we* exploit their labour and help the foreigners to exploit us. And then we accuse them of anti-patriotism as soon as they become Mohammedans or Christians and escape our control. Shameless hypocrites indeed we are, and we are paying for it.

But India is paying for it too; that is the tragedy of the matter.

England, Germany, Japan, America discuss their vital interests while we lose our time over trifles; they build aeroplanes while we build “dharmashalas” and “maths” — and sometimes fine houses for ourselves; they make history while we organise protest meetings against “anti-Hindu,” “anti-national,” “anti-constitutional” municipal bills. They lead the world while we and our Musulman brothers are busy with the everlasting Hindu-Moslem problem. Why not try to solve the problem once forever, and then think of something more constructive?

We know that our non-Hindu brothers have many a justified grievance against us, and that it is us, not them, who, in the past, have done the

most fundamental harm to the common cause of Indian national unity. The basis of social organisation among the Hindus, that is to say rigid division of people into small water-tight groups, is the greatest obstacle to the formation of nationality in the modern sense of the word. This stiff social frame has to be loosened if we want India to live as a great nation in the world of today. And we mean to do our best. But one-sided effort is not sufficient to bring out a lasting result. There are truths which our non-Hindu brothers have forgotten no less than we have, if they ever were conscious of them. We *all* have to set aside our mistakes of the past and build afresh. It was of no use hiding our faults; it is of no use either wasting time in lamenting over them too long. The best is to let the bitterly earned experience guide us in the future, so that similar blunders should not be repeated.

Everyone has to pay for his blunders. A thousand years of foreign yoke have been the salary of our faults. It sounds as if that is enough. It is of no use persisting in the old ways which can only make this state of things last longer.

Chapter 3

RELIGION, POLITICS AND NATIONAL CULTURE: THE EXAMPLE OF THE FREE NATIONS

We mean by the word “religion” that which every religious-minded person considers essential, namely the relation between man and God or, more broadly speaking, the path that a man follows in view of his spiritual progress and salvation.

In this precise sense, most of the commonly called “religious” customs, practices, prejudices, discussions etc. . . . are not religious at all. They are social, ethical or metaphysical. They concern people’s group organisation, division of labour, individual and collective hygiene, moral conduct, logical reasoning and abstract fancies; but they have little to do with what religious intuition recognises as the *soul*. They are worldly topics in which man’s immortal (and eternal) self is not involved.

Every so-called religion contains something definitely religious along with an enormous amount of

things which would be better characterised as law, philosophy, custom etc.. The religious core is the solid part, which remains (or at least is supposed to remain) the same. The rest has an historical and a geographical value. From the religious point of view, it is much less important. It might, at most, “help” certain people in their spiritual evolution under certain circumstances and at a certain time. But *it has no absolute value, from the spiritual standpoint.*

In each one of the great “religions” the properly religious part is *personal*. It lies between each individual human soul and God. It would be a sacrilege, to ask any man to give up that which, in his “religion,” is purely religious. Therefore we do not attempt to do so. We do not ask a Christian, whether Indian or foreign, to give up his belief in salvation through Christ, nor a Mohammedan to give up his belief in the transcendence and oneness of God as revealed by the Prophet; nor do we ask the Sivaites, the Saktas, the Vaishnavas, the Sikhs, the Jains, the Buddhists or any people on earth to give up an inch of their *religious* knowledge.

We only ask them to *not* mix up “religion” with such worldly affairs which do not concern it. Our souls would be better off if only we knew how to

keep religion in its place. So would India. So would the world.

The things which concern the world and not the immortal man, and which we too often mistake for “religion,” can be roughly divided in two groups on one side, politics, on the other, culture:

Few people are actually religious-minded, even in India, and among those who are, very few possess a religious experience. But they imagine they do, because they have heard a lot of talk about religion and read a few books, perhaps. It is fiction, it is philosophy, it is culture that they speak about as “religion.” And as it is difficult to separate culture (a group product) from the idea of group and, nowadays, of nation, which is at the centre of political thought, it follows that we constantly use the name of religion in purely political controversies.

There is a lot to say in defence of the Hindus who do so, for there is no such thing as a Hindu religion. There is no one creed, no one religious path common to all the Hindus; the culture of our common Motherland is the only link between us.

But our Christian and Mohammedan brothers should know better. What they have in common is a particular religious faith, — a spiritual revelation. They should understand that the things of

this world have no power to deprive them of such a treasure, and be less concerned over group-interests. Or at least, they should be concerned over group interests as members of a worldly group, — of a nation, — not as Christians or as Mohammedans. In other words, our politics and their politics should be the same: *Indian* politics; and our religion, whether Musulman, Christian, Vedic, Sivaite, Buddhist, Vaishnava, or any other, if religion it be, should be *personal*.

Let us consider for a while the subject of our recent quarrels: the Communal Award and the Pakistan scheme.

We have admitted that we are greatly responsible for the waste of time and energy over these topics by not having given, in the past, sufficient opportunities to the Musulmans. A Musulman of merit is perfectly justified, — as justified as a Hindu, if of equal efficiency, — to claim a job in the Calcutta Corporation, in the University, in the Civil Service or anywhere else. Only he should not claim it as a Musulman, but as an Indian. And the post should not be denied to him *because* he is a Musulman, nor granted to his competitor *because* he is a Hindu, but granted to the fittest Indian and denied to the less fit to hold it. The outlook of a man on the

Invisible should have absolutely no weight in the appreciation of his capacities.

The ideas of separate electorate, of separate nomination for employment, and finally of separate national territory are typical blunders resulting from the mixing up of religion with politics. The reasoning process at the background is the following “The Indians should ultimately become two politically and territorially distinct nations because eighty million of them share a certain idea about God which the others do not.” But why should any particular idea about God urge us to form *in this world* separate *political* groups? We do not form separate political groups on the basis of opinions and theories about material things, apparently much easier to know than God is. We do not say: “All those who believe that the Earth is flat shall vote together and all those who believe it is round vote separately, and they should ultimately form two nations,” or else, “Those who believe in the superiority of homeopathy, in the treatment of diseases, should form a separate political group (and ultimately a separate nation) from those who consider allopathic medicines more effective or solely effective.” This would be ridiculous. Why more ridiculous than our separate electorate, our separate nominations,

and our separate territorial scheme?

There have been, in the past, people persecuted by state authorities for their scientific outlook. But those days are gone. The days of political antagonism in the name of religion are also gone in most civilised countries. It is high time for them to go in India.

Political groups based on differences in scientific outlook would be ridiculous, surely. But is it not easier to know the nature of the Solar system than that of the Force who moves it? And is it not easier to judge between two medical treatments than between two religious attitudes? A common conception of Godhead can, at the most, help to increase sympathy among metaphysically-minded people. It can, by no means, be placed among the building factors of a modern nation.

The doctrine to be preached in present-day India is that of “no distinctions whatsoever on a religious basis, no ‘parties,’ no groups whatsoever in the name of religion.” Religion should remain what it really is: a personal matter. There is a sufficient number of common interests and common hopes to build the Indian nation upon, for us to not break our hearts over the absence of a common faith.

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The essence of religion is as different from the idea of worldly culture as it is from politics. At every protest meeting against recent steps of the Musulmans, our Hindu leaders repeat that we must “defend our culture.” The Mohammedans speak also of their “separate culture,” which they have to “defend.” But, there is a difference, in that respect, between them and us: it is not their “culture” which makes them Mohammedans, but their faith; while it is not our various faiths which make us Hindus, but our common culture. Hinduism is *not* a religion; Islam *is*; so is Christianity. Such people, whose common link lies in a similar deep spiritual experience, should put, as followers of a certain creed, less stress upon language, literature, art, architecture, etc. What would they have to lose *as Musulmans* and *as Christians* if they put the national culture of India above all others, not because we share it, but because it is, in fact, their own culture, the culture of our common Motherland which they have forgotten? They would have nothing to lose. They would still be Indian Musulmans and Christians, probably more

consciously Indian than before, but no less “religious.” While if we were to say goodbye to our tradition of Sanskrit learning, to our worldly arts and thought, we might retain, individually, our conception of Godhead, — just as each Musulman or Christian would, — but we would be less Indian, definitely.

Broadly speaking, all cultures have their value. But each great nation has its own, and loves it. It is because it is Indian that we love our culture. We admit that there are many beautiful cultures in the world. But they are not *ours*. The one which is *ours* we love. Moreover, we do not deny the contribution of the Musulmans and Christians to our common cultural treasure. For instance, the poems of Kutuban, Manjhan, Malik Mohammad Joyashi and other Musulman poets of India, are Hindusthani poems; the same about those of Kalim, Rashaan and their contemporaries. We are proud of them. Their thought, their style are a contribution to our country’s literature. We regret that most Hindus do not know them better than they do. In the same way, we are proud of Fatehpur Sikri; we are proud of the Agra Fort. This is Indian architecture of the greatest beauty. We only wish our Musulman brothers were as proud

of the temples of Bhubaneswar and Puri, Madura, Srirangam and other places, as we are of anything really worth admiring and typically Indian which Indian artists of their creed have built. We only wish they were as proud of the whole of Indian literature, both in Sanskrit and in the different provincial languages, as we are of their contributions in any tongue of our common Motherland. We only wish they were as proud of every Indian painter, writer, musician, dancer, builder, scientist, singer, etc., of every Indian creator of beauty or truth in every sphere, as we are of those of their creed who have enriched India's endless creation.

There was a time, in Europe, when the marvellous sculptures of Greece were looked upon with suspicion by newly converted Christian Greeks. The guide still shows you, in Olympia, a ruined shrine "demolished by the early Christians in the fifth century." But *those days are gone*. Now the Greek Christians are grieved at the idea of what their first co-religionists have done. They are the first people to curse anti-Hellenic religious fanaticism and to spend money and energy over both the study of their old culture and the preservation of their old Greek temples. They even re-erect their broken columns whenever it is possible. In this, great India

should take example from little Greece. Our days of religious fanaticism should disappear too. They have lasted long enough.

When the Musulmans of India, like the Christians of Greece, feel actually grieved at the idea of their brothers in faith destroying, in the past, so many priceless works of art which, however "heathen," were beautiful and were Indian; when they come forward to collaborate with us for the rebuilding of the famous Somnath temple or of the temple of Visvanath in Benares, in a spirit of national reverence similar to that of the Christians who have repaired the ruined Parthenon, then the Hindu-Moslem problem will exist no more. We will all be Indians, and nothing more.

* * *

But why speak of Christian Greece? Why speak of Christian Europe in general, where, since a long time, the use of Christianity has been confined to the private life of its followers?

There are countries nearer to India where *Islam* is the faith of the immense majority of people and yet where religious fanaticism has given way before the spirit of modern nationalism, namely Turkey and

Persia.

No denying that they are “pakka” Musulman countries. Yet what a contrast between their attitude towards religion, politics and culture and that of our Indian Musulmans at large! Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, Turkey’s great national leader, was hailed by Mr. Mohammad Ali Jinnah as “the greatest of Musulmans.” Kemal Ataturk did in Turkey exactly what *we* would like the Indian Musulman leaders to do in India: he put Turkey, as a nation, above Islam, above religion in general; he pushed Islam back to its place, in man’s individual heart, and banished it from the marketplace, from the government building, from public life. Saint-Sophia, the most magnificent of all Greek churches, was used by the Turks as a mosque for more than four hundred and fifty years; but it still stood as a witness of Christian glories; its historic background was *not* that of a mosque. Kemal Ataturk had it turned into a museum. It is Kemal who forbade the wearing of the pan-Islamic “fez” in Turkey; who forced onto every Musulman of Turkey the use of the Turkish language in his prayers, instead of Arabic; — (more natural; more national, also). It is he who abolished “purdah” among the Turkish women; he who had a law passed, so that whichever Turk marries more than one

wife at a time should be prosecuted. And why such drastic reforms, upsetting the whole framework of Islamic civilisation within a few years? Because he considered that they were *in the interest of Turkey*. It mattered therefore little whether they were or not in the spirit of Islamic civilisation. In the eyes of the “greatest of Muslims,” *Turkey* came first, Islam afterwards; for him, the physical, intellectual, social development of his nation were *the* important thing. Islam, or any religion, as a personal concern, was immaterial. The Islamic “faith” — as every other — could do no harm; therefore Kemal Ataturk did not persecute it. But the Islamic (that is to say, medieval Arabic) “culture” had to give way wherever it was in conflict with Turkish national interest, or whenever a desired Turkish “culture” could be expected to take its place.

The case of Reza Shah Pahlavi’s reborn Persia is no less interesting. It should even be more interesting to the Indian Muslims, not merely because there exists a racial similarity between Aryan Persia and Aryan India, but specially because Persia, like India, has a glorious pre-Muslim past. The only difference is that pre-Muslim Persian culture has hardly survived, while pre-Muslim Indian culture is still *the* Indian culture of the present day. We

suppose this proof of its vitality does not make it any the less lovable. Does it?

It may not be totally useless to remember that the reaction of modern national spirit against the predominance of Arabic influence in Persian life and thought is not Reza Shah Pahlavi's invention. It has roots deep in the past. We can trace it, to some extent, in the numerous free-thinking sects of Musulman philosophy originated in Persia from the very day Persia became a "Musulman country"; we find it in Babism, during the last century, and, today, in that astonishingly modern-minded religious and social synthesis which is Bahatism; we find numberless instances of it in modern Persian poetry and literature. The reforms of Reza Shah Pahlavi are only its latest expressions and the most well-known abroad.

What do those reforms consist of? Suppression of "purdah," discouragement of the influence of the mullahs and such people, enforcement of such laws which aim at raising Persia from the level of an oriental-looking economic colony of foreign powers to that of a modern state, perhaps a little less oriental-looking, but more consciously Persian, no doubt; suppression of the international Mohammedan head-wear (the "fez") and enforcement, in its place, of the

Persian “Pahlavi” bonnet, — a detail, but a symbol also. And the most important, from the cultural standpoint, the most significant as a national step, and the most eloquent example for the Indian Musulmans to follow is the systematical exaltation of *all* the Persian past, including the glorious days of the Sapers and Khosrus and those of remote Darius; of all the Persian art and literature, *including the Zoroastrian Scriptures* and the forgotten splendours of Susa and of Persepolis.

Islam is a living force, in Persia, as a religious faith in individual life; but *in national life*, no *faith* whatsoever is given preference, and culturally, the Aryan swastika is gaining land over the Arabic crescent in the country which recalls itself Iran, — not a question of Zoroastrian “religion” against Mohammedan “religion” but of *Iranian nationality* against Arabic cultural colonisation.

We ask our Mohammedan brothers, in India, we ask our Christian brothers, we ask our Hindu brothers, (too often, they also, inclined to forget *India* in the name of some religious idea or superstition) to stop, once forever, quarrelling over the Unknowable; to believe in whatever faith they like or in no faith at all, but, whatever may be their outlook on religion, to not let it interfere with our common social and

national life; to put, in politics, ‘the interest of India alone at the centre of all their activities; to accept, culturally, and to love as their national inheritance, the whole bulk of Indian art, literature, ideals and thought, as far back as the remote Vedic days and even further; to feel themselves Indians in the same way as a Britisher feels himself British or as a German feels himself German etc. . . . ; — just as the modern Turks and Persians feel themselves Turks and Iranians.

* * *

The examples of Turkey and Persia may be of great persuasive value to some of our countrymen because these nations profess the Musulman faith. But if there is any country in the East whose spirit is, (and seems to have always been) what we would like the Indians’ spirit to be as regards religion, politics and culture, that country is Japan.

A country’s progress in free thought can be judged by the idea its people have of the relation between religion, culture and politics. If that be so, we can say that Japan was “modern” in outlook long before Commodore Perry forced her into competition with the wide world abroad; more modern than

Europe, indeed, for a Japanese has always admitted the separation of *religious* faith from politics, on one side, and the indissoluble link between culture and nationality on the other.

Even in an Indian colony abroad (in London or elsewhere) a foreigner soon gets to know who is a Hindu, who is a Musulman, who is a Christian. And not only by their names. They tell you themselves what faith they profess, as if it were the main thing to you. In a Japanese colony abroad, one Japanese does not even know what creed another professes and does not care. If *you* ask, they will find the question queer. As if it made any difference! Are they not all Japanese? When you know *that much*, you know enough to set them in their political and cultural background.

For Japan may, in the course of history, have assimilated more than one "religion"; she may tolerate all creeds. But she has *one* culture and *one* policy; she is *one* nation. That is what we want to become, along with our brothers. And we cannot become *that*, before we behave like the Japanese in our fundamental dealings among ourselves, that is to say, before we look upon one another and upon ourselves *as Indians and nothing more*, considering faith as a purely personal matter and

not even caring to know who is a worshipper of Allah or of Krishna, of Kali or of Jesus Christ.

Faith is a matter of personal interest in Japan (as nowadays in Britain, in France, in Germany) but not so culture and politics. And national politics and national cultural expressions are much more important even in the individual life of each Japanese than religious matters.

In ancient Rome, thousands of Christians suffered martyrdom rather than give a public and merely conventional recognition to the divinity of the Emperor, simply by burning a tiny grain of incense before one of his statues. In modern Japan, Japanese Christians willingly attend ceremonies in the imperial shrines, side by side with the followers of national Shinto and of Buddhism, and with no less reverence. When a new government is formed, the ministers all go and take an oath of loyalty to the Emperor, son of the Sun-Goddess, at the most holy temple of Ise. A ceremony according to Shinto ritual is performed there on that occasion. Another Shinto ceremony takes place in the same shrine whenever the Japanese government has to take some very important step (declare war on another power, or sign a treaty, for instance). Delegates are sent in great solemnity to ask the national Gods their

advice. In either case the instance has never occurred yet of a Japanese objecting to be present at such solemnities on the ground that he is a Christian, and looks upon them as “idolatrous.”

In the same way, there is no *social* separation between those who follow the Shinto cult, — a non-creedal cult much like popular Hinduism, — and the Buddhists; and there has never been. Religious rites at the time of birth and marriage are performed according to Shinto tradition, even in one hundred percent Buddhist families. There is no “disgrace,” no “scandal” and there arises no “problem,” in Japan, if a Buddhist girl marries in a purely Shintoist family or vice-versa, or if a girl brought up in a Shintoist home marries a Christian. Buddhism is a philosophy, Christianity a creed; Shinto is more or less the synonym of Japanese culture. Even if the girl does “become a Christian” that only means that she will adopt the Christian “creed.” That is left to her, because that is immaterial. But, whatever creed she may follow, *nothing will change in her social life*; she will not feel any difference; her children will have Japanese names — not Latin ones, not Hebrew ones, not American ones, — for this is the law of the state; and when they go to school, whatever may be their parents’

personal faith, they will read the Kojiki, record of the lives and deeds of the Japanese Gods and Heroes, — something equivalent, in its style, to the Hindu “Puranas.” And dare one of them say it is “rubbish” because his parents happen to be believers in the Bible! The whole of Japanese society, (his parents, first of all) would soon teach him to be loyal and polite, and to talk more respectfully about the old national Scripture, most venerable, most sacred *because* it is national.

A Japanese may profess any creed, accept any personal philosophy he likes. But his political outlook is national: “All for the glory of the Emperor and the greatness of the Empire”; and his culture is one: traditional Shinto culture, coloured by Indian thought in the past, by Western thought in the present, by all the world’s progress, but unshakably faithful to its fundamental outlines.

* * *

But just try to transpose this national outlook in India and see what happens. You criticise, for instance, an Indian Musulman or Christian who makes fun of the Hindu legends. More than one fifth of the whole Indian population will say that he is

right, not you. Moreover, among those who are likely to stand by you in your criticism, — the Hindus, and not even *all* the Hindus, — the majority will do so for the sake of purely religious reasons, not out of wounded national pride. They will organise a meeting at Sraddhananda Park (Calcutta) to protest against the awful irreverence of a third-rate local Musulman paper in which some unknown journalist has called Sri Krishna “the gay Lothario of Brindaban.” And every speaker will attack either in Bengali or in English, the shameless newspaper which has insulted a Hindu God and the “insensate” government who has left the editor unpunished. They will express their indignation on behalf of the “religious feelings” of the Hindus. But not a word to express the grief of *Indians* when hearing *other Indians* speak lightly of one of the greatest national Heroes; not a word to say that we feel indignant about the local paper’s joke not because Sri Krishna is a Hindu Incarnation, but because he is a very great figure in India’s past, — in that very past which the forefathers of the present-day Indian Musulmans have built, along with the forefathers of the present-day Hindus, — and that his greatness as a man should be sufficient to make his memory sacred *to all Indians irrespective of creed*.

The attitude of our non-Hindu brothers towards Hindu mythology and practices should be the same as that which the Japanese Buddhists and Christians (and Mohammedans too, if any) observe towards Shintoist mythology and practices. No more; no less. This is the way to become *one* nation.

And first of all, all Indians should *know* the essential of Hindu mythology and what it means. In all Indian schools the study of the great national epics, the Ramayana and Mahabharata, should be compulsory. All Indians, whether followers of one of the various Hindu cults or Mohammedans, whether Christians or Zoroastrians, should count the story of Rama, of Arjuna and his brothers, of Krishna, among the impressive remembrances of their childhood — just as young Greeks do the story of Achilles, young Germans the story of Siegfried, young Japanese that of Yamato Dake. Whether history or fiction (or both) the lives of these heroes belong to India's past, and the poems that relate them are masterpieces of old Indian literature. It is a shame for an Indian not to know anything about them, whatever may be his personal creed, if any.

Not only should the national epics and other great works of Sanskrit literature be more or less known to all Indians, but the essential of what can

be said about each one of the most popular of the “Hindu” Gods, Goddesses and Heroes should be known to the non-Hindus; known, not as the Gods of particular community, but as poetic creations of India’s collective self, symbolising unknown realities, and as deified heroes of the Indian soil. Let those Hindus who feel like doing so worship them; but may all Indians, regardless of creed, look upon them with respect, — like the Japanese do upon the Shinto Gods.

If a Japanese Christian has no objection to his son studying the “Kojiki” in school, why should an Indian Musulman or Christian see any harm in his son reading a few stories out of the “Puras”? *Now* it seems certain that he would object. But he will not when India has become a modern country like Japan or even like the “Christian” countries of Europe; not any more than a modern Roman objects to see his son read about Jupiter Capitolinus and look with respect upon the old deities, creations of the Latin soul, whose ruined temples cover his soil; not more than an Iranian of the present day (a more familiar example for our Mohammedan friends) would object to his son studying the Avesta and whatever is connected with Zoroastrian worship, one of the expressions of the

Iranian soul.

* * *

We want to see the pride of Indian nationality and Indian culture take, in India, the place of religious fanaticism and social superstition; we dream of a day when there will be, among Indians, no cultural, political or social distinctions whatsoever, connected with their different *creeds*.

For that to be achieved, we must have something in common to love; let that be India, with all her beauties, with all her glories, with all her possibilities; we must have something in common to hate; let that be all what opposes itself to India's greatness.

We have a common Indian culture, coloured by all the great thought-currents that have come in touch with it: ageless Dravidian thought, so old that its contribution is indistinguishable from Hinduism itself; Islamic thought; Western thought. Let the Musulmans and Christians of India, let the Zoroastrians, let all those who are *Indians* by nationality without professing any of the religious tenets of the Hindus, share with us that *common Indian culture*, which *is theirs*. To the extent that

they will share it, love it, and be proud of it as we are, India will be theirs as well as ours. Let them take part freely in the time-honoured festivities, linked with Hindu legends, which have been, from century to century, the occasion of public rejoicings. Does not a British atheist buy toys for his children when Christmas comes? And do not Japanese Christians take part in all the popular festivities of their country, regardless of their non-Christian character?

In spite of what most Hindus may think, at present, of such a revolutionary idea, we invite our non-Hindu Indian brothers to enter our temples. We ask them to look upon the deified heroes of India as *theirs* no less than ours; we urge them to force their entry into their shrines, not with a view to destroy or to ridicule their inadequate images, but to pay a public respect to their memory. There should be, at the entrance of our temples, no such notices as: “No admittance for Mohammedans, Christians, Untouchables etc. . . .”; at most we could put up: “None but Indians allowed inside, without special permission.”

Let the “topic” and other such visible distinctions between Musulmans and non-Musulmans, as well as the “tilaks” and other such visible distinctions

between Hindus and non-Hindus disappear from India. Let all Indians, Hindus or not, bear Indian names, including names of national Gods and Goddesses, if they please. No “idolatry” in that. Modern Greeks call themselves Herakles, Artemis, Athena, and are Christians. A German can (and does sometimes) call himself Baldur or Siegfried, and is a Christian. Then why cannot a Musulman call himself Syam Sundar or Ram Chandra, if he be an Indian, and still believe that God is one and that Mohammad is His Prophet? Why cannot all Indian Christians call themselves by Indian names and still believe in Christ?

More we think about it and more we are convinced that the source of all India’s misfortunes lies in her lack of adaptability to new world conditions; in her incapacity to learn quickly enough the great lessons of each epoch. Through subjection or otherwise, over and over again in contact with the leading peoples of the world, India seems to have taken practically nothing from them; at least nothing essential, nothing worth taking. Many praise her for that reason. We do not. Had India, at her first contact with Islam, learnt the lesson of Islam: fraternity, she would have avoided Mohammedan domination, or, at least, freed herself rapidly

from it and become a nation a thousand years ago. Had India learnt from the Europeans the lesson of organised national life, of combined efforts for a common political and economic aim, she would never have fallen prey to the Europeans. And now that the centre of the world seems rapidly shifting from the West to the East, if only present-day caste-ridden, sect-ridden, quarrelsome, chaotic India would learn from Japan the lesson of unconditional nationalism and of iron discipline, then she would become not only an independent nation, but one of the world's great ruling powers.

But are we ready, we pious people, to renounce our controversies over caste-marks in the South, over municipal bills, in Bengal, and over the nature of God, all over India, for the sake of such an earthly ambition?

Chapter 4

OUTLOOK ON INDIAN HISTORY AND ON FOREIGN POLICY

One of the natural consequences of the separation of religious faith from politics and from national life at large would be a radical change in the outlook of the Indian Mohammedans on Indian history.

Up to this date, the outlook of an Indian Musulman on his country's past is Musulman, but not Indian. The periods during which different Musulman powers ruled over India are of a particular interest to him, not because of their importance in the whole history of India's evolution, but mainly if not solely because they are periods of Musulman rule. The glories of the only time when India was not under any foreign rule at all do not seem to thrill him more than if they belonged to Roman or to Chinese history.

We maintain that unless this mentality changes altogether the Musulmans of India can never become

Indians. And it can only change when, in India, religion is put back to its place; when creed ceases to be considered as a collective concern.

We have spoken enough of the shortcomings of the Hindus. The shortcomings of the Musulmans are neither more nor less excusable. Both the presently distinct groups have to sacrifice a lot of their habits of thinking, if they wish to become *one* nation, and the fact that the sacrifices are, no doubt, to be great, on the part of the Hindus, does not minimise the greatness of the duties of the Musulmans and other non-Hindus of India (Christians, Zoroastrians, etc.).

One history, considered from two opposite angles, is equivalent to two histories. The succession of facts known in European history as the "Hundred Years' War" is one and the same. But an Englishman speaks of the battle of Agincourt as a great victory while a Frenchman calls it a great defeat. The mere narration of facts does not count as much as the spirit of the narration; therefore, there may be one narration, but there are two histories.

In the same way, the past of India is one; we have made two histories out of it. To the eyes of the Hindus, Mahmud of Ghazni, Mahmud Ghori, Ala-ud-din Khilji, and later on Aurang-Zeb and

others are cursed enemies, while to the eyes of the Musulmans they become “idol-breakers,” “defenders of the Faith” and national heroes. And Jaya Pal, Prithwi Raj, Bhim Singh, Guru Govind Singh, Sivaji, and all the outstanding Hindus who have opposed Mohammedan power are looked upon as national kings, leaders and heroes by the Hindus, while the Musulmans consider them as opponents, as rebels, and sometimes as traitors.

But *one nation cannot have two contradictory histories.*

Historical events and personalities can be judged in a different light. All Frenchmen have not necessarily the same opinion about the French Revolution or about Napoleon; nor have all Englishmen about Cromwell. But the one and only reason why a French patriot judges Napoleon favourably or not is that, to his eyes, Napoleon has well served or badly served *the real interests of France*. Napoleon’s ideas about the Trinity and salvation have little to do with the matter, as long as France was well served by his policy. The same about the English, the German, the Japanese patriot: the judgement that they pass on the thought currents, the facts or the outstanding personalities of their country’s history depends solely upon what they sincerely consider to

be their country's interest, their country's glory, their country's greatness. There was a time in Europe and in the Near East when "religious" considerations had much to do with people's judgement of the past as well as of the present, a time when *it mattered* to the eyes of his countrymen, if a great man had been a Catholic or a Protestant; when an admirer of pagan glories was looked upon with suspicion. But those days are gone. Nowadays, in all the countries of the world where nationality has a meaning, there is only one criterion granting praise to the dead who have built history, and that is: their contribution to their country's glory.

No modern English Catholic feels his admiration for Queen Elizabeth lessened because she was hard on the Catholics; she made England great; that is sufficient for *all* English people, irrespective of creed, to venerate her memory. The enemy, in the eyes of every English Catholic today, is not her, but Philip II, king of Spain, the champion of Catholicism in his time, *who attacked England*. It does not matter whether he attacked England to save her people's souls from heresy or for another purpose. He is, in British history, a national enemy.

Small countries have no less commonsense than big ones, in such matters. The Greek Christians

look upon Perikles with pride: that great Pagan was a Greek. And they look upon the Bulgarian kings who fought theirs all through the Middle Ages as national enemies, although they were Christians, and belonging to the same church as themselves.

And if there is a country that can beat the West in intelligent patriotism, it is that proud Archipelago of the remotest East: Japan. According to a current story, a Japanese Buddhist, questioned by a foreigner as to what he would do if, by miracle, he saw the Buddha himself at the head of Japan's enemies, answered without hesitation: "I would kill him." But there is no need of referring to fantastic tales, however eloquent. Reality is eloquent enough. Ask a Japanese Christian, — there are some — what he thinks about Hideyoshi, Ieyasu, or Iemitsu who all three persecuted the Christians to the extent that the Christian faith was, practically, wiped out of the country. He will tell you that those three men were among the greatest of Japanese and probably add, if you mention their merciless persecutions, that "such steps were a necessity in Japan, at that time, *in the interest of the country.*"

That spirit which causes every citizen to look upon the facts and personalities of the past from a point of view which is, at its basis, the same for

all, irrespective of creed, of rank, of province, is exactly *the thing* which keeps a nation together. And unless and until the non-Hindus of India, Musulmans, Christians, Zoroastrians, whatever they may be, get to consider the facts and personalities of Indian history in that light, there will never be *one* Indian history for all Indians, there will never be an Indian nation; there will remain Hindus, Musulmans, Christians, Parsis living in India, — just as now; but there will be *no Indians*.

Compulsory primary education, uniform at least in its fundamentals from one end of the country to the other, would play an immense part in the country formation of Indian nationality. But where is it? And where can it be, until India is independent? Only an independent Indian government with strong national views (and force to back them) could enforce in all schools and colleges *the best* curriculum in general, and particularly the best history text-books for boys and girls who are to be, first of all, young Indians, — and then only young Vaishnavas, young Musulmans, young worshippers of Kali, of Ganesh, of Christ or of anybody else. One can never expect

foreigners, masters of a conquered land, to do anything to make that land take consciousness of its unity, or, still more, to help it to *create its own unity*.

But even if, in a long-desired and perhaps near future, happy circumstances do suddenly make India free, that would not be enough to form one nation, at once, out of her various peoples, and specially out of her two main groups, the Hindus and the Musulmans. That would not be enough if, among other things, these groups persist to consider both the remote and recent past in the light of conflicting communal interests, instead of from one common national standpoint. National education is as much a problem of the future (a problem of independent India) as national foreign relations or a national air force. At present, under alien rule, any national uplift on a broad scale is an impossibility. If anything can be done *now* it has to be done on a small scale. The awakening of a genuine national spirit in India at present means the *conversion of the leaders and possible leaders of all communities to a national ideology*; the conversion of the masses will follow in time.

And if some people tell us that an Indian nation has never existed in the past, we will answer: "It may be so. But then, create one now, so that it

may flourish in the everlasting future.” There was a time when Britain, France, Germany, Italy, did not exist as *nations*. They do now. Why? Because, at some time of the past, their people created them, taking consciousness of what deep common links underlay their acute differences as Catholics and Protestants. There was a time when the French Protestants did not consider it a shame, but a duty, to call for the help of powerful Protestant England against a French Catholic government; and when Catholic Englishmen also did not consider it a shame but a duty to welcome the intervention of Catholic Spain against the Protestant government of England. As long as such an attitude was possible, France and England were not full-grown nations. They have passed that stage. It is high time for India to pass it too, and spring out of her medieval “religious” quarrels, adjusting herself to the political atmosphere of the modern world. More and more numerous are the Indian Christians and Brahma-Samajists who have ceased to look upon British rule from the standpoint from which Keshab Chandra Sen did, when he vehemently hailed it as a “providential blessing.” It is time for the Indian Musulmans also to change their habitual outlook on Indian history and to cease judging their country’s past from

the mere point of view of gain and loss of “Musulman” prestige, irrespective of nationality. If they sincerely wish to live in peace in a united and strong India, they should now begin to realise what a nation means, and consider India’s both remote and recent past solely from the point of view of *Indian* gain and loss, irrespective of the creed of those who played their part in it, irrespective of the interests of any group besides India herself. In one word, it is time for all Indians to look upon the history of India in the same spirit as Europeans, Japanese, and all citizens of full-grown nations look upon the events and personalities of their country’s past.

Just as an Englishman who personally is a Catholic looks upon Queen Elizabeth with pride, as upon a great English ruler; just as any European atheist is proud of the famous Christians who, in war and peace, have made his country glorious, and any European Christian proud of the atheists and Pagans, if any, whose name is a part of his national heritage; just as a Japanese patriot, who personally is a Christian, looks upon the makers of Japan’s greatness, even if they were persecutors of Christianity, so should an Indian who personally professes Islam look upon Prithwi Raj, Dana Pratap

and Sivaji, and all the great Hindus of the past, who lived and fought for the glory of India and her national culture. He should be proud of them as of all great Indians. What ideas these men professed about religion is immaterial. The Hindus, in the same spirit, should be proud of men such as Sultan Tipu, who died in fighting the foreign aggressors of India.

And just as an Englishman, nowadays, even if he be a Catholic, looks upon Philip of Spain as an enemy, because he waged war against England, in the same way should an Indian Mohammedan look upon Mahmud of Ghazni, Mahumd Ghor, etc. as enemies, because they attacked India, never mind for what purpose. He should make no difference between an invader such as Nadir Shah, for example, who attacked "Mohammedan" India, and Mahmud of Ghazni, who drew his sword against Hindus alone. When the Europeans first came to India, many Hindus made the mistake of considering them as "allies" against Mohammedan power. That misplacement of trust proved fatal because, in spite of all possible differences, the men who represented "Mohammedan power" *were Indians*, while the Europeans were not. When all Indians will look upon an enemy of India in the past or in

the present as an enemy, and upon a friend of India as a friend, *irrespective of creed*, then and then alone it will be possible to speak of Indians as one nation, and not of Indian communal groups.

* * *

We have often compared the attitude of our non-Hindu brothers towards our collective past to that of Europeans and Japanese towards theirs. This is not to ask the Indians to imitate the West, — or the East. God preserve us from any servile *imitation* in any direction! But a full-grown nation must have certain characteristics without which it is not a full-grown nation; just as a human being must present certain signs before he or she can be called a grown-up person. An homogeneous standpoint from which all the citizens of the same nation consider their common past is one of the distinctive signs of “grown-up countries.” And India has to grow up, politically, and make haste, not because it is a shame to live in eternal adolescence (it is not), but because it is a dangerous inconvenience, in a wild and tough world full of greedy grown-up countries. On the other hand, it is a risk of life to “fight out” the solution of the Hindu-Moslem problem. It may be

that a Musulman India will rise alone out of the struggle, and send the last Hindus to the Museum. It may be that a Hindu India will survive alone, and pack off the last Musulmans to Baghdad. But it may be also that, while the struggle is going on, one or more of the grown-up nations of the world will strengthen or establish its protective grip upon the whole realm of perennial national adolescence. And that is not the goal we intend to pursue.

Therefore it is better for both Hindus and Indian Musulmans to begin to think, feel and act as citizens of grown-up nations do, and first to acquire, like them, a homogeneous national outlook on the past, — and on the present too; for that is an aspect of national consciousness.

* * *

Present history means: world politics.

The fact is that, generally, as a result of a false education and of tendentious British propaganda, neither Hindus nor non-Hindus, in India, have any political training or any serious up-to-date information about what the world at large is doing. Therefore, they cannot situate India in her natural international setting, and have a well-based opinion

about how, at least, *she should* react, even if she be, presently, incapable of reacting at all.

But the problem is not there. Even while judging wrongly, in fact, we could judge *from the right point of view*, that is to say, in the way the *interest of India* appears to us. But we do not. A few Hindus do, perhaps; and a few Musulmans too. But to any event of international significance, the majority of the Hindus do not react at all, and the majority of the Musulmans react as Musulmans, not as Indians.

That is clear. After the last World War, for instance, a widespread propaganda was carried on in India in favour of the revision of the treaty of Sèvres. Congress Hindus joined the Mohammedans in that campaign with the ultimate aim of strengthening Hindu-Moslem unity by their collaboration; perhaps also with the idea that concessions to the Mohammedan point of view on their part would win them concessions in other matters from the Mohammedans. But whatever may have been the point of view of the Congress Hindus, it is visible that the Mohammedan attitude in that treaty of Sevres business was not a purely nationalist one. For what difference did it make *to India* if the Caliphate was maintained in Turkey or not? And

what difference did it make, also, if Turkey was deprived of certain territories of which most had a definitely non-Turkish population? If the Indian Mohammedans stood in favour of Turkey on the ground that she was treated unjustly (in supposing that she was), why did they not carry on, against the treaties of Neuilly and especially of Versailles, the same campaign of indignation as against the treaty of Sèvres? Bulgaria and Germany were also deprived of territories, — and not only of territories with an alien population. The trouble is that they are not Mohammedan countries, while Turkey is. Therefore treaties which deprived Bulgaria of Dobrudja and Germany of the Sudeten region were not half as bad as a treaty which deprived Turkey of Eastern Thrace and a part of Asia Minor.

The same logic prevails in other instances which it would be easy to recall.

We know that, unfortunately, lack of patriotism, in India, is not a monopoly of the Mohammedans. Many Hindus too derive their attitude towards foreign events, foreign powers and foreigners in general from considerations which have little to do with India's interest, and which are even, most of the time, less impersonal than creedal solidarity. The Hindu Mahasabha has bitterly criticised the pact

between the followers of Subhas Bose and the Moslem League; “Hindu” members would never vote with the Mohammedans in the Bengal Assembly, oh no! But they do not mind voting with the Europeans, occasionally, against both the Mohammedans and the Forward Bloc. Now, this may be a good policy from the standpoint of petty party interest, but it has nothing in common with Indian nationalism.

Individually, whatever the Hindus say or do is generally guided more by considerations of clannish and ultimately personal interest than by anything else, and each one’s sympathies and antipathies, in matters of foreign politics, have the same source. This man is a well-wisher of Japan because he thinks his personal ambitions or interests more or less directly served by Japan’s rise in power, not because he *dispassionately* realises that Japan is *India’s* best friend; and that man is deeply concerned over possible British reverses, not because he actually believes that Britain is India’s best friend, but because the possible departure of the British from India might well be the end of his pension as a retired “I.C.S.” or the end of his professorship in the University. Or perhaps, his personal fears are great enough to silence his criticism and to persuade him that any British reverse

is an Indian reverse.

But the fact that there is a tremendous quantity of selfish people among the Hindus does not make the attitude of the Mohammedans more Indian. And just as we ask the clannish-minded and selfish Hindus to extend their interest to the whole of India, so do we ask also the pan-Islamic-minded Indian Musulmans to restrict their interest to *India first*. India before persons; India before castes and clans; and also India before world-wide brotherhoods settled on the basis of common religious faith, of common social or political philosophy, whatever they may be. This is our point. And unless, either by propaganda or by force, *this* becomes the view of an overwhelming majority of Indians, there is no hope India will ever become nation.

May our Mohammedan brothers well understand that we do not condemn pan-Islamism especially because it is pan-*Islamism*. We merely condemn it as we do any international "ism" which would incite the Indians to judge national and international affairs from a standpoint beyond that of the sole interest of India. We would reject any "pan-Hinduism" stretched, on an ideological basis, beyond the limits of the Indian world, if such a movement were possible. But Hinduism is not identifiable with

any particular ideology or creed.

In fact, no nation can be the constant torch-bearer of one definite religious, or even social or political ideology or creed. Times change and, with times, a nation's needs. Therefore, whoever is a believer in a *creed* has sooner or later, if the creed be of international scope, to choose between it and his nation. The only thing we urge every Indian to do in such a case is to choose India, — not the creed, whichever it may be.

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